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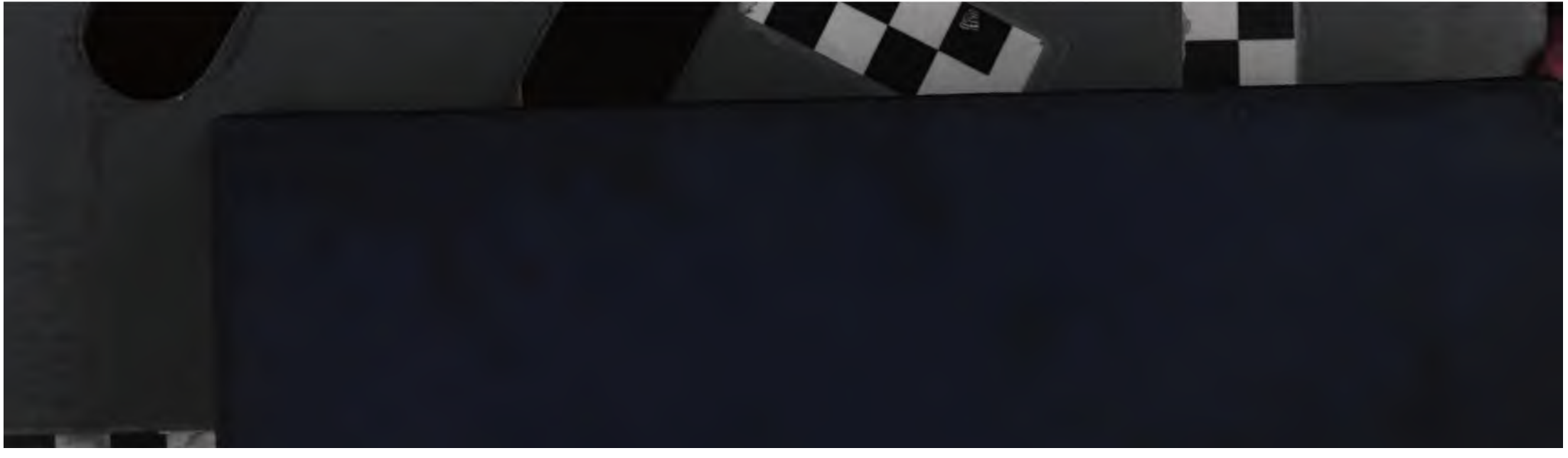

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DEATH OF REV. PATRICIO BYRNES OF ROCHESTER.

While the Catholic people of Rochester, N. Y., were piously commemorating the death of the world's Redeemer on the cross of Calvary, one of the most beloved of their pastors yielded up his purified spirit in the pastoral residence of his own church of the Immaculate Conception, after a severe illness of two weeks, fortified by the last sacraments he had so often administered to others. All the love that a gratefully-attached and devoted congregation could lavish on one of the best of priests could not prolong the life of Father Byrnes, for the Master he had served with such untiring zeal had called him home, and he died on the very day he had been heard to desire for that of his death, having himself, two days before, announced to the loving watchers by his sick-bed that he should die on Good Friday. And truly his death was, as his life had been, that of a perfect Christian, a true follower of the Crucified God. In the prime of his days and of his noble manhood, he passed away, having accomplished in a short time the work of many years, and leaving behind him a name that no cloud had ever dimmed, a memory that shall be held in benediction amongst the people for whom he labored, and the whole Catholic population of Rochester. His death is regarded as a public calamity falling alike on priests and people. How keenly his bishop felt his loss, the noble and most eloquent eulogy he pronounced over his cold remains sufficiently attests.

The honored remains lay in state for three days in the presbytery of his church, where they were visited by over ten thousand people of all creeds and conditions. On the morning of Easter Tuesday they were conveyed to the church of the Immaculate Conception and laid on a richly-adorned catafalque before the high altar, when a solemn Requiem Mass was celebrated for the repose of the departed soul in the presence of the parents, brothers, and sisters of the dead priest, a great number of clergymen, and a vast concourse of the laity. So general was the desire to assist at the obsequies of this lamented priest that some thousands of persons stood patiently outside during the ceremonies, unable to obtain admission to the church.

Right Reverend Bishop McQuaid, of Rochester, and Right Reverend Bishop Ryan, of Buffalo, were present, with some seventy priests, among whom were the following: Very Rev. M. Gleason, V.G., Very Rev. J. M. Early, Revs. H. A. Molloy, J. McEvoy, E. Quigley, J. O'Meara, J. Sorg, F. Hines, of Buffalo; Rev. J. Byron, Salamanca, N. Y.; Rev. B. Keating, Dunkirk, N. Y.; Rev. H. J. Storey, Brockport; Rev. M. Madden, Scottsville; Rev. M. Mulheron, Lima, N. Y.; Rev. N. Byrne, Livonia; Rev. M. Maher, Mount Morris; Rev. D. English, Canandaigua; Rev. J. McManus, Geneva, N. Y.; Rev. P. Lee, Clifton Springs; Rev. M. Hughes, East Bloomfield; Rev. N. Casey, Palmyra; Rev. B. McCool, Seneca Falls; Rev. L. Lambert, Waterloo; Rev. J. O'Conor, Ovid; Rev. J. Unonno, Trumansburg; Rev. E. McGowan, Auburn; Rev. R. Coyle, Jamestown; Revs. F. Cunningham, J. McManus, and J. J. Bloomer, Elmira; Rev. M. McDonnell, Batavia; Revs. M. Dorsey, P. J. Connor, and T. S. Urich, Lockport; Rev. N. J. McNab, Medina; Rev. P. Monahan, Niagara Falls; Rev. J. Castoldi, Albion; Rev. F. Clark, Hornellsville; Rev. J. Rogers, Oswego; Rev. J. V. O'Donohoe, Java; Very Rev. R. E. Rice, V. G., Suspension Bridge; Rev. F. Daly, Utica. The celebrant of the Mass was Very Rev. J. M. Early; Rev. Mr. English, deacon, and Rev. Mr. Payer, subdeacon; assistant deacons, Rev. J. McManus and Rev. A. Payette; Rev. H. DeReg, Master of Ceremonies; Revs. L. Hofschneider and M. McLoughlin, Chanters.

The funeral oration, delivered by Bishop McQuaid at the end of the Mass, just before the celebration of the last solemn rites, was at once a magnificent tribute to the memory of a good and zealous and most exemplary priest, and a noble specimen of sacred oratory. Taking his text from the 83d Psalm, "Blessed are they that dwell in thy house, O Lord! for ever and for ever shall they praise thee," the Right Rev. prelate went on to say that it had to-day become their sad duty to perform over the mortal remains of the pastor of the church, in the full bloom of manhood, services which they had performed six months ago over the corpse of that youthful priest, Rev. A. Brennan, who had but just reached the sanctuary of the Lord. He continued: that the whole life of Father Byrnes, from his earliest years to the solemn hour of his death, had been a model of virtue; that it was not in the college nor in the seminary that he had acquired a vocation for the priesthood, that it was not in the college nor seminary that priests are made, but at home—it was at home that this priest in a special manner had learned to love the beauty of the house of the Lord. It was at home, within reach of the solemn roar of the deep-toned Ontario, under the watchful eyes of a Christian father and mother, with virtue and purity surrounding him, that he had become a priest.

After speaking at length of his virtues in college and the seminary, he said that when he (the bishop) came to this city seven years ago he was pleased to find Father Byrnes pastor of this church, and that until this solemn hour he had had no reason to feel otherwise. That he had been a model pastor; that his works spoke eloquently for his zeal for the glory of God and the welfare of his neighbor; that during

his sojourn in the parish he had erected a beautiful pastoral residence, built a spacious school in which Christian education was imparted to the children of his large flock; lastly, that when the devouring elements had laid waste his church, he had rebuilt, enlarged, and beautified it with all the grace and elegance which his artist eye dictated. Father Byrnes, the bishop said, did honor to his sublime vocation; he was a priest everywhere, in the church, in the street, in his pastoral visits to the members of his congregation. After discoursing for some time on his many virtues, he closed by saying that these were the good works he would carry with him to the judgment-seat of the Almighty, and which would serve as a passport to a blessed eternity.

After the vast congregation had in turn taken a last sad look at the beloved remains, noble and majestic, and full of manly beauty, even in death, the coffin was closed amid the audible lamentations of the afflicted flock which had lost so good a pastor, and the body was removed to Holy Sepulchre Cemetery for interment in the place there set apart for the bishop and clergy. The pallbearers were: Revs. W. Hughes, W. Gregg, J. O'Connor, W. Casey, F. Sinclair, D.D., J. Dole, R. J. Story, G. Osborne, J. Donnelly, M. Meagher, P. McGrath and J. F. O'Hare.

The funeral procession was most imposing, comprising the Benevolent Societies connected with the Church of the Immaculate Conception, the Aloysius Society, the Library Society, and the children belonging to the Sisters' schools, together with all the male portion of the congregation. Delegations were also present from the church societies of Lockport and Jamestown, where Father Byrnes had previously been stationed. The bells of the Cathedral tolled all the time that the procession was passing through the city on its way to the final resting-place of the honored dead.

Father Byrnes, who had barely completed his fortieth year, was born in Montevideo, South America, March 15, 1835. When he was six years old, his family removed to the United States. At an early age he evinced a desire for the priesthood, and at the age of sixteen he commenced his preparatory studies at the College of St. Hyacinth, near Montreal. Thence he went to St. Joseph's College, Buffalo, and finished his ecclesiastical studies at St. Mary's Sulpician Seminary, Baltimore, under the eminent professor and writer, Father Fredet.

The worthy parents of this gifted and accomplished priest, Mr. and Mrs. William Byrnes, with other members of his family, resided at Charlotte, near Lake Ontario, and still others in the city of Rochester. One of the brothers of Father Byrnes, Brother Anthony Byrnes, is well and honorably known to the Catholics of New York as sub-director of Manhattan College; and one of his sisters, Madam Byrnes, is a religious of the Sacred Heart in the Rochester Convent of the order. Truly the parents are blessed in their children. The beautiful Church of the Immaculate Conception, a handsome pastoral residence, and a spacious school-house stand as the glory of God and the salvation of souls. It monuments to all time of Father Byrnes's zeal for was only one week before his death that he received from Belgium for his church a very fine set of stations in *alto-relievo*, not exceeded in this country for beauty of design and execution. Indeed, all the years of his priestly life were devoted to the beautifying of God's house and the advancement of his holy religion.

"The following from a poetic tribute to the memory of the departed priest will strike," says a Rochester contemporary, "a sympathetic chord in the hearts of the thousands who knew and loved him:"

Wail for the priest of "The Pillar of Truth!"
Wail for the bright tree cut down in its youth,
With its branches all laden with fruit in full bloom,
And blossoms of purity rare with perfume.
A bright star is quenched in the gloom of death's night,
And the warm ray is vanished that gladdened our sight;
For ever is stilled the "true tongue without falter!"
And at rest is the heart of the voice of the altar.
O merciful Lord! I cried out in my heart,
Why, why with the good and the just must we part?
Art thou angry, O Lord! with thy children below
To send such affliction, such sorrow, such woe?
But we bow to thy will, though our hearts mourn his loss;
He has won the bright crown, for he's borne the cross,
And all his good works and untarnished fame
Will keep green in our memory his loved, honored name.
But oh! 'tis a sad and a pitiful sight
To see him so still in his own church to-night—
Robed for the service so still he lies there,
And the bright cross of flowers makes fragrant the air;
But the crowd as they pass know that all the bright flowers
That ever bedecked this bright world of ours,
Are not one tithe as fragrant, as pure or as rare,
As the soul of the form they are gazing on there.
O God! 'tis a sad and a pitiful sight
To see him so still in his own church to-night;
And all as they pass him to view his last sleep
Shed tears that would make e'en the bright angels weep;
And strong men are bowed with the weight of their woe,
And they weep like a babe when they see him so low.
O God! 'tis a sad and a pitiful sight
To see him so still in his own church to-night!
O God! 'tis a pitiful, heart-rending sight,
To see him lie dead in his own church to-night!

ANNIE M. ENRIGHT.

March 27th, 1875.

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NEW SERIES, VOL. I.—JANUARY, 1875.—No. 1.

"A HAPPY NEW YEAR!"

ITS HISTORICAL CUSTOMS AND REVELRIES.

"A Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year!" is the familiar and talismanic gratulation that, passing from mouth to mouth like a message of joy and hope on the telegraph wires, conveys the hearty triumph of good will and good fellowship over all lesser and more worldly feelings during the festive season. The effect of good customs is to incite and perpetuate geniality and elevation of sentiment: and it is consoling and pleasant to think there is at least one period in the year at which all feelings give way to those of amity—that there is one altar, as it were, of reconciliation, where all may meet, recognize, and rejoice. If even the customary benison of the day is from the lips outward, there is still a "flattering unction" in the hope and desire conveyed which we do not merely credit to the courtesy of custom. Under the inspiration of the generous influences of "Christmas" we are in a mood to give and take, whether it be gifts or sentiments, with clear conscience, lively desires, and without querulousness or suspicions. Hence, no matter from what quarter the salutation of the season comes, it is welcome. It is a befitting and good custom, and all the better for being at this time of the year: for it forcibly indicates, if it does not always carry out the grand design, that man should hope and trust in man, and that when all is cold and dim, the resuscitation of the head and heart may be found in the head and heart of our fellow-men.

"If I send a new-year's gift to my friend," says an old author, "it shall be a token of my friendship; if to my benefactor, a token of my gratitude; if to the poor, which at this season must never be forgot, it shall be to make their hearts sing for joy, and to give praise and adoration to the Giver of all good gifts." These sweet intentions admirably suggest the sustainment of the best of the good old customs peculiar to the day, and which cannot be too devoutly put in practice. The author of the *Clavis Calendaria*, a compendious analysis of the Calendar, a work of great learning, research, and anecdote, published more than half a century ago, deplores the decadence of many of these elevating means of commemorating holidays by making them the occasion of doing good. "These customs," says Mr. John Brady, the writer alluded to, "so nearly obsolete, must certainly have had their good effect; the interchange of civilities and kind offices among friends and acquaintances, naturally created the most pleasant sensations, and led to that hilarity and good-humor so conspicuous in the character of our ancestors, and so necessary to keep up the spirits and resolution in this gloomy season of the year; and notwithstanding their now almost total abandonment, they will still be held in esteem by those read in the usages of Antiquity, who can trace their origin from the remotest periods."

Though curtailed and deprived of a good part, if not all, of the wildness which was associated with even some of the best of the old customs, they have not become so obsolete as the author of the *Clavis Calendaria*

suggests; or perhaps we might say that since he wrote we have had a revival, or an extension of festivities. We are all prone to lament over the past: especially so are antiquarians. While enjoying to-day, many of us remember and dilate upon the joys of youthful days, and deplore the evanishing of customs which we at the very moment are perpetuating; and our children, in the future, will so talk and lament the passing away of the "good old times" in the days of their fathers. Byron well epitomized the universal feeling: "The good old times—all times when old are good." Still the feelings connected with the days of youthful expectancy and hilarity, robust pleasures and parental blessing, are full of beauty and ennobling sensations. How finely Jean Paul Richter, in his "New Year's night of a miserable Man," so melodiously transfused into English by Clarence Mangan, portrays the hopes called forth by such memories and meditations. Flung into the depths of despair and woe at a reviewal of his past, the miserable man is bowed into oppressive grief, and hot and heart-wrung tears gush from his eyes:

Amid these overboiling bursts of feeling,
Rich music, heralding the young year's birth,
Rolled from a distant steeple, like the pealing
Of some celestial organ o'er the earth;
Milder emotions over him came stealing;
He felt the soul's unpurchasable worth.
"Return!" again he cried imploringly;
"Oh, my lost youth! return, return to me!"

And Youth returned, and Age withdrew its terrors.
Still was he young for he had dreamed the whole;
But faithful is the image Conscience mirrors
Where whirlwind passions darken not the soul.
Alas! too real were his sins and errors;
Too truly had he made the earth his goal;
He wept, and thanked his GOD that, with the will,
He had the power to choose the right path still.

Let us refresh ourselves with a similar consolation, and while we recall the good influences which we believe are associated with memories of the past, gather strength to give the wealth of similar influences as a legacy to the future.

Our "New-Year's Day," the "Feast of the Circumcision," was called the octave of Christmas as early as 487, A. D., and was instituted by the Church to commemorate the ceremony of the Jewish law to which the Saviour submitted.

In the time of Numa the old Roman heathens dedicated the day to Janus, the double-faced deity, who faced the future while he looked back upon the past. The Romans offered him a cake of sifted meal with incense, salt, and wine, and also did something in the way of their art or calling to begin the year industriously, and thus propitiate good fortune. Their Consuls assumed office, and offered the usual sacrifice of a white steer to their gods in the Capitol. But the people most largely indulged in and enjoyed the saturnalia, a suggestive outline of which is given by Arndt: "Quite early, as the day was dawning and when the cock crew, their doors and houses were hung with branches of laurel and other chaplets and tapestry; presents were exchanged, chiefly consisting of dates, dried figs, vessels of honey, and coins from the time of the kings. These were accompanied with wishes that the New Year would bring joys alike sweet, and every day an increase of wealth. Visits were made, they embraced each other, mutually wishing each a joyous and happy New Year. Mummeries were enacted; the collection of debts forbidden; eating and drinking parties were loud; female dancers performed in the public Square; men disguised themselves as women, and women as men; lewd songs were sung, and they became equally intoxicated with wine and pleasure; in short, all kinds of licentiousness and debauchery were the order of the day. The following night was also celebrated with singing, unrestrained sport, and dancing; frolicsome, fellows passed through the streets, knocking at the doors and arousing the sleepers from rest."

The primitive Christians held the day as a fast, in opposition to these pagan customs. St. Ambrose says: "We fast on this day, so that the heathen may perceive that their pleasures are condemned by our fasts." In the time of St. Augustine even it was called "the day of grief." In the sixth century it became a solemn festival; the Council of Tours, in 566, ordaining that "the chaunt of Litanies should, on the first of January, be opposed to the superstitions of the pagans," and that the Mass of the Circumcision be celebrated. In 692 a similar decree was issued; but even Christian people being fascinated with many of the old customs, a "festival of fools" was instituted as a sort of compensation in which the pagans were burlesqued. By degrees, however, as the Christian faith and strength increased, and

the necessity for the distinction grew less important, the Church in the eighth century abrogated the fast, and the earlier and more congenial jovial customs were gradually resumed, and have continued in one good form or another to the present; many nations keeping quite a Carnival from Christmas to New Year's day, and even down to the festival of the Epiphany (6th of January), or Twelfth-day.

The more northern nations of Europe watched the winds on New Year's eve and from their currents prognosticated the weather. An old legend says:

"If New Year's eve night wind blow south,
It betokeneth warmth and growth;
If west, much milk and fish in the sea;
If north, much cold and storms there will be;
If east, the trees will bear much fruit;
If northeast, flee it man and brute."

It was a custom in the "olden time" and in the old world to spend the New Year's eve in jollity, amid the ringing of church-bells, ushering the new year in. The young women of the village carried from door to door a bowl of spiced ale, in imitation of the "wassail bowl," which they offered to the inhabitants of every house, singing congratulatory verses, made by themselves on the moment, and suggesting small presents. The wooden bowl was decked with ribbons, and one of the popular forms of the carol in general use was:

"Love and joy come to you,
And to your wassail, too;
And God send you a Happy New Year,
A Happy New Year!

"And God send you a Happy New Year;
Our wassail cup is made
Of the rose-mary tree;
So is your beer of best barley."

As indicated above, the making of presents on New Year's day dates as far back as the days of the Roman Emperors, and to an earlier period. Fosbroke, in his "Dictionary of Antiquities," mentions an amphora (or jar), which still exists, with an inscription, denoting that it was a New Year's present from the potters to their patroness. He also instances other pieces of Roman pottery and medallions, either bearing the inscription "A happy New Year," or decorated with the laurel, fig. and date.

The custom of gift-making is of very remote date in England, a reminiscence doubtless of the Roman *régime* linked with the wild exercises and revelries of the Northmen who ingrafted themselves upon its soil. It became a habit with the people, who carried it so far as to make presents to their magistrates. This practice was the cause of protest from some of the Fathers of the Church who deemed it fraught with various abuses, and the magistrates were forced to relinquish these welcome bribes. The sums of money given by kings and powerful noblemen to their officers and retainers as New Year's gifts are on record. Royalty hungered after these presents, as well as the vassals, as far back as Henry III, who, according to Matthew Paris, extorted New Year's gifts. In the sixteenth century there appears to have been much cordial rejoicing—prince and peasant equally encouraging the principle, although of course the interest was much in favor of the former. The kings and nobility of England interchanged gifts and tokens of high consideration. Henry VII had a special programme for the day, by which the manner of presenting gifts and the sums to be paid the bearers, and other matters were regulated. A notable point was the distinction that the Queen's "rewards to them that bring her gifts shall not be so large as the king's." It is recorded that on such an occasion Latimer sent Henry VIII a richly-illuminated New Testament, a leaf being turned down and marked at Hebrews, chap. xiii, v. 4, which reads thus: "Marriage is honorable in all, and the bed undefiled, but * * * adulterers God will judge." This, however suitable a bon-bon for the royal libertine, was rather a gilded pill. The wardrobe and jewels of Elizabeth were considerably augmented by New Year's gifts, lists of which are published by Mr. Nichols in the accounts of her "progresses." These show that the greater part, if not all, of the peers and peeresses of the realm, all the bishops, the chief officers of state, and several of the queen's household servants, down to her apothecaries, master cook, and "sergeant of pastry," gave New Year's gifts to "their royal mistress," consisting either of a sum of money or jewels, trinkets or wearing apparel. The largest sum given by any temporal lords was twenty pounds; but the Archbishop of Canterbury gave forty pounds, the Archbishop of York thirty pounds, and other spiritual lords twenty and ten pounds.

Many of the temporal lords and great officers, and most of the peeresses, gave rich gowns, petticoats, shifts, stockings, garters, sweet bags, doublets, mantles embroidered with precious stones, looking-glasses, fans, bracelets, caskets studded with jewels, and other costly trinkets. It was on such an occasion that her majesty's silk woman presented her with a pair of silk stockings, which, when used, so enhanced the Queen's opinion of her nether limbs that she flung away all her previously-worn hose, and would wear none but of silk thereafter. From her household and tradesmen she accepted numerous presents; and it is a remarkable fact noted by Dr. Drake that the queen's gifts in return were always of less value than those she received.

Connected with the expected demise of Queen Bess, we have the record of a curious mode of place-hunting by a courtier who sought to propitiate the favor of the heir to the throne. James I, when King of Scotland, received as a New Year's gift, 1603, from Sir John Harrington, a richly ornamented dark lantern, on which, with other curious devices, were representations of the sun, moon and planets, and said to be found as "graved by a King of Scotland, David II, that was prisoner at Nottingham." Sir John added a suggestive inscription in Latin, which reads, "Lord, remember me when thou comest into thy kingdom." It is held that that lantern was altogether a begging device, and evidently fabricated at a moment when "the lamp of life" grew dim in the frame of Queen Elizabeth. It is curious as a relic of courtcraft, displaying a "darkness visible" in the character of the polite knight. He made a mistake, however, as to the flickering state of Elizabeth's lamp of life, for she lived ten years longer.

The Saxons of the North, according to Stillingfleet, observed the festival of the New Year with more than ordinary jollity and feasting, and gift-sending. In Westmoreland, Cumberland, and throughout other parts of England they have customs peculiar to the occasion, described by a writer in 1791. The people assemble early in the morning with baskets suspended to *stangs* (stout poles). Whoever refuses to join in their "fun" is hoisted across the stang and carried "shoulder height" to a neighboring alehouse, as G. P. R. James would say, where he is fined six pence, and allowed to sneak off with other feelings than those expressed by Saxe in the lines—

> "Bless me this is pleasant,
> Riding on a rail."

If the captured party be of the softer sex she is carried in the basket. A writer in "Sharpe's London Magazine" some twenty-five years ago believed the custom in practice at the time. An orange stuck with cloves seems, according to Fosbroke and the early authors, to have been a popular New Year's offering. The use of this present seems to be indicated by a remark of old Lupton, that the flavor of wine is improved, and the wine itself preserved from mouldiness, by an orange or lemon stuck with cloves being hung within the vessel so as not to touch the liquor. Eggs of various colors, especially those stained red, were also anciently sent as presents. In Persia a similar custom prevails at the commencement of the solar year; and not only is a feast celebrated, but the people of that country present each other with colored eggs as tokens of friendship. In some parts of England the shopkeepers refuse to give credit on this day, lest they should have to do so all the year; and in Cornwall it is deemed unlucky to pay money on New Year' day, from a belief that he who commences thus, will so continue throughout the year.

Down to James II, the monarchs continued to receive and give presents; and to within a late period the custom was observed by the members of the royal family in France. In England it has dwindled down to the placing of a crown-piece under the dinner-plates of the two chaplains in waiting at court on New Year's day.

In Scotland, happy mirth celebrates the natal day of the Year. Youths and maidens are "up in the mornin' early" assailing the doors of their neighbors, chanting some suitable rhymes, and presenting a bowl whereof the parties taste in token of good faith and fellowship. In many places children go from door to door, asking bread and cheese which they call "hagmanay," in the following manner.

> "Get up, gude wife, and binno sweir,
> And deal your cakes and cheese while you are here;

For the time will come when you'll be dead,
And neither need your cheese nor bread."

Dean Ramsay, in his "Reminiscences of Scottish Life and Character," relates, on the authority of his mother. an Edinburgh custom which had become obsolete in his day, and which was another form of the one just alluded to. He says: Persons provided themselves with what was called *het pint*—a mixture of hot ale and rum, with switched eggs, sugar, and spices—with which they rushed from house to house of their acquaintances, and made them drink of it as soon as the clock had struck twelve and the new year had commenced.

"The lads, weel kenning what is due,
Their New Year gifties take—
Het pints to warm the Cauldrife mou
And buns an' succar cake."—Nichol.

The great thing was to force their way into bedrooms, and assail the occupants, whether in bed or not, and force them to drink of the het pint. Another part of the saturnalia was to stop the ladies' sedan chairs—then the common conveyance—returning from parties, to take out the ladies and salute them; a privilege then claimed by all. "I recollect," says Ramsay, "hearing Miss Burnett of Monboddo, a granddaughter of Lord Monboddo, say that before she got home on such nights her lips were sore."

In the Highlands—as we learn from Mr. Chambers—the first night of the New Year is marked by a custom of which no trace exists in the Lowlands. Young and old having assembled at the house of some substantial laird or farmer, one of the party drags after him a cow's hide which has been dried, the rest following, beating the hide with sticks, and singing some uncouth rhymes. Going round the house three times they halt at the door, and each person utters a rhyme, extolling the hospitality of the landlord and landlady, after which they are regaled with bread and butter, cheese and whiskey. Before leaving the house one of the party burns the breast part of the skin of a sheep, and puts it to the nose of every one to inhale, as a charm against witchcraft and every infection. Dr. Johnson, in his "Journey to the Hebrides," speaks of having heard of this custom.

In the Lowlands the Guizards enact a sort of play entitled "Galatian," somewhat resembling those given in Cornwall and Ireland to which allusion has been made in our Christmas Article last month. One of the best known chants of the Guizards, by which they coax the bounty of those they visit is:—

"Blessed be the man o' this house,
And the mistress also,
And all the little babies
That round the table grow;
Their pockets full of money,
Their bottles full of beer,
A merry Christmas, Guizard,
And a HAPPY NEW YEAR!"

Sir Walter Scott says it seems certain that the *Mummers* of England and the *Guizards* of Scotland—not yet in total disuse—present, in some indistinct degree, a shadow of the old mysteries, which were the origin of the English drama. "In Scotland (*me ipso teste*) we were wont, in my boyhood, to take the characters of the Apostles, at least of Peter, Paul, and Judas Iscariot; the first had the keys, the second carried a sword, and the last the bag, in which the dole of our neighbors' plum-cake was deposited. One played a champion, and recited some traditional rhymes; and there was

'Alexander, King of Macedon,
Who conquered all the world but Scotland alone.
When he came to Scotland his courage grew cold,
To see a little nation courageous and bold.'

These, and many such verses were repeated, but by rote and unconnectedly. There was also, occasionally, I believe, a Saint George. (The same as alluded to, *ante*.) In all, there was a confused resemblance of the ancientmysteries, in which the characters of Scripture, the Nine Worthies, and other popular personages, were usually exhibited."

In France New Year's is a great Gala Day. The convivial nature of the people, and of the Parisian especially, is quite adapted to the polite, exciting, and complimentary character of the festivities. In Paris the day is the day of days, and immense preparations are made to welcome and celebrate it. For weeks, perhaps for months, the ingenuity of every artistic occupation is tasked to its uttermost to devise and complete new and attractive forms through which courtesy and generosity may express itself on the day of gifts. The stores on this day are distinguished by an amount of taste, elegance, and magnificence, which cannot be equalled by those of any other city in the world. In addition

to the displays made in the regular stores on the boulevards, rue de la Paix, rue de Rivoli, and other leading streets, there are rows of booths on the leading boulevards extending from the Madeleine to the Gymnase for the purpose of furnishing toys, trinkets and general bijouterie to the gift-loving public. Probably three or four thousand of such booths in double rows are erected on the pathways facing inwards, in which are exhibited every conceivable form of present, and the sales made here are said to amount to a very large sum.

Social parties sit the old year out, and on the announcement of the birth of the new it is the privilege of the gentlemen present, in offering their congratulations, to salute the ladies. The day itself is enjoyed to the utmost in and out of doors. As early as is possible the Parisian is astir, out on a round of visitings to friends and relations, wishing them "a happy New Year," and presenting them with gifts in packets and boxes made in every imaginable form. A French writer states that on the first day of the year parents bestow portions on their children, brothers on their sisters, and husbands on their wives. Carriages may be seen rolling through the streets from early morn with cargoes of bonbons, souvenirs, etc., and pastry cooks and boys are to be met carrying upon boards enormous temples, pagodas, churches, playhouses made of flour and sugar It is by no means uncommon for a man of eight or ten thousand francs a year, to make presents which cost him a fifteenth of his income. No person able to give must pay a visit empty-handed. Every one accepts, and all (females excepted) give according to their means. The morning is passed in visits and gossiping at the confectioners' shops, which are the great lounge on the occasion ; and the evening, like that of Christmas, concludes with hilarious merriment. It is estimated that in Paris half a million francs are expended on gifts of confectionery alone for this day. They call the New Year's day *le jour d'étrennes*. The Scotch also receive what they term a *Handsel*, and the Irish call the first Monday of the year, *Handsel Monday*, and receive their *luck morsel*, taking it only from one person on that day, lest the luck which they anticipate might be changed from good to bad. For this reason they seek the luck morsel from some person of a good, benevolent, and hearty reputation ; and often travel miles to receive it from the hands of some party whose *handsel* probably on a previous New Year had been the prelude of good fortune since.

In Germany, the people stay up all night, relight their Christmas candles, and welcome the New Year in. Howitt, in his "Rural and Social Life in Germany," gives a very entertaining account of the gayeties and customs of the New Year's eve and day. He thinks it the "merriest time" of the German year. Service is performed in all the churches during the day; business is at a stand-still; and in the evening, in almost every house, there are joyous parties, amusing themselves with a variety of games—charade acting, presenting complimentary verses, and feasting and pledging each other in bumpers to the happy New Year. Without there is firing of guns; dancing within. Pelz Nickel is a great favorite with the children. He is the Santa Claus—the good saint of good children.

Goethe in his Memoirs describes the German New Year's day and customs of his boyhood:—

"It was the beginning of the New Year—a day on which the general bustle. occasioned by the visits of congratulation, set the whole city in motion. To us children this day always afforded a pleasure long and eagerly wished for at our grandfather's house, where we used to assemble by break of day, to hear a concert performed by all the musicians belonging to the town, the military bands, and all who had any pretensions to handle flute, clarionet, and hautboy. We were intrusted to distribute New Year's gifts to the people of the ground story. The number of receivers and the crowd of visitors hourly increased. Relations and confidential persons came first; functionaries and people in subordinate situations came next; and even the members of the Senate would not fail to pay their respects to their pretor. A select party used to sup in the evening in the dining room, which was scarcely ever opened again during the remainder of the year. We were particularly delighted, as will easily be believed, with the tarts, biscuits, macaroons and sweet wines distributed on the occasion. In short, on this anniversary we enjoyed, on

a small scale, everything that is usual on the celebration of more pompous festivals."

On the New Year's day, in Norway, friends call on each other as here. Between Christmas and Twelfth-day, the mummers are on foot. They are called "*Julebukker*," or Christmas goblins. They generally make their appearance after dark, masked and dressed fantastically. The scene is often of a very motley and pleasant description, a man betimes playing the host at once to a Mister Punch, a Mephistopheles, a Charlemagne, Number Nip, Gustavus, Oberon, and various other historical or mythological characters, who performed their antics in silence.

The "Merry New-Year," as poor old Gaffer Gray calls it, is a season of great delight and expectation to the children, as well as Christmas; and we have preserved a little Dutch hymn to Santa Claus, which was in great vogue in the olden times of New York:—

"Saint Nicholas, good holy man,
Put your best Tabbard on you can,
And in it go to Amsterdam.
From Amsterdam to Hispanie,
Where appells bright of Orange.
And likewise those pomegranates named,
Roll through the streets all unreclaimed.
Saint Nicholas, my dear good friend,
To serve you ever was my end,
If you me now something will give,
Serve you I will long as I live."

We doubt if this goodly city of Manhattan is surpassed even by Paris in the general and enthusiastic adherence to the customs introduced by its old Netherland denizens. In amalgamating within its generous bosom all the nationalities, it has inspired the descendants of all with that spirit which is the touchstone of fraternization—that *bonhommie* peculiar to the observance of New Year's day which tends to the spread of goodwill under the auspices of geniality. It is the exercise of this feeling which makes the Manhattaner known wherever he places his foot. His cosmopolitanism is recognized all over the world as the highest type of a civilization that attracts to it all of the most adventurous in brains and body from every quarter of the globe, and in illustration of which it would take not only an article, or a whole MANHATTAN MONTHLY, but volumes to be written.

Over two centuries ago, the residents of New Amsterdam used to celebrate the day shooting at turkeys on the ice at "Beekman's Swamp," a custom which is practised now at various places, but generally on the eve of the New Year.

When first President, George Washington and his wife received their friends in New York, on New Year's day, 1790, and the Annals of the City preserve an account of the formalities of the occasion, which in these modern days of degeneracy it becomes us to note, especially as they contain some good hints regarding good hours and economy in entertaining, which it would be well were imitated:— "General Washington, in the first year of his Presidency under the New Constitution, resided in the Franklin House at the head of Cherry street. On New Year's Day, 1790, he was waited upon by the principal gentlemen of the city. After being severally introduced and paying the usual compliments of the season, the citizens mutually interchanged their kind greetings and withdrew, highly gratified by the friendly notice of the President, to most of whom he was personally a stranger. In the evening Mrs. Washington held her levee. The President's wife was a pleasing and agreeable, rather than a brilliant woman. Her figure was not commanding, but her manners were easy, conciliatory, and attractive. Her domestic arrangements were always concerted under her own eye, and everything within her household moved forward with the regularity of machinery. No daughter of Eve ever worshipped her lord with more sincere and affectionate veneration; and none had ever greater cause to render homage. When absent he was ever in her thoughts, and her mild eyes kindled at his presence. She was well educated, and possessed strong native sense, guided by all necessary prudence and discretion. She rarely conversed upon political subjects, and when the most expert diplomatist would attempt to draw her out, she had the faculty of turning the conversation with equal dexterity and politeness. At all the President's entertainments, whether at the table or in the drawing-room, notwithstanding the regard to etiquette heretofore reverted to, there was, nevertheless, so much kindness of feeling displayed, and such an unaffected degree of genuine hospitality, that golden opinions were won alike from the foreign and domestic visitors."

In those days, also, late hours were not necessary: levees closed always at nine.

The New Year of 1790 was uncommonly mild and temperate. The moon was full, and the air was so bland and serene that the ladies attended in their light summer dresses. Having been introduced by the aides and gentlemen in waiting, tea, coffee, plain and plum cake were handed round. Familiar and friendly conversation ensued, and kind inquiries on the part of Mrs. Washington after the families of the exiles, with whom she had been acquainted during the Revolutionary War, and who always received marked attention from Gen. Washington. Mrs. Washington stood by the side of the General in receiving the respects of the visitors. Amid the social chit-chat of the evening the clock struck nine. Mrs. Washington thereupon rose with dignity, and, looking around the circle with a complacent smile, observed, "The General always retires at nine, and I usually precede him." At this hint the ladies instantly rose, adjusted their dresses, made their salutations, and retired. In the course of the evening, while speaking of the occurrences, of the day, Mrs. Washington remarked: "Of all the incidents of the day, none so pleased the General (by which title she always designated him) as the friendly greeting of the gentlemen who visited him at noon." To the inquiry of the President whether it was casual or customary, he was answered that it was an annual custom derived from our Dutch forefathers, which had always been commemorated from the earliest beginnings of New Amsterdam. After a short pause he observed: "The highly favored situation in New York will, in the process of years, attract numerous immigrants, who will gradually change its ancient customs and manners; but, whatever change takes place, they will never forget the cordial, cheerful observance of New Year's Day."

This injunction of the great patriot seems not to have been lost upon us. Emigrants have been attracted to New York who have changed essentially in many ways, its manners and customs, but the cordial, cheerful observance of every New Year's day seems to have been eagerly adopted by all; and promises to flourish "while a spark of hospitality shall exist on Manhattan Island," or in that more extended City of New York reaching into the historical neutral ground, of which our old political and municipal fathers did not dream. Indeed the good custom has grown with the growth of Manhattan.

"The birth of a new year," writes Charles Lamb, "is of an interest too wide to be pretermitted by king or cobbler. No one ever regarded the 1st of January with indifference. It is that from which all date their time, and count upon what is left. It is the nativity of our common Adam. * *Of all sound of all bells, most solemn and touching is the peal which rings out the old year. I never hear it without a gathering up of my mind to a concentration of all the images that have been diffused over the past twelvemonth; all I have done or suffered, performed or neglected, in that regretted time."

Charity covereth a multitude of sins: and one of our American poets indicates, with simple force and beauty, how we may at this season take advantage of its divine ministrations to make amends for the past; and initiate a future of good works while celebrating in a truly Christian manner the best of the good old customs:—

"Go, warm the cold; go, clothe the bare;
Go, feed the starved ones at thy door;
And let the empty-handed share
From out thy basket and thy store.

"Go, wipe from misery's eye the tear,
Take by the hand affliction's son;
And happy shall be all the year
That is thus happily begun.

"Go, give the sick and weary rest;
Gladden the cells where pris'ners lie;
Pour balm and oil in wounded breast,
And soothe the soul about to die.

"Do this, and thou shalt go to rest
With music round thy midnight bed;
And, blessing, shall be trebly blessed
For each such soul thus comforted."

There are few thoughtful persons but illustrate the feelings here expressed, who, thinking over the shortcomings of the past, internally promise to do better—to make a new and good re-beginning with the birth of the New Year. Let us hope that they will not dream over it, but put their good thoughts into good deeds, and in this hope we wish all our good readers

A HAPPY NEW YEAR!

FREEZING BODY AND SOUL.

By Florence Brenan.

A CHRISTMAS ALLEGORY OF FAITH.

It was Christmas Eve on the prairie. The wide-spreading ocean of earth, its broad brown billows glinted by the silvery beams of the moon, the solemn stillness, the heavens bediamonded by millions of stars which seemed to snap and sparkle with the cold, was a scene which only the Infinite Master Artist could create or portray. The air seemed incapable of moving, and the vast scene though full of life was hushed in awed anticipation. Had it not been for the presence of a solitary man who with feeble steps tottered over the prairie, it would have seemed as if the Creator was holding commune with his creation, and telling it that that was the eve of his Son's birth. The figure was that of a man tall and slender, with an air of dignity about him which bespoke both the priest and the gentleman. His thin white hair wandered over his shoulders, and a long white beard fell nearly to his waist, and in his right hand he grasped, with the energy of despair, a thick brown staff. He was very cold and had lost his way; and uplifting his old hands, he invoked the Almighty with a trembling voice.

"O God! if it be thy holy will let thine eye illuminate my pathway. Oh! spare me to my flock to say the Midnight Mass; they are waiting for me—I have never disappointed them. O Help of the wandering! Star of the Sea! intercede for me." A celestial smile brightened his countenance, and with renewed courage he continued his journey. For two hours he walked on, and then worn out, and almost frozen, he was about to succumb, when suddenly his eyes were gladdened by the sight of a long, low farm-house, from the old-fashioned windows of which streamed the light of many lamps cheerfully shining over the prairie.

"They are expecting me," laughed the old priest in glee, and hastening forward he opened the large gate, shutting it softly after him in order that he might surprise the good people. On tiptoe he approached the open kitchen door, and cautiously peered in. Before him was a picture of domestic cheer, well calculated to excite a glow of comfort round the priest's heart. On a large table were collected hot mince-pies, puddings, bread, a large board full of "dressing," four immense turkeys nicely picked, and waiting to be stuffed. A bright fire burned in a large stove, the top of which was covered with pots and kettles of all descriptions, boiling as if for a wager. The tin pans that hung over the bench which held the water pails, were polished so brightly that they reflected the figure of the busy little cook, who, stopping once or twice in her work, and running to the door, peered out so quickly, that the good priest had to step hastily aside into the shadow to prevent being discovered. A loud peal of laughter burst from an adjoining room, the door of which being opened by a handsome, stalwart young fellow disclosed a cheerful apartment filled with men, women, and children, laughing and talking. Around the cosy fire were ranged the old gossips discussing ghostly lore with all that solemn enjoyment the Irish peasantry seems only to understand. In one of the corners of the room was a knot of young men talking in low earnest tones, occasionally stopping to cast a sly glance at some pretty demure damsels on the opposite side. Placed in the middle of the floor was a long table laden with good things; a large vase rose from the centre filled with scarlet berries and winter green leaves; several young girls were giving it the finishing touches, while with a busy air and a gratified smile on her pleasant face, full of hospitable cares, moved the matron, giving numerous orders and answering numberless questions at the same time. The large party in the dining room were so absorbed in their own amusement that they did not pay much attention to the love-making in the kitchen. Denis, the young fellow who had opened the door, gently approaching Katey the cook, asked her in a tone too low for the others to hear but quite audible to the priest, "If she were lonely?"

"Lonely, is it? Wisha, then, is'ent that

a sensible question! How could I feel lonely with them beyant carrying on?"

"Oh," replied he with an insinuating smile, "I thought maybe you might be feeling bad because I was'nt with you."

"Well; it's yourself that has the consate any how."

"Katey," replied he earnestly, "his Riverence will be here soon, will you let me tell him he will have to celebrate a wedding as well as Christmas? Will you, darling?"

"Ah! go away with your nonsense," cried Katey turning away her head to hide a pleased look in her eyes. Denis was sensible, and in her gay refusal he read an affirmative answer; so growing bold in the assurance of his love he planted a fervent kiss on her rosy cheek; a slight scream from her and a shout of laughter from the other room made them quickly spring apart.

"Ah! Katey," cried Denis laughing, "you're caught, you have to say yes—begorra, I forgot all about them looking at us."

Katey, assuming an air of offended dignity, took up a turkey to stuff.

"Arrah then, Mrs. Dorin," croaked an old gossip by the fire, "is that the way you allow your daughter to do her courtin'?"

"She's only following her mother's example," replied the matron bustling past her. "Katey, send Denis here with the mince-pies."

"Mrs. Dorin, ma'am, will you tell me whether you are setting the breakfast or the dinner table?" asked a little man.

"Why, the breakfast, to be sure, ain't we going to have it after the Midnight Mass?"

"The Lord betune us and harm, ma'am, you don't expect us to eat all that for breakfast?"

"Indeed, and I do, man dear, sorra a scrap must you leave."

"Well now, ma'am, it's going to too much trouble you are," said a mild-looking woman. "I might have had you all to my house; only it's too small. Faith, it's good enough to hear Mass, without eating you out of house and home."

"Nonsense, it's proud I am I have it to give to you—but here, children, it's time to go to bed."

"Oh, mother, won't we hear Mass?" cried the eldest boy.

"Yes, yes, I will wake you up when it is time. Good-night, dear," said she stooping to kiss the upturned face of the youngest. "Good-night, Billy, God bless you. Good-night, Norah, acushla! Good-night, mavourneen," and the busy women of business was forgotten for the moment in discharging the gentler duties of the loving mother.

"Mrs. Dorin, ought'nt the priest to be here soon? Faith, it's a ticklish cold night to be crossin' the prairie. Katey ma colleen, what do you keep the outer door open for, do you want to freeze us entirely?" called a gay young fellow executing a double shuffle on the floor.

"I lave it open so his Reverence will see the light. And indeed if you feel so cold, you might make yourself warm by taking a walk to meet him."

"Bedad, that's not a bad idea. What do you say, boys?"

"We are with you," chorused the young men springing from their seats.

Suddenly the deep bay of the watch dogs attracted the attention of the party.

"Oh, he is coming," cried Katey, clapping her hands. "The dogs are barking. Go, boys, and meet him.

"Yes, go quickly," cried Mrs. Dorin.

"Stop," cried an old woman rising from her seat and lifting her hands impressively. "Do you call that *barking?*"

A loud, prolonged sad note ending in a sharp yelp swept on the night air, and was as quickly answered by another. The party who at the sound of Katey's glee had jumped to their feet stood still in sudden anxiety, amounting almost to a sort of awe, looking at the old woman over whose thin wrinkled face an expression of great fear rested. Not a sound was heard save the weird baying of the dogs. Crossing herself devoutly, the old woman solemnly said, "God save and preserve us, but that bay means—*death.*" A shudder passed over her listeners, the sad yelping of the dogs grew stronger and wilder, till dropping the howl they fell into a fierce barking. Mrs. Dorin laughed nervously as she cried,

"Shame on you, Peggy, for frightening us. Death indeed! It is'nt *baying* the dogs are, but *barking.* Listen to that now. The priest must be near the gate, why don't you go and meet him, boys? Sure, it's not afraid you are?"

Stimulated by the half taunt conveyed in the last sentence, the men, snatching up their hats, rushed into the air. Laughing with delight the old priest extended his arms to greet them, when as if by magic the whole scene vanished, and he found himself with outstretched arms standing on the wide, cold prairie with the bright moon shining coldly upon him. Clasping his hands together, he cried out in agony,

"O my God! was it all a *dream?* Am I alone and dying? O my Father! let me *live* until the morn your beloved Son was born unto the world, and *then* the gates of Heaven shall be opened, and you will receive me at once. O Great Father! grant my wish."* The cold seemed to enter into his very heart, pains shot through all his body, his teeth chattered, and the tears which the cold forced from his eyes were frozen on his cheeks. The long cloak seemed but as a gossamer vail, so little warmth did it give as he drew it tightly around him. He had lost his trusty staff, and missing its help stumbled many times, and with difficulty prevented himself from falling. At last nature gave out, and with a groan he sunk on the ground.

"My dear sir, allow me to help you," said a pleasant voice at the ear of the priest, who looking up was both astonished and startled to meet the gaze of a pair of sparkling black eyes. Too weak to think of asking who the stranger was, or where he came from, the proffered assistance was accepted, and by its aid he was enabled to stagger to his feet.

"You are cold, sir, let me wrap this cloak about you."

With native courtesy, even in this strait, the priest replied,

"No, thank you, I should deprive you of it."

"Not at all, you see I have another," and the stranger dropped his cloak over the priest's shoulders.

"Thank God," fervently replied the other, while the stranger moved a step away from him before he asked, "In what direction are you going, sir?"

"To Mr. Dorin's, a farmer on the edge of the prairie; unfortunately for me, I am, I think, in the middle of it."

"*I* know where he lives, in fact, I am going there."

"Oh! God be praised! Thou hast heard my prayers, O Lord! I will gladden the hearts of my people, by saying the Midnight Mass," joyfully cried the priest. "Oh! if I had died here to-night they would have been left alone without one to guide them. And you, sir, I must thank, for, after God, you have saved my life."

"Then you do not wish to die?" asked the stranger with a slight sneer.

The old priest drew himself up with dignity, as he replied, "I am not *afraid* to die; I would rather die than live, but my flock need me, and I have much to do, therefore I must live. Now, as we walk along together I will with your permission finish my Rosary."

"When you reach the farm-house, you will have plenty of time to say your prayers," brusquely replied the stranger.

"Excuse me, but I will not have time as I have to officiate at Midnight Mass when I arrive there, so now I hope you will excuse me if I say my Rosary."

"Oh, let the prayers go for once, and gladden my heart with a little conversation," replied the stranger.

The priest hesitated ere he answered, "Gladly would I gladden your heart, but not by such a sacrifice: God and duty first."

"Then if you will not oblige me, you must return me my cloak."

Without a word the priest handed it back to him, at the same instant he felt the intense cold strike him with violence.

"You will insist in saying your prayers?" asked the stranger.

"Undoubtedly," firmly replied the priest, his resolution strengthened by the peculiar tenacity of the other.

"Well then, I will leave you to find your way as best you can;" and so saying, the stranger throwing his cloak over his shoulder, with rapid strides walked off in an opposite direction. It was in vain for the priest to plead with him, and beg him not to leave him to die: his only answer was, "If you will not say your prayers to-night I will save you. In a short time he was left alone, the stranger seeming to vanish into air. With his beads

* It is an old time belief that on Christmas the gates of heaven are opened and any one who dies in the Faith on that day will, instead of passing through Purgatory, enter immediately into the region of eternal bliss.

tightly clasped in his hands, the priest wandered aimlessly on, feeling certain that he would not reach his destination; and he began again to feel all the agony of intense cold.

"Oh," he murmured, "if I only had a fire!" That very instant right before him flashed and crackled a fine wood fire. With a cry of delight he stretched out his hands, but started back with fright as opposite to him, peering through the light dancing flames, was the dark face of the stranger who tauntingly said, "You can use my *fire* on the condition that you do not *pray* to-night."

The fire was very alluring, the warmth very grateful, but the poor half-frozen priest was strong in his sense of duty; so he answered, "Never have I omitted saying my Rosary save once, when I was very ill, unable to think, and so long as God gives me strength I will say it."

The fire flickered out, but before it disappeared the priest saw the *cloven foot* of the stranger, and heard his voice triumphantly ringing out in the keen night air: "I will freeze you *body* and *soul*."

The stranger had gone, but the priest felt conscious of another presence. Praying fervently, he lifted his eyes, and, standing exactly where the fire had burned, he beheld a figure which made his hair stand. It was upright, the form of a man, but perfectly transparent; in fact it looked more like a moonshine shadow of a man frozen into consistency. A large cloak formed of gleaming diamond icicles was flung around him, his hair hung in spiral curls of ice, and his large unearthly eyes of ice radiated beneath lashes of feathery snow. On his head was an immense ice crown cut in shapes forming many beautiful flowers, which, as the light of the moon fell full upon them, flashed with all the colors of the rainbow. The priest held his breath as he gazed: the stillness was awful. The silence seemed to speak as to say, "The *Frost King*." The priest grew colder, unable to move, but he still continued praying, although he felt the Frost King was killing him. Suddenly, at some distance from the Frost King, appeared the stranger with a cloak of bright red flame wrapped round him; he pointed to the King, telling the priest that even at that late hour he would save him if he would only stop praying.

"I know you now, thou 'prince of devils,' cried the priest. "Oh Satan, thou wily serpent, thou hast no power over me. God and his blessed Mother will save me."

The devil approached him quickly as if he would annihilate him, and then as quickly fell back at the sight of a figure behind the priest, whose luminous expression, bright wings, and air of purity might well awe Satan. The Frost King, however, had no awe. He approached nearer the priest, who felt his pains had ceased and a delightful drowsiness steal over him, which he knew to be the precursor of death. He continued praying. It required a strong effort; it would have been delightful to him to have allowed his lips and mind a rest, but knowing that was all the Devil was waiting for, he kept on. Sometimes, when through the numbing influences of the frost he ceased to pray, Satan would eagerly approach, but with a wave of the hand the Angel kept him at bay. At length the end approached; the priest sunk on the ground, and as he fell he cried aloud to the fiend,

"You have frozen my *body*, but not my *soul*. *God* will receive my soul!"

Just before he breathed his last, the stars faded, the moon disappeared, and the sky was overcast, hiding from his fast failing sight the figures of the Devil and the Frost King. His guardian Angel he could plainly see bending over him with a seraphic smile. Suddenly the sky was rent open, a glory far surpassing the concentrated splendor of thousands of southern sunrises was disclosed, the golden gates of Heaven were opened, and through them earthward flew myriads of bright Angels singing carols of joy. Some sported in the glorious clouds, while others gathered in brilliant groups on the prairie making the air ring with songs of triumph.

Two bright Angels left the vailed throne, and flying downward never stopped until they reached the side of the old priest, who with a smile of intense happiness *expired* on *Christmas Day*. One instant the Angels bent over his prostrate body, and then bearing his radiant soul aloft, flew upward through the open gates of Heaven, accompanied by thousands of angels singing the glad Anthem:

"Christ is born, Gloria in excelsis Deo, Peace to men on earth."

BIRDIE'S REFRAIN.

Translated from Auguste De Chatillon's Ronde de l' Oiseau,

BY E. V. WELCH.

One day a young and pretty maiden,
Went to market in the morning,
A bird with notes of caution laden,
Sang his song in words of warning;
"Sweet! sweet! I oft repeat,
Take care, take care, of all beware,
A lover for you has set his snare."

Tossing her head with a smile so gay,
She replied, Your song is charming;
And lightly she skipped along the way
Laughing loud at birdie's warning.
"Sweet! sweet! I will repeat,
Take care, take care, of all beware,
A lover for you has set his snare."

The market-town of the neighborhood
Was across the meadow, and over the hill;
And through a shady lane of wood
Where the birdie sang his notes so shrill.
"Sweet! sweet ! beware I repeat,
There's surprise,—be good, be wise."
She mimics his song with laughing eyes.

She mincing went with an air coquette,
With snowy arms and cheeks so fair:
To see her might make a hermit forget
To count his beads and say his prayer.
"Sweet! sweet! so young and neat—
What shall I do ?—he is watching—
List to my warning—don't let him woo."

Ah! he was one of the village beaux,
It was Jean Louis, near the oak tree,
Waiting to greet the young wild rose,
While birdie sang his notes so free;
Sweet and fair, with curly hair,
So very coquette, and eyes of jet
Piercing the hearts of all she met.

But of timely warnings heeds she naught:
Whether for good or whether for ill,
Her head with one idea was fraught,
And the gods assist a woman's will.
"Sweet! sweet!" from his retreat,
The bird again, in an angry strain,
Endeavors to warn—but all in vain.

The lover was hiding in the high grass,
  Watching as far as he could see
The jaunty step of the pretty lass—
  And so was the birdie—hid in the tree.
    "Sweet! sweet!" the bird repeats,—
"Take care, my child, so simple and mild,
With his honied words be not beguiled."

Jean Louis approached and smilingly said,
  "I have loved you for many a day—"
And—"I have loved you," replied the maid—
  For love is candid, and hates delay.
    "Sweet! sweet!" He quits his retreat.
His warnings were vain. He'll come again
In spring, to finish the rest of his strain.

Now what more is left for me to tell?
  Lovers will always go their own way.
Sometimes to church they go—beau and belle,
  And sometimes from it, alas, astray.
    Sweet! sweet! when lovers meet,
Joyous and gay—time passes away;
Bliss for the present—tears for next day.

But these youthful lovers were duly wed,
  It does not always end in this way.
The bird still sings—and shakes his head
  To the young maidens—of our day.
    "Sweet! sweet! when lovers meet:
Your mothers, like you, had their rendezvous—
I cannot change it, all I can do."

Talents, elegance of mind, and devoted affection have the influence they ought to have, and generally do possess, in the mind of a woman. We are told that our sex's "earliest, latest care—our hearts' supreme ambition, is to be fair." Even Madame de Stäel would have given half her talents for half of Madame Recamier's beauty! And why? because the passion of our sex is to please and be loved; and men have taught us, that in nine cases out of ten we are valued merely for our personal advantages: they can scarce believe that women, generally speaking, are so indifferent to the mere exterior of a man—that it has so little power to interest their vanity or their affections. Let there be something for their hearts to honor and their weakness to repose on, and feeling and imagination supply the rest. Personal vanity in a woman, however misdirected, arises from the idea, that our power with those we wish to charm is founded on beauty as a female attribute; it is never indulged but with reference to another—it is a *means* not an end. Personal vanity in a man is sheer unmingled egotism, and an unfailing subject of ridicule and contempt with all women,—be they wise or foolish.

Mrs. Jameson.

FAMOUS MEMORIES OF THE MONTH.

HENRY GRATTAN AND DANIEL O'CONNELL—ANDREW JACKSON AND NEW ORLEANS—ROBERT BURNS.

To every citizen of the United States the memory of the eighth of January is associated with feelings not less exciting, proud, patriotic, and thankful, than those conjured up by the date made immortal by the deeds at Lexington and Concord. If the latter opened the War of the Revolution, those of the former concluded in glory and success the "second war for Independence."

To a large number of our population—adopted citizens whose sympathies are ever evoked by the struggles for civil and religious liberty made by their fathers,—the date will also suggest memories of great historic men, from whose actions profitable lessons not only of remarkable successes, but of political forbearance, may be adduced.

On the 8th of January Daniel O'Connell—then commencing his career of agitation, and but a short way on that path of renown he afterward trod so proudly—publicly initiated his "right to differ" with the most famous Irishman of his day,—Henry Grattan.

Grattan, who had, under peculiar circumstances, inspired the latent energies of a nation, and then allowed them to waste for want of proper action; who flung his fiery vehemence into the hearts and arms of the Volunteers of '82; who organized a victory, and after eighteen years beheld it a defeat; who rocked the cradle of what he thought Irish Independence, until it went so dead asleep that he followed it to its grave; who, in fact, was the most powerful man who ever advocated a half measure, or brought a nullifying sophistry to deny a whole one,—he, after all his victories, after having been a demigod in Ireland, the founder and mourner of the Irish Parliament, was in a state of "languid vitality," as Cloncurry states, a member of the English House of Commons. He still continued to be the friend of Ireland—as much as a member of an English Parliament can be. He continued to be the champion of Irish Catholics. His past, his present, the memory of his power, his chivalry, his eloquence, and the trust reposed in him by the great body of Irish emancipationists, made him still the idol of a hopeful people, just emerging from the effects of '98, 1800, and 1803.

With this man, who "remained firm to his duty in the darkest adversity," as O'Connell himself said, and to do justice to whose name "would require an eloquence equal to his own," O'Connell had the temerity to differ.

The difference arose from what is known in the Catholic records of the period as the *Veto* question, which was then violently agitated, not more by the enemies than amongst the friends of Catholic rights. The vetoists were in favor of allowing to the Sovereign of Great Britain the right of nominating or appointing, or concurring in the nomination or appointment of, the Irish Catholic prelates; their arguments being founded on the position held by Rome in relation to France, "then the chief enemy of British prosperity and the British name." The anti-vetoists believed such a clause utterly ruinous to the Catholic faith, and as virtually making the English sovereign head of the Catholic Church. Many Protestants, friends of Catholic Emancipation, advocated the Veto; and the Catholic Board of Dublin, alarmed at the progress of the Vetoists among the English Catholics, passed a resolution pledging its members not to act in the matter without the full concurrence of the Catholic prelates. Grattan, a Protestant, an immovable prop of the British Constitution, an active leveller of "French principles," and who withal had been the leading parliamentary advocate of the Catholics, refused to continue in communication with the Catholic Board on the terms of its late resolution.

Between the parties letters passed which did not harmonize them; and on the 8th of

January, 1814, Daniel O'Connell made a speech at the Board, which concluded thus:—

"Would to God that I could revive in the mind of Mr. Grattan his former feelings for the Catholics of Ireland!—that I could rouse him to that energy with which he formerly advocated our cause.

"*What securities did he ever speak of in the Irish Parliament?* What apprehension was about him for the Established Church in the year 1793, when he obtained so much for us? Where were his alarms then? and yet that, if ever, was the period in which the Established Church might have been in danger. What is there in the English air to alter the mental vision, so that it shall behold gorgons, and hydras, and chimeras dire, where before he saw nothing but the pleasant prospect of amity, strength, and social security?

"Would I could conjure up the ghosts of the illustrious dead who so often aided him in his battle for his then own Ireland; and amid the group I would call up the phantom of departed Ireland herself to remind him of what he was, and what he ought to be, unsophisticated by the delusions of English politics.

"In the sacred name of the mighty dead, I would conjure him to return to the grand and simple principle of the right of perfect freedom of conscience! Whether he succeed or fail in that pursuit, his ancient glories will brighten in the rays of these his later hours; and he will singly sustain, in degenerate days, the consistence, as well as the splendor of the first models of Grecian and Roman virtue.

Grattan continued to declare openly and unreservedly for the Sovereign's right of Veto. O'Connell as openly declared he would ever divide with the men who "directly or indirectly, consented to Vetoism of any description." Grattan accused the Catholic Board, of which O'Connell was the soul, of an attempt to dictate to him. O'Connell on the contrary said: "I desire unanimity—I have endeavored to obtain it; but I now disclaim it forever if it is not to be had without this concession." And thus was Grattan's decline, and O'Connell's rise, marked by an antagonism respectively based on the principle involving liberty of conscience and the right to differ.

From this episode, Irishmen and others of our time may take needful instruction. About a quarter of a century since its counterpart may be found in Irish political history. "Young Ireland" differed from old O'Connell exactly as O'Connell differed from old Grattan. Yet those who have been loudest in commendation of O'Connell's right to exercise his judgment in opposition to the great Liberator of '82, have been also loudest in denunciation of Young Ireland for having had an opinion contrary to that of the Emancipator of '29. As O'Connell questioned the alarms and "apprehensions" of his primal leader, Young Ireland questioned the insinuations of its former venerated chief. As the one beheld in Grattan's identification with English parties an inability to serve Irish interests, so the other beheld, in O'Connell's affiliations with the English Whigs, a dereliction of Irish rights. As O'Connell "would call up the phantom of departed Ireland," to show Grattan what he once was, Young Ireland would confront O'Connell with his own early struggles before *he* was "sophisticated by the delusions of English politics." As Grattan was conjured to return to the principle of liberty of conscience, so was O'Connell conjured to return to those principles on which he based *his* right to differ. And again, as Grattan accused the Catholic Board of assuming a tone of dictation, O'Connell made the same charge against Young Ireland; and as O'Connell replied to Grattan, so did Young Ireland reply to O'Connell,—that its members desired unanimity—that they endeavored to attain it, but would not accept it at the cost of independent thought and speech.

Thus the position of O'Connell in 1814 and Young Ireland in 1846 are historical counterparts; and those who pronounce upon either or both, should be governed by a thorough knowledge of the necessities which provoked opposition, as just in one instance as the other. If the Catholic Board of January, 1814, had the right to differ from, or even dictate to Grattan, there is no reason why Conciliation Hall of 1846, or the Irish Confederation of 1847, should be denied a like privilege respecting O'Connell.

This episode and historical parallel suggested by the memories of the day, and but briefly indicated, shows that it is only in a calm comparison of the movements which make history, we can learn to exert that intelligent forbearance to others which every man and every party at some time needs be shown to him and itself.

JACKSON'S DAY.

While Irish Catholics were struggling against Irish fear and English prejudice, English arms were struggling to recover the prestige, if not the power, in America which

had melted away thirty-five years previous, when the leaden statue of George III at the Bowling Green in the old city of Manhattan was run into bullets and sent against the soldiers fighting under the banner of that king, and to defend the "rebellious" hearts and hands by whom they were cast.

On the 8th of January (1815) succeeding that on which O'Connell invoked Henry Grattan to forget English politics, Andrew Jackson, the son of poor Irish emigrant parents, concluded a chapter in the military history of Great Britain, the disasters of which are only equalled by the rugged splendor of him who hurled them on his hereditary foe.

As a child, in the log-house of the Waxsaw settlement in North Carolina he listened to his widowed mother recounting the deeds and sufferings of his grandfather at the siege of Carrickfergus, and the oppression under which her countrymen suffered. As a boy of eight years, the echoes of Lexington and Bunker Hill kept the terrible panorama of English turbulence vividly before him. At twelve, he passionately panted to follow his eldest brother to the defence of the scattered population of the South.

The Waxsaw settlement, chiefly composed of Irish, was noted for its Republicanism, and aroused the relentless hatred of the invading troops. Hugh Jackson fell in the service of his adopted country, at Stono, in June, 1779. The grief of his mother struck deep into Andrew's soul, and the youth, with his now eldest brother Robert, volunteered into Captain Davie's corps—his noble Irish mother, like the Spartan matron, invoking the blessings of the gods upon the arms that were to bring them victory, or bear them, as a bier, in death. At his first battle Andrew was thirteen years and nine months old. He participated in the unceasing warfare forced upon the settlement for several months. The brothers were at last captured, and until exchanged, through the restless and irresistible devotion of the mother, suffered all the inhuman barbarity for which the invaders became infamously famous during the war. Robert survived but two days; and the mother, worn out with sorrow, with watching, and the dreadful fever caught in unceasing attendance on her neighbors, prisoners in the British ships in Charleston Harbor, expired in a few weeks after, just outside of the American lines, at the Neck.

Andrew was spared through war and want and woe—through the disasters of the field, the gnashing fury of captivity, and the more delirious rage of fever, to preserve and consolidate the liberties of a mighty confederacy by avenging the blood of his dear Irish mother and brothers.

Who can wonder that the iron had entered into his nature? Heaven robed his youth in sacrifice to purify him—to make him strong for his mission.

The battle of New Orleans was remarkable in many respects. It was fought a fortnight after the Treaty of Peace had been signed at Ghent, but ended the second war with Great Britain in a manner diametrically the reverse of that anticipated by English statesmen, who thought they had the game in their own hands. The British ravages on the Chesapeake, and the taking of Washington City during the year 1814, had given them great hopes. In addition to this, a large number of Wellington's tried soldiers were at the disposal of their government; and, as a member of the Cabinet in the revolutionary war observed that he had sent an armament to America such as was never seen there before, so Lord Castlereagh counted on the preparations made for the defeat of American arms in 1814. In December of that year he said, with self-reliant exultation, at Paris: "I expect at this moment that most of the large seaport towns of America are by this time in ashes; that we are in possession of New Orleans, and have command of all the rivers of the Mississippi Valley and the Lakes, and that the Americans are now little better than prisoners in their own country."

Events already accomplished, says Lossing, and preparations made, justified the expectation of the British Premier. But good fortune in another direction was conspiring to aid the heroism and genius of Jackson and his brave Tennesseeans, Kentuckians and Louisianians. Reid's brilliant and bloody fight with the British naval squadron under Van Lloyd at Fayal, at the close of the September previous, had providentially interfered with the British project on New Orleans. The powerful squadron which assailed him was part of the expedition then gathering at Jamaica

for the descent on the Crescent City; but it was so severely whipped and crippled by Captain Reid that it did not reach Jamaica until full ten days later than the expedition was to have sailed for the Mississippi. "The expedition," says Lossing, "waited for Lloyd; and when it finally approached New Orleans, General Jackson was also approaching to make competent arrangements for its defence. Had the fleet arrived ten days sooner, that city would have been an easy prey to the British, for it was utterly defenceless until that General arrived with his troops."

With the memories of his youth about him, it is not to be marvelled at that the presence of his old foes at New Orleans in 1814 aroused Jackson to a state of almost superhuman energy. He had a great debt to pay.

Sent to the relief of New Orleans, the remissness of the government in not placing suitable means at his disposal greatly augmented his difficulties, but also tested the resources of his genius. Immediately on the landing of the British down the river, Jackson went out and assaulted them that very night; so disconcerting their plans and checking their hopes of local aid, as to cause a diversion in their operations from the 23d December to the 8th of January—a loss of time which enabled the Americans to make such preparations as might, to some extent, balance their want of arms and materials of war. Here, at the very start, Jackson's energy gave intimation of final success. For four days and nights at a time did he resist sleep, perfecting his line of defence. He felt confident he would annihilate the enemy. The holy wish was father to the irresistible self-confidence. The approaching presence of the English, the ruthless infamy which had accompanied them elsewhere, flung terror into the women of the city. Their cries loaded the air. "Tell them," said Jackson to Livingston, "I am here. The British shall never reach the city!" The hero was desperately exasperated. Riding along the line, he would exclaim, "I will smash them, so help me God!" And God did help him.

We need not recount the movements of the British armament from Lake Borgne, through the Bayou Bienvenu to Villere's plantation, on the one hand; or the preparations made by Jackson, on the other. The battle opened as the morning fog cleared away, and lasted until the British, under Colonel Thornton on the right bank of the river, learning of the annihilation of their comrades on the opposite side, withdrew and reëmbarked at twilight.

The victory was not only complete, but remarkable for the disasters which showered from the immortal cotton bales upon the invading foe. The Americans lost seven killed and fifteen wounded. The British loss was twenty-six hundred. The dogged pluck and bravery of the British were never more conspicuous either in officers or men; but Jackson's precautions were so successful that bravery was only sacrifice, and persistence in it total annihilation. It is said history presents no parallel to the disparity in loss of this battle.

The whole land thrilled with the joyful intelligence of the victory, which made the Treaty assurance of the close of war more acceptable, in the consciousness that the world could see we had the ability and power to conquer a peace as well as to diplomatize one.

When we consider the natural weakness of the place, exposed to approach on all sides; the opposition raised by timid officials and truculent merchants, and the efforts of journalistic traitors to spread dissension among the undisciplined, ill-armed and badly accoutred troops, which were to be pitted against an ably-officered, veteran army, the best Great Britain could muster, it must be conceded that no campaign in modern history was more brilliant—by the light of its success—than that in which Jackson defended New Orleans.

If the 19th of April, 1775, inaugurated the American Revolution, the 8th January, 1815, set the seal upon American Independence. The one commenced the first, the other closed the second, War of Independence. Eight Colonists fell at Lexington. Their blood falling on the earth like a fiat from heaven, called up the Colonies to arms. Seven Americans fell at New Orleans. Only seven, as though "heaven would not mar by a great domestic sorrow the exultant jubilation of a preserved Republic." Great as was William Cobbett's delight at the superiority of nature and genius over art and riches,

as evinced in the career of Jackson, it was with greater and more inexpressible delight he saw these characteristics spring, as he said, "from poor Irish emigrant parents, driven from their native land by its inexorable oppressors!" "Ah!" he continues, "God is just in spite of our ungrateful impatience. No man living ever did so much to humble England as Andrew Jackson; and these pages will show us how his zeal was sharpened, how his anger was pointed, by the lessons taught him by his ill-treated parents."

The glory of the laurel placed on Jackson's brow in the place where his statue now stands, opposite the Cathedral in New Orleans, has but increased with time. That laurelled head is probably, with one exception, the most known to the people, and the best beloved by them of those who have served or saved the Republic.

BURNS' DAY.

If we glorify the heroes of nationality, why should we not celebrate the days made famous by the great Poets who add a double immortality to heroes by crystallizing their lives and deeds into brilliant and soul-stirring song, and who have become thus the boast and pride of their respective nationalities! Especially dear to the people at large is that people's poet who sung,

"A prince can make a belted knight,
A marquis, duke, and a' that.
But an honest man's aboon his might,
Guid faith he mauna fa' that!"

His genius and struggles, his humble station, and his world-accepted fame make the anniversary of his birth a famous date among the memories of famous men.

On the 25th of January, 1759—Robert Burns first saw the light in an humble house within view of

"Alloway's auld haunted kirk,"

and not far distant from Ayr,

"Wham ne'er a town surpasses
For honest men and bonnie lasses,"

on both of which his coming and his living has conferred immortality. Those who have read this wonderful child of nature must agree with his countryman, John Wilson, that Burns is by far the greatest poet that ever sprung from the bosom of the people, and lived and died in an humble condition. "He was born a poet, if ever man was, and to his native genius alone is owing the perpetuity of his fame." Currie, Wilson, and Chambers—Lockhart and Cunningham among other loving and able spirits—have pictured his life and commented on his genius; but, to our mind, the most touching, manly, and vivid account of his early days—of the development of his love and song-passion, is to be found in his own words in the letter to Dr. Moore, who took an interest in him after he had published his first book at Kilmarnock, and paid his first visit to Edinburgh. That letter is one of the most charming pieces of autobiography ever written, and is the key-note to many of his best-known poems. It reveals to us the honesty of his character; the susceptibility of his heart; the defiant and yet loving manliness of his intellect.

We see him the stubborn, sturdy boy, with a retentive memory, and leaning toward an "enthusiastic piety;" but getting English thrashed into him at school to such an extent, that by the age of eleven he was quite a critic in "substantives, verbs, and particles." We see him at this time, also, in the ingle nook, at night, with gaping mouth and devouring eyes, the rapt listener to the story-telling powers of an old ignorant and superstitious woman, who had, he said, the largest collection in the country of tales and songs, "concerning devils, ghosts, fairies, brownies, witches, warlocks, spunkies, kelpies, elf-candles, dead-lights, wraiths, apparitions, cantraips, giants, enchanted towers, dragons and other trumpery." These powerfully affected his imagination, so much so, indeed, that even in the nocturnal rambles of his manhood he kept "a sharp look-out in suspicious places," and had to tax his philosophy to shake off his "idle terrors."

With what delight he read the lives of Hannibal and William Wallace, and sadly regretted he was not tall enough to be a soldier. Then we find the boy developing in audacity, showing off at wakes and funerals, and "puzzling Calvinism" with such "heat and indiscretion," that the "hue-and-cry of heresy" raised against him echoed far into his life. Then we see him at the plough, dexterous for his years, his family wretchedly poor, the victim of misfortune, law, and a scoundrel agent. In this state of woe and want, "the cheerless gloom of a hermit, with the unceasing moil of a galley slave," he reached his sixteenth year, a little previous

to which he first committed "the sin of rhyme." The occasion of this must be given in his own words. It was the custom to couple a boy and girl as partners in the labor of the harvest.

"In my fifteenth autumn," he writes, "my partner was a bewitching creature—a year younger than myself. My scarcity of English denies me the power of doing her justice in that language; but you know the Scottish idiom—'She was a *bonnie, sweet, sonsie lass.*' In short, she altogether, unwittingly to herself, initiated me into that delicious passion, which, in spite of acid disappointment, ginhouse prudence, and book-worm philosophy, I hold to be the first of human joys, our dearest blessing here below! How she caught the contagion I cannot tell: you medical people talk much of infection from breathing the same air, the touch, etc., but I never expressly said I loved her. Indeed, I did not know why I liked so much to loiter behind with her, when returning in the evening from our labors; why the tones of her voice made my heartstrings thrill like an Eolian harp; and particularly why my pulse beat such a furious rattan when I looked and fingered over her little hand to pick out the cruel nettle stings and thistles. Among her other love-inspiring qualities, she sung sweetly; and it was her favorite reel to which I attempted giving an embodied vehicle in rhyme."

The little goddess who thus opened the plough-boy poet's heart to love and song was "handsome Nell," whose characteristics are preserved in his song, commencing

> "O, once I lov'd a bonnie lass,
> Ay, and I love her still,
> And whilst that virtue warms my breast
> I'll love my handsome Nell."

Thus is the young poet started on his career of song developed by love, and of love which found many of its most famous tributes in his song. Thus we see him started on his path to fame; but we cannot follow him on its devious ways. We cannot tarry with him while he was winning a local reputation as a verse-maker—the confidant of all the love-lorn lads of the locality—the love-maker of the parish—or follow him to the rocky coast, where the study of mensuration and surveying was alternated with revels among the smugglers who taught him to fill his glass and empty it, and mix in a squabble without personal fear. Neither can we keep record of his work days on the farm, or of the nights when he learned ancient history from extinct geographical grammars, or modern manners from the *Spectator;* when he made the acquaintance of Shakespeare and Pope, Locke and Allan Ramsay, and mixed the study of agriculture with treatises on Original Sin, and an ever-ready collection of English songs. Suffice it that after an experience of continued misfortune and struggling, which, however, drove him from solitude and the fear of an habitual melancholy, which was the undercurrent of his poetical temperament, he determined to quit his native land and seek his fortune in Jamaica. He made all the little necessary preparations; but determined to publish his poems, and leave them amid the scenes, people, and customs which inspired them. He felt confidence in their merit, anticipated in spirit the applause that would greet them, and took the consolation that, if he might be mistaken, "the roar of the Atlantic would deafen the voice of censure, and the novelty of West Indian scenes make him forget neglect." He published his book at Kilmarnock when he was twenty-seven; and nearly a century of applause has sustained the welcome given to it. He was famous almost immediately. The intimations of immortality which stirred him then have been confirmed by generations, and the poor would-be exile from Scotia is the world's most accepted representative of his country to-day.

The personal appearance of Burns is given from memory by Sir Walter Scott. His form was strong and robust, his manner rustic, not clownish; with a sort of dignified simplicity which received part of its effect, perhaps, from one's knowledge of his extraordinary talents. * * * "His eye alone, I think, indicated the poetical character and temperament; it was large, and of a dark cast, which glowed (I say literally, *glowed*) when he spoke with feeling and interest. His address to females was extremely deferential, and always with a turn either to the pathetic or humorous which engaged their attention particularly. I have heard the late Duchess of Gordon remark this." The world's appreciation of his genius reminds us of his

sonnet written on his birthday in 1793, on hearing a thrush sing:

"Sing on, sweet thrush, upon the leafless bough;
Sing on, sweet bird, I listen to thy strain;
See aged Winter, 'mid his surly reign,
At thy blythe carol clears his furrowed brow."

The world's furrowed brow is cleared when listening to the voice of Robert Burns, whose songs, like the thrush's he addresses, were produced amid the wintry exigencies of misfortune and poverty. But his heart was irrepressible. Like the bird he should sing—he could not help singing. "His poems," says Wilson, in his splendid tribute to the genius of his countryman, "grew up like flowers before his tread; they came out like singing birds from the thickets, they grew like clouds in the sky; there they were in their beauty, and he hardly knew they were his own, so quiet had been their creation, so like the process of Nature among her material loveliness in the season of spring, when life is again evolved out of death, and the renovation seems as if it would never more need the Almighty hand in that immortal union of earth and heaven."

FAITH.

How wilfully our nature strives
  Its trust on earth to use;
And make the passions of men's lives
  Their futile lives excuse.
Our souls we mortage to "success,"
As though it would all motives bless,
  And ev'ry mode make moral;
Forgetting that the brows men bind
With thorns in life, in death may find
  The Lords' eternal laurel!

The good have neither class nor rank:
  The rich are humbly poor;
And poor are grandly rich, who thank
  The Lord with Faith secure.
Their paths in life may different be
As streams apart that seek the sea,
  But bless earth passing thro' it:
On earth there's room for all to kneel,
In Heaven there's life for all who feel
  This life Faiths' pathway to it.

No echoing cavern can out-roar
  The false heart's faintest stir,
No depth of clay can silence pour
  O'er consciences that err.
No storm-bred scowling darkness hide
Our want of Faith, our wealth of pride,
  From that great Eye that sees us.
The whole wide world is but a speck
To one man's soul, if he will wreck
  What's given in trust for Jesus.

THE SHAH OF PERSIA'S DIARY.

The Shah of Persia, whose travels through Europe last year attracted so much attention on the part of the press and the illustrated journals, has, like other travellers, recorded his experience in a diary. Like some other royal personages from James I to Louis of Bavaria, Victoria of England, Napoleon III, the Shah has entered the lists of authorship. If it is not a "counterblast against tobacco," or a domestic moan over a departed "prince consort;" or an ambitious analysis of the Cæsar who fell at the base of Pompey's pillar, his work is not the less characteristic. The Shah is his own hero, and the brief commentaries on his peaceful progresses and pleasant receptions have doubtless as much significance, in his own eye at least, as the nervous record of the Gallic war had in the comprehension of the Roman chief and Commentator. A portion of his Persian Majesty's observations have been published, to the extent of two hundred and eight quarto pages of bad print; and a correspondent at Teheran gives us some interesting and amusing extracts, embracing chiefly the royal writer's notes of his reception in England, and of persons and scenes and occurrences there.

At times the book is a veritable diary—jottings, it would seem, not meant for publication; at others, however, there is evidence that the Shah wrote having the printer and "gentle reader" in his mind's eye. The style is throughout of the very poorest description; and to a Persian the work is on that account utterly unreadable. A Persian, indeed, might think the book written by a foreigner having a scanty knowledge of the language; and this is partly true, for the Shah hardly knows the Persian language, having up to his eighteenth year spoken nothing but Turkish.

The Shah's descriptions of some of the wonders he saw are very amusing. When there is anything which he failed fully to comprehend, he says, "It was wonderful," or, "We cannot write an explanation." Trivial occurrences he dilates upon with a quite remarkable eloquence; important events he finishes off with a few words. Regarding beautiful and high-born ladies, emperors, kings, and queens, he says but very little; but on negresses, Japanese jugglers, *cafés chantants*, and kindred subjects, he is quite communicative. The book is full of absurdities and blunders which he might easily have avoided by calling to his assistance any one of his interpreters; it is, however, perhaps better that he did not do so, for he might thus have spoiled for us a highly delightful treat.

After taking farewell of the King of the Belgians, the Shah embarks with "Lorenson Sahib" (Sir Henry Rawlinson) on board the Vigilant, Captain M'Clintock, "known through his several voyages to the North Pole Islands." He admires the Vigilant, more especially the good things to eat in the state cabin; there were "peaches, white grapes, black grapes, small very sweet melons; the grapes were from hothouses, and very dear, one bunch of them cost two francs." He arrives at Dover, where the Duke of Edinburgh, Prince Arthur, and others came to meet him. The Duke of Edinburgh is a "very good-looking young man, with small beard and blue eyes:" in parentheses he adds that he is very tall. "Prince Arthur is not so tall, has a thinner face, and is smaller made than his brother." On the road from Dover to London, noticing the fine fields of Kent, his Majesty says: "It is not necessary to write about England's agriculture; it is known all over the world." They pass "Shelslhurst" (this, like most other European names, in Roman character); a wheel of a carriage catches fire, and "we were nearly all burnt." The crowd at Charing-Cross was "endless," and calls forth the following: "London has some very handsome women; on the countenances of both women and men are depicted nobility, greatness, dignity, and strength; it is evident that England is a great nation; the Almighty has to them especially given power,

and ability, sense, understanding, and education; no wonder they have conquered a country like India, and possess considerable colonies in America and in other parts of the world." Then he admires the English army, especially the cavalry, but deplores the small number of the latter. Next day he went to see her Majesty at Windsor Castle; he again sits on the chair, and "the Lord Chamberland having brought the Order of the Jarretiére," it was given to him by her Majesty's "own hands." He in return "gave the Persian Order of the Lion and Sun, with his portrait mounted in diamonds." He sees Prince Leopold, "very young and good-looking," attired in Scotch costume; this he explains as "a custom in which the knees are bare."

"One daughter of the Queen, sixteen years of age, is always in the house and not yet married."

The Shah likes to eat well, and never fails to mention when the meals were good, and how he enjoyed them. At one place "we ate a good breakfast;" at another, "there were fine fruits," and so on. In the castle grounds he sees soldiers: "Although the English army is small, it is very well clothed, well drilled, and consists," he remarks, "of young strong men." After a description of the castle, he adds—it looks very much like an afterthought:—"Her Majesty's age is fifty; but she looks only forty; she has a genial and pleasant countenance." In the evening he goes to the city to the Guildhall entertainment. He notices the policemen: "There are 8,000." The next piece of information is somewhat startling, and ought to put the London police-defying streeet-boys at their ease:—"The people of London think very much of their police: anybody that shows any disrespect to the police must be killed." The Lord Mayor lives in "Cuid Hall." Wonderful to relate, the Shah on this occasion sat again "on a chair;" and we see that in every succeeding chapter he takes care to tell us the same thing—that is, whenever he does happen to sit on a chair. Then the Lord Mayor, the Shah, everbody, drank Tós (toasts). He goes to sleep again that night, and next morning goes to "Volvitch." On the road he sees "working men of London, their faces blackened by coal smoke;" at Woolwich, "English guns, like the ancient ones; they are loaded by way of muzzle, and not, like Krupps, from the breech." In the evening he is at the opera: "There was a great crowd; Patti, one of the celebrated European singers, had been expressly brought from Paris. She sang very well; she is a very handsome woman; she took a long price to come to London. There was also Albani, a Canadian, of America, who sang very well, and performed well."

On the following day, *en route* to the Zoölogical Gardens, he is received with the usual Hurrahs;" he feels quite pleased, and says: "Really they cordially like me." The hippopotamus was "a wonderful thing." On the day of the naval review he had to wait a little at the railway station for the Prince of Wales and the Cesarevitch. At Portsmouth he embarks on board the Victoria Albert, Captain "Prince Linoge," and sits down to breakfast. Then said his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales: "Rise, let us go on deck to salute the ships: we rose and went on deck." Two sons of the Prince of Wales were also there. Then the Shah went on board the "Azincourt commanded by Fibs Hurubi," then visited the "Sultan, Commander Vansittart," and returned to the Victoria Albert. "The boat got under the steam wheel; the steam wheel began to move, the wheel very nearly touched our boat; if the wheel had touched our boat, which was not the will of God, we should all have been drowned: praise be to God the Almighty, the wheel stopped; we got on deck without further danger." In the evening in the Albert Hall he admires the entrance hall, the macaroni machine, and the exhibition of pictures painted by officers and men of the navy. Regarding the latter, he says: "Nowhere else have I seen such fine paintings."

The great concert, the many performers, and the great organ astonished him much:—"Such a crowd nobody has as yet seen from the beginning of the world till now; there were 12,000 persons present, from no single one came a sound, all listened and looked on: it lasted more than an hour; when it was finished we went home and slept." He goes again to the Albert Hall and buys some paintings, "ten or fifteen" of them. Of one of them he relates the following humorous

anecdote:—"I saw a picture of a donkey, asked, 'What is the price?' The director of the exhibition, who was a clever white-bearded man, read the price and said: 'One hundred pounds sterling; this sum is nearly 250 tomans Persian money. I said: 'The price of a living donkey is at the most only five pounds, why is a painted donkey so dear?' The director said: 'Because it costs nothing to keep, it eats neither barley nor straw.' I said: 'If its keep costs nothing it also does not carry anything, and cannot be used for riding.' We laughed very much."

His Majesty makes an attempt to enlighten his countrymen on the subject of English party politics:—He went to see Lord Russell, "who, although so old, has still a strong intellect, and belongs to the Vigh (Whig) party." For the enlightenment of his Persian readers he goes on:—"It is necessary that it should be explained what Whig is. All the Ministers of the English Government are divided in two parts. The party which is now in office is that of the Whigs; at their head are Lord Gladstone as Prime Minister, and Lord Granville as Minister for Foreign Affairs, and other Ministers. The other party, which thinks contrary to the former, is called Tory; at its head are Disraeli and Lord Derby and others. Whenever the former party gets removed from office, all the Ministers and others are replaced by others of the second party."

Such are a few characteristic specimens of Eastern observations of Western Civilization in Europe.

A. A. Schindler.

THE CATHEDRAL BELLS OF CORK
ON
CHRISTMAS EVE.

Midnight hour approaching slowly,
Pouring deeper shadows down,
Ushering in a morrow holy,
Darkens o'er our lovely town.
As a dense cloud, still dilating,
Round our proud Cathedral swells,
Eager hearts and ears are waiting
For the ringing of the bells.

Hark! that softened music rolling,
Faintly from some distant tower;
'Tis St. Nicholas' bells whose tolling
First proclaims the solemn hour.
Listen! o'er the city stealing,
Breathing melody afar,
Deep, majestically pealing
Swell the chimes of St. Finbar.

Shandon's bells now thunder loudly
On the silence of the night:
With the distant music proudly
All the harmonies unite;
As with brilliant tones sonorous,
Briskly swings each rival chime:
'Tis, oh! 'tis a splendid chorus,
Full of joy and faith sublime.

Hark! another peal is knelling
Notes of harmony and pride,
Loudly as the torrent swelling
Thunders down the mountain's side:
In their tower majestic swinging
While their tongues' incessant ply,
Our Cathedral bells are ringing:
'Tis *their* music swells on high.

By degrees their tones grow stronger,—
Shandon's bells are silent all,
And the distant chimes no longer
On the ear melodious fall.
In the full-toned cadence dying,
All their music fades away,
Like the dim, pale night-stars flying,
From the light of dawning day.

Now a moment silent rest they,
Then their tones are heard once more
Pealing out the sweet "Adeste,"
Calling Christians to adore.
Oh, what rapture can be greater
Than when thus majestic swells
Homage to the great Creator
From our grand Cathedral Bells.

A——T, *Ellicott City.*

OVER THE ALPS: FROM INNSBRUCK TO BOTZEN.

BY BARNES BARNEWELL.

On Sunday morning the 11th of August last after returning from church, and whilst we sat at breakfast in the elegant Hôtel d'Autriche, in Innsbruck, the capital of the Tyrol, we were courteously invited by two English noblemen to join their party to cross the "Brenner Pass." To traverse the Alps at any time was a long-anticipated pleasure, but to travel in company with distinguished tourists was a treat not to be resisted. Accordingly, we hastily concluded our morning repast, attended to the financial courtesies of the establishment, and in a few minutes sat in a first-class car ready to look our last adieu to lovely Innsbruck. Soon the horn blew the signal for our departure, and the long line of cars, filled with local and foreign tourists, moved out of the busy depot. What a lovely sight is presented to the excursionist as his eyes travel back from the suburbs to the fast-receding town! Resting for a moment at the farther side of the graceful Suspension Bridge which spans the river Inn, he casts a last look of mingled admiration and regret on the historic ground over which he has passed. Beyond is far-famed Innsbruck, like a bird's nest in the tall grass, surrounded on all sides by the towering Tyrolese Alps: everything reflects a merry response to the brilliant, unclouded scene. Whether we look back on the gilded church domes, the silver crosses on the tapering spires, or the golden roof of the imperial palace, or we recall our visits to the collections of antiquities, or our inspection of curious nature manufacturies, each has a sunny charm for the heart, the eye, and the intellect, which must make a visit to Innsbruck a memory too delightful ever to be forgotten. But as we set out to describe the "Brenner Pass," we must leave Innsbruck for another occasion. The Brenner is the oldest Alpine route, and was known and employed by the Romans. Up till 1772 it was used merely by pedestrians, but from that period until 1867 it was used as a carriage highway, when, by the adventurous skill of French engineering, the steam engine's shrill whistle woke up unknown echoes among the eternal glaciers, and enabled the tourist to luxuriate in travel over this giddy range of nature's mighty fortresses. Soon after leaving Innsbruck, the train passes the Abbey of Wiltan on the right, and dashes forward seemingly blindly on the hill of Isel, but immediate approach reveals a tunnel seven hundred yards in length, through which we pass, now commencing our upward journey of the Alps. Emerging from the humid air of this long vault, the train now ascends on the right bank of the Sill by a passage hewn in the rocks: far away below roar the slate-colored waters of the impetuous river. The track is covered with watchmen, guarding at every turn, and ready to give instant signal in case of any accident happening to the bold masonry which sustains this adventurous line. Slowly the engine toils like a willing steed; overloaded, she pants and stops, and stops and pants, then tugs again. The excited passengers, in the difficulties of the travel, find, in the coveted moments, time to drink in delightful draughts which have a wondrous effect upon the senses.

All that hill or valley, mountain or gorge, sunshine or gloom, can contribute in their strange variation and constant recurrence, to please, to arouse, to excite, and astound, are here revealed, and unrolled before the eye, as if a mighty magician moved the spheres to parcel out combinations, which could captivate the taste, and bewilder the astonished senses. Now we have reached the Station Patsch, and a holiday crowd, bent on an Alpine picnic, surround the cars and laughingly scramble for places. The majority of the men wear a loose jacket, knee-breeches, white stockings, buskins, and a conical hat;—invariably they carry a large blue, white, or red umbrella, or a light ash pole, about eight feet in length, of the thickness of a walking-stick, with a spear in the

end. This they use to facilitate their travelling up or down their native fastnesses. The ladies indulge in all the modern improvements common to their grandmothers, including silver skewers, and stiletto ornaments for the hair. They wear broad-leaved hats, ornamental bodices, short skirts—brilliant colors prevailing—and neat feet gear. A short distance below the station named, from a narrow gorge on the right, are precipitated the turbulent waters of the Rutzbach, which descends from the picturesque Stubaythal to the Sill. Now we have passed through seven tunnels on our route, the valley contracts, the mountain walls grow higher and higher, and the scenery becomes wilder and grander. We enter and emerge from four more tunnels, one of which is very long, and cross the river Sill twice more, and then we have arrived at the station Matrey. How curious, but delightful, is the effect of this engine climbing up the giddy heights of these Alpine towers. Now we rush on to some seemingly impassable barrier, but suddenly there is a turning, and we describe a diameter through, or a circumference around a mountain, and we shoot like an arrow along another mountain side whilst below stretches the fruitful valley, the natty villages with their pretty churches, and a happy and brave people, tenacious of their liberties, as the Alps are of their foundations. Matrey is passed, so is Stenach, and away to the south of it rise the ruins of Loney castle, formerly a robber's stronghold; and now we have reached Brenner, the water-shed between the Adriatic and the Black Sea: the river Sill which rises in the vicinity, falls into the Inn. Eisach on the opposite side of the pass descends into the Adige. We now follow the course of the Adige, and whilst on its banks we cannot help recalling a lovely sight which met our view. Just after emerging from a woody belt, we suddenly stood on a fortress as it were, four thousand six hundred feet above the level of the sea. Away below, as far as the eye could scan, were valley and gorge and highway—suddenly defiling around the base of a mountain hove in sight the head of a column of Austrian cavalry. Steadily they march—their graceful plumes, Grecian helmets, and bright cuirasses lend a military grace to every motion.

Quickly on their tread, is the tramp of infantry; regiment after regiment adds might to the display of arms, and now in one unbroken chain are cavalry, infantry, and artillery, like a conquering host marching on to battle. Has the spirit of Hofer again aroused the military ardor of the Tyrol? Do these brave Alpine rangers once more hurry to the bridge of Innsbruck to hurl defeat on Bavaria; or has the spirit of conquest urged another French enterprise to seek destruction once more in the pass of Finstermünz? None of these causes assembled this military host: they are simply Tyrolese soldiers marching from Botzen to Innsbruck for their annual review.

After passing Stirzing, and on the left the ruins of Welfenstein, the stronghold of the pass in the Middle Ages, we approach Mittewald, made memorable from the intrepid bravery of the famous Capuchin Haspenger, who, at the head of a handful of Tyrolese followers, cut to pieces the invading hosts of Saxony and France, under command of Marshal Lefevbre, Duke of Dantzic. The monk evidently thought freedom was worth fighting for, and his name in succeeding years has been, with Hofer's, a watchword of Liberty, and his memory keeps alive the patriots' trust to preserve the shrines made sacred, and consecrated by the best blood of the Alps.

We have passed the station of Brixen; and the coquettish town peeping out from its surrounding groves, deserves a special halt, to afford time to visit its pretty churches, which boast of choice altar-pieces from Tyrrolese masters. How profusely these works of art are scattered throughout these temples, dedicated to the Almighty Master of art and nature! Here it would seem art had coyly stolen away from the noisy haunts of the crowded cities, to foster, and contemplate, and create inspirations, which, in the silence of the forest, or reposing beneath the shaddows of the mighty dolomites, would surround the child of genius with the peaceful harmonies of nature, which would fill the soul with the poetry of the glorious designs which should send his name down through the memory of his race, until his achievements would outgrow rudeness and barbarity, and teach the world the beauties of Heaven from the painted dreams thereof. Parting from Brixen, with that feeling of regret, which ever influences the heart in

leaving the beautiful behind, we quietly enter Klausen, a cunning little village consisting of a single street, situated in a deep defile on the banks of the river. High upon a giddy elevation on the right, is firmly planted the Benedictine convent of Siben. The Loretto Chapel, adjoining the Capuchin monastery contains the Tyrolese's jewels of art, where visitors are made heartily welcome, and are greeted with familiar sounds of good English. The Convent of Siben boasts a high antiquity, being at a very early date a Rhetian fortress, subsequently a Roman castle, and early in the 13th century it became the episcopal seat. On the northern tower six hundred feet above the highway, stands a cross which marks a deed of maiden heroism, and which teaches how the sign of man's redemption can raise the weak, the tender, and confiding, to deeds of grandeur, which demand our mute astonishment, in contemplating the soul triumphing over the terrors of death, and the still greater terrors of infuriated man, when he yields to the brute the conquest of his heart. When the French invaders had in force reached Klausen, after an ignominious defeat by the Tyrolese, and whilst smarting from the wounds inflicted by the swords of the invincible followers of Andrew Hofer, they sought to wipe out the recent disgrace in pillage and outrage.

These were not the daring heroes of Austerlitz or Marengo, but the Canaille that Paris had vomited forth—the offspring of bastard revolutions; and these dared even to lay their sacrilegious hands on the very altars of Europe. Maddened by resistance at every step, they only succeeded by overwhelming numbers; and through palace and hut, convent and cloister, they rushed like uncaged wild beasts.

The community of nuns, save one, had retired in time to escape degradation worse than death, and she was pursued by a brutal soldier. From room to room, from hall to corridor, through cloister and chapel swiftly she ran—the outer doors had been closed,—but with the fear of shame in her pure heart, with her woman's noble nature grandly aroused, like a gazelle, she flew through an open window, her fierce pursuer's hot breath contaminating the very air around her. She has gained the terrace—swift as the lightning's flash, she saw escape in the distance—her fragile form dilating like the hunted fawn pursued to the death. She rushes, as if carried by angel hands, for the precipice. With one prayer in heart, one mighty resolve in her soul, the sweet names of Jesus, Marie, on her lips, she leaps over the appalling precipice to die as she had lived, a spotless virgin. Yonder cross is her only epitaph. Young maidens yet salute that cross with tearful eyes, and the brave Tyrolese lifts his hat as he passes the sacred sign, whilst choirs of angels chant her maiden's valor, that teaches man a pure woman's worth.

Bidding Klausen with its hallowed surroundings and sacred memories a reluctant adieu, we feel more disposed to meditate on the strange vicissitudes of life, and the caprices of fortune, than to draw pen portraits; but we would then forget our promise to give our sketches of this mountain tour.

Away below Klausen, the valley rapidly contracts, the railway line approaches the perpendicular porphyry cliffs. More on the mountain extends a broad tract of table-land with pretty villages scattered here and there, filled with the hum of industry, but of which the wayfarer in the valley perceives little to indicate their proximity. Approaching Wailbruck station, we perceive the erratic Graidenerbach, which comes in a tumbling noisy, splashing rush from a neighboring ravine, and hurriedly courts company with the Eisach.

We pass Atzwang and Blumen stations to enter the valley of Botzen, the Chicago of the Tyrol. Sharply the train approaches this thriving commercial capital, luxuriating in a boundless vineyard, as rejoices our western enterprising centre situated on her prairie plains. Bozen or Botzen, with half a dozen other aliases, as it is variously called, is delightfully situated at the confluence of the Eisach and the Salfer, which descend from the regions of the Saranthal on the North. The town itself viewed from the west, the wonderfully picturesque dolomite mountains away in the east, resemble the figures on bas-reliefs, and give to the scene when viewed by the glimmer of an Alpine setting sun, the lights and shadows and varying form which surprise and bewilder with their unfamiliar beauty and grandeur, as do the fairy powers which the eastern magi conjure to steal us into the dreams of possibility.

In Botzen one scarcely knows what to look at first, so much is there in this busy town of ten thousand souls to command the tourist's attention. One can hardly decide, whether the glorious scenery, breathing the music and majesty of poetry, or the unfettered children sprung from its bosom, most deserve the interest of the wayfarer. Both are the creations of a wise Providence, and without the labor of an investigation the casual observer may confidently decide they are eminently fitted for each other. If physiologists are correct in saying that the carriage and bearing of a man are an index to his character, the Tyrolese ought to be satisfied with the theory: for his step is elastic, yet firm as a rock, his form is well-knit and erect as a cedar of Lebanon, graceful in shape, never even tending to corpulence; his black or dark-brown eye is strong and piercing, his bow as graceful as a courtier of Louis XIV; and he turns and changes his position, to scan an approach or measure a new situation, as quickly as an eagle would pose for an aërial plunge; to strangers he has little to say, but in courtesy much to bestow, and if you would win his smiles or his friendship, send a child to solicit the favors you would covet, and the true Tyrolese will never subject you to humiliation or disappointment.

The commercial success of Botzen is no doubt chiefly owing to its being a railway centre, leading to Austria, Italy, and Switzerland: and the termination of the last highway enterprise, connecting it with Venice and Milan by Verona, has already brought its reward, and has created a new impetus to aim at further achievements on a more gigantic scale, while the Rip Van Winkles of New York, who for a quarter of a century have been asleep over the dreams of "rapid transit, and municipal improvements," might have taken example from these brave Alpine rangers, who, judging from the energy of the recent post, will have planned and executed a railway project over every imaginable pathway across their sky-raking mountains, which "our incompetents" not only could not conceive, but would be wanting in courage to travel upon them when completed. Botzen very much resembles Padua, Bologna, and Berne, with its numerous arcades protecting the pedestrians from the heat of summer and the cold of winter. The houses are almost eastern in their style, and during the heated season the citizens live much out of doors, and seem to be sufficiently adaptable to enjoy the life of the solitary, or to revel in the happy intercourse of a crowded community.

Botzen, like all the principal towns on the continent of Europe, seems to have expended her highest skill and lavished her greatest affection on her churches. The parish church of Botzen is very large and spacious, fully capable of holding a congregation of five thousand. The style is simple Gothic of the 14th and 15th centuries, except the west portal which, guarded by two mammoth lions of red sandstone, is in imitation of the Lombard style. The roof, like that of the imperial palace at Innsbruck, is in imitation of gold. Within the edifice there are fifteen altars, several of which are decorated in gorgeous style, and many of their ornaments are of solid silver. Within the screen are several works of the masters, and most of the altars have either original paintings or valuable copies of the master genius of Europe.

We shall never forget, for the sight was most eloquent in its simplicity, the scene which met our gaze as we entered this beautiful temple for the first time, on a Sunday afternoon. About half the entire population were prostrate, reciting the Rosary of our Blessed Lady. And as the great chorus of voices repeated the Sorrowful Mysteries, with a tone of earnestness in harmonious, simple supplication, we could not but feel that God was more loved in the Tyrol than in many places elsewhere. There was no sensation preacher, no well planned revival no newspaper manufacturing of unprecedented events, to draw a full house: there were only the purity and piety of these unpretending peasants and shop-keepers, who have learned, and believe in holding, holy converse with their God.

Emerging from the beautiful edifice, we were just in time to witness one more evidence of the devotion of this simple, earnest people. Just as we gained the street by the western portal, the head of a funeral procession slowly passed along. It was comprised of several hundred men and women, who alternated the singing of hymns with the reci-

tation of prayers for the soul of the deceased. The funeral cortége was very imposing. I front of the remains marched ten priests and assistants, with many altar boys bearing torches. As the clergy entered the cemetery they wheeled around to receive the remains, and measuredly walked along the arcaded pathway, and soon arrived at the open grave. Gently the precious burden was lowered by the pall-bearers, and when the sable drapery was removed, our astonishment only equalled our reverence for the solemn scene. The coffin was a simple dark frame, on the lid of which was painted a plain yellow cross; neither handles nor plate, crest nor ornament decorated the unpretending yellow shell. Like the remains of her whom it enshrouded, it bore no mark of hereditary rank or distinction. No mourner gave evidence of violent grief, but all, by their quiet and silence, spoke the earnestness of holy sympathy. At the head of the grave stood the cross-bearer, and by his side the acolytes with their burning tapers—a venerable old priest, surrounded by his brethren, began the solemn chant of the De Profundis. At the foot of the coffin stood twelve young maidens, companions of her whom they mourned, and sisters of the same sodality. The white robes they wore declared them to be children of Mary: each carried a wreath or chaplet of pure white flowers, and when the moment of separation arrived, each approached the bier as if she would again and again embrace the dear one reposing thereon in the sleep of death. One by one they placed the original garland upon their dead sister's bosom amid the tears of the weeping multitude. At the head of the coffin stood an old man whose bowed head, earnest gaze, and immovable figure told his closer ties with the dead. Slowly, tenderly, the coffin was lowered to its last silent chamber of solitude—a volley of musketry rolled its reverberating echoes along the Eisach, careering up to the dolomites, and amidst the dark-tinted shadows of the setting sun the old man had fallen upon his knees, and the crowded church-yard followed his example: and in supplication and tears, he gave relief to a crushed heart, for now he had consigned to the tomb, amidst the incense of loving prayer, his only child, as became a follower of the cross, and a soldier of the Alps.

MARY IMMACULATE.

OCTAVE FEAST OF IMMACULATE CONCEPTION, 1874.

O thou predestined from all time to be
The human casket of eternal life;
With every hope of earthly sainthood rife,
From every stain of earthly frailty free,
Surpassing heav'nly angels' purity.
Mother of God and Queen of earth and heaven!
To whom God's time-defining thought was given.
O Virgin Mother of Eternity!
Fore-doomed to earth, with earthly taints' exemption,
The sinless link between the God and man,
The perfect medium of salvation's plan,
The promise and the emblem of redemption!
Teach thy sweet sex with purity supernal
To move earth's sons to live for life eternal.

A DREAM ON A CHRISTMAS EVE.

BY WM. GROGHEGAN.

The bright hoar frost upon the hills lay sparkling,
The stars gleamed white like specks of ocean foam,
The heavy branches of the firs rose darkling
Against heaven's glorious dome.
The sad night-winds had hushed their dreary calling,
All earth was still, when downward from the sky
A figure floated, softly as the falling
Of rose-leaves in July.

Her face was fair as face of mortal maiden,
With such a pure, sweet gravity of mien,
It seemed as if the holy light of Eden
Fell on that brow serene.

And scarcely on the earth had she alighted,
When up came Christmas, saying cheerily,
"Well met, sweet angel! We are both benighted—
I'll bear you company.

"Hark how these mortals haste to welcome me
With pealing bells and brightly blazing pile,
With woven garlands, mirth and jollity,
With sparkling jest and smile!
And so my loved companion thou shalt be,
For old and young will joyously combine
To give a warmer welcome when they see
So fair a face as thine."

Gravely the Angel answered: 'Ti's for you
Those wreaths are twined, those bells ring merrily;
But I have a higher, holier work to do,—
My name is Charity.

"My mission lies where piercing Hunger waits,
Where Sickness banishes content afar,
Where shivering little ones, and fireless grates,
And empty cupboards are.

"You fling your sunshine over all the earth:
I bear to these poor homes a little ray,
And strive my best that none may feel a dearth
Of joy on Christmas Day.

"But oh! the hearts of men are hard to touch:
They ask for peace, yet where they may obtain it
They heedless pass; and worldly wealth is such,
It hardens those who gain it.
Oh that my power were equal to my will,
How many wretched firesides would I bless!
How many hopeless spirits would I fill
With joy and thankfulness!"

Then said Old Christmas, "From this time henceforth
Thy path is mine, and thou shalt go with me;
Wherever I am welcomed on the earth
There also shalt thou be.
"Nor will we have one interest apart,
For men shall ease each other's misery;
Whene'er they take Old Christmas to their heart,
They shall have Charity."

SHAUN THE UNBELIEVER.

BY SIDNEY HARROLD.

CHAPTER I.

In a pleasant sitting-room, the neat furniture, pretty engravings, and dainty nicknacks of which evinced the refinement of its occupants, were seated two ladies. The elder one, ensconced in a rocking-chair in the back part of the room, was almost hidden in the gathering shadows of the twilight from the view of her companion, a young girl seated by the window reading, with her head bent close to her book, and her face wearing an expression of intense thought.

"Shaun! why will you persist in ruining your sight?" called the lady in the shadow. There was no answer. Shaun was too interested to hear. "Shaun!" a little impatiently, "do you hear me? You will spoil your eyes: why don't you wait until the lamp is lit?"

"Oh! what is it, Aunt Grace? What *are* you talking about?" exclaimed Shaun; and without raising her head or waiting for an answer, she applied herself more intently to her book, the fast-fading sentences of which she could hardly discern as the evening closed in quickly.

"Shaun," replied her aunt with the slightest touch of asperity in her voice, "I do wish you would be a *little* more respectful when you address me. You are not paying the slightest attention to what I am saying. I tell you, you ought not to read by twilight: all physicians say it is highly injurious."

"Oh!" impatiently ejaculated Shaun shutting her book with a jerk, "why can you not let me have a little peace? Your *intentions* are good enough, Aunt Grace, but, to speak plainly, it is really annoying to have you constantly correcting me, offering me advice, or watching me. If I sit by the open window in midsummer, you will tell me I am going straight into consumption; I cannot read for a few hours, but you will tell me I am in danger of getting blind; if I eat fruit I will surely get cholera morbus. It seems I am always doing wrong, always giving you pain; whereas, we might live very happily if you would only let me alone, only allow me the liberty of thinking for myself. During the many years we have lived together, Aunt Grace, we have had many a discussion, and we have never yet succeeded in convincing each other. So what did they all amount to? Oh! I am tired of this life—spending the best part of my youth teaching silly girls a smattering of French, music, and drawing. Talk of the enthusiasm of Art—my enthusiasm is worked out of me!"

"Well, Shaun, all I have to say is, that you are a creature of inconsistencies. It was only two weeks ago you came home with glowing triumph, declaring as your positive belief, that there was no position in the world so gratefully happy as a teacher's. But, I have noticed lately that you are unhappy;" and going over to her niece, Aunt Grace, or (as we should call her) Miss Hertford, bent over her, looking at her tenderly.

"Will you not tell me what it is, child?"

"It is nothing, Aunt Grace," laughed Shaun uneasily, "it is all in your imagination."

"No, it is not. For some time past I do not think you have said your prayers, and believe me, Shaun, if you think you will be happy in this life without religion, you will be mistaken."

"Are *you* happy, Aunt Grace?"

"No," hesitated Miss Hertford. "It is not in human nature to be really happy."

"You mean," quickly rejoined Shaun, "human religion does not satisfy human nature. Oh! Aunt Grace, why don't you cast aside that veil of hypocrisy and say what you think,—that your religion is a sham?"

"Shaun, are you crazy?" gasped Miss Hertford. "If Doctor Parker only heard

you! It is positively dreadful to listen to you."

"Pshaw!" was Shaun's polite reply, and turning away she busied herself lighting the study lamp, after which she seated herself with her book beside the table, and without taking any further notice of her aunt, calmly applied herself to her reading. Miss Hertford stood at a distance, watching her niece with trembling lips and humid eyes. After a quarter of an hour had passed in silence, she drew a chair up to the table and seating herself with a preparatory "ahem," began.

"Shaun, I want to talk to you." Shaun raised her head and gazed at her with a far-away look.

"You are not minding me, your thoughts are with that book."

The abstracted expression passed away as Shaun, folding her arms with an affectation of patience, prepared to listen to the lecture.

"I want to ask you, if you believe in religion?

"No," impetuously answered Shaun, "I do not." Clasping her hands together, Miss Hertford gazed on her, as she would on a wild beast, with widely dilated eyes and open mouth, but as the feeling of fear gave way to a tenderer emotion, that of pity, her eyes filled with tears as she murmured, "Her poor father's fate!" And then in a louder tone, "Your mother was a strict Episcopalian: Shaun, you surely will acknowledge *that* to be the best religion!"

"Indeed, I will not," positively replied she. "It is as I tell you a sham! It has no originality, being copied from the Catholic."

"Reformed, you mean," eagerly interrupted her aunt.

"No, no Reformation about it, it left the best part behind, the Altars and the Sacraments. It has no *poor* like the Catholic religion."

"Because we provide for them," cried her aunt.

"Provide for them!" sneered Shaun; "you do not permit them to enter your sacred temples. The Episcopal is a religion exclusively for the rich. And there is the Presbyterian, the Lutheran, the Methodist, and no end of other *names* without any meaning: all shams. They appeal to nothing save hypocrisy; their Creed, if they possess any, is a bundle of inconsistencies without head or tail, and they are always quarrelling. If I believed in *anything*, I would be a Catholic." A slight scream from her aunt arrested her for a second, and then, with a scornful smile, she continued: "Yes, a Catholic; for its superstitions, and it is made up of them, are beautiful; and if I were going to make a goose of myself, I might as well allow my senses to be blinded by incense, flowers, vestments, and grand music, as to sit and listen to a long dry sermon from a man in big white balloon sleeves, who does not believe a word he is saying."

"Oh! if your mother were to hear you!" exclaimed her aunt, "she would shudder in her grave. You, unfortunately for your own peace of mind, are not a particle like your mother."

"I am very glad I am not," cried Shaun. "I would not for the world inherit her weak character."

"If you forget *your* duty to her as a daughter, remember she was my sister," replied Miss Hertford with quiet dignity.

"I do not forget either of those two facts," replied Shaun. "But in all respect to your sisterly feeling, I repeat that she had a weak character, or she would not have so tamely deserted my father."

"She did not desert him," cried her aunt.

"He treated herself and her religious principles in so cruel a manner that she was forced to leave him. Do you think a woman, a good religious woman, should have lived with a man who scoffed at the idea of religion; who denied the existence of God; who spent his days in drinking, and who swore that his child should not be baptized, and, that he would bring her up according to his ideas?"

"And he has brought me up," exultingly cried Shaun; "for he has left me his strong spirit, to fight against religious superstition."

"Has it made you any happier?"

"No, for I have always tried to stifle its reasoning. But now that I have learned, for the first time, that my father, whom I have always revered, was an atheist, I shall stand boldly forward."

"Will all my care, my promises to your dying mother, avail nothing?" moaned her aunt.

"You see how foolishly your life has been spent," laughed Shaun, her eyes blazing

great and dark with excitement. "You have tried hard to bend my reason to yours, you have worked hard and made many sacrifices for me, for which I am duly grateful; you gave me good education and fitted me to teach, that by earning money I might repay you a *little*; but it has availed nothing in a *religious* point of view."

Miss Hertford tightly compressed her lips to keep in the angry words, while she thought:

"How lightly she speaks of my sacrifices. How little can she comprehend the long weary years of teaching, the many insults I had to bear as daily governess, the loss of my youth, the loss of my—." She clasped her hands tightly as if by so doing she might subdue the heart-pain; and she let her thoughts wander to the parting of her lover when he, a bonny sailor, urged her to marry him. But she refused, her heart prompting her to take him, her reason telling her she could not live, and educate her niece on a sailor's means; and her dead sister's pleading rang in her ears: "You will never forsake her, you will educate her, fit her to become a teacher, and you will love her as a daughter?" So she let her lover go, a sense of duty conquering her love. And that timid little woman, whose very nervousness and apparent smallness of ideas excited the contempt of the niece for whom she toiled; that very woman lived—a martyr, sacrificing her feelings, beauty, love, everything, on the altar of Duty. She knew that Shaun half scorned her for being an "old maid," and yet she never made her the confidante of her "love's young dream," never told her for whose sake she had remained an old maid, but bore everything in patience, albeit sometimes—very rarely when the past swept over her—a little testy. Her train of thoughts was interrupted by a half laugh from Shaun. She looked up, and saw her niece sitting with her elbow on her knee holding her head in her hand, her mouth wearing a cynical, smiling expression, and her face so forbidding that she could not forbear crying,

"Heavens! Shaun, how ugly you look!"

"Do I?" laughed the niece with a start, "that is nothing new. The girls often tell me I look like a fallen angel."

"That is because you have given up religion," eagerly cried her aunt. "O Shaun! if you would pray and——"

"Aunt Grace," sternly interrupted Shaun, "if we wish to live happily together, the least said about my belief, or rather *un*belief, the better. I shall ask you as a special favor never to mention the subject again."

"I will not, but only on the condition that you will also grant me a favor."

"Well, what is it?"

"That you will not allow it to be known in the school that you are an atheist, for, as Madame Clark is a woman of such strict principles she would not think for a moment of keeping in her employ a teacher having such sentiments."

"For fear I might demoralize the whole school," sneered Shaun. "You know very well, Aunt Grace, that I am not one to publish my views to the public at large, and thereby lose my position, by going to-morrow and announcing to the class that I am an atheist. No, unless my opinion is asked, I shall not inform them, although when it does come to the test, I shall not shrink."

"Good heavens, Shaun!" you might as well be a 'free lover.'"

"Perhaps I am," said Shaun sarcastically.

The look of horror with which her aunt gazed on her amused Shaun, but, as she saw tears gather in her pale, blue eyes, she was touched, and assuming a playful manner which became her charmingly, she ran to her aunt's side sinking down on her knees, and taking her hands between her own, said: "Was the dear little auntie afraid of her big bad niece, and was the big niece so wicked as to make the sweet little auntie cry? There she shall cry if she wants to, of course she shall." This last was said because her aunt, dropping her head on the table, sobbed violently. Shaun smoothed her hair, and talked coaxingly to her as she would to a child, till Miss Hertford was calm enough to bid her a quiet "good-night." As Shaun was getting into bed she stopped, and as if answering some one, said to herself: "Kneel to whom? not to God, there is none." And exulting in the thought that she had brains to solve the superstitious chimera that most people devote their lives to, she fell asleep without bestowing a thought on the little woman in the next room who passed the night sleepless, praying and crying for the lost one.

CHAPTER II.

Shaun's chief fault was inordinate vanity of intellect. She was not at all vain of her personal appearance, although there were times she might be excused if she were; but of her mind, talents, and knowledge she was very vain, thinking, like most foolish persons, that *doubting* was an evidence of a master mind. She was selfish, not that it was her nature to be so, but simply because she was thoughtless. But with all her faults, and they were many and great, she possessed no small vices: she was not mean, deceitful or fickle. She was true in friendships. She had no petty jealousies in common with young girls, but she was obstinate almost to foolishness. Her character was a strong one in good or evil; her mind, for want of some tangible support in religion, was irregular and unsatisfied. Too keen-sighted not to see into the hollowness of the Episcopal form, too noble a nature to be satisfied with its narrow assumptions, too vain of her reasoning powers to allow her mind to be convinced of the truths of Catholicity, she stood rudderless, alone, ready to be swept into the breakers of sophistry; and so with no one to guide her but her aunt, whose counsels she refused as weak, she fought her mental battle and was vanquished, becoming an "atheist."

Weeks and months passed by during which Shaun taught her classes with steady, hard precision, going home after her labors to spend her evenings reading Voltaire, allowing herself to become more and more alienated from religion, and daily growing more selfish and sarcastic. Although she had fully persuaded her mind of the non-existence of a God, and had read everything on that subject tending to confirm her conviction, she was disgusted. Her "logical mind" was satisfied, but her great womanly heart was not. She tried hard to stifle the feelings of that heart, pretending not to notice her aunt's quiet, unceasing sorrow. Miss Hertford never broached the subject of religion, but she looked all that she wanted to say. One day after Shaun had been particularly aggravating, in sheer despair she went to the Episcopalian Minister, and explaining the case to him, begged him to pay them a visit, or, to use her own words, "to drop in accidentally, and speak of religion in a general way." He was a vain, pompous man, and Miss Hertford, in spite of her reverence for the cloth, instinctively felt that he would not convince Shaun of her error: and she was right. As soon as he opened on the subject of religion, in a manner that plainly showed he had been informed of her defiant position, Shaun was "up in arms" at once, and bringing all her powers of wit and logic against his heavy, cloudy arguments of theology, soon made him beat a retreat. Miss Hertford felt rather embarrassed as she kissed Shaun "good-night" expecting her to say something; but the only sign indicating that she understood her aunt's simple ruse, was a grim, significant smile. Although the first attempt had failed, it did not dishearten Miss Hertford from trying a second time, so she brought in the curate; but he, although quite smart, did not fare any better than his pastor. After he had taken his departure, Shaun, turning to her aunt, said: "Aunt Grace, you have only kept to the letter of your promise, not to the meaning. If *you* have not spoken of religion to me, you have brought others that have, and how they succeeded you have seen."

Two or three days after the last theological discussion, Shaun entered the sitting-room in a very irritated state of mind, and throwing a pile of books on the table, she flung herself into a chair without deigning to notice the wonder of her aunt.

"Why, Shaun, what *is* the matter? Have you lost your senses?"

"Not quite—almost," was the sarcastic reply. Miss Hertford gave her a look, expressive of indignation. "Shaun, you are really exasperating. It is almost beyond human endurance to live with you, your temper has grown so bad."

"Indeed!" was Shaun's reply, given in the most quiet and commonplace of tones.

"Shaun, you are too provoking; cannot you tell me what has happened?"

"Aunt Grace," replied Shaun, turning round so as to face her, "I *will* tell you what has happened: Madame Clark has dismissed me." Up went Miss Hertford's eyes and hands, and as quickly down again as she gasped, "Why—did you tell her?"

"Most assuredly I did when she asked me." "O Shaun!"

"It appears that beautiful minister of yours told her what a dreadful creature she was harboring, so her majesty sent for me and asked me if 'I believed in God,' and I, answering in the negative, received my dismissal, made my bow, and came home."

"O Shaun! O Shaun! what *shall* we do? You certainly will never get any teaching in this city, for Madame Clark will use all her influence to prevent you. Just when we were getting along so nicely. O Shaun! how could you?"

"Did you wish me to tell a deliberate lie?" asked Shaun coldly. "If you think a moment, Aunt Grace, you will see you have brought all this trouble on yourself. If you had left me alone instead of bringing Doctor Parker here, Madame Clark in all probability would not have troubled her mind about my belief or unbelief. However, I am not sorry to leave, as the only two girls I cared about have graduated."

"But what are you going to do? Oh, dear, oh, dear!" sobbed Miss Hertford.

"Aunt Grace, don't be foolish, I think I have a position already." Miss Hertford stopped crying, and stared at her niece.

"This morning I saw an advertisement in the *Herald* which pleased me very much, so when I left Madame Clark's I answered it. The reason I was so angry when I came home was, I met Doctor Parker in the street and we had a battle."

"A battle!" gasped Miss Hertford.

"Well, not exactly a hand-to-hand affair, but a battle of words."

"Tell me all about the advertisement," eagerly cried her aunt.

"It was so neatly and concisely worded that it pleased my eye. It advertises for a governess to teach four children in a Catholic family living in Vermont."

"A Catholic family!" almost shrieked her aunt, "and in Vermont. Are you going to leave me, Shaun?"

Shaun was not prepared for such a passionate outburst; she felt moved in spite of herself, but with a strong effort she spoke very coldly, knowing it was the only way she could gain her point. "Yes, it is better for both that we should separate, we will be happier apart. You can keep these apartments if you like, or, perhaps, it would be pleasanter for you to board; of course I will send you my salary to do what you please with. But I am talking as if I already had the place. Now, aunt, do not cry so. you will make yourself sick;" and in a second Shaun was kneeling beside her aunt begging forgiveness, and when they separated for the night they kissed each other with all their former warmth. Miss Hertford had become somewhat reconciled to the contemplated change of affairs, for, to tell the truth, as much as she loved Shaun, she was getting afraid of her influence on her religious principles.

The manner in which Shaun had defeated the ministers had shaken her faith in Episcopalianism in no small degree, and in her distress she asked herself if she left that ark of safety where should she go. She did not, however, communicate her doubts to Shaun, fearing to strengthen her in her atheism; but looked forward half in sorrow and a feeling of relief to the time when she would leave her.

CHAPTER III.

Two weeks had scarcely elapsed when Shaun stood on the front steps of Mr. Dale's handsome residence, half undecided whether to ring the bell or not. as it was nine o'clock at night and no carriage had been sent to meet her as had been promised. At length making up her mind that she could not go to a hotel in a strange city, she pulled the bell. It was immediately answered by a trim servant, who, on hearing her name, conducted her up to the library, and opening the door, left her standing on the threshold gazing at a picture of family comfort. Seated around a circular table, on which was a handsome drop-light, were a lady and gentleman reading, a little girl looking over a picture book, a young lady embroidering, and coiled up at her feet, leaning against her knees, was a curly-headed urchin fast asleep. In a rocking-chair beside her father was a little girl playing with her doll, and lying on a comfortable lounge was a girl about twelve years old who stared at Shaun with big, sleepy brown eyes. How long Shaun would have stood there, fascinated by the happy scene, it would

have been difficult to determine (for the family were so engrossed in their occupations that they had not noticed the opening of the door), had not Maggie suddenly awaking jumped from the sofa, exclaiming: "I do believe it is Miss Burleigh."

There was a general commotion and Shaun felt herself drawn into the room, divested of bonnet and cloak, welcomed, and seated in an arm-chair before she could hardly realize how she got there.

"Oh! is'nt she handsome!" cried Maggie.

"What lovely eyes! what red cheeks!" exclaimed another. "Oh! how I shall love her," lisped the youngest."

Mr. and Mrs. Dale laughed heartily at the enthusiasm of the children, and then bidding them kiss their teacher, despatched them to bed. "They waited up to see you Miss Burleigh," said Mrs. Dale. "You are late, John must have driven very slowly."

"If you mean the coachman, Mrs. Dale, he did not meet me."

"How very singular! He must have gone to the wrong depot. This is my eldest daughter, Mary." And in a few minutes Shaun found herself chatting as easily as if she had known them for years. Mrs. Dale, with whom she fell in love at once, was small, dainty, and pretty, and so young-looking that her maternal solicitude for Shaun's comfort seemed a pretty affectation. Mr. Dale was a tall thin, man, with an intelligent, open expression of countenance, and seemed to be perfectly devoted to his little wife, who received his attentions with a sweet stateliness which amused Shaun very much. To Mary she felt irresistibly drawn, there was something so interesting, so sweetly sad about her.

"Miss Burleigh," said Mr. Dale after they had conversed for some time, "I wish to give you a word of counsel regarding my eldest son who is now away on a visit, but will return to-morrow. He is very difficult to manage, having a dreadful temper. No less than three governesses have left us on his account, for when in one of his passions he has no respect for anybody; I really believe if the President stood before him he would thrust him aside. In the whole course of my married life I have had but one cause of unhappiness, and that—was that boy." He spoke bitterly.

"James, my dear," gently replied his wife while a vivid flush rose to her cheeks, "you speak too harshly. You remember the solemn promise he gave you to control his temper."

"If it is as easily broken as all his others it will not amount to much," he dryly remarked.

"Now, Miss Burleigh, I tell you this in order to put you on your guard, for if Robert takes a fancy to you, as I think he will, he will be very docile for quite a long time until you have to contradict him, and then you will see his temper."

"I thank you, Mr. Dale, for your thoughtful hint, and I will profit by it. But when shall I commence my duties, Mrs. Dale?"

"Well as to-morrow will be Saturday, we intend having a family picnic, so that if you are sufficiently rested you may begin on Monday. I am afraid you will find the children a little demoralized, as for a month they have only had Mary as a governess, and I think her rule was too gentle." And as she spoke she looked tenderly towards her daughter. A little while after they all retired to their rooms, and Shaun fell asleep in a perfect glow of happiness. The next morning they all assembled in the handsome dining-room, and after the salutations had passed the whole family fell on their knees and crossed themselves devoutly. Mrs. Dale looked towards Shaun as if she expected her to do the same, and on the impulse of the moment she knelt down; it was the first time she had thought of religion in connection with her place, and when reading that a Catholic family wanted a governess it had never occurred to her that they had advertised for a Catholic, and as the idea struck her that she was playing the hypocrite she was on the point of getting up, but the thought that she would disturb them prevented her.

"If I tell them I am not a Catholic, they will probably dismiss me, and then I will have to leave this charming family. I will not tell them until after the picnic, I shall at least have one day of enjoyment with them." It was the first time she had heard Catholic family prayers, and without knowing it they touched her. They had just finished the prayers when the door was burst open, and a bonny, handsome lad of fourteen dashed into the room, rushed into his father's arms, kissed him, and then running over to kiss his mother where she was still kneeling,

breathlessly related to her what had happened to him: "O mother! I was nearly drowned yesterday." "My boy!" ejaculated his mother clasping him tightly.

"Yes, indeed, George, Billy the boatman, and I, were out boating, and somehow or other the boat turned over and spilled us all out, and then was'nt there a splashing and a spluttering, and did'nt my ears ring, and my eyes snap as I went down!—Jericho! they did," exclaimed Robert spreading out his arms, for by that time he had a very respectful audience in his father, sisters, and servants, and, boy-fashion, he intended making the most of the story. "And then as I went down the second time and felt that horrible choking, I just gave myself up for lost and called on our Blessed Mother to receive my soul, when Billy clutched hold of the hair of my head—jingo, it is sore," rubbing his head, "and I was drawn up into the boat where George was lying like a drowned rat. So as soon as it was light I started for home to tell you how near you were losing the *hope* of the family," and the merry boy joined in the general laugh of thankfulness, in which Shaun's bright tones were heard above all the rest; and Robert, becoming aware for the first time of the presence of a stranger, turned his fine face towards her, his eyes sparkling with fun, and his parted lips showing his shining teeth. She was well pleased with his appearance, which was handsome and manly, and then there was an air of gallantry about him as he turned to help his mother up, which was very interesting.

"Stay, my boy. I will thank God for your deliverance, and beg him to bless the brave Billy." Every one knelt as she offered up her simple thanks, after which Robert was introduced to Shaun, and bowed to her as gracefully and gravely as any gentleman might have done, but it was funny to behold the change in his manner when informed of the picnic. "A picnic! Heavens what fun! Hurra!"

"Decorum, and breakfast," cried his father with mock solemnity. "Anna, I forgot to tell you Father Delaney will meet us at the woods,—our parish priest, Miss Burleigh." Shaun bowed.

"Oh, you will like him so much, Miss Burleigh, he is so perfect a gentleman and priest," enthusiastically cried Mary.

"Yes," replied her father, "speak of Father Delaney, and the closed door of Mary's eloquence is opened."

"Say, Molly, can't you give a body some toast?" cried Robert, speaking with his mouth full.

"If somebody asked for it politely."

"Hang politeness!"

"Robert," cried his father with a resemblance of sternness; a dark cloud passed over the boy's face, he seemed about making an angry retort, but controlling himself, said pleasantly:

"Hang *im*politeness, father."

"That is better, my boy," replied Mr. Dale, evidently pleased.

In about two hours', time they reached the woods where they found the pastor seated at the foot of a tree reading. He was a large, splendid-looking old gentleman, with a face fully expressive of benignity united with firmness.

"So this is Miss Burleigh, one of my future penitents, I suppose?" said he looking kindly at poor Shaun, who felt exceedingly embarrassed in her novel position. That feeling soon wore away, and Shaun won all hearts by her archness, wit, and charming manners!

"What a lovely girl she is!" said Mrs. Dale to her husband as they took a lover's ramble together. "How fortunate we were to get her."

"Yes, Anna, I think so. Robert is perfectly fascinated with her; she will manage him. I think she has a will of her own."

The happy day came to an end, and Shaun was really sorry. That evening just before the children retired, Mrs. Dale, turning to Shaun, said: "To which Mass do you prefer to go?"

"I do not know," stammered Shaun.

"Well, if you have no objection, I would like you to accompany the children to the eight o'clock mass; if, however, you prefer the ten o'clock, I can send the nurse with the children."

"I will take them," eagerly cried Shaun while her cheeks burned hotly. She waited till all but Mr. Dale had left the room, and going to him she said: "Mr. Dale, I want to ask your forgiveness for the deceit I first unthinkingly, and afterwards intentionally practised on you: I am not a Catholic, as I think

you suppose I am—in fact I have no religion." He stared at her for a moment and then said,

"Is that possible, Miss Burleigh? I am very sorry."

"And so am I," quickly rejoined she, "for I foresee I will have to leave you."

"You do not wish to?" asked he.

"Indeed I do not, but of course you want a Catholic governess?"

"Well, certainly we would *prefer* having one," replied he as if deeply thinking, "but I shall speak to my wife. She has taken such a great liking to you, I doubt if she will part with you. Please wait here till I return." Shaun bowed, and dropping into a chair waited patiently for about fifteen minutes until the suspense became too much for her, and burying her head in her hands she sat there until a light touch aroused her, and Mrs Dale's soft voice said: "My dear child, you must not feel so badly. Mr. Dale and I have made up our minds that we won't do without you. I can teach the children their religion, so you need not worry yourself about that. And now I would advise you to go to bed."

Shaun's heart overflowed with gratitude while her conscience pricked her for not telling her that she was an atheist. Although she had known Mrs. Dale but for so short a time, she felt she loved her too much to shock her by telling her the truth, so she hushed the inner voice that said, "You are acting deceitfully; she would not allow you to teach her children if she knew."

The next Monday Shaun commenced her teaching. Everything went on smoothly for a couple of months, until Robert, tired of being good for so long a time, got into one of his passions, and succeeded in frightening every one in the house, Shaun included. For a week he was perfectly unmanageable, and then Father Delaney tried his religious influence, and succeeded so well that Robert, with tears of repentance in his eyes, humbly asked Shaun's pardon, and she, too astonished at the wonderful change to do anything else, granted it, and then all was peace again.

Shaun was happier than she had been for a long time: the atmosphere which surrounded her was a good *one*. She wrote long interesting letters to her aunt, who answered them with short, forced cheerfulness. "She is not happy," thought Shaun. "She misses me," she says; "poor auntie! I suppose she does; and, yet, we were never *very* happy together."

A year passed by calmly, quietly, and happily (save when Robert's temper would break bounds; but it was wonderful to see how religious influence kept it in check), and Shaun found that Mr. and Mrs. Dale had adopted her as their own, always consulting her on questions either of business or pleasure. On religion they never spoke to her although she often heard discussions about it at the table, and tempted as she always found herself to be, she never would permit herself to enter the lists. They dropped the formal Miss Bureligh and called her Shaun: and the children, who idolized her, called her Miss Shaun. Mary and she became as sisters, and she loved her all the more for the sympathy she felt for her, Mary having told her the short love tale that had withered her youth. She told her, how a month before her wedding her lover was killed, while attempting to pluck some flowers for her, by falling over a precipice.

"Good heavens! Mary," exclaimed Shaun, "and you saw him fall!"

"Yes, dear," sadly replied Mary, "I saw his mangled body lying below me. When I realized that he was dead, I went almost crazy; they say I cursed God. Just think it, Shaun—*cursed God!*"

"I do not wonder, my poor darling. I cannot comprehend how you could bear it so calmly."

"It is two years ago now," said Mary dreamily, "but I see it as vividly as if it were yesterday; and if it were not for my religion I could never bear it. The one great thing that has reconciled me is, that on the very day he was killed he had received the Body and Blood of Christ. You do not understand that great mystery, Shaun," exclaimed Mary, as she saw the contemptuous smile Shaun tried in vain to repress; "but I hope you may one of these days."

(*To be Continued.*)

NOT GUILTY.

"THE RIGHTEOUS NEVER FORSAKEN."

In the spring of 18— I was called to Jackson, Alabama, to attend court, having been engaged to defend a young man who had been accused of robbing the mail. The stolen bag had been recovered, as well as the letters from which the money had been rifled. These letters were given me for my examination, and I returned them to the prosecuting attorney. Having got through my preliminaries about noon, and as the case would not come off before the next day, I went into court in the afternoon to see what was going on. The first case that came up was one of theft, and the prisoner was a young girl not more than seventeen years of age, named Elizabeth Medworth. She was very pretty, and bore that mild, innocent look which is seldom found in a culprit. She had been weeping profusely, but as she found so many eyes upon her, she became too frightened to weep more. The complaints against her set forth that she had stolen a hundred dollars from a Mrs. Nasby, and as the case went on I found that this Mrs. Nasby, a wealthy widow living in the town, was the girl's mistress. The poor girl declared her innocence in the wildest terms, but circumstances were hard against her. A hundred dollars in bank-notes had been stolen from her mistress's room, and she was the only one that had access there. At this juncture, when the mistress was upon the witness stand, a young man came and caught me by the arm. "They tell me you are a very fine lawyer," he whispered.

"I am a lawyer," I said.

"Then save her! You certainly can do it, for she is innocent."

"Has she no counsel?" I asked.

"None that's good for anything—nobody that will do anything for her. Oh, save her! and I will give you all that I've got. I can't give you much, but I can raise something." I reflected a moment. I cast my eyes towards the prisoner, and she was that moment looking at me. She caught my eye, and the volume of entreaty I read in her glance resolved me in a moment. I arose and went to the girl, and asked if she wished me to defend her. She said yes. I then informed the court that I was ready to enter the case, and was admitted at once. The loud murmurs of satisfaction that ran through the crowd, told me where the sympathies of the people were. I asked for a moment's cessation, that I might speak to my client. I went and sat down by her side, and asked her to state calmly the whole case. She told me she had lived with Mrs. Nasby nearly two years, and had never had any trouble before. About two weeks ago she said her mistress had missed a hundred dollars. "She missed it from her drawer," the girl said to me, "and asked me about it. That evening I know Nancy Luther told Mrs. Nasby that she saw me take the money—that she watched me from the key-hole. Then they went to my trunk and found twenty-five dollars of the missing money." I asked her if she suspected any one. "I don't know," she said, "who could have done it but Nancy. She has never liked me, because she thought I was better treated than she. She is cook. I was chamber-maid.' She pointed Nancy Luther out to me. She was a stout, bold-faced girl, somewhere about five and twenty years old, with a low forehead, small eyes, a pug nose, and thick lips. I caught her glance at once, as it rested on the fair young prisoner, and the moment I detected the look of hatred which I read there, I was convinced that she was a rogue. "Nancy Luther, did you say that girl's name was?" I asked, for a new light had broken in upon me. "Yes, sir." I left the court-room and went to the prosecuting attorney, and asked him for the letters I had handed him,—the ones which had been stolen from the mail-bag. He gave them to me, and

having selected one I returned the rest, and told him I would see he had the one I kept before night. I then returned to the court-room, and the case went on.

Mrs. Nasby resumed her testimony. She said she intrusted the room to the prisoner's care, and no one else had access there save herself. Then she described about the missing money, and closed by telling how she found twenty-five dollars in the prisoner's trunk. She could swear it was the identical money she had lost, in two ten, and one five dollar, bank-notes.

"Mrs. Nasby," said I, "when you first missed the money, had you any reason to believe that the prisoner had taken it?"

"No, sir," she answered.

"Had you ever detected her in any dishonesty?"

"No, sir."

"Should you have thought of searching her trunk had not Nancy Luther advised and informed you?"

"No, sir."

Mrs. Nasby left the stand, and Nancy Luther took her place. She came up with a bold front and cast a defiant look upon me as if to say, "Trap me if you can." She then gave her evidence as follows: She said that on the night the money was taken she saw the prisoner go up-stairs, and from the shy manner in which she went up, she suspected that all was not right, so she followed her up. "Elizabeth went to Mrs. Nasby's room and shut the door after her. I stooped down and looked through the key-hole, and saw her take the money and put it in her pocket. Then she stooped down and picked up the lamp, and as I saw she was coming out I hurried away." Then she went on, told how she informed her mistress of this, and how she proposed to search the girl's trunk. I called Mrs. Nasby back.

"You said that no one save yourself had access to your room," I said. "Now couldn't Nancy Luther have entered the room if she wished?"

"Certainly, sir; I meant that no one else had any right there."

I saw that Mrs. Nasby, though naturally a hard woman, was somewhat moved by poor Elizabeth's misery. "Could your cook have known, by any means in your knowledge, where your money was?"

"Yes, sir; for she has often come to my room when I was there, and I have often given her money to buy provisions of market-men who happened to come along with their wagons."

"One more question: Have you known of the prisoner having used money since this was stolen?"

"No, sir."

I now called Nancy Luther back, and she began to tremble a little, though her look was bold and defiant as ever.

"Miss Luther," said I, "why did you not inform your mistress at once of what you had seen, without waiting for her to ask about her money?"

"Because I could not at once make up my mind to expose the poor girl," she answered promptly.

"You say you looked through the key-hole and saw her take the money?"

"Yes, sir."

"Where did she place the lamp when she did so?"

"On the bureau."

"In your testimony you said she stooped down when she picked it up. What do you mean by that?" The girl hesitated, and finally she said she did not mean anything, only that she picked up the lamp. "Very well," said I; "how long have you been with Mrs. Nasby?"

"Not quite a year, sir."

"How much does she pay you a week?"

"A dollar and three quarters."

"Have you taken up any of your pay since you have been there?"

"Yes, sir."

"How much?"

"I don't know, sir."

"Why don't you know?"

"How should I? I have taken it at different times, just as I wanted it, and kept no account."

"Then you have not laid up any money since you have been there?"

"No, sir, only what Mrs. Nasby may owe me."

"Will you tell me if you belong to this State?' "I do, sir.'

"In what town?"

She hesitated, and for a moment the bold look forsook her. I next turned to Mrs. Nasby.

"Do you ever take a receipt from your girls when you pay them?"

"Always."

"Can you send and get one of them for me?"

"She has told you the truth, sir, about the payment," said Mrs. Nasby.

"Oh! I don't doubt it," I replied, "but particular proof is the thing for the court-room. So, if you can, I wish you would procure the receipts." She said she would willingly go if the Court said so. The Court did say so, and she went. Her dwelling was not far off, and she soon returned, and handed me four receipts, which I took and examined. They were signed in a strong, staggering hand by the witness.

"Now, Nancy Luther," I said, turning to the witness, and speaking in a quick, startling tone, at the same time looking her sternly in the eye, "please tell the court and jury where you got the seventy-five dollars you sent in your letter to your sister in Somers." At this she started as though a volcano had burst at her feet. She turned pale as death, and every limb shook violently. I waited until the people could have an opportunity to see her emotion, and then I repeated the question. "I—never—sent—any," she gasped.

"You did!" I thundered, for I was excited now.

"I—I didn't," she faintly murmured, grasping the railing by her side for support.

"May it please your Honor, and gentlemen of the jury," I said, "I came here to defend a man who was arrested for robbing the mail, and in the course of my preliminary examination I had access to letters which had been torn open and robbed of money. When I entered upon the case, and heard the name of the witness pronounced, I went out and got this letter, which I now hold, for I remember having seen one bearing the signature of Nancy Luther. This letter was taken from the mail-bags, and it contained seventy-five dollars; and by looking at the post-mark, you will observe that it was mailed the day after the hundred dollars were taken from Mrs. Nasby's drawers, and is directed to Dorcas Luther, Somers, Montgomery County. And you will observe that one hand wrote the letter and signed the receipt, and the jury will also so observe. And now I will only add, it is plain to see how the hundred dollars were disposed of. Seventy-five dollars were sent off for safekeeping, while the remaining twenty-five dollars were placed in the prisoner's trunk, for the purpose of covering the real criminal. I now leave my client's case in your hands."

The case was given to the jury immediately following their examination of the letter. They had heard from the witness's own mouth that she had no money of her own, and without leaving their seats they returned a verdict of "Not guilty."

I will not describe the scene that followed; but if Nancy Luther had not been immediately arrested for theft, she would have been obliged to seek protection of the officers, or the excited people would have maimed her at least, if they had not done more. The next morning I received a note, handsomely written, in which I was told that the within was but a slight token of the gratitude due me for my efforts in behalf of the poor, defenceless maiden. It was signed "Several Citizens," and contained one hundred dollars. Shortly afterwards the youth, who first begged me to take the case, called upon me with all the money he could raise, but I refused his hard earnings, showing him that I had already been paid. Before I left town I was a guest at his wedding—my fair client being the happy bride.

The hour is finished; we may say the same of the year; but the time to do good is not finished yet.

If we are sorry for the past, let us be all the more earnest for the future.

Those who are animated with true charity cannot prevent it from appearing outwardly, the exterior acts being the usual proofs of the interior dispositions.

GLADSTONE ON CIVIL ALLEGIANCE OF CATHOLICS.

In Lever's clever novel entitled "One of Them," the author portrays an ex-member of Parliament, a hungry place-hunter, who, anxious to disguise his eagerness for office, says to a young noble whom he is importuning to recommend him to the minister :

"Don't say that I'm hard up—don't make it appear that it's because I'm out at the elbows I'm going, but just a whim—the way Gladstone went to Greece the other day: that's the real dodge; for they keep the Scripture in mind in Downing Street;" etc., etc."

This shrewd hit at the Gladstone of a few years ago is very appropriate to the Gladstone of to-day; and shows how truly the brilliant novelist understood the cunning politician. The "way Gladstone went to Greece the other day," is the very key-note and touchstone of Mr. Gladstone's recent pamphlet* assaulting the Catholics of England and the Catholic conscience every where. Like the office-hunter of the novelist, he wanted to hide his real exigencies, and so took advantage of the "real dodge" to do it. He did it, not because he wanted to do it, but because he wanted to do something else, which he did not wish to acknowledge.

He would not admit that he was politically "out at elbows," or that he was "hard up" in a party sense; but all the time he wanted place, and would be willing to get it, as —"Gladstone went to Greece."

In our country the phrase, "talking for buncombe," is universally accepted as illustrative of a political effort, "full of sound and fury signifying nothing." We suggest that the phrase, "the way Gladstone went to Greece," be adopted as an appropriate illustration of that political cunning which shelters the anxiety of personal and selfish ends under an exterior of disinterested suavity and plausible self-abnegation. In endorsement of our suggestion we can triumphantly point, not only to the novelist's estimate of the politician, but to the pamphlet before us on the Vatican decrees, which so remarkably illustrates his knowledge of character. The Mr. Gladstone of to-day desired to regain the seat which he vacated for Disraeli by the same mode as "Gladstone went to Greece" in Lever's day; and this pamphlet is the "real dodge" by which he sought to achieve the desired end. As it has to some extent been the "event of the season," and has attracted more than usual attention, we propose to glance at it and its author in this special connection.

Mr. Gladstone sets out by stating that among the causes which have tended to disturb the public mind in the consideration of "our own religious (Anglican Church) difficulties," is the alarm at "the aggressive activity and imagined growth of the Roman Church" in England, while at the same time he scouts as "utterly hopeless and visionary" any effort to Romanize the Church and people of England. At no period since the reign of Mary "has such a scheme been possible." If it were possible in the seventeenth or eighteenth centuries it is, he claims, impossible now. It would thus appear at the very outset, from Mr. Gladstone's own words, that the weakness of the Anglican Church, at once the cause and effect of its "own religious difficulties," and not any fear of Romanism, has worked him into a vituperative frenzy of mock alarm. An article in the *Contemporary Review* for October on Ritualism was the preface, and in some respects the text of the pamphlet which has attracted so much attention.

In reply to expostulations made by some of his friends who had joined the Roman Catholic communion, Mr. Gladstone claims that he is "not aggressive but defensive." We fail, however, to see what he is defending: it is notorious that his pamphlet is a violent assault on the very spirit and letter of civil and religious liberty, especially charging every Catholic Englishman with either a wilful or constrained disloyalty to the civil power. He would have the world

* "The Vatican Decrees in their bearing on Civil Allegiance—A political expostulation." Murray: London. *The Tribune Office:* New York.

believe there are no loyal Englishmen save Protestant Englishmen. In fact he most insultingly declares that Protestant Englishmen who believe in the loyalty of Catholic Englishmen are entitled on civil grounds to expect from the latter "some declaration or manifestation of opinion in reply to that ecclesiastical party in their Church who have laid down, in their name, principles adverse to the purity and integrity of civil allegiance."

If Protestant Englishmen believe in the loyalty of Catholic Englishmen, why should any declaration or manifestation of loyalty be demanded or expected of the latter? If Mr. Gladstone would make this belief in English Catholic loyalty hinge on a declaration of agreement with *his* construction of Catholic dogmas and decrees, in the first place, instead of on their faith as Catholics, and *his* definition of civil allegiance, in the second, instead of on their character as Englishmen, his proposition is dishonest; and only made for the purpose of affording him an opportunity for the ventilation of charges and opinions which, at least by this time, he finds discreditable to him as a statesman, and ridiculous even in a partisan sense. The attempt to make English Catholics protest against the Catholic hierarchy of England in matters of civil opinion, and to accept his definitions instead, was as stupid a procedure as any of his political rivals could desire; while the assumption that the said Catholic hierarchy could not be or were not as good Englishmen as he was, was a stretch of audacity to which his charges against the Vatican decrees were mild in comparison.

The shallow effort to flatter the body of Catholic Englishmen, and assault the Ecclesiastical party at its head, to disturb the relations between them, is as aggressive as short-sighted; and shows that in the blind infatuation by which Mr. Gladstone arrived at what he thought a subtle mode of political preferment in the confusion of religious discord, he entirely overlooked what may be called the cohesive invulnerability of Catholicity, which has defied every mode of attack and persecution for ages, and was never more healthfully strong than in the united reliance and mutual confidence of its ecclesiastical, educational, and lay elements to-day. Crediting himself with a "calm and judicial temper," he is only passionately cunning and politically mechanical in his thought. If he does not mislead himself, he essays to mislead others by exhibiting the cultivated control of the trained political manipulator as a phase of exalted impartiality which might be mistaken for "judicial temper." His pamphlet is not an "appeal to the understandings of his Roman Catholic fellow-countrymen, as he placidly assumes; but to the fanatical passions, political suspicions, rancorous jealousies, inherited prejudices, and smouldering hatreds of their enemies. He protests his desire to eschew "not only religious bigotry, but likewise theological controversy," while his work will remain as an ill-disguised monument of the one, and a broken shaft of the other.

In the nervous fatuity which possesses the old politician he overreaches himself, and constantly exposes the animus which actuates him. While claiming to be pacific he is crudely violent; and protesting against "theological controversy," slyly, as he thinks, he makes an occasion to show his expertness in it. While he would not hurt the feelings of excellent Catholic Englishmen, he elaborately strives to make them believe they are unworthy the name of Catholic and Englishman; and while he would not venture on theological controversy, shows that he must do so as "Roman theology" is ever thrusting itself "into the temporal domain." Thus, of course very much against his will, he makes an occasion, which he says is not necessary, to doubt the loyalty of his Catholic fellow-countrymen, and to disport himself, or rather to flounder, in the waves of theological controversy. He feels sincerely for "quiet-minded Roman Catholics," and he may thank the mode in which he expresses his compassion, if he does not find them so courteously neutral and quiescent in the future.

Mr. Gladstone has received some consideration for conscientiousness. His political changes have been generally regarded as the progress of an inquiring intellect in the direction of truth under the pressure of conscientious conclusions. Audacity sometimes is mistaken for honesty, and sensationalism often supplies a politician's needs when statesmanship is wanting. Although, as Sauerteig says, summing up his character, Mr.

Gladstone is "a man whose mind is wholly given over to formulas," he is also a man whose intense self-consciousness ramifies through all modes of astuteness and subtle diffuseness, and blossoms into sensationalism. In his case, sensationalism has marked all his new departures; and they have not been few. As one constituency after another dispensed with his services, and some other constituency took him up, his self-assertion, flattered by complacent ability, and rendered somewhat defiantly morbid by self-communion, developed into the discovery of those astounding curiosities, known as "mares' nests." The announcement of these discoveries frightened, distracted, or distressed his friends,and he was compelled to recruit his resources from the ranks of his enemies, who found as much *eclât* in helping his defection from old associations as in giving him assistance to form new ones. Shrewdly running parallel to what he suspected as the popular tendency, or abreast of party exigencies, his combinations were in many instances eminently successful; and he possessed the ability, industry, and culture to use them with effect. Evidently led astray by the measure of his success on the one hand, and the desire to achieve a *coup d'etat* by which to snatch the thunderbolts of the Anglican Church interest from the grasp of Disraeli, as the latter used the Liberal thunder on the Reform bill, Mr. Gladstone applied himself to seek after a new "mare's nest," and found one in the Vatican. It has been perhaps his greatest achievement in sensationalism, and all the more astounding from the uncontradicted rumors and suspicions which have been carefully and currently circulated since the disestablishment of the English Church in Ireland, that the ex-premier was on the road to Rome, if not already a secret convert to the Catholic Church.

But sensationalism is not always satisfactory, nor self-preservative, as the boy, who dulled the feelings of the neighborhood by unnecessarily crying "Wolf, wolf,—" found to his cost. The intelligence of England has considerably outgrown the cry of "No Popery!" From the insane days of George III, and the equally wild nights of the Regency—from the days of Canning and Castlereagh (to go no farther back) to those of the bigoted buffoon Whalley, English opinion has been compelled too often to swallow and digest Catholic rights—including Catholic Emancipation and the Church disestablishment—to be vitally disturbed by any "No-Popery" cry. English opinion was throttled out of Catholic Emancipation by the Catholic Association, and out of the disestablishment of the Anglican Church in Ireland by the Fenian Organization; and the cry of "No Popery" now, if it excites, also checks into rationality English opinion. It makes it reflect and know that Catholic opinion and Catholic rights cannot be attacked with impunity; hence this snugly ensconced public opinion, after having been aroused so often to its own loss of rest and waste of time by the alarmists and bigots crying "Wolf" and "No Popery," feel, more like letting the sensationalist reap the rewards of his own stupidity, and be devoured by the power he has challenged, than come to his rescue. And public opinion is wise.

But we intended less to write an article on Mr. Gladstone's motives, than to put on record an epitome of his views and those they have called forth. While we scarcely think it incumbent on us to enter into the discussion in its minute political, theological, and, if you will, metaphysical bearings, we have thought it useful to preface the exposition of the discussion with such remarks as would somewhat illustrate the mental and political character of the assailant; and will now proceed to give a résumé of the positions put forth in his pamphlet, and such opinions as will give the reader an intelligent view of their reception by the public—as a matter for future reference on a subject which not only interests opinion in Great Britain and Ireland, but every community in which the believers in Catholic Faith form a large or leading element.

Mr. Gladstone's ostensible design is to show that a belief in the recent Vatican decrees is incompatible with civil right and the obedience of the subject; and to sustain this, he lays down the following propositions:—

1. That "Rome has substituted, for the proud boast of *semper eadem*, a policy of violence and change in faith."

2. That she has refurbished and paraded anew every rusty tool she was fondly thought to have disused.

3. That no one can now become her convert

without renouncing his moral and mental freedom, and placing his civil loyalty and duty at the mercy of another.

4. That she (Rome) has equally repudiated modern thought and ancient history.

Of the first and fourth of these he disposes summarily, but not satisfactorily. In fact, he contradicts himself. While claiming that Rome has changed her policy and repudiated modern thought and ancient history, he says: "The modern Church of Rome has abandoned nothing, retracted nothing;" and again, that "she unconditionally, even covertly, maintains what the Mediæval Popes maintained."

In support of the second, Mr. Gladstone gives the heads of various decrees which have been promulgated during the last twelve or fifteen years; regarding them as the "refurbishing of rusty tools." These refer mainly to matters of faith, and condemn the holders of the following propositions:—

1. Those who maintain the liberty of the Press. Encyclical Letter of Pope Gregory XVI, in 1831; and of Pope Pius IX, in 1864.

2. Or the liberty of conscience and of worship. Encyclical of Pius IX, December 8, 1864.

3. Or the liberty of speech. "Syllabus" of March 18, 1861. Prop. lxxix. Encyclical of Pope Pius IX., December 8, 1864.

4. Or who contend that Papal judgments and decrees may, without sin, be disobeyed, or differed from, unless they treat of the rules (*dogmata*) of faith or morals. Ibid.

5. Or who assign to the State the power of defining the civil rights (*jura*) and province of the Church. "Syllabus" of Pope Pius IX, March 8, 1861. Ibid. Prop. xix.

6. Or who hold that Roman Pontiffs and Ecumenical Councils have transgressed the limits of their power, and usurped the rights of princes. Ibid. Prop. xxiii.

7. Or that the Church may not employ force. (*Ecclesia vis inferendæ potestatem non habet*). "Syllabus," Prop. xxiv.

8. Or that power, not inherent in the office of the Episcopate, but granted to it by the civil authority, may be withdrawn from it at the discretion of that authority. Ibid. Prop. xxv.

9. Or that the (*immunitas*) civil immunity of the Church and its ministers depends upon civil right. Ibid. Prop. xxx.

10. Or that in the conflict of laws, civil and ecclesiastical, the civil law should prevail. Ibid. Prop. xlii.

11. Or that any method of instruction of youth, solely secular, may be approved. Ibid. Prop. xlviii.

12. Or that knowledge of things philosophical and civil may and should decline to be guided by Divine and ecclesiastical authority. Ibid. Prop. lvii.

13. Or that marriage is not in its essence a sacrament. Ibid. Prop. lxvi.

14. Or that marriage not sacramentally contracted (*si sacramentum excludatur*) has a binding force. Ibid. Prop. lxxiii.

15. Or that the abolition of the Temporal Power of the Popedom would be highly advantageous to the Church. Ibid. Prop. lxxvi. Also lxx.

16. Or that any other religion than the Roman religion may be established by a State. Ibid. Prop. lxxvii.

17. Or that in "countries called Catholic" the free exercise of other religions may laudably be allowed. "Syllabus." Prop. lxxviii.

18. Or that the Roman Pontiff ought to come to terms with progress, liberalism, and modern civilization. Ibid. Prop. lxxx. (For the original passages from the Encyclical and Syllabus of Pius IX, see Appendix A.)

Even looking with his distorted vision, Mr. Gladstone is compelled to admit, even in his warped manner, that "by the combined aid of favorable construction and vigorous explanation" a portion of these "might be brought within bounds." In his usual style he strives to force *his* construction on things even in the face of the express terms in which they are conveyed—as follows:—

"It may appear upon a hasty perusal that neither the infliction of penalty in life, limb, liberty, or goods, on disobedient members of the Christian Church, nor the title to depose sovereigns and release subjects from their allegiance, with all its revolting consequences, has been here reaffirmed. *In terms, there is no mention of them;* but in the substance of the propositions, I grieve to say, they *are beyond doubt included.* For it is notorious that they have been declared and decreed by "Rome,"—that is to say, by Popes and Papal Councils.

In supporting his third proposition, Mr. Gladstone discloses his inability to be an impartial judge by the avowal of sentiments in the following paragraph, in which he presents himself not as the expostulator in behalf of civil allegiance in England, but as the admirer and apologist of North German contumacy as represented by Dr. Döllinger:

When the cup of endurance which had so long been filling, began, with the Council of the Vatican in 1870, to overflow, the most learned living theo-

logian of the Roman communion, Dr. von Döllinger, long the foremost champion of his Church, refused compliance, and submitted, with his temper undisturbed and his freedom unimpaired, to the extreme and most painful penalty of excommunication. With him, many of the most learned and respected theologians of the Roman communion in Germany underwent the same sentence. The very few, who elsewhere (I do not speak of Switzerland) suffered in like manner, deserve an admiration rising in proportion to their fewness. It seems as though Germany, from which Luther blew the mighty trumpet that even now echoes through the land, still retained her primacy in the domain of conscience, still supplied the *centuria prærogativa* of the great *comitia* of the world.

It adds to the audacity of Mr. Gladstone's position, at the same time that it weakens it as an appeal to fair-minded Catholics, to thus openly link his sympathies with the anti-Catholic programme of Bismark and Döllinger. Does it not seem ridiculous in the extreme to pretend to appeal dispassionately to the Catholic heart of England under the inspirations of Dollinger, and demand a declaration of English allegiance in the name of the "mighty trumpet" of Luther the Arch Rebel. Equally audacious is the following, on his fourth proposition, which contains the essence of his violent apprehensions and virulent disgust at the conversion of eminent Englishmen to the ancient faith of their fathers.

Upon a strict reëxamination of the language as apart from the substance of my fourth proposition, I find it faulty, inasmuch as it seems to imply that a "convert" now joining the Papal Church not only gives up certain rights and duties of freedom, but surrenders them by a conscious and deliberate act. What I have less accurately said that he renounced, I might have more accurately said that he forfeited. To speak strictly, the claim now made upon him by the authority which he solemnly and with the highest responsibility acknowledges, requires him to surrender his mental and moral freedom, and to place his loyalty and civil duty at the mercy of another. There may have been and may be persons who in their sanguine trust will not shrink from this result, and will console themselves with the notion that their loyalty and civil duty are to be committed to the custody of one much wiser than themselves. But I am sure that there are also "converts" who, when they perceive, will by word and act reject, the consequences which relentless logic draws for them. If, however, my proposition be true, there is no escape from the dilemma. It is then true, or is it not true, that Rome requires a convert, who now joins her, to forfeit his moral and mental freedom, and to place loyalty and civil duty at the mercy of another?"

Mr. Gladstone's passion clearly has the better of the old politician. We knew that recent conversions of English noblemen and prominent personages of the aristocracy had created much feeling on his part, but did not expect he would strive to make anything out of it in connection with party warfare. The conversion of the Marquis of Ripon, the Grand Master of the Freemasons in England, was too much for him. Measuring the crime of conversion by the rank of the convert, he felt greatly incensed; and we behold the overflowings of his wrath against all converts, whom he denounces as surrendering their conscience and as disloyal. We will do Mr. Gladstone the justice to believe that he cannot be so utterly translated out of his senses as to honestly imagine he expects any of his readers to believe that the Marquis of Ripon is not as loyal an Englishman as William Ewart Gladstone aforesaid, or as he can ever expect to be. And while on this subject we may as well just here quote from another convert in the ranks of the nobility, Lord Robert Montague, on the subject of Catholic allegiance:—

"We owe," he says, "the strictest allegiance to the Queen, and yield to no others in her realm in loyalty, for it is a sentiment with them, while for us loyalty is a religious duty. We also owe the same to the Pope, because the one power is subordinate to the other, just as the end of the State is subordinate to the end of the Church, and as the body is subordinate to the soul."

Mr. Gladstone follows up his propositions with a great deal of matter which it would be impossible, as it is unnecessary, to condense. Of course it is put in his clever fashion; but not seldom his ultra-astuteness overreaches itself, and too plainly exhibits the undercurrents that agitate the surface. On the whole he is perfectly satisfied with himself—quite as much, probably in reality more—for he is possessed of a statuesque and monumental egotism—than he is incensed at Catholics and converts. After displaying his vast political, theological, historical, and philosophical resources, he returns to the key-note of his effort—the incompatibility of Catholicity with civil allegiance. Fully convinced, of course, by his own arguments, he thinks it necessary for Catholics to make a declaration, and relieve themselves of obligations placed upon them

by their "ecclesiastical rulers abroad." What he wants is one of two things, either:—

1. A demonstration that neither in the name of faith, nor in the name of morals, nor in the name of the government or discipline of the Church, is the Pope of Rome able, by virtue of the powers asserted for him by the Vatican decree, to make any claim upon those who adhere to his communion of such a nature as can impair the integrity of their civil allegiance; or else,

2. That if when such a claim is made, it will, even although resting on the definitions of the Vatican, be repelled and rejected, just as Bishop Doyle, when he was asked what the Roman Catholic clergy would do if the Pope intermeddled with their religion, replied frankly: "The consequence would be that we should oppose him by every means in our power, even by the exercise of our spiritual authority.

If explicit assurances to this effect be not given the conclusions must be:

1. That the Pope, authorized by his Council, claims for himself the domain of faith, of morals, of all that concerns the government and discipline of the Church.

2. That he in like manner claims the power of determining the limits of those domains.

3. That he does not sever them, by any acknowledged or intelligible line, from the domains of civil duty and allegiance.

4. That he therefore claims, and claims from the month of July, 1870, onwards with plenary authority, from every convert and member of his Church, that he shall "place his loyalty and civil duty at the mercy of another," that other being himself.

Mr. Gladstone's pamphlet was summarized by the London press on Saturday, November 7th, and the same day Archbishop Manning wrote the following clear, authoritative, and unqualified contradiction which appeared in all the journals on the Monday following:

Sir:—The gravity of the subject on which I address you, affecting, as it must, every Catholic in the British Empire, will I hope, obtain from your courtesy the publication of this letter.

This morning I received a copy of a pamphlet, entitled 'The Vatican Decrees in their Bearing on Civil Allegiance.' I find in it a direct appeal to myself both for the office I hold and for the writings I have published. I gladly acknowledge the duty that lies upon me for both these reasons. I am bound by the office I bear not to suffer a day to pass without repelling from the Catholics of this country the lightest imputation upon their loyalty; and, for my teaching, I am ready to show that the principles which I have ever taught are beyond impeachment upon that score.

It is true, indeed, that in page 57 of the pamphlet Mr. Gladstone expresses his belief, that 'many of his Roman Catholics friends and fellow-countrymen' are, 'to say the least of it, as good citizens as himself.' But, as the whole pamphlet is an elaborate argument to prove that the teaching of the Vatican Council renders it impossible for them to be so, I cannot accept this graceful acknowledgment, which implies that they are good citizens because they are at variance with the Catholic Church.

I should be wanting in duty to the Catholics of this country, and to myself, if I did not give a prompt contradiction to this statement, and if I did not with equal promptness affirm that the loyalty of our civil allegiance is not in spite of the teaching of the Catholic Church, but because of it.

The sum of the argument in the pamphlet just published to the world is this: That by the Vatican decrees such a change has been made in th relations of Catholics to the civil power of States that it is no longer possible for them to render the same undivided allegiance as it was possible for Catholics to render before the promulgation of those decrees.

In answer to this it is for the present sufficient to affirm:

1. That the Vatican decrees have in no jot or tittle changed either the obligations or the conditions of civil allegiance.

2. That the civil allegiance of Catholics is as undivided as that of all Christians, and of all men who recognize a Divine or natural moral law.

3. That the civil allegiance of no man is unlimited, and, therefore, the civil allegiance of all men who believe in God or are governed by conscience, is in that sense divided.

In this sense, and in no other, can it be said with truth that the civil allegiance of Catholics is divided. The civil allegiance of every Christian man in England is limited by conscience and the law of God; and the civil allegiance of Catholics is limited neither less nor more.

The public peace of the British Empire has been consolidated in the last half century by the elimination of religious conflicts and inequalities from our laws. The Empire of Germany might have been equally peaceful and stable if its statesmen had not been tempted, in an evil hour, to rake up the fires of religious disunion. The hand of one man, more than any other, threw this torch of discord into the German Empire. The history of Germany will record the name of Dr. Ignatius von Döllinger as the author of the national evil. I lament not only to read the name, but to trace the arguments of Dr. von Döllinger in the pamphlet

before me. May God preserve these kingdoms from the public and private calamities which are visibly impending over Germany! The author of the pamphlet, in his first line, assures us that his 'purpose is not polemical, but pacific.' I am sorry that so good an intention should have so widely erred in the selection of the means.

But my purpose is neither to criticize nor to con trovert. My desire and my duty as an Englishman, as a Catholic, and as a pastor, is to claim for my flock and myself a civil allegiance as pure, as true and as loyal as is rendered by the distinguished author of the British Empire.—I remain, sir, your faithful servant.

† HENRY EDWARD,
Archbishop of Westminster.

November 7, 1874.

The leading journals do not seem to be blinded by Mr. Gladstone's alarms on the one hand, or his elaborate arguments on the other. His sensationalism seems to have been thoroughly appreciated, and he is placed by the leading exponents of public opinion in the position of a player who, thinking he had a trump card to sweep the board, played it with a bravado that made his mistake the more ludicrously humiliating.

To the London *Times* his passion is so apparent that it easily believes his own confession that had to restrain his language—that it was under difficulties he denounced Roman aggressiveness, and had in fact "to make his own occasion. It shows that he had first to write an article in the *Contemporary Review*, to make an occasion to bring out his pamphlet on the Vatican decrees." "A few words of his own writing," says the Times, "constitute the broken ground on which he strikes and recoils. The reaction, which might seem to be from a life, or an administration, is from an article on a kindred subject." Determining to stand by his *Review* article, he has been led to "challenge half the Christian world to consider what is their relation with the Civil power, with modern thought, and with the existing state of things."

"If this be a full and true account of the origin of this expostulation, then all Protestants generally, and the 'Old Catholics' in particular, will have great reason to rejoice at the harshness, not to say coarseness, of the language Mr. Gladstone was trapped into; but is it a full and true account?

It certainly is easier to believe that the mine lay ready to be sprung, and the forces had been some time accumulating, than that this explosion is the result of a slip of the pen. Certain theories suggest themselves. Does the late Minister find it necessary to repel the suspicion of a leaning to the communion of Rome? Or, on the other hand, is he venting the indignation it is only too natural he should feel at the astounding ingratitude of the Irish people and hierarchy? In either case the deed is done, and Messrs. Newdegate and Whalley may now boast a triumvirate of good Protestant champions. A third alternative, however, suggests itself, not quite so much to their taste. Does this elaborate but unsuccessful attempt to distinguish between the new and the old Papacy point to the Church of Dr. Döllinger, whom Mr. Gladstone takes occasion to eulogize so highly? When he describes the immense effort necessary for a man to break with his Church, and brave excommunication, and bear it calmly when it comes, is he counting the cost of a like step should he himself be called on to take it? If this last be the true solution of the somewhat sudden change of front, Mr. Gladstone will not carry England, or indeed any considerable part of it, with him."

The *Standard* does not see the use of making such a bitter, and in some respects unjust attack; while the *Daily News* believes its effect to be the complete severance of the Catholics from the Liberal party. The *Pall Mall Gazette* desires to know when—at what period did Mr. Gladstone make his wonderful discoveries, was it before or since he disestablished the Church in Ireland? and comes back on the ex-premier with suggestive vigor. It represents him as having let loose the dogs he is now exciting the people to run down and muzzle.

"For many a year it says the No-Popery sentiment had been allowed to sleep, because the more formidable pretensions of Popery slumbered too. Mr. Gladstone imagined that both had expired, or, if not, then that there was no danger of kicking the one or flattering the other into renewed activity. Regardless of this peril, therefore, he entered with a light heart upon certain projects of legislation, which speedily discovered that an eminent statesman may make preëminent blunders. Possibly the revelation was useful to Mr. Gladstone himself, but this advantage was counterbalanced by evil to the country at large; the sleeping dogs were roused. Among the other exploits of Mr. Gladstone must be recorded that of encouraging the most intolerant pretensions of the Roman Church, and of reviving on all sides a long dormant but fierce and indomitable spirit of religious oppugnancy. The author of the mischief is anxious now to remedy it, or rather to set him-

self right with both parties. Probably no other reasonable man would have dreamed of accomplishing both purposes at the same time, but that is Mr. Gladstone's aim in publishing a pamphlet entitled "The Vatican Decrees in their bearing on Civil Allegiance." He will be disappointed. His readers may be roughly divided into three classes —the cynical and the indifferent, the more or less earnest Protestant, and more or less Catholic. The first will satisfy an amused curiosity by watching their author wriggle over fields of argument with a trail of inconsistencies lengthening behind him. The second will mark his acknowledgment of the blindness they always suspected him of, and observe how utterly impractical a view he still takes of the whole subject. The third class, when they do not laugh at his discoveries, his confessions, his exhortations, will rage at him anew, as heaping fresh insult on their Church and on themselves."

The *Globe*, acknowledging that the pamphlet far exceeds in interest the article in the *Review*, seems to regard the author somewhat in the character of a political Merry-Andrew who is "resolved to enliven the dull season." Seriously, however, it is at a loss to understand why he should have selected the present as a suitable occasion to attack the Catholics. "Some years," it says, "have now passed since the declaration of Papal Infallibility, and the struggle between Church and State in Germany is not precisely a novel topic. Moreover, there was a time when Englishmen most earnestly desired to know what were Mr. Gladstone's thoughts on Papal policy. When he assaulted the Irish Church, and, later on, introduced his abortive Irish University Bill, grave suspicions were current as to the tendency of his sympathies. He refused to allay public fears; but now, when no one is anxious for his opinion, when he no longer controls national action, he lets off the most wonderful assortment of fireworks, dazzling beholders by the brilliance of the display. Whether the 'great Liberal party' is likely to be rallied by an appeal to Protestant instincts, and whether Protestants are likely, in case of a serious conflict with Rome, to rally around Mr. Gladstone as their leader, are points on which opinion, to say the least, will not be so unanimous as Mr. Gladstone probably hopes."

Of the leading provincial press here are a couple of representative specimens. The Manchester *Guardian* says: "It is too bad of Mr. Gladstone to try to frighten us with the statement that 'absolute obedience to the Pope, at the peril of salvation, not alone in faith, in morals, but in all things which concern the discipline and government of the Church,' is now required of Catholics. Can he name a time when it was otherwise?"

The Yorkshire *Post* discovers the party politician—hungry for place—under the fanatically sanctimonious exterior of the Protestant patriot. "Mr. Gladstone, it seems, has discovered the mistake which he made last session in his famous Ritualistic resolutions, and has resolved to come forward and challenge Mr. Disraeli for the championship of English Protestantism. This sudden change of front will hardly do him much good. His wisdom has come to him too late. Had it saved him from the publication of his recent essay it would have been something. But his present attitude reminds one of nothing so much as of the man who sets fire to his own house, and after it is well alight runs out to alarm the neighborhood. On the whole it seems to us that it would have been a matter of sound policy in Mr. Gladstone to have held his tongue, for the more he says the further he gets into the mire."

The Irish Journals, especially those of a National hue, are completely aroused. The *Irishman* (Dublin) satirically regards Gladstone as having constituted himself Chaplain General to the Catholics of the Empire of Great Britain and Ireland, and of all its dependencies—including India, Australia, Canada, Malta, Gibraltar, Heligoland, and the Isle of Man. It sneers, however, at his invitation to Catholics to attend his tribunal and confess sins of which he accuses them.

"Father Gladstone may have an anxiety about the souls of the Catholics—but the Catholics may request him to mind his own business, and look after his own soul. They have not been troubled about the possible burthens upon his immortal part; they have not been curious about the complicated strains laid on his conscience; they have not been inquisitive as to the mode in which he reconciles the infallibility of his sovereign (by law established) with the privileges of responsible government. They may, therefore, decline to accord him the lofty position of Inquisitor-General over the Catholic souls of these kingdoms. They might have challenged his own loyalty; they

might have defied him to prove his own consistency. They could have reminded him of the fundamental axiom that "The Queen can do no wrong," which he swore to uphold when he took the oath of allegiance and the seals of office; and they could have pointed out how this clashed with the fundamental principle that "all governments may err," of that great Liberal party whereof he was the faithful servant, the efficient evangelist, and the chosen leader.

Irishmen have, on this occasion, a double duty to perform. They have, firstly, to guard the name they bear from degradation by rejecting any "representative" who shall be so mean as to rush into this English Confessional, at the call of an Inquisition, with anxious and apologetic professions of loyalty on his lips, as though he were a craven captive in the dock pleading for his life, instead of a free man, knowing what liberty means, and cherishing in his heart the firm resolve to guard its secret right and make its noble privileges respected in his person. They have, secondly, to preserve, with vigilant care, from the ravages of religious strife, the green shores of this, their common country, the Fatherland of the whole Irish.

The Dublin *Mail* heads its article on the occasion, "Bearing up for the Port Protestant," and treats the pamphlet simply as a bid for office. "Mr. Gladstone," it says, "having failed to establish his Protestantism—or as we ought, perhaps, rather to say, having failed to put himself *en rapport* with the English mind—discerning its present tendency, is about to make another effort to outbid Mr. Disraeli." The Irish *Times* beholds in this movement the complete isolation of Mr. Gladstone from the friends he had made in Ireland. It believes that he was once more popular in that country than any English Premier that had preceded him; but this pronouncement will scarcely leave him a friend from Cape Clear to the Giants' Causeway.

"During his ill-starred career," says the *Irish Times*, "he alternately offended nearly every class of Irishmen to attain the support of those whom he judged most likely to prove a firm stay of his power. By his present brochure he has undone all the work at which he labored so long and so patiently. Evidently Mr. Gladstone, once the stanch apologist of the Irish Church Establishment, and subsequently its successful enemy, has decided to make a new political start, in which he will be the adversary of his latest friends."

The *Freeman's Journal* (Dublin) reproduced the pamphlet entire to give its readers the full benefit of its wisdom, but took the author vigorously to task for his sudden onslaught on the Catholics. Quoting a passage referring to the Council of 1870, it says: "In July, 1870, the Catholic Church assumed its attitude of hostility to the law, liberty, and civilization. Why did Mr. Gladstone not then speak out? Why did he not then deliver himself of the great thought which struggled within him? 1870 passed away—1871, 1872, 1873 followed. During all these years not one syllable issued from his lips condemnatory of the 'so-called decrees of the Vatican Council.' During all these years he acted most cordially with the Catholic party in the House of Commons. During all these years he had, as a trusted colleague, a 'convert' to Catholicity, a man who had 'renounced his moral and mental freedom.' During all these years he bore himself with such friendliness to Catholics and Catholicity as to excite the rage and anger of English bigots, who saw a 'lay Jesuit' and a 'concealed Papist,' in the Prime Minister. Nay more. In July, 1870, Mr. Gladstone made his notable discovery as to the character and the aims of the Catholic Church. In 1873 he introduced an education bill, professedly intended to make all necessary concessions to the Catholics of Ireland. How came he, his mind saturated with the tremendous discovery of three years before, to bend his knee to Baal, to yield an inch to Rome—Rome, the professed foe of freedom and loyalty, 'modern thought and ancient history?'"

We might adopt or echo many of the ideas put forth by the journalists quoted, but we have preferred to give the state of the case. The gist and point and object of Mr. Gladstone's pamphlet, the lucid manifesto of Archbishop Manning, and the opinion of the leading journals, with but a slight connecting thread of our own; so that our readers might understand the public position of this subject which suddenly assumed such exciting, if not interesting proportions. One thing is very remarkable, and it is this, that the pretext of Mr. Gladstone was so evident on the face of his work, or so swiftly

discerned by the sense or suspicious wariness of the English press as to place the ex-premier completely at the mercy of public opinion; when he sought to be lifted as an Evangelical leader he is put in the stocks—or sneered at in the pillory of politics. He makes so many occasions throughout his pamphlet to flatter, to wheedle, to tease, or to sneer the Catholic body into antagonism to the brain of the Church, that the drift of all becomes simply childish. It became ridiculously plain that his work was not an honest expression of fear of Catholic influence on Civil allegiance; but a political ruse to divide the Liberals on one side and distract the friends of Disraeli on the other, and create a New Gladstone ladder out of the remnants of both, by which the astute and chronic old New-departurist might again climb with agility rejuvenated by clap-trap note to power. If the effort has been, as intimated, his greatest achievement in the way of sensation, it is also a tremendous failure as the realization of a deep-laid plot. In concluding this brief record of facts and opinions made not so much for present information as for future reference, we cannot do better than add the following trenchant and telling letter from Archbishop Bailey of Baltimore, which was promptly furnished in reply to a *Herald* correspondent:—

My Dear Sir—I have this moment received your letter of yesterday, asking me to tell you what I think of the statement made by Mr. Gladstone in his late pamphlet, that since the Vatican Council defined the dogma of the infallibility of the Pope, "every Catholic is called upon to renounce his mental and moral freedom and place his civil loyalty and duty at the mercy of another."

If honest, cant-hating old Dr. Johnson were still living, and you were to ask him the same question, he would probably explain the matter by saying "the dog is a whig," and would come very near hitting the nail on the head.

To tell you the truth, I have no leisure to enter upon any formal discussion of the matter, and, in fact, no disposition to do so. The accusation itself reminds one unpleasantly of similar accusations (*humani generis inimici*) brought against the primitive Christians, as we find them in the pages of Tacitus and other Pagan enemies of Christianity; and when a person tells me that my religion requires me to be disloyal to my country the old Adam comes up in me, and I feel more disposed to pull his nose than to answer him politely. This accusation, it is true, is a very old one. It was, as you will remember, urged against our Divine Lord himself that he was "no friend to Cæsar," and the same charge has often been repeated against his followers.

The only thing I have to say, at this time, against Mr. Gladstone's declaration is, that it is false—a shameful calumny—and I would appeal, with perfect confidence as to the truth of my assertion, to the confidence of every Catholic over the face of the earth. It has no foundation either in the words of the decree, nor in any possible logical deduction from those words. The thought even that it would have any such bearing I am certain never entered into the mind of any member of the Council. The Vatican canon did not change in one iota the relations of Catholics to the civil power, any more than it changed those of Protestants. It left that important matter, as connected with the order of civil society, where the New Testament leaves it—where our Blessed Lord left it, when he told us to "render to Cæsar, the things that are Cæsar's, and to God the things that are God's" —where the Apostles left it, when they commanded us to be obedient to our civil rulers, "for conscience' sake;" and the only limitation ever put upon this obedience was put upon it by the Apostles themselves, acting as interpreters and teachers of God's holy law, when, having been ordered by the Jewish rulers "not to preach any more in the name of Jesus," they asked them whether "it was right to obey man rather than God," and declared that they could not (*non possumus*) and consequently would not stop preaching in his holy name. And this teaching of our religion and this authoritative interpretation of it is binding on all Christians, whether Catholics or Protestants; it is as binding on Mr. Gladstone as on the Archbishop of Westminster.

It would not require the help of one of "the eleven wise men of Greece" to find out the particular form of monomania which Mr. Gladstone is laboring under. Ever since he committed a political hari-kari on himself by dissolving Parliament he has been a soured and disappointed man, blown up and very much damaged by his own petard: and there is no being on this earth more mischievous and dangerous than an old politician, as the common saying has it, "turned out to grass." "I who was once as great as Cæsar, am now reduced to Nebuchadnezzer." Everything he has done and said and written since shows that he is as anxious to get back into his cage as a polar bear is anxious to get out of his. And so he has taken to what an old English divine used to call "his Cheshire cheese"—the "No-Popery" cry, which "little Johnny" and many others have tried before him, and is endeavoring to raise the whirlwind in the hope that it may blow him back on to the treasury benches. It will be more likely to blow him out

to sea. It is indeed sad to see a distinguished statesman like Mr. Gladstone, who has always enjoyed the reputation of being a high-toned and honorable man, putting on "the cap and bells," and attempting to play the part of Lord George Gordon.

By this publication he has paid but a poor compliment to the good sense and intelligence of the English people, and I have my doubts whether they will dance to his music. If he was situated like Bismarck, and could put a soldier alongside of every honest citizen to make him dance, "will he, nill ne," then there would be some sense in the thing.

When I can find time I will write to you more at length, and recommend to you certain works to read which will show you more fully how little our theologians or political writers, like De Maistre or De Bonald or Balmez, have entertained any of the nonsense which Mr. Gladstone falsely attributes to us. I remain, etc.,

J. ROOSEVELT BAILEY,
Archbishop of Baltimore.

CURRENT PUBLICATIONS.

The Irish Melodies, National Airs, Sacred Songs, etc., of THOMAS MOORE, with a memoir and notes by John Savage. New York: D. & J. Sadlier & Co. 1874.

It is needless for us to say anything in approval of Moore as *the* song-writer of the English tongue. The following from the editor's Notes on "incomplete editions of Moore," will be sufficient to show why all admirers of the Irish bard should welcome this elegant diamond volume of his most beautiful lyrics:—

The present volume contains the "Irish Melodies," the collection of songs written to airs of other nationalities and to original airs, known as "National Airs," the "Melologue upon National Music," and the "Sacred Songs." It is a noteworthy fact that many editions of the "Melodies," and collections purporting to be "Moore's Complete Works," are incomplete to an extent almost beyond belief. For example, in the Dublin edition, issued by Duffy (1852), there are thirty-nine of the Melodies wanting, including such as "Drink of this Cup," "Oh, ye Dead," "Shall the Harp, then, be Silent," "Oh, the Sight Entrancing," "And doth not a meeting like this," "As Vanquished Erin," "Desmond's Song," "Sing, Sing—Music was Given," "The Song of Innis Fail," and several others equally popular and national. In "Moore's Works" issued by Nimmo, Edinburgh, the same Melodies are omitted, and it is incomplete in other respects. The edition of "Irish Melodies and Songs" issued by Routledge, London and New York, lacks fifty-two of the former, including all of those noted above, and "My Gentle Harp," "As Slow our Ship," "Wreathe the Bowl," "To Ladies' Eyes Around, Boys," "Forget not the Field," and several of similar beauty. The poetical works announced as "complete," issued in cheap popular form by Dick, London, and introduced into the American market, have fifty-two of the Melodies missing, sixteen of the "Sacred Songs," and omit the "National Airs" altogether, and fully one-half of the poet's other poems and songs.

The 8vo edition of "Moore's Works," with the imprint of Swayne of this city, omits sixteen of the "Irish Melodies," and thirty-two of the "National Airs." Another edition, 12mo, bearing the same imprint, omits fifty-three of the Melodies, sixteen of the "Sacred Songs," and all of the "National Airs."

In the edition of Moore issued by Cressy and Markley, Philadelphia, more than half of the "National Airs" are wanting, also sixteen of the Melodies and eighteen of the "Sacred Songs." And even in the quarto edition of the Melodies, with the music, published by Ditson, Boston, eighteen are not to be found. The Memoir prefixed to the same volume is wonderfully erroneous, the birth and death of the poet, and nearly every date between, being incorrect.

In other respects the above editions exhibit exceeding carelessness. A careful collation of their texts brought to light over one thousand verbal errors and liberties in punctuation in such of the "Melodies" and "Sacred Songs" as they embraced, and the "Melologue." The reading of the volume now presented has been made to conform to the poet's final decisions; the contents are, in fact, given to the public as Moore desired they should represent him to the future, and embrace his latest revisions as made in the ten-volume London edition of 1841–2.

To all cultivated readers this volume should be welcome as a convenient remembrancer of some of the most exquisite songs ever written; while in possessing themselves of a perfect edition of the thoughts which have shed such lustre on the home of their race, those of Irish birth or extraction in this country may echo the poet's own sentiment that "absence, however fatal to some affections of the heart, rather strengthens our love for the land where we were born; and Ireland is the coun-

try of all others which an exile must remember with enthusiasm."

The Young Catholic's Illustrated School Series. The Catholic Publication Society: 1874.

We think when a child is first called upon to exercise his intellect, nothing can be too plain, simple, or attractive to make it interesting.

On examining lately some books of Arithmetic, Grammar, and Philosophy, we were impressed with the idea that the chief object seemed to be more to exhibit the erudition of the writer than to elucidate the principles. The effect on a child's mind would naturally be either to disgust him with his lessons, or depress him with the idea that he was too dull to learn. This school series—part of which we have before us—will brighten many a path which before has been clouded with doubt. Very much of course rests upon the instructor to pleasantly engage the mind of the child, and many a teacher is responsible for lowering their ambition by severity or want of sympathy. No doubt the fault has often been caused by the want of clearness in the example or explanation. Can we, then, be too grateful for books which will bring relief to both teachers and pupils, more especially to the teachers who give as it were their lives, and evidently for the benefit of the world?

This series consists of Primer, Speller, First Reader, Second Reader, and Third and Fourth Reader, which are to be followed by a Fifth and Sixth, Grammar and Arithmetic. In a brief notice full justice cannot be done to these books, and we can say the Catholic community have good reason to be thankful for such works of easy and instructive progression. The series have undergone special and careful supervision by thoroughly competent ability, and have already won "golden opinions" as well as more practical evidence of their usefulness in the recommendation of several eminent gentlemen interested in teaching and the moral training of youth, and by their adoption in some eminent educational Institutions.

Twelfth Annual Report of the New York Catholic Protectory.

This document is unusually full, comprehensive and interesting; containing as it does the report of Mr. President Hoguet on the part of the Board of Managers of the Catholic Protectory to the Legislature of the State and the Common Council of the City of New York. Mr. Hoguet's report is in itself exceedingly valuable, presenting a lucid account of the workings of the great charity since its establishment, its present status, and the opinions of distinguished persons who have visited its schools and workshops. It is accompanied by the Reports of the Rector of the Male Department, the Directress of the Female Department, and the Physician; all of which more than sustain the high opinion in which the Protectory is held. The subject is one of profound interest to all who consider the welfare of the community at large, or the means of adding to and elevating the scale of public morals. To our Legislature especially, as well as to our philanthropists, should the facts here given and the results recorded be of deep and practical suggestiveness.

Haverty's Irish-American Illustrated Almanac for 1875. P. M. Haverty: New York.

This is a very interesting annual, embracing a large amount of reading matter which will be welcomed by our adopted citizens of Irish birth or extraction. It is especially attractive in poetical selections from such writers as Mangan, Ferguson, Banim, "Shamrock," Williams, Griffin, and others. The antiquarian articles which are well illustrated —such as *The Church at Kilcarn, The Ancient Stone-Roof Buildings of Ireland, The Round Tower of Donoughmore, The Pillar Stone on Tara Hill, The Cross of Cong*, and others will find attentive readers. There are also for such a work quite lengthy biographical statistics of Wolfe Tone and Thomas Francis Meagher, with portraits. The likeness of the gallant orator-hero Meagher is in its expression perhaps the best we have seen. It is to be regretted that inaccuracies in dates and some omissions detract from the reliability of the memoir. For instance the given dates of his birth, and marriage (in New York), are both incorrect, and no mention is made of the publication of his speeches on the Legislative Independence of Ireland, which made his reputation, and will carry his name and fame into the future as the latter-day Grattan. Meagher was *par excellence* an orator, and most desirous of placing on record, in attainable form, the orations which had won him early renown and the love of his people. To omit mention of these is to overlook the touchstone of his life and its purpose. We are well acquainted with Meagher's feelings on the subject, for, at his request, the present writer coöperated with him in editing, and wrote all the notes illustrative of contemporaneous events in Europe for the volume alluded to.

The Illustrated Catholic Family Almanac for 1875. The Catholic Publication Society: New York.

This is assuredly the handsomest and best of our annual visitors. The typography is highly creditable, the illustrations appropriate and good, and the general appearance attractive. It is filled with a great variety of entertaining and instructive matter, carefully prepared for its pages by experienced writers. Among the illustrated biographies of interest are those of Count Ledochawski, Archbishop

of Gnesen and Posen; Archbishops Kenrick and Blanne; Bishops McFarland and Whelan; Doctor Gahan whose "Catholic Piety" was long the most favorite prayer book; the Jesuit Fathers de Gongora and Clavigero, and Brother Philippe the late superior of the Christian Brothers. Among the biographies of eminent laymen place is given to the late Colonel J. Meline, the earnest historical student and writer who, more than any other man, proved conclusively the unreliability of Froude as a historian, showing by testimony from the British Museum how Froude manufactured sentences and quotations to suit himself. Dr. John O'Donovan, of the Irish Academy, the great archæologist and translator of the "Annals of the Four Masters," is also the subject of an article embracing the leading facts of a career which has thrown such light upon Irish history and antiquities. A number of other articles, historical and statistical and poetical, add to the value of this Almanac, and make it a necessity in every Catholic household.

Proceedings of the Sixth Annual Convention of the Irish Catholic Benevolent Union. Phila.. 1874.

This publication contains a report of the Convention held at Baltimore, Md., in Oct. 1874-5; also the Constitution of the Union as amended at that time and place, and a roll of the Societies in affiliation with it. It is full of interesting facts and sentiments. The Roll shows two hundred and sixty-seven Societies within the bond of the Union. We wish it all success, for, in the words of Mayor Keiley of Richmond who presided, "No agency is too powerful and none too humble for the holy offices" of benevolence. In this connection we have gratifying news from the Antipodes. A New Zealand paper informs us that there are seventeen branches of the Hibernian Catholic Benefit Society in New Zealand, and others are being formed. Those in being are at Auckland, Grahamstown, Otahuhu, Onehunga, in the province of Auckland; Napier, in the province of Hawke's Bay; Greymouth, Charleston, Brighton, Greenstone, Ross, Waimea, and Hokitika, on the West Coast; Christchurch, in the province of Canterbury, Oamaru, Naseby, Dunedin, and Invercargil in the province of Otago.

MISCELLANY.

The Wassail Bowl.

As we are in the annual season of great festive enjoyment and "drink health" interchange, let us, as illustrative of one of the leading customs of the period, make a note on *wassail*, a word which Webster says is unknown in America: *Washail* or *was-hæl* and *drinc-hail*, health be to you, and I drink to thy health, were the early phrases accompanying quaffing among the English. We have an historical reminiscence of the use of the former in the captivation of Vortigern by the graceful Rowena at the banquet given by her father Hengist. This incident marks the invasion of England by the Saxons. The Wassail bowl was naturally the cup from which healths were drunk, and was a large goblet with handles out of which a company of revellers or wassailers drank in turn. "The most perfect fragment of Wassail," says Hone, "exists in the usage of certain corporation festivals. The person presiding stands up at the close of the dinner, and drinks from a flagon, usually of silver, having a handle on each side, by which he holds it with each hand, and the toastmaster announces him as drinking 'the health of his brethren out of the *loving cup*.'" The *loving cup* is then passed to the guest on his left hand, and by him to his left-hand neighbor, and, as it finds its way round the room to each guest in its turn, so each stands up and drinks to the president out of the "loving cup"; and this carries us back some seventeen years in the "good old times," to a pleasant occasion when we enjoyed the wassail bowl with all its postprandial pomp and fraternal formalities. A party of friends entertained John Brougham, the dramatist and comedian, at the Astor House. Richard O'Gorman presided, and Junius Staigg, a well-known *bon vivant* of the day, was *croupier*, and the double-handled loving cup was circulated round the board of brilliant wassailers, which included Thomas Francis Meagher, Dr. Shelton Mackenzie, Judge B. O'Connor, John E. Develin, Malcolm Campbell, and other noble, talented, and bright spirits.

Barry Cornwall.

Among recent deaths of distinguished persons, was that of one doubly endeared to literature—Bryan Walter Procter, better known as Barry Cornwall, the early contemporary and, to some extent, rival of Byron, Moore, Rogers, Keats, Shelley, Lamb, Hunt, and Hazlitt of the poets and essayists; and Sheridan, Knowles, Maturin, Lalor Shiel, Talfourd, John Howard Payne, and others of those who aspired to or achieved distinction in the walks of the legitimate drama. Barry Cornwall was the

friend of most of the authors named, and from the days of the earliest among them to those of Dickens, Bulwer, and Tennyson, was the intimate of the most distinguished writers. We said he had a double claim on our sympathies, and he has; one, for what he has done himself, and another, in being the father of Adelaide Procter, whose nature and genius made famous the name he relinquished for a *nom de plume*. Barry Cornwall as early as 1815 achieved reputation by his dramatic sketches, which were distinguished by tenderness and pathos. These were followed by *Marcian Colonna*, *The Flood of Thessaly*, and other poems. As he had been the school-mate of Byron at Harrow, he was also in a degree his competitor as a poet, the critics of the day according to him the vigor without the vice of Byron. The latter, in the eleventh Canto of *Don Juan*, playfully alludes to this when speaking of contemporary writers:

'Then there's my gentle Euphues, who, they say,
Sets up for being a sort of *moral me;*
He'll find it rather difficult some day
To turn out both, or either, it may be."

In 1821, Barry Cornwall's tragedy of "Mirandola" was produced at Covent Garden, and had "a run," sufficient in those days to place it on record as a success. The plot was painful—including the death, through unjust suspicions, of a prince sentenced by his father: the construction lacked dramatic movement, but it was imbued with vigorous expression and poetic feeling His style was modelled after that of the older dramatists in richness and form of expression, and his lyrical productions are faultless in sentiment—showing that his daughter Adelaide, in her sweetness, purity of thought, and good deeds, happily illustrated the nature she received from her father. Mr. Procter ceased to write many years ago, but still held rank as one of England's best lyrical writers—his song "The Sea," is everywhere known—of elegant mind, and of pure sentiments and refined culture.

His last work was in prose—a memoir of his friend Charles Forrest, which he wrote nine years ago, and at the age of seventy-seven.

He consequently had attained the ripe age of four score and four. He was a lawyer by profession, and for years held the position of Commissioner of Lunacy, from which he derived a large income; in addition to which he received, some eighteen years ago, quite a little fortune on the death of John Kenyon, who bequeathed handsome legacies to several literary friends.

The following letter, one of the poet's last, is at once suggestive of his youth and age. The gentleman to whom it was written was baptized into the Catholic faith the day after he received it, a course which he in part associated with the gentle influences of Adelaide Procter's poetry on his head and heart:—

32 WEYMOUTH STREET,
14th *November*, 1870.

Dear Sir:—I have this morning received your book and your letter accompanying it. Although I can scarcely write (I am 82), I will try to thank you for it, and to read the book hereafter. I should have thought, from the character of the lines, you must have been more than 18. But sense and wit come early when connected with sensibility. I observe that names are connected with one or two poems which are familiar to me. There is, for instance, the name of my poor daughter, who died three or four years ago. There is the name of Tennyson, whom I have long known, and of Lord Byron, whom I remember in my youth. I was, in fact, at Harrow School with him and with Sir Robert Peel, about the year 1801. You see I speak of everything in the past tense; so I shall be amongst the past very shortly. That I shall die and be forgotten is one of the consequences of living at all. You will excuse all this vapid nonsense from a man who has lived into his second childhood. I used to know Newcastle-on-Tyne—now I forget everything.

Of the poet's delicacy of sentiment and domestic felicity, we have a charmingly suggestive evidence in Mrs. Jameson's "Loves of the Poets":—"Barry Cornwall is another living poet who has drunk deep from the classics and from our elder writers; but with a finer taste and a better feeling, he has borrowed only what was decorative, graceful, and accessory; the pure stream of his sentiment flows unmingled and untainted—

'Yet musical as when the waters run,
Lapsing through sylvan haunts deliciously.'

"It is not without reason that Barry Cornwall has been styled the 'Poet of Woman,' *par excellence*. It enhances the value, it adds to the charm of every tender and beautiful passage addressed to us, that we know them to be sincere and heartfelt.

'Not fable bred
But such as truest poets love to write.'

"It is for the sake of *one*, beloved 'beyond ambition and the light of song,'—and worthy to be so lovd, that he approaches *all* women with the most graceful, delicate, and reverential homage ever expressed in sweet poetry. His fancy indeed is so luxuriant, that he makes whatever he touches appear fanciful, but the beauty adorned by his verse, and adorning his home, is not imaginary; and though he has almost hidden his divinity behind a cloud of incense, she is not therefore less *real*." Under such sources of inspiration, and surrounded by such influences, the natural genius of Adelaide Procter was nurtured and developed.

Opera Bouffe in England.

Opera bouffe music is in the ascendant in England. Commercially, serious music is at a

discount. M. Lecoq received £1,500 from a London firm for the right of publishing and performing in England the music of "Giroflé-Girofla." For the performing right alone of the opera he is now composing to Victorien Sardou's *libretto* (based on that author's comedy of "Le Pré St. Gervais") he is to receive £1,000. The popularity of Lecoq in London is owing to an accident. His Paris publishers omitted to enter at Stationers' Hall the first of his operas which attained special success, and no less than five managers took advantage of the omission. The representation of "La Fille de Madame Angot" in all parts of London naturally gave it wide popularity, and the large sale of the music gave the music publishers the highest opinion of Lecoq's value as a composer of popular tunes; hence, when "Giroflé-Girofla" was brought out at Brussels, the principal music firms of London sent over agents to treat with the composer for the cession of his English rights. Serious music, on the other hand, is a drug in the market. Since a combination of London music publishers paid £4,000 to Myerbeer's widow for all English rights in common with "L'Africaine," and found, to their dismay, that that architecturally-constructed work contained no drawing-room pieces, no themes for polkas, walzes, or quadrilles, it has been very difficult for composers of grand operas to dispose of their music in England. Verdi, Gounod, Ambroise Thomas, ask immense prices, on the ground that they are much greater men than Offenbach and Lecoq. Gounod will allow no manager to play his "Mirella" for less than £25 a night; consequently this beautiful piece is never performed. Verdi asks £4,000 for the right of representing and publishing "Aida," in England. Gounod's Joan of Arc has only been given once, under the composer's own direction and at his expense. The managers and publishers acknowledge the greatness of these works, but decline to pay the prices because they cannot count upon adequate returns. After giving a detailed account of losses sustained by bringing out great works, Mr. John Boosey, the music publisher, in a letter to the *Musical World*, says, "I cannot afford to publish masterpieces." In fact, commercially speaking, Verdi's "Aida," Gounod's "Joan of Arc," Ambroise Thomas' "Hamlet," are not, all together, worth one act of "La Fille de Madame Angot."

Earthquake in Westchester.

In the second week of last month some portions of Long Island and Westchester County were visited by an earthquake, which greatly excited the people of those localities. The shock was first noticed in the neighborhood of Flushing, Whitestone, and vicinity. Its course appeared to be thence across or under Long Island Sound to the Westchester shore, visiting Mount Vernon, New Rochelle, Mamaroneck, and Rye, thence westerly to Tarrytown and vicinity. The shock was most perceptibly felt at Mount Vernon, East Chester, and vicinity. At 10.30 o'clock on Thursday night the 10th of December, Mount Vernon, East Chester, New Rochelle, Mamaroneck, Rye, and other places, experienced another and more severe shock than the former one, and its effects were more widely felt on the line of the New Haven Railroad. The residents of Greenwich, Cos Cob, Riverside, and Stamford County, were startled and alarmed by the swaying of their windows, glassware, crockery, etc. At Mount Vernon, where it was quite severe, the first indication of the earthquake was a violent shock, apparently occasioned by something of great body and weight falling upon the roof or floor of an adjoining building, which caused the houses to sway. The crash was followed by a rumbling noise, as if produced by some heavily-laden vehicle passing over a rough and hard-frozen road, the vibrations and noise lasting from five to eight minutes. In many instances, persons who had retired to rest were aroused by the shock, and sprung from their beds in alarm, not knowing what to do, fearing that some calamity would befall them before they could escape, while some who had just returned from the city precipitately fled into the streets, in expectation of witnessing the effects of a terrible explosion of nitro-glycerine or gunpowder, by a burglarious attempt upon the bank-vault, or on board of some vessel in the Sound. From this neighborhood the shock diverged in all directions, extending in a southwest direction to William's Bridge, Fordham, Spuyten Duyvil, Tremont, and Mount Hope; westerly to Yonkers and Hastings; northwesterly to Bronxville, Tuckahoe Scarsdale, White Plains, Greenburg, and Tarrytown, and other places along the Hudson River. Along the line of the Harlem Railroad, north of White Plains, the shock was very severe. The residents of Kensico, Unionville, Pleasantville, Chappaqua, Mount Kisco, Bedford, and Katonah, were greatly alarmed. A resident of Sing Sing states that at 10.30 P. M. he distinctly felt the shock while lying in bed, the sensation resembling the rocking to and fro of the house. Similar sensations were felt at Peekskill, Tarrytown, Scarboro, Irvington, Hastings, and Yonkers. In a new house, three-quarters of a mile from Sing Sing, portions of the kitchen walls were thrown down by the shock.

DEATH OF BROTHER INNOCENTUS.

It is with feelings of sorrow and regret we have to announce the death of this saintly Brother, which took place at the Catholic Protectory on Sunday, 22d November. It may not be amiss to write a little "Menologia" of him as it is most edifying in all its details.

He was born 24th June, 1843, in Queen's County, Ireland, of good and virtuous parents who instilled into his young mind the beauty of virtue and the deformity of vice. From his earliest years he was remarked as a child of benediction; nature and grace combined seemed to lavish on him a great facility in acquiring those virtues which characterize and adorn a true Christian,—virtues, indeed, which caused God to look on him with an eye of complacency, and made him see the vanities of this world and its seductive charms.

Ever faithful to the impulse of the Holy Spirit, he, like another St. Paul, said from the bottom of his heart, "Lord, what would you have me do?" and our dear Saviour seemed to look on him with a propitious and benign countenance, and said: "My son, give me thy heart," serve me in solitude and silence in the high and holy vocation of the Apostolate of Youth. After assiduous prayer and mature deliberation, our dear Brother ascertained the will of God in the choice of his state of life. He without delay asked to be admitted into our Novitiate in Second Street. At this period, there was a great battle to be fought and won: he in the flower of youth, possessed of an amiable and sweet disposition, fondly loved by his dear parents, brothers and sisters, surrounded by a large circle of friends, each of whom counted himself happy if the saintly youth was in their company. But the world was not worthy of such a priceless gem. He trampled on flesh and blood, and, like another St. Aloysius, bade an eternal adieu to it, and consecrated himself to the service of God in the religious state. After the usual probation he was admitted to the holy habit of religion, and received the beautiful name of Innocentus. No doubt his Superior was inspired by God to give it to him, as his purity and innocence vouched him worthy of it. Several Pontiffs had borne this name, but we all believe our dear Brother was not second to any of them in corresponding to what it indicates.

When he saw himself thus clothed with the livery of Jesus Christ, his whole study was to copy in himself the virtues of his Divine model. He made such rapid progress in virtue, verifying the words of the Psalmist, "In a short space he fulfilled a long time, for his soul pleased God." His superior, in his wisdom, seeing such youthful fervor combined with the gravity of mature age, deemed it expedient to send him on his mission before the term of his novitiate had expired. He received his obedience as coming from the hands of God, and repaired at once to Yonkers, the scene of his first labors. Here his hidden virtues began to develop which shed a lustre around him, and attracted the children whom he had to instruct to the imitation of his virtues.

He was not long here when his zeal, self-sacrifice, and devotedness to his work drew again the attention of his Superior, who considered that there was a more ample field for his labors in the Catholic Protectory. Thither our beloved Brother came, and was appointed to the office of Prefect. A most important charge now devolved upon him, a charge which required great magnanimity and firmness, an unbounded confidence in God, entire obedience and dependence on his Superior, crowned by the spirit of the golden virtues of "Holy Faith." All these virtues shone forth in all their brilliancy in our saintly Brother.

He was some years in this office acting as father to those dear little ones, the beloved of the Heart of Jesus, instructing and guiding them in the path of virtue, giving them wholesome advice and counsel, pointing out to them the wiles of the enemy of their souls who would fain try to rob them of their innocence. This was his every-day life, not flinching nor deviating in the least degree from the noble thought that he was a son of the Ven. De La Salle, and consequently not derogating from anything which the spirit of our holy founder inculcates. Nor did his virtues escape the penetrating eye of our dear Brother Director. He, too, saw his worth and his virtues, the chief ornament of a religious, and considered, in his charity and wisdom, that those who are well need not so much care and attention as the suffering on the bed of sickness: those indeed require a particular kindness, since to the orphan the recollections of the ministrations of the loving mother, now no more, are oftentimes more painful than the sickness itself.

No one could be better adapted to the office of Infirmarian than our saintly Brother, which he retained until up to his last illness. He indeed bestowed a maternal care on those dear little ones.

How many a sleepless night he spent watching at the bedside of the sick, pouring into their souls the balm of consolation, and lightening the pain with his sweet discourse which came from his heart—and saw, through the light of Faith, Jesus Christ in his suffering members. This thought made him forget self for six years. His constitution was not an iron one, and must sooner or later give way to his fatigues. No one ever heard a word of complaint escape his lips until slowly and stealthily consumption took hold of him and very soon made him its victim. When his illness assumed a serious character, he felt he was dying, and he waited his summons with full confidence in Jesus Christ, his Saviour, and in the calm hope which he vouchsafes to his chosen ones. How can I describe his unchanging patience through the severe sufferings of those dreary days of pain! There never was a murmur, never one word save of perfect resignation to God's will. It seemed as though he was thankful to accept his pains. As usual he never thought of himself, but as long as he was able to speak he was always planning for our future success here. He felt very much the charity of the Brothers, but more particularly of our dear Brother Director, whom he looked upon as a tender father, and often said if he had any influence before the throne of God he would be the first he would pray for. Except a few nights during which he was delirious he retained perfect consciousness throughout, and he received the last consolations of religion with all his wonted angelic devotion. When keen suffering or weakness hindered his speech, we still saw the motion of his lips in prayer. His eyes were constantly fixed on the crucifix, from which he would turn with a gentle smile which seemed to bid us be of good cheer, for we should meet again in Heaven. At last the hour came when our dearly loved Brother was to leave us. We were at Mass, and as we were about to leave, dear Brother Rector asked us all to say five Paters and Aves and the Litany of the Blessed Virgin Mary for the spiritual comfort of our dying Brother. Praised be God what effect must seven-thousand Paters and Aves have before the throne of grace! Just as they were ended, our dear Brother took hold of Brother Eustace's hand (who had the singular happiness of being with him whilst we were at Mass) to bid him as it were good-by, in this manner answering in an audible voice all the prayers for the dying, and yielded up his pure soul to God. All know how we loved him and he us; how we shall never forget his unostentatious charity towards us; how he won the love and esteem of all around him, especially of his Brothers in general, and his Superiors in particular, who saw in him sterling virtue and exactness to every point of the rule, and he on his part looked on them as the representatives of God, and loved them with a true and filial love. We feel his loss deeply, but we will console ourselves with the assurance that God saw fit to add the brightness of this flower and its fragrance to the other spiritual bouquets of the sons of De La Salle, the effulgence of which accrues to his accidental glory in heaven. "Oh, who would not wish to have lived such a life to merit such a happy death! For precious in the sight of God is the death of his saints."

When it became known that our dear Brother had departed, all with one accord said, The holy Brother is dead. It was indeed most edifying to hear the boys recount the very many incidents of his life: some wept bitterly, giving by this outward mark to understand how much they appreciated his truly fraternal charity. One in particular attracted our notice; with difficulty he could be got away from the corpse crying and sobbing, and with deep, emotion said, "How can I ever forget my own dear Brother? I may thank him for my sight. When my eyes were melting in their sockets, and suffering intense pain, the holy Brother made the sign of the cross on them, and they were immediately cured." Others again thought themselves highly favored if they could get a sight of the remains of the pious deceased, which were enclosed in a beautiful rosewood casket clothed in the holy habit he so much loved, his beads entwined around his hands which were clasped in the attitude of prayer. His whole appearance bespoke rather a peaceful slumber than the silence of death. Indeed there was a heavenly smile on his countenance, and all approached it with reverential awe. On Monday the corpse of our dear deceased Brother was brought to the Chapel, where a handsome catafalque was prepared for its reception.

The interior of the Chapel was singularly solemn and impressive. Wherever the eye turned, it rested on emblems of woe; a sense of desolation seemed to pervade the sacred edifice. The arches and pillars of the Chapel were entirely hidden under a drapery of black cloth and white merino, the vaulted roof springing from the supporting pillars. Both materials, gracefully interwoven and artistically arranged, were trained in festoons. Above, the organ gallery was draped in merino which was caught up in the centre, and sweeping round in loose folds was lost in the predominant mass of black. The mourning decorations of the altar were in unison with the rest of the building. Folds of the finest black concealed the beauty of its white marble. The rich decorations in ordinary times that glittered there, were gone. There were no lights nor flowers, no lace nor embroideries; no graceful vases nor candelabras; but the mourning that brought out in fuller relief that death-scene on Calvary. And thus during the whole ceremonies

lay the striking features of our dear Brother so natural and life-like that it seemed as if he merely waited for a fitting opportunity to arise and take his part in them.

A few minutes before the funeral services were commenced, the Rev. Clergy entered the chapel, and took their places in the sanctuary until Solemn High Mass commenced, Rev. F. Meister being celebrant, and Rev. F. Sorg deacon, and Rev. F. Guicheteau sub-deacon. Rev. F. Collins, O. P., (who said low Mass at 6 o'clock) was master of ceremonies. The music on this occasion was executed most exquisitely. The entire Mass was the pure Gregorian. We often heard the Gregorian chant reverberate through this sacred edifice, but never did it produce such an effect on us as on this solemn occasion. We had a splendid opportunity of testing the vocal abilities of our pupils on this occasion, which we are happy to say did not disappoint us.

At the conclusion of High Mass, the Rev. Mr. Sorg ascended the altar, and addressed the congregation, taking the following for his text, "I have fought the good fight, I have finished my course. I have kept the faith. As to the rest, there is laid up for me a crown of justice which the Lord, the just judge, will render to me." The Rev. Preacher then portrayed in glowing eloquence the sublimity and grandeur of the religious state, its high prerogative and dignity, and all it has achieved for the Church of God. But when he referred to the religious of the Christian Schools, he seemed to be at a loss what to liken them to, because of the nobleness of their mission, carrying out to the letter the Divine injunction, addressed to the Apostles, "Go teach all nations." Our Lord did not then say, Go, preach to all nations; no, but emphatically said, "Teach all nations." He then referred to the virtues of the deceased and his correspondence to his high and holy vocation: he dwelt at length on these. It would take too long to give them verbatim. Suffice to say the sermon took more than an hour. Certainly it produced a visible effect upon the audience: many of its allusions were so touching and tender that they melted numbers to tears, and it is certain no heart could refuse to respond to the last appeal which the eloquent preacher made for the good Brother's immortal happiness. Immediately after the discourse had been delivered the solemn absolution commenced. This was performed with all the impressive and sacred formalities the rubric allows.

The following procession issued from the sacristy:

1st. Two Acolytes with lighted Candles.

2d. Two Acolytes one with Censer, etc.; the other with the holy water vase.

3d. The subdeacon carrying the Cross between two Acolytes with lighted tapers.

4th. The deacon and celebrant, the former at the left of the latter.

5th. Rev. Father Collins, Chaplain, with two Acolytes, etc.

On reaching the catafalque Rev. Father Collins put incense into the censer, blessed it, made a circuit three times, sprinkling it thrice with holy water. During this part of the ceremony the Libera was chanted solemnly.

Six Brothers then placed the coffin on their shoulders and while the clergy and choir chanted a solemn dirge the remains were borne in mournful procession through the chapel, all present gazing earnestly for the last time at the face of the dearly loved Brother which looked calm and peaceful in the eternal sleep of death.

The scene was such as has never been witnessed in this institution before. There was a sadness and a quiet solemnity, which struck all with sorrow and awe, and many a sob and subdued groan was heard in the midst of the solemn stillness. The funeral cortége was arranged in the following order.

1st. Subdeacon carring the cross and two acolytes.
2d. The junior department numbering 350
3d. The intermediate " " 900
4th. The senior " " 150
5th. The fire brigade of the Protectory 52
6th. The band of the Protectory playing the mournful and heart-rending strains of Gulielmo's March in Isaiah.
7th. The Clergy in attendance.
8th. The Coffin and pall-bearers.
9th. Rev. Brother Rector and community, who bore the impress of a tender-hearted father and brother bereft of a most dutiful child and brother.
10th. The employés and citizens, etc.

During the procession the De Profundis and Benedictus were chanted in the grand sonorous voices of the Clergy and Choir, on whom a great deal devolved on this solemn occasion. Thus ended this solemn ceremony of the Church over the remains of our dear Brother. The Clergy and Brothers returned: our numerous family, bearing away with them many solemn and sympathizing thoughts on the occasion, slowly left for home.

R. I. P.

After death, faith will have its reward; for it will see that in which it has believed.

After death, hope will have its reward; for it will possess that for which it hoped.

After death, charity will have its reward; for it will reign eternally with that same God whom it loved here on earth.

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SAINT VALENTINE'S DAY.

ITS HISTORY, CUSTOMS, AND POETRY.

Ophelia.—When they ask you what it means, say this:

"Good morrow, 'tis St. Valentine's Day,
All in the morning betime,
And I a maid at your window,
To be your Valentine."—*Hamlet.*

If this passage may be instanced as a striking example of the anachronisms to be found in Shakespeare, it will also serve to illustrate, if need be, the antiquity of the custom to which the fair and unfortunate Ophelia alludes. If the Christian Saint Valentine did not exist in the pagan period when Horwendillus (Hamlet's father) flourished, and was done to death by collusion between his wife Geruthra and his brother Fengon (Claudius), and the young Amlettus—to beguile the suspicions of his uncle from him as heir to the throne—used to wallow in the mire and rend his clothes, and run about the streets as one distraught, and otherwise counterfeited the madman "with such craft and subtle practices that he made show as if he had utterly lost his wits:"—if the saintly patron of love-making had not yet visited the earth at the semi-fabulous era given by Saxo Grammaticus and the chronicles as that in which the story of Hamlet is placed,* it is certain that the customs perpetuated in his name were exceedingly popular in Shakespeare's time; that practical bard and dramatist ever opening the ears, and holding the attention of his audience by the use of the popular phrases, song-snatches, and customs of the day.

Nearly two centuries before "Hamlet" was written however, we have evidence of the custom of choosing Valentines on this saint's day. In an interesting collection of letters illustrating the public transactions and private manners of the reigns of Henry VI, Edward IV, and Richard III,* we have a letter from the dame Elizabeth Brews to John Paston, who is wooing the dame's daughter Margery, in which the consummation of the affair is daintily suggested by allusion to the popular belief associated with the festival, thus:—

"And, cousin, upon Friday is St. Valentine's Day, and every bird chuseth him a make *(mate)*; and if it like you to come on Thursday night, and so purvey you that ye may abide there till Monday, I trust to God that ye shall so speak to mine husband; and I shall pray that we shall bring the matter to a conclusion, etc. For, cousin,

'It is but a simple oak,
That's cut down at the first stroke.'"

This letter of advice and womanly encouragement is dated February, 1476-7. In a letter from Margery herself to the same in that same month, she addresses her suitor as she almost might address the good saint himself, as her "Right reverend and worshipful, and my right well-beloved Valentine;" and in a subsequent letter, informing her bartering wooer that her father "will no more money part withal," as a dower for her, "but an £100 and 50 marks (£33 6s. 8d.)," she opens in the same style, and in the body of her epistle, in a still more loving manner, as a

* See Guizot's "Life and Times of Shakespeare."

* Paston Letters, etc. Edited by John Fenn. New Edition, with additional notes by A. Ramsay. London: Bohn. 1849.

make-weight doubtless for the short comings of her dower, to wit:

"Wherefore, if that ye could be content with that good and my poor person, I would be the merriest maiden on ground; and if ye think not yourself so satisfied, or that ye might have much more good, as I have understood by you afore, good, true, and loving Valentine, that ye take no such labor upon you as to come more for that matter, but let (*what*) is pass, and never more to be spoken of, as I may be your true lover and bead-woman during my life."

She signs herself, "By your Valentine, MARGERY BREWS."

It is often asked why is Saint Valentine's day especially set apart as a sort of festival of love? To which it can only be replied that custom—time out of mind—has given the day a special grace in this respect, and that it *is so*. Brand, in his "Popular Antiquities," is inclined to believe that the observance of young persons electing Valentines, and sending amatory or flattering effusions to the chosen Valentine, originated in an "ancient Romish superstition of choosing patrons on this day for the ensuing year, a custom which gallantry took up when superstition at the Reformation had been compelled to let it fall." But the letters quoted show that the custom was an act of gallantry long before the Reformation. Indeed it was a common sport and custom in the homes of the gentry even at a still earlier period; in evidence of which we have, among others, Lydgate, the Monk of Bury, who died in 1440, and who is described by Warton as "not only the poet of his monastery, but of the world in general." He fully and quaintly recognizes the inspiration, custom, and duties of the day in this brief stanza:

"Seynte Valentine. Of custome, yeere by yeere,
Men have an usuance in this region,
To looke and serche Cupide's Kalendere,
And chose theyr choyce by grete affeccioun;
Such as ben *more* with Cupide's mocioun,
Takynge theyre choyce as theyre sort doth falle."

Even at least a half century before Lydgate, Geoffrey Chaucer, the father of English poetry, whose style, however obscure it may seem to us, was characterized by Spenser as "the pure well of English undefiled," refers to the popular belief of the birds choosing mates, and applies it to the custom we associate with the day, when speaking of little gifts and tokens generally given in his day by "the Valentine" to the selected mistress of his temporary or permanent affection.

Another evidence that gallantry did not wait, at least in France, to appropriate the amatory custom until "Superstition at the Reformation" had done with it, is afforded by the tradition that the first writer of Valentines was Charles, the young Duke of Orleans, whose capture by the English at Agincourt (A. D. 1415), he being nephew to the King of France and head of a powerful house, added *eclat* even to the English victory. The celebration of Valentine's day became very general in the court of Great Britain and in many parts of the Continent, especially Maine and Lorraine. During the reign of Charles II more importance was attached to the celebration of Valentine's Day than at any other period in England. The festival suited the manners of the merry monarch, and greatly expanded under the auspices of his courtiers.

In addition to the evidence given by Shakespeare, if any were needed, of the popularity of the St. Valentine custom, we find that Michael Drayton, a noted poet of his day who put the rural life of the English counties into descriptive verse under the title of "Poly-Olbion," and who was a contemporary of the Bard of Avon, being just one year his senior—has left us a very charming address:

TO HIS VALENTINE.

"Muse, bid the morn awake,
Sad winter now declines,
Each bird doth choose a mate,
This day's St. Valentine's:
For that good bishop's sake
Get up and let us see
What beauty it shall be
That fortune us assigns.

"But lo! in happy hour,
The place wherein she lies,
In yonder climbing tower
Gilt by the glittering rise.
Oh, Jove! that in a shower,
As once that thunderer did,
When he in drops lay hid,
That I could her surprise!

"Her canopy I'll draw,
With spangled plumes bedight,
No mortal ever saw
So beautiful a sight;

That it the gods might awe,
And powerfully transperse
The globy universe,
Out shooting every light.

"My lips I'll softly lay
Upon her heavenly cheek,
Dyed, like the dawning day,
As polished ivory sleek:
And in her ear I'll say,
'Oh! thou bright morning star,
'Tis I that come so far
My Valentine to seek.

"'Each little bird this tide
Doth choose her lovéd peer,
Which constantly abide
In wedlock all the year.
As Nature is their guide,
So may we two be true
This year; nor change for new,
As turtles coupled were.

"'Let's laugh at them that choose
Their Valentines by lot,
To wear their names that use
Whom idly they have got.
Such poor choice we refuse,
Saint Valentine befriend,
We thus this morn may spend,
Else, Muse, awake her not.'"

Mr. Pepys, in his Diary on Valentine's Day, 1667, makes the following quaint entry, showing that the system of giving presents at that season was still kept up:—

"This morning came to me at my wife's bedside, (I being up dressing myself at the time) little Will Mercer to be her Valentine, and brought her name written upon blue paper in gold letters done by himself, very pretty, and we were both well pleased with it. But I am also this year my wife's Valentine, and it will cost me £5, but that I must have laid out if we had not been Valentines."

As indicated married people became liable to be chosen as Valentines, and the habit of giving costly presents as a release or ransom was also introduced. Pepys, further, tells us that the Duke of York on the occasion, being Valentine to Miss Stewart, afterwards the Duchess of Richmond, gave her a jewel worth $4,000 to obtain a release from the obligation of being her Valentine. Lord Mandeville presented the same fortunate young lady with a ring worth $1,500, under similar circumstances. The custom of making valuable presents seems to have comparatively, if not entirely, died, out after the days of the so-called "merry monarch."

In the olden time it was a general custom for the youth of both sexes to walk out at early morn and also at dusk, to find their Valentine, the belief being that the first person met of the opposite sex would prove to be the sought-for party. Those who had previously formed a liking for each other would no doubt take occasion to intercept each other, and help destiny in the matter of a choice. In our own day we have known this custom to be put in practice. It is to it evidently Shakespeare alludes in the character of Ophelia. Gay, famous as the author of the "Beggar's Opera," refers to it:—

"I early rose, just at the break of day,
Before the sun had chased the stars away,
To milk my kine (for so should housewives do);
The first I spied, and the first swain we see,
In spite of fortune our true love shall be."

Many were the subterfuges undertaken to direct the chosen swain to the maid's eyes, or to avoid seeing any other than the favored one.

A French traveller of the last century, M. Misson, notices a custom sufficiently prevalent to be described. He says: "On the eve of Saint Valentine's day the young folk of England and Scotland by a very ancient custom celebrate a little festival. An equal number of maids and bachelors get together, each writes their true or some feigned name upon separate billets, which they roll up and draw by way of lots, the maids taking the men's billets, and the men the maids', so that each young man lights upon the name of one whom he calls his Valentine. Fortune having thus divided the company into so many couples, the Valentines give balls and treats to their mistresses, wear the billets several days upon their bosoms or sleeves, and this little sport often ends in love."

"Hail to thy returning festival, old Bishop Valentine!" apostrophizes Charles Lamb. "Great is thy name in the rubric, thou venerable arch-flamen of Hymen! Immortal go-between! who and what manner of person art thou? Art thou but a name, typifying the restless principle which impels poor humans to seek perfection in union? or wert

thou, indeed, a mortal prelate, with thy tippet and rochet, thy apron on, and decent lawn sleeves?"

Well, all we know, all we can know of the saint who has become popularly addressed as the arch-flamen of Hymen!—whose name has been for centuries a synonym for endearment and affectionate promise, is, that he was a holy priest of Rome, who, with St. Marius and his family, assisted the Martyrs in the persecution under Claudius II. He was apprehended and sent by the emperor to the prefect of Rome, who, on finding all his promises to make him renounce his faith ineffectual, commanded him to be beaten with clubs, and afterward to be beheaded, which was executed on the fourteenth of February, about the year of our Lord, 270. Pope Julius I is said to have honored the memory of this martyr for the love of Christianity, by erecting a church to him near Ponte Mole, which for a long time gave name to the gate, now called Porta del Popolo, formerly Porta Valentini. When Butler wrote his "Lives of the Saints" the greatest part of the relics of St. Valentine were in the church of St. Praxedes, at Rome. His name is celebrated as that of an illustrious martyr in the Sacramentary of St. Gregory, the Roman Missal of Thomasius, in the Calendar of F. Fronto, and that of Allatius, in Bede, Usuard, Ado, Notker, and all other martyrologies on this day.* Thus we see that St. Valentine was a martyr, not to earthly love, but to belief in the consolation of the love divine. On the other hand, the custom identified with his name, which has come down to us with many changes and improvements, is of pagan origin. This is consistent with its received purposes, for Cupid alone is supposed to be in the ascendant to-day; and Cupid was a pagan, and the spoiled child of most pagan parents.

Douce, in his "Illustrations to Shakespeare," gives us some idea of both the origin and adaptation of the festival. He reminds us that it was the practice in ancient Rome, during a great part of the month of February, to celebrate the Lupercalia,† which feasts were in honor of Pan and Juno, whence the latter deity was called Februata Februalis, and Februalia, on this occasion Basil Kennet, on the authority of Plutarch observes that the Lupercalia was a feast o purification, being solemnized on the *dies nefasti*, or non-court days of the month o February, which derives its name fron *Februa*, to purify: the very day of the cele bration was anciently called *Februaca*. How ever, on this occasion amidst a variety o ceremonies, the names of young women were put into a box, from which they were drawn by the men, as chance directed. The pastors of the early Christian Church, who by every possible means sought to eradicate the vestiges of pagan superstition, and chiefly by some commutation of their forms, substituted, in the present instance, the names of particular saints instead of those of women and as the festival of the Lupercalia had commenced about the middle of February, they appear to have chosen St. Valentine's Day for celebrating the new feast, because it occurred nearly at the same time.

Alban Butler, in his "Lives of the Saints," is of the same opinion, and relates of the admirable St. Francis de Sales, that he in 160 "severely forbade the custom of Valentines, or giving the boys the names of girls in writing, to be admired and attended on by them; and, to abolish it, he changed it into giving billets with the names of certain saints for them to honor and imitate in a particula desire."

The good old Fathers! What need had they to draw a distinction between saint and syrens—sinners, I had almost said? O course they knew the difference, but all the rules and rubrics in the world would no convince the young idea of anything to the contrary but that their sweethearts were and are saints and angels. Was it not an easy flight of fancy for each "boy" to imagine his "right well and dearly beloved Valentine," as Margery Brews would say, the saint whose name was on his billet? And so th admirable St. Francis, and other admirable fathers of the Church, produced a distinction without a difference. The custom had, however, become so general from ancient time that the Church did not attempt its eradication at one fell swoop, but only sought t change it as a preparatory step to putting th

* See Butler's "Lives of the Fathers, Martyrs, and other principal Saints" Vol. II.

† See Shakespeare's *Julius Cæsar*.

saints of heaven in the place of the saints of earth. But under this system it was only a new way of paying an old debt. It was making love "religious," and thus the business of St. Valentine became wisely modified to the ages and their love-making or saint-wooing manners, as the people desired.

It appears that in the old illustrations of the Common Prayer Book we were told that St. Valentine "was a man of most admirable parts, and so famous for *love* and charity that the custom of choosing Valentines upon his festival took its rise from thence." But Brand seriously combats the idea that he was more famous for love or charity than other saints.

The tradition, that the birds choose their mates at this time, dates far back. It is happily and picturesquely alluded to by Donne in one of his Epithalmions:

"Hail, Bishop Valentine, whose day this is;
All the air is thy diocese,
And all the chirping choristers
And other birds are thy parishioners:
Thou marriest every year
The lyric lark, and the grave whispering dove;
The sparrow, that neglects his life for love;
The household bird with the red stomacher;
Thou mak'st the blackbird speed as soon
As doth the goldfinch or the halcyon;
The husband cock looks out, and straight is sped,
And meets his wife, which brings her feather bed;
This day more cheerfully than ever shine,
This day, which might inflame thyself, Old Valentine."

Hone, in his "Every Day Book," assimilates the choosing of human partners and the wedding of the "chirping choristers" to the awakening of those feelings natural to the spring-time of life, as to the year. "It is presumed," says he, "that our honest ancestors, in their lusty youth, adopted a practice which we still find peculiar to a season when nature bursts its imprisonment for the coming pleasures of spring."

The same idea is expressed by Tennyson as by other poets with little variation—when he says:

"In the spring the young man's fancy,
Lightly turns to thoughts of love."

The famous old ballad of "Valentine and Orson," which is founded on one of the earliest attempts at romance in the French, commences with a union of the opening of spring (of course in a southern latitude) and the invocation of St. Valentine:

"When Flora 'gins to decke the fields
With colors fresh and fine,
Then holy clerkes their mattins sing
To good St. Valentine." *

It would seem that the customs fell somewhat out of use in the middle of the seventeenth century. Lord North, in his "Forest of Varieties," 1645, says: "The custome and charge of Valentines is not ill left (gone) with many other such costly and idle customs: which by a tacit general consent we lay downe as obsolete." Lord North, however, was a little too emphatic, as was his namesake more than a century later in another opinion—touching the "Rebellion in America." The sports observed on the day in the houses of the nobles and gentry had fallen away, for the reason probably—and for no other reason—that the common people had widely adopted them. But of their extended use Lord North took no heed. Browne, in his *Antiquitates Vulgares*, says of the chief custom: "It is a ceremony never omitted among the vulgar, to draw lots, which they term Valentines, on the eve before Valentine's Day. The names of a select number of one sex are by an equal number of the other put into some vessel; and after that every one draws a name, which for a present is called their Valentine, and is looked upon as a good omen of their becoming man and wife afterward."

Many were the arts by which the blind god and the holy Bishop Valentine were sought to be propitiated at this season, besides the almost universal medium of the *billet doux*, which has chiefly survived to our day. Many there were bordering on the romantic and the superstitious, in which the fair ones—the womanly witchers of the heart—indulged. One was to procure five bay leaves on the night previous to the festival, and to pin a leaf in each corner, and one in the centre of the pillow on which they slept—perchance to dream: ah! there's the rub. If the fair one dreamed of her sweetheart, a marriage was sure to take place before the year was out. The result of the incantations whispered "in confidence" spread

* See Percy Reliques.

quickly and mysteriously. The youths heard that Cynthia had set her heart on Strephon, and the maids also learned that Strephon was marked out by fate and St. Valentine for Cynthia; so both parties, freed from a temptation that was useless, and driven by unanimous consent to each others' society, became partners for life, and thus the charm was fulfilled.

In some instances, to make assurance doubly sure that the maiden should and would dream, an egg was boiled hard, the yolk taken out and its space filled with salt. This was eaten, shell and all, by the seeker after forbidden knowledge, on going to bed, and she was interdicted from drinking or speaking that night on the peril of ruining the charm.

Another custom, which was not without an affecting sensation, bordering almost on terror to the mind of the nervous or superstitious, was to write the names of those who were actually, or supposed to be, "paying attentions" to a maiden, on slips of paper, roll them up in clay, and put them in a basin of water. The first that burst its earthy cerement and rose to the surface was the fated Valentine. This charm was always viewed with deep interest, and the result considered almost final, as conveying the idea that neither earth nor water could keep the suitor from the face of the beloved.

A magazine of 1846 mentions, among other customs, one, the peculiarity of which is noteworthy. It was mentioned in an old English ballad, and directed the girls to pray, cross-legged, to St. Valentine for good luck.

It is a popular error that the custom of sending valentines has either died out or diminished in America. Two years ago it was stated that there had never been a greater demand for them than at that season. A New York evening journal on last Valentine's said: "85,000 for the city and 40,000 for the country are the numbers of the missives of Cupid which passed through the post-office to-day, besides several hundreds of pleasantly suspicious packages, redolent of perfume, evidently enough the fancy valentines of price." An effort to somewhat elevate the character of the "comic" valentine had much to do with the circulation in those years. One house in New York disposed of two millions of this style, the gross price of which was seventy-five cents per gross. The custom of selling on commission is being discarded and the cash system introduced. When sold on commission the dealer returns those not disposed of to the manufacturer, who probably sends him the same valentines the next year; whereas when selling for cash, the manufacturer is constantly stimulated to fresh endeavors, and the article, it is claimed, grows better year after year. This naturally has its effect upon the public, upon whom novelty is all-powerful. The prices of valentines range from five cents to five dollars; while extraordinary ardor on the part of an admirer may be supplied at fifty dollars. Indeed we learn from statistics of a Philadelphia manufacturer that in this year (1873) he sold over $25,000 worth of valentines, one of which was made to order at a cost of $500. The centre piece was an elegant miniature watch and chain, and the outside decorations were principally clusters of jewelry. Last year the same manufacturer exhibited several of the value of $200 each. The valentine season lasts from February 1st to the 20th, but orders are frequently taken as early as September, and the large houses send out canvassers to take orders months beforehand. The people who pay the highest price for these articles are the Southerners, who cling to old customs far more persistently than inhabitants of the North.

While these articles are generally made here, the material is mostly imported, which adds to the cost. Many are really beautiful with their delicate combinations of rose-buds, myrtle leaves and forget-me-nots, pansies and tulips, and gracefully twined among the flowers are the little mottoes so well-remembered by those who have not yet forgotten their childhood. Some of the stanzas which accompany them are taken from the best English and American poets, but by far the greater number unfortunately are not.

It was stated in 1831, as an illustration of the growth of the custom of interchanging written or printed valentines in London, that on St. Valentine's Day two hundred thousand letters beyond the usual daily

average went through the two-penny Post-Office in that city; and in 1867 it was stated, on the authority of the British Post-Office returns, that within the few years previous the letters delivered in England on the love-making anniversary had increased one thousand fold.

It would be interesting to know how this custom fares with us. The statistics of the stationers in New York, Boston, and Philadelphia, who manufacture valentines "comic and sentimental," and the Post-Office returns of the day in these cities would give us some facts upon which to approximate an idea of the number of those who hope to obtain their connubial crowns of glory by the intervention of the martyr whose name has been a sort of synonym for accepted love.

AUNT LIZZIE'S STORY.

BY MARY J. HOFFMAN, AUTHOR OF "AGNES HILTON."

A merry group was gathered in the sitting-room of Aunt Lizzie's pleasant home. The girls, her brother George's daughters, had come to spend the Christmas holidays with her. Her genial ways and dear old stories formed a charm for them that never palled. Her home had not always been in the village of M——. Her father was a farmer, and in the strict routine, unremitting toil, and full and plenty of a farm home had she been reared. As the eldest of a large family, with a feeble mother, cares had early devolved on her, and given her, even in youth, a thoughtful manner, and thrown around her a gentle authority. Her brothers and sisters as they went out from that humble home, and built up and settled in homes of their own, carried grateful memories of their grave, thoughtful sister who had labored and cared for them so faithfully. She never thought of leaving home, she could not be spared; what would they do without her? who would be able to take her place? to watch over her feeble mother who still lingered, to care for her father, to tend the house? These questions, and the answering of them, had put all thought of self out of her mind. So the years passed. At length her father, feeling the cares of a farm becoming too great for his increasing years, rented his farm in Stockport, and moved to the village of M——. Her mother had died the year before, but a widowed sister and her two children, girl and boy, came to share their village home. Aunt Lizzie was the same tidy, neat, and thorough housekeeper, and to her sister and her children, the same thoughtful and beneficent friend. Here her sisters and brothers, from their own comfortable, and, some of them, wealthy homes, gathered to the annual home reunions, and here the children of each dearly loved to come and spend a few days together in the glad Christmas times. Aunt Lizzie was sure to give them a warm welcome, and with her neat, tasteful rooms, comfortable meals, and old mementos carefully saved, around which clustered many a precious history of the past, make the time glide delightfully by.

It had been a cold, blustering day, and as the evening came on the wind whistled more shrilly round the house, and rattled the window blinds as if determined to get in and warm itself at the glowing stove. Grandfather was seated in his comfortably padded chair on one side of the stove, watching, with the pleased, childish air of old age, the gambols of a couple of kittens on the rug. Mrs. Ashly, his widowed daughter, and Aunt Lizzie had just come in from the kitchen and taken their seats near the table drawn into the middle of the room. The astral lamp shed its mild rays over them, giving a more youthful glow to the fair round face of the widow, and bringing out in bold relief the silver hair of dear Aunt Lizzie. The sisters did not in the least resemble each other. Aunt Lizzie was tall and slender with a slight, delicate frame, spare-faced, with rather sharp features, whose natural asperity was softened by a pair of mild, loving gray eyes; her complex-

ion was exceedingly fair, and in youth her hair had been sandy; but it had gradually faded lighter and lighter till now in her sixtieth year she was crowned with a silver wreath. Mrs. Ashly was a plump little body with a round dimpled face, brown eyes, hair of the same hue, and fine brunette complexion. Mrs. Ashly quietly threaded her needle and knotted her thread, while Aunt Lizzie unrolled her knitting, and glanced round the comfortable room.

"Come, girls," she said, speaking to a couple near one of the windows, "it is too cold to be there; move up nearer to the stove, and enjoy its warmth."

"We are not cold, Aunt Lizzie," they answered, "but if you will let us come up to the table we will gladly change our present quarters."

"Come up by all means."

Permission thus granted, they and the others, Jane, Lottie and Belle joining them, drew up their chairs and formed a circle about her.

"Oh, Aunt Lizzie," they chorused, "if you would only tell us a story; one of your stories?"

"But what one shall I tell you?"

"Any; we don't care what, only that it be something of the time you lived on the farm up in Stockport." Aunt Lizzie paused in her knitting, and leaned her head reflectively on her hand. Just then the wind gave a wilder shriek than ever round the house. "How much," she thoughtfully said, "this day reminds me of a time on the farm some forty years ago. We had had a long spell of fine weather, and father, then a hale hearty man in the prime of life, and the boys had improved it well in getting up the winter's wood, husking corn, and butchering. The fall's work done, and the winter affairs attended to, the boys had begun to go to school, but the weather soon changed, the snow fell steadily for several days, and then the wind came up whirling the snow in all directions, and perfectly blocking up the roads. The boys coming from school one evening had hard work to make their way home, and were nearly perished with the piercing cold. Father had the chores done, so all they had to do was to gather round the stove and warm themselves.

"After supper they reported themselves all right again. The table cleared, the stand was brought out and placed near the stove; grandmother opened Josephus's history, and began in her clear, strong, and musical voice to read aloud. It happened to be where Nebuchadnezzar set up the golden image, and commanded that all at the sound of the trumpet should fall down and worship it, threatening to cast into a fiery furnace those that refused to do it; and Daniel's kinsmen, in consequence of their refusal, being cast into the furnace, and miraculously saved.

"This had always deeply affected us; Catholics away from the Church and its sacraments, away from those of our own faith, we had felt all theloneliness and desolation of the poor Jews in the land of their captivity away from their loved Jerusalem and its holy temple. We were away from our loved land and its churches.

"Of course, dear children, you know I do not mean that Ireland was my land. Mother was born there, but father was of another race, and, till his happy conversion, another creed, and the Babylon that sickened my soul with its loneliness and desolation was in reality the land of my birth. But as the children born in bondage loved the land of their parents, and listened with delight to their oft-repeated tales till they felt their eyes had been blessed with the sight of the dear places, till they knew them all and loved them, and loved the faith that built them up with a love stronger than death, so had we listened to grandmother's and mother's stories and instructions till our hearts turned to the blessed faith that made Ireland the storehouse of holy memories, and it became in a measure our birthplace too, the land of our best and earliest affections. And as the months and years passed, and we only once in awhile, and by long and weary miles, got to church and saw a priest, what a deep unutterable longing took possession of our souls."

"Did you never want to go to the Protestant churches around you?" asked one of her nieces, a bright, joyous-looking girl.

"No, my child, never. The people around us were kind and good, but we were not one of them; we were different; they felt it as well as we, and though we were on neigh-

borly terms in the business transactions of life, there was no warm friendship between us. They respected us, and let us alone, and we did the same to them. Sometimes, in the excitement of an awakening or revival, they would grow icily cold to us; and when, the excitement over, they thawed a little, we felt the gulf between us had deepened and widened. They looked on our firm adherence to our holy faith as the effect of a churlish obstinacy, while we knew we were only doing our duty. We were not through human complacency to yield an iota of our faith. This, grandmother and mother in their strong earnest piety had impressed upon us. If we gave the devil an inch he would exact an ell; if we denied our Blessed Saviour before men, he would deny us before his Father in heaven. These words burned into our very souls, making us shudder and shrink at the thought of doing anything contrary to the strict rules of our Church. If the world's contempt was pointed at us on account of our faith, we must submit to it; if we lacked the comforts of a warm, congenial friendship, and were left stranded and alone because we could not by weak conciliations tamper with the sanctities of our holy religion, we must be brave and strong, and not mind it. By and by in our Father's home we would be rewarded. So we tried to act, to feel; but I tell you, children, in spite of our bravery, with the warm, glad impulses of youth reaching out to fellowship and sympathy, we often suffered keenly. That night with the wild storm raging around us, the winds shrieking, and the snow whirling against the windows, we felt the isolation more terribly then. I remember, as I sat and listened to grandmother's voice, how like a corroding tooth the loneliness eat into my very heart. As the evening wore on the cold became more intense. 'God help the wayfarer on this wild night,' grandmother exclaimed, closing her book, and looking with a troubled air at the frost-covered panes. 'Sure,' said mother, 'no one would venture out such a night as this.' 'No one,' returned father, 'but those that were obliged to.' 'Then God help them,' mother answered, 'such a night is enough to make the stoutest heart quail.' Just at that moment, above the voice of the storm, there came a loud rap at the door. It was so unexpected, so untimely I might say, that it startled us all. Mother's pale face waxed paler than ever.

"Father instantly rose, went to the door, and opened it. A stranger covered with snow, and so benumbed with cold that he stumbled rather than walked, came in. 'I saw your light from your window and thanked God for it,' were his first words. He stood so that the door remained opened; he seemed bewildered and hardly knew what he was about. 'Come in, come in,' said father, taking his hand and leading him farther in, and closing the door. Then he began to remove his snowy cloak and comforter. He was soon relieved of his outward wrappings, and stood before us a small, delicate-framed man with a pure, earnest face. 'Thank God and his holy Mother you saw our light. It was none too soon,' grandmother exclaimed, rising and offering him her own cushioned chair. He turned a quick glance upon her.

"'You are Catholics?' he said. 'We are, thank God,' she answered. He folded his hands and looked up; his lips moved as if in prayer, then looking round upon us standing up, for we had involuntarily risen about him, he said: 'And I am a priest; I am Father Dennis.' Oh, my children, you can't think how these words thrilled our ears.

"We knew the priest in U—— was dead, that another had come to fill his place; we had heard his name, it was Father Dennis, but we had never seen him, and now he stood before us. A priest in our far-off country home! a priest sent to us out of the wild storm! From the howling winds, driving snow and piercing cold he dropped into our very midst. Father seized both his hands in his and warmly welcomed him; mother, in her overpowering gladness, was unable to say a word. I at once set about getting him a meal. Seeing what I was doing, he declared he could not eat till his faithful horse was seen to. Then he hurriedly told us that he was on a return from a sick call to Peterson, some five miles beyond us, that the storm overtook him as he began to climb the hill, his sleigh had been imbedded in the snow before a house that stood right by the highway, and which seemed uninhabited;

it was dark, locked, and, to his repeated raps, no answer had been returned. We at once knew it was the school-house. He then unhitched the horse, and tried to get on, hoping to find some shelter; he reached a couple of trees that stood together, and here his horse stumbled and fell. He succeeded in getting him up, but could not get him a step farther. Here he thought he would have to try to pass the night when the light from our windows gave him new courage, and leaving his poor horse and taking his valise, made for it as fast as his benumbed limbs would let him. 'And here,' he added, a glow of gratitude lighting his thin face, 'I found my faithful children only too glad to welcome their Father to their warm comfortable home.' Father and the boys, taking a lantern and wrapping up well, went out at once in quest of the horse. By the time they came back with the report that the horse was well cared for in the stable, the priest had eaten his supper, the table was again cleared, and we were listening to his kind, gentle voice telling us how happy he had left the poor sick man he had been called to see. He was only lately come to Peterson, and his heart was nearly broken to be stricken with sickness among strangers, away from the church, the priest, and the sacraments. One of his neighbors, a Protestant, pitying his desolation, had come for him. He was away on another sick call, and did not see him, but he left word where he was to go, and as soon as he got home, he hastened to him. The kind Samaritan was there to see him, and had a very serious conversation with him on the subject of his religion."

"Was he ever converted, Aunt Lizzie?"

"In after years he was, and now one of his sons is an earnest, zealous priest himself. His charity, you see, brought its reward. We could have listened all night to Father Dennis's words, but we saw, notwithstanding his enthusiasm, he was greatly exhausted; therefore father proposed an adjournment, as he good-naturedly called it, till morning, and showed Father Dennis to the little spare bedroom just back of the kitchen. The next morning you may be sure we were up betimes. We were all to go to confession, Mass was to be offered up, and we were all to receive Holy Communion, and then the baby, Aunt Annie here, was to be baptized.

"Were not these great and wonderful privileges? I could not sleep thinking how we had been favored, and what a blessing the wild storm had brought us. The night seemed long, I thought it would never end, never be morning. At last I heard father softly walking about in the kitchen; it was only a little after 4 o'clock, but I gladly rose, and descended from my little perch in the garret-like chamber. The boys soon made their appearance; grandmother was up too. 'I was just a-going to call you, children,' she whispered, 'so you could read your prayer-books before chore time. Here they are!' she said, handing them to us, 'and now turn to the prayers before confession!' We took them, and knelt down before the stand, father saw to the fire, grandmother snuffed our candle, and like our good angel watched over us, anticipating our every want. Once when I glanced up at the window, through which a cold draft seemed to come, she softly rose from her knees—for she was at her prayers too—and going on tiptoes into her room, came back with a shawl and gently wrapped it round me. Poor Willie looked terrified; he had never been to confession before, and now he hung his head in fear and shame. Grandmother took his hand, and whispered such brave, loving words in his ears that Willie's courage came back, and he looked more at ease."

"You and father," said Belle, "had been to confession?"

"Yes," Aunt Lizzie answered, "we had made our first communion the year before, the last time we had been to Mass."

"The last time!"

"Yes, children, the last time. And not so long as it often and often happened in those years. Consider how far we had to go, over thirty miles, and that by roads rough and difficult, and at certain times of the year almost impassable. It was not then the easy matter to go to Mass it now is. Churches were few and far between, and priest and people alike had a hard time of it."

"But they never felt discouraged or like giving up?"

"No, child, never. The faith in their hearts never faltered: like a bright light it

shone before them lighting up the dark place and enabling them to go on, however difficult the way. As the clock struck five, mother, Susie, and little Maggie came in, and at once went to their prayers. Susie and Maggie, like Willie, had never been to confession, but, unlike him, they appeared to feel no dread, rather a deep, subdued joy. Susie was eleven, Maggie only nine."

"But did they know their catechism, Aunt Lizzie?"

"Yes, every word of it. We had only one catechism in the house, and I won't be sure they had ever looked into it. This catechism had crossed the ocean, it was old, well preserved, and prized as a precious relic; but grandmother and mother by word had taught them all, taught us every word of it, so that we knew it as we did our prayers, without exactly knowing when we learned it, or whether or not we were not born with every word of it stamped on our hearts. You don't remember, children, when you learned the 'Our Father,' 'Hail Mary, 'Apostle's Creed,' 'Confiteor,' 'Acts,' and 'Memorare to Our Blessed Lady'?'

"No, Aunt Lizzie, we have known them ever since we can remember. It seems, as you say, we must have been born knowing them."

"Just so it was with our catechism: question and answer we knew it all; at least the first chapters, the first part. It was not long before the priest, looking fresh and rested, came into the kitchen.

"He had been up for sometime; we heard him in his little room when he first rose. He knelt with us awhile, then drew up a chair, a little distance from the stand and seated himself. Father was the first to go to confession, then mother, grandmother, then myself, after me Susie and Maggie, and lastly George and Willie. Poor Willie! again his courage failed him, and grandmother had to lead him up. But not one of us was so happy after."

"And I believe, Aunt Lizzie, that happiness has never left him to this day. You know what a light, joyous heart he has, and how everything seems to prosper in his hands."

"Yes, he has been very successful in business, and has great buoyancy of spirit, but then he was a wild, mischief-loving boy. Father used to be greatly worried about him; he was afraid he would grow up a reckless fellow. That blessed morning seemed the turning-point in his life. Immediately after the confessions Father Dennis stepped to the table, opened his valise, and soon an altar rose up before us. Mother's brass candlesticks, shining like burnished gold, were placed upon it, lighted candles were put in them. Father Dennis robed himself, and Mass commenced. The storm had not in the least abated, the winds howled round the house, the snow whirled and dashed against the windows blocking up the whole of the lower sash, the beams and rafters cracked from the contraction caused by the intense cold; but with all the warring of the elements without, there, under that humble roof, the Adorable Sacrifice of Peace and Propitiation was offered up. At the consecration it seemed the storm paused in its wrath and grew silent, there was a hush, a solemn stillness; and when the priest turned and with extended arm pronounced the absolution just before communion, I almost felt I could hear the rustle of angels' wings over the altar. It was the most impressive moment in my whole life; never in all the years that have passed have I forgotten the joy that thrilled my whole being. The moment, dear children, of holy communion is always and under every circumstance a most impressive moment. We receive into the poor little habitation of our hearts a God whose immensity fills the universe. In his infinite love he comes to bless, to comfort, to strengthen us on our way. But we lived so far from the church, that to approach the Blessed Sacrament, to be present at the Holy and Adorable Sacrifice, we were obliged to go many miles, and put up with all manner of fatigue; and now, without stirring from the door, in our own home, by our warm hearth the priest was there offering up Mass, and we were going to communion. O children! I wept then in gratitude, and my eyes now fill when I think of the exceeding favor shown us after our years of loneliness and desolation."

Aunt Lizzie paused overcome by her emotion. In a little while, having regained her composure, she quietly resumed:—

"Immediately after the Mass Annie was

baptized, I standing godmother and Father Dennis godfather to her. Then father and the boys did the chores at the barn while I got breakfast. By the time it was ready they came in, and we sat down to it. What a pleasant meal it was! Father, mother, grandmother, and Father Dennis did the talking, and I and the children were so happy listening to their words. There was no stirring out that day, or the next, but on the third day the storm was over."

"And the priest was at your house all that time?"

"Yes, children, for three days he stayed with us."

"And did he say Mass every morning?"

"Yes, every morning, and through the day, between the times of his saying his prayers and reading, he talked to us, and gave us such blessed lessons. I remember among other things what he said about our feelings of loneliness for our spiritual desolation. He said these feelings were very natural, and to a certain extent not wrong, but, indulged in too much, they were apt to lead to dissatisfaction and murmurings against the decrees of our dear Lord; that a 'Maker's will had placed us here, a Maker wise and good,' and while we loved and reverenced with our whole hearts his holy Church, we must not murmur that we were so far from it. We must not only be firm in adherence to our holy faith, but our firmness must be marked by a cheerfulness that showed our love and confidence in God. With a true love and confidence in God we would will what he willed, and never let the pesce and tranquillity of our hearts be destroyed by vain and useless repinings. That these repinings weakened us, and might at last lead to downright bitterness, and from bitterness to o en revolt. I shuddered as he said it; among his listeners I felt none had been in greater danger than myself, none had felt so lonely, and in that loneliness at times so bitter. I begged him to pray for me. He said he would, and he would ask and implore our Blessed Lady to obtain for me in all the vicissitudes of life the grace to be resigned to the will of our dear Lord. And I believe he did, and that our Blessed Lady interceded for me, for since then I have, thank God, enjoyed a greater degree of inward peace."

"But he left your house on the third day?"

"Yes; the storm over, the neigbors with father and the boys cleared the roads through the fields, and, giving us his blessing, he bade us good-by. Father and the boys in our own sleigh went with him as far as the village of Versy seven miles from us. There they too parted from him."

"Did you ever see him again?"

"Yes; the next summer when we went to Mass he was there, and gave us a warm welcome. The year after he was sent to another mission; and a few years after we heard that the earnest laborer in the vine-yard of our Lord was called home to his blessed reward."—Aunt Lizzie's words ceased, and a silence fell on the little group.

Grandfather sometime before had retired to his room where his grandson Willie was laboriously writing to his uncle William to thank him for the pearl-handled, four-bladed knife he had sent him. To show it was a gift be fully appreciated, I will merely state he had two fingers tied up, and a third in a somewhat damaged condition. But then he had a splendid box of kindlings, and his knife was as good as ever.

HER VOICE.

I.

There's music ever floating round my brain.
  Breaking its ripples on my anxious ears;
That, like a sceptic hearing heavenly strain,
  For the first time honors the grand truth he hears;
There is a dreamy joyance in the sound,
  A cheering warble as of birds at noon,
While all are on a saddened cadence wound;
  Making a beaded rosary of tune!

II.

My soul uptakes it in its misty hands;
  And counting out the tuneful beads in pray'r,
Roams through the cloisters of its thought, and stands
  A willing holocaust to music there!
It longs to leave the body on the notes,
  And wander upward, as on sounding wings;
Yet sighs to think, when it in music floats,
  It cannot thank her who the glory brings.

John Savage.

ANECDOTES OF THOMAS MOORE.

Through the influence of the Earl of Moira in 1803 Moore received an appointment which took him from the British Isles to the isle of Bermuda—that "still vexed Bermoothes," with which one of Shakespeare's most beautiful romances is associated. Moore's association with it was unfortunately not so romantic, although his coming to the Western Hemisphere was not altogether without good results. Leaving a deputy to discharge the duties of his Registrarship in Bermuda, the poet proceeded on a tour through the United States and Canada. The deputy defaulted, and involved the official in serious financial troubles, which were not finally settled until nearly twenty years afterward; while the American tour developed some of the strongest characteristics of the poet.

Observation of and communion with Nature in a variety of grand, romantic, and picturesque localities on sea and land strengthened his mind, and greatly enriched his poetical resources. Several localities have derived fame from his presence or his pen, or both, on this Western tour. The "Calabash Tree" has become historical in Bermuda, while his name is poetically associated with the St. Lawrence, where he sung his "Row, brothers, row;" or saw

> "All its store of inland waters hurled
> In one vast volume down Niagara's steep;"

with "Delaware's green banks," with the Schuylkill, where he "a wanderer roved," with the lake of the dismal swamp in Virginia, and with the Cohoes Falls, where, on a visit many years ago, I was enthusiastically led down a precipitous pathway to a point below, to stand "where Tom Moore stood," and see the cataract as he saw it when he wrote—

> "From rise of morn till set of sun,
> I've seen the mighty Mohawk run."

Moore passed some days in Washington, and was presented to Thomas Jefferson, then President of the Republic. He was introduced by the British minister whose guest he was, and he describes the horror of the formal ambassador waiting in full dress to present his credentials to the great democratic president, who, in "a homely costume, comprising slippers and Connemara stockings," was seated with some general officers similarly attired. To the poet, however, "to have seen and spoken with the man who drew up the Declaration of Independence was," he records, "an event not to be forgotten."

On his return to England Moore published (1806) his Epistles, Odes, and other poems. Amid much that is unpleasant and too keenly satirical in his political allusions to the republic of that day, there is also not a little that was based on truth, even if unpalatable; while his descriptions of natural scenery have been widely applauded for accuracy of delineation and striking beauty of poetical treatment.* In this year occurred the rencontre that, growing out of critical severity, resulted in some sincere friendships. Francis Jeffrey in the *Edinburgh Review* had violently condemned some of the amatory effusions of Moore, and the poet determined to challenge the critic to mortal combat. Preliminaries were arranged for a hostile meeting at Chalk Farm, near London. Moore borrowed his pistols from another bard Spencer, who, if he supplied the bane, also took means to furnish an antidote, by sending the Bow Street officers to prevent the little belligerents from killing each other. In his diary Moor gives the result of the meeting:—

"I must have slept pretty well; for Hume, I remember, had to wake me in the morning, and the chaise being in readiness, we set off for Chalk Farm. Hume had also taken the precaution of providing a surgeon to be within call. On reaching the ground we found Jeffrey and his party already arrived. I say his 'party,' for although Horner

*See Moore's Irish Melodie, National airs, Sacred Songs, etc., with memoir and notes by John Sarage, pp. 15–17.

only was with him, there were, as we afterward found, two or three of his attached friends (and no man, I believe, could ever boast of a greater number), who, in their anxiety for his safety, had accompanied him and were hovering about the spot. And then was it that, for the first time, my excellent friend Jeffrey and I met face to face. He was standing with the bag which contained the pistols in hand, while Horner was looking anxiously around. It was agreed that the spot where we found them, which was screened on one side by large trees, would be as good for our purpose as any we could select; and Horner, after expressing some anxiety respecting some men whom he had seen suspiciously hovering about, but who now appeared to have departed, retired with Hume behind the trees for the purpose of loading the pistols, leaving Jeffrey and myself together. All this had occupied but a very few minutes. We, of course, had bowed to each other on meeting; but the first words I recollect to have passed between us was Jeffrey's saying, on our being left together, 'What a beautiful morning it is!' 'Yes,' I answered, with a slight smile, 'a morning made for better purposes;' to which his only response was a sort of assenting sigh. As our assistants were not, any more than ourselves, very expert at warlike matters, they were rather slow in their proceedings; and as Jeffrey and I walked up and down together, we came once in sight of their operations—upon which I related to him, as rather *á propos* to the purpose, that Billy Egan, the Irish barrister, once said, when, as he was sauntering about in like manner while the pistols were loading, his antagonist, a fiery little fellow, called out to him, angrily, to keep his ground:—'Don't make yourself unaisy, my dear fellow,' said Egan; 'sure, isn't it bad enough to take the dose, without being by at the mixing up?' Jeffrey had scarcely time to smile at this story, when our two friends, issuing from behind the trees, placed us at our respective posts (the distance, I suppose, having been previously measured by them), and put the pistols into our hands. They then retired to a little distance—the pistols were on both sides raised—and we waited for the signal to fire, when some police-officers, whose approach none of us had noticed, and who were within a second of being too late, rushed out from a hedge behind Jeffrey; and one of them, striking at Jeffrey's pistol with his staff, knocked it to some distance into the field, while another, running over to me, took possession also of mine. We were then replaced in our respective carriages, and conveyed crestfallen, to Bow Street."

In a few days Jeffrey acknowledged that much of his revew was exceptionable, and expressing sincere sorrow for having written it, he and Moore became excellent and earnest friends. This was not the end of the matter. It having been stated that the weapons of the duellists only contained powder, Lord Byron took up the suggestion, and spiced his "English Bards and Scotch Reviewers" with it, thus:—

"Can none remember that eventful day,
That ever glorious, almost fatal fray,
When Little's leadless pistol met his eye,
And Bow Street myrmidons stood laughing by?"

Moore's indignation rose commensurately. He denied the statement in the public press, and called Byron to account. The latter, starting for the continent, did not receive the missive, but when he returned Moore renewed his demand. A meeting, not at "ten or fifteen paces," but at Samuel Rogers' table, took place, Thomas Campbell being also present; and a friendship was there initiated which has linked the names of the great poets forever.*

When Byron, in the dedication of his "Corsair," called Moore "the poet of all circles and the delight of his own," he at once anticipated the verdict of posterity, and indicated the fascination exercised by the Irish bard on the society of his own day. A writer in *Belgravia*, Mr. Percy Boyd, presents us with an animated sketch of the poet, which seems to carry with it an assurance of being a "striking likeness at least in one—the so-called society—aspect":—

"A large party was assembled to meet him. I must own to feeling great astonishment at his appearance, as, if his sister was small, he was smaller still—that is, for a man. He was what Charles Dickens would have called a 'mite.' He came into the room on tiptoe, at a sort of run, with his head thrown back; and first he kissed his sister Ellen most affectionately, then he kissed nearly every other pretty girl he could get at. He was soon surrounded, and he sat there chirping and chatting and turning his head about like a pet bird. His manner was delightfully frank, genial, and winning. He was full of the gossip of the day, and looked like a well-to-do little gentleman who had no other occupation except amusing himself. His head was nearly bald, and there was just a fringe of slightly-grizzled hair round the back and the temples. His nose was *retrousse* (cocked). His complexion resembled the color of

* Melodies, etc., with Memoir, p. 17.

a certain apple, with which as a schoolboy I was over-familiar, called a russet brown, with a good tinge of red in it. A soupçon of the same color was visible on the end of the little man's nose; but his head, which he carried in a slanting direction, was very good, and his eye was large, liquid, lustrous, and full of intelligence. He had a large double eye-glass, which he carried suspended round his neck by a black ribbon, and made frequent use of. I cannot remember how he was dressed; but when I met him, as I did on many subsequent occasions, his attire was peculiar. He wore a large olive-green surtout coat, a blue neckcloth, and a white hat sat very much back upon his head. In society it was almost impossible to get at him; for he was generally the centre of a perfect galaxy of petticoats. All the prettiest women seemed to fondle and caress him, and treat him much as they would a large wax doll; but when he sang, as he did on that particular evening, two of his favorite melodies, the 'Last Rose of Summer' and 'Oft in the Stilly Night,' there was a vibration, flutter, and a tendency to hysterical emotion instantly perceptible, such as I have never observed in any other audience except that of Mr. Robertson in his chapel at Brighton. I cannot attempt to describe either the singing or its electrical effect; but I could perfectly well understand the meaning of a story which I remember reading in the 'Memoirs of Sir Jonah Barrington,' of how a certain lady of quality, hearing the little man warbling one of his love ditties, laid her hand upon his arm and said: 'For heaven's sake, Moore, stop, stop! this is not for the good of my soul!' Earl Russell, in his 'Memoirs,' says Moore was the most brilliant man he ever met. I suppose he was right; but this brilliancy was concealed by a manner which, if you did not know who he was, would have led to an entirely different conclusion. He was flippant, restless, and seemed never at ease except when he was the centre of observation. Looking at him, I could not for the life of me bring myself to believe that this was the individual who had inspired Byron with the famous lines:

> 'My boat is on the shore,
> And my bark is on the sea;
> But before I go, Tom Moore,
> Here's a double health to thee.'

"Yet there he was, hopping about, whispering pretty nothings into the willing ears of Hibernian beauties, and comporting himself much like a boy let loose from school. I could no longer wonder at the Prince Regent's proposal, at one of the Carlton House banquets, to put him into a punch-bowl, which secured the poet's lasting resentment; but I did wonder how he contrived to inspire so many great men with such an affectionate interest and regard. He was in prodigious request in that time, I remember, in Dublin. The Marchioness of Normandy used to send her carriage to fetch him out for airings in the Phœnix Park, and he was continually receiving invitations to dine with the Lord Lieutenant, or Lord Morpeth, then the Secretary. A covered car, which is a species of conveyance peculiar to Dublin, used to fetch him to these entertainments, about which he was constantly making mistakes; for instance, going to dine with the Chief Secretary when he had been invited to dine with the Lord Lieutenant, forgetting the date of the invitation, dropping in on a day when he was not expected, and making all sorts of strange blunders. In all the relations of private life Mr. Moore's conduct was unexceptionable; a better husband, a kinder father, never existed; and he allowed his only sister, at whose house I made his acquaintance, out of his own slender income, sufficient for her comfortable support. But in his children he was peculiarly unfortunate. His eldest son—for whom, by dint of great sacrifices, he purchased a company in the English army—lost his commission by extravagance, and died at Algeria in the French service. The second lost his health in India, and came home to Sloperton to die. His only daughter, while in the act of kissing her hand to him as he was going out to dine at Lord Lansdowne's, fell over the balusters and was killed. Thus perished all his hopes, and he died at last in his own house in the arms of his faithful wife, having outlived even his own brilliant intellect."

The visitors to Dublin may see the little grocer's shop where Moore was born; it is on the right hand side of Augier street, and is, I believe, a grocer's shop to this day. He will also see a statue of the poet, which I cannot think does him justice, within the enclosure in front of Trinity College. He may read his voluminous prose writings and his many poems; but no one who has not heard the poet sing them can form the remotest conception of the charm of these wonderful melodies, which, as long as music married to immortal verse has power over the mind, must continue to enchant and delight the world. They have been translated into every living language. The writer of this paper in his early life thought those songs perfectly matchless. Age and tolerably wide experience have not altered that opinion. He asked the poet to write him one in his own hand. Mr. Moore asked him which he would prefer, and on being told the "Minstrel Boy,"

wrote it immediately on a sheet of letter paper, saying at the time—"Well, I think it is about the best of them."

Moore's hands were singularly beautiful, and he was so extremely careful about their preservation from any kind of stain that he always wore a pair of kid gloves when he was writing. In the throes of composition it was his habit to nibble at the ends of these until the tip of each finger was bitten quite through. These trophies were preserved by his sister Ellen with affectionate solicitude, and became the object of immense competition among the numerous circle of her lady friends. The last time I ever saw the poet he was going into a hatter's shop—Locke's, I think—at the foot of St. James's Street. I followed him to see if he would remember me, and I found him in the act of having his white hat dressed by the shopman. He turned round as he went out at the door; pointing westward, "They are all gone," he said, "every friend I had in the world; I am like a stranger now in a strange land." Those were the last words I ever heard him speak, and as he uttered them the tears came into his eyes. He had a dazed appearance at the time, as if his intellectual faculties had begun to give way; which, indeed, I learned afterward, was really the case.

It is, if we mistake not, S. C. Hall the veteran *littèrateur*, who gives us a more considerate view of Moore. It is Moore the man—Moore the poet in his *own* home, and not the pet of society he beholds; and we gratefully look at the man and the poet, and the home he was the life of, through Mr. Hall's vision. Our reading of Moore's life has led us to the conclusion that Moore was every way worthy of his great reputation and good fortune: "for besides being eminent as a poet he is equally entitled to respect as a man, irreproachable in his domestic relations, as son, husband, and father, of amazing industry, manly integrity, and chivalric devotion to principle, honor, and friendship." It is therefore with additional pleasure we contemplate this home picture of the poet:—

"How little do we know of the inner life of the author with whose works we are familiar, every line. Those who read the brilliant Melodies of the poet Thomas Moore, give but small heed to the man as he was at home. Simple as a child, and as easily pleased as a child with a toy; sympathizing ever and with everything; sensitive as are all whose 'spirits are finely strung,' and to 'fine issue;' generous in thought, and word, and act; seeking and finding pleasure in all the common things of earth, 'the meanest flower that blows;' gracious to all within his reach—to the humble even more than the lofty; independent, as much so as any man who ever lived; never borrowing, never incurring 'pecuniary obligations;' never requiring luxuries, never possessing even a pony carriage; residing in either lodgings or a dwelling small and inexpensive, and rendered endurable by 'order' and taste; he preserved his self-respect; bequeathing no property, but leaving no debts; having had no 'testimonial' of acknowledgment or reward—seeking none and avoiding any; sacrificing what would have been to him wealth, from a point of honor; and never lending to 'party' that which was meant for mankind;' his career from the beginning to the close was a continued struggle with 'straitened means' that were at times embarrassment; yet there was not only no sale of, but no 'bid' for, that true nobility of soul which he kept unblemished from the cradle to the grave. There is no blot upon his name; no word of reproach can be written on the stone which covers 'the earth that wraps his clay.' No marvel that such a man should have been loved to idolatry in his own immediate circle. But 'society' knew nothing of all this; and the readers of his poetry know as little. There are, however, a few by whom the memory of Thomas Moore is cherished in the heart of hearts; to whom the cottage at Sloperton will be a shrine while they live; and the village church, the spire of which is seen from the gravelled walk—his 'terrace-walk' he used to call it—a monument better loved than that of any of the other sons of genius by whom the world is enlightened, delighted, and refined."

ALONE.

BY THE LATE JOSEPH BRENNAN.*

I.

Here, in my cell, the bitter tears are falling thick and fast—
While throng around my lonely heart the memories of the Past.
My schoolboy plans, my bubble schemes, have fled at Fortune's beck,
And, like some stranded mariner, I contemplate the wreck.
The hearts I loved now cold in earth—the hopes I cherished, gone—
My air-built castles swept away—the goal I sought unwon;
No hand to clasp, no heart to press—no fond familiar tone—
Alas! the Past has clutched them all: I am alone, alone!

II.

Here, in my solitary cell, I press my aching brow;
The world is rolling on outside—I catch its murmur now.
Young minds are planning daring schemes, young hearts are beating high,
They breast the hill where Peace is throned—they climb, to fall as I.
The stream of Life is rolling still above the countless graves,
And lusty Youth strikes boldly forth, exulting in its waves.
Ah! Youth, when it has swum to age, will find the joyance gone—
'Twill learn the lesson taught to me, and feel itself alone.

III.

Alone! it is a fearful thing to be alone on earth—
To have no voice to cheer your grief—no heart to share your mirth—
To feel your soul engirt by wrongs, which shut it from its kind,
While ghastly thoughts like spectres rise, and haunt the widowed mind.
Alone! the Saint of olden time upon his column hight
Could meet the rain, the cloud, the storm—the anger of the sky;
And nothing wrung from his stern heart a single tear or groan,
But that one thought—that blasting thought—that he was there alone.

IV.

Alone! it hath a thrilling sound, as if a spirit cried!
It is the knell of glorious hopes which all too early died;
It is the dirge of royal thought which filled my youthful brain—
In it that wondrous lyre, the heart, gives forth its dying strain.
Even as it sounds the bitter tears are falling thick and fast,
While throng around my lonely heart the memories of the Past.
Yet, 'mid the ruins of my hopes, which soared unto the sun—
I feel a stern and gloomy pride in being thus ALONE.

* Written in Kilmainham Prison, near Dublin, while incarcerated for participation in the national movement in 1848.
† St. Simon Stylites.

FAMOUS MEMORIES OF THE MONTH.

SAINT BRIDGET, PATRONESS OF IRELAND—CANDLEMAS — DANIEL BOONE, THE FOUNDER OF KENTUCKY—GEORGE WASHINGTON.

"St. Bridget was born at Fochard, in Ulster, soon after Ireland had been blessed with the light of faith. She received the religious veil in her youth, from the hands of St. Mel, nephew and disciple of St. Patrick. She built herself a cell under a large oak, thence called Kill-dara, or cell of the oak; living, as her name implies, the bright, shining light of that country by her virtues. Being joined soon after by several of her own sex, they formed themselves into a religious community, which branched out into several other nunneries throughout Ireland; all which acknowledged her for their mother and foundress, as in effect she was of all in that kingdom. But a full account of her virtue has not been transmitted down to us, together with the veneration of her name. Her five modern lives mention little else but wonderful miracles. She flourished in the beginning of the sixth century, and is named in the Martyrology of Bede, and in all others since that age. Several churches in England and Scotland are dedicated to God under her name, as, among others, that of St. Bride in Fleet-Street, London; several also in Germany, and some in France. Her name occurs in most copies of the Martyrology which bears the name of St. Jerome, especially in those of Esternach and Corbie, which are most ancient. She was commemorated in the divine office in most churches of Germany, and in that of Paris, till the year 1607, and in many others in France. One of the Hebrides, or Western Islands which belong to Scotland, near that of Ila, was called, from a famous monastery built there in her honor, Brigidiani. A church of St. Brigit, in the province of Athol, was reputed famous for miracles, and a portion of her relics was kept with great veneration in a monastery of regular canons at Aburnethi, once capital of the kingdom of the Picts, and a bishopric, as Major mentions.* Her body was found with those of SS. Patrick and Columba, in a triple vault in Downpatrick, in 1185, as Giraldus Cambrensis informs us:† they were all three translated to the cathedral of the same city; but their monument was destroyed in the reign of king Henry VIII.‡ The head of St. Bride is now kept in the church of the Jesuits at Lisbon."§

Such is the epitomization of the life and labors of the holy patroness of Ireland given by Alban Butler. Other biographies present some edifying details, from which we may glean a few pages which at once show the estimation in which St. Bridget was held by her contemporaries, and briefly illustrate the history of her time.

Before monasteries or nunneries were formed, it was usual for the nuns solemnly consecrated by the bishops to live with their relatives and friends. They subsequently established great communities, and began to observe strict enclosure in accordance with the spirit of their vocation. This fact accounts for the journeying of St. Bridget and her associates through various parts of Ireland.

While St. Bridget was founding her cells and houses in Connaught, Benignus, the immediate successor of St. Patrick, died (468), and was succeeded in the primacy by Jarlath. About this period Ireland began to be celebrated for its ecclesiastical seminaries, amongst the most famous of which were those of Armagh, Ardagh, Louth, and Elphin. There were communities of pious women prior to the time of St. Bridget, but it does not appear that there were more than two, one at Tyrone, and another near Armagh. "It would seem as if God had specially re-

* Major de Gestis Scotor. l. 2. c. 14.—† Topogr. Hibern. dist. 3. c. 18. Camden, &c.—‡ Camden.—§ Boland. p. 112 and p. 941. t. 1. Februarii.

served for St. Bridget the grand work of founding monasteries for the women of her native land,—monasteries that were destined to leave imperishable names in the annals of Irish ecclesiastical history."

The piety of chieftains and princes endowed her house at Kildare with grants of land for its maintenance, and enabled the Abbess to exercise her love of charity to the poor. On one occasion she relieved the necessities of the indigent by bestowing on them some valuable sacerdotal vestments which were used on the most solemn occasions. Her hospitality to strangers and religious was unlimited, and her humility such that she tended the flocks in the fields. The city of Kildare had its origin in the multitudes who came from all parts of Ireland to confer with her in trouble, to receive her hospitality, or to be edified by the example of her Christian life. The number of applicants for admission to her house became so great that she was compelled to enlarge her first foundation. The needs of the faithful of the new city necessitated the appointment of a bishop.

Cogitosus, the nephew of St. Bridget, gave a description of the church of Kildare, which is sufficient evidence of the admirable manner in which the Catholic ritual was observed in the days of our saint. During the lifetime of St. Bridget, all the Irish princes with one exception had embraced Christianity. This exception was Lugaid, son of the monarch Leogaire, who had withstood the preaching of St. Patrick. Lugaid was killed by lightning in the year of our Lord, 508. The name of Christ was now glorified throughout the whole island; temples, seminaries, and monasteries were springing up everywhere, and nothing remained of the old superstitions.

The institutions of St. Bridget were now to be found in every part of Ireland. Her life was an uninterrupted series of holy acts, and she seems to have occupied herself entirely in promoting the good of others. The most eminent persons of her day corresponded with her, and consulted her on weighty matters. St. Ailbe took counsel with her on religious affairs. Gildas, who preached Christianity to the Britons, sent her a present of a bell cast by himself. St. Brendan, whose seven years' voyages are so famous, visited her and conferred on religion before he sailed from Brandan bay. Having lived seventy-four years, St. Bridget died at Kildare on the 1st February, about the year 523. Her memory was universally revered, not only by the Irish, but throughout the entire Western Church. Hector Boethius says: "She was celebrated amongst the Scots, Picts, Irish, nay, and even amongst the English. After Mary, the Mother of Christ, the Irish were always wont to invoke St. Bridget." Giraldus Cambrensis, the chronicler of the Norman invasion of Ireland, in describing a manuscript of the Gospels which he himself saw in Kildare, testified to the piety and civilization of the Irish at the period we have been illustrating. "It contains," says he, "as many pictures as pages, and the longer I look on it the more I am overwhelmed with admiration: a work like this required the persevering assiduity of an angelic hand."

The Cathedral of Downpatrick was adorned with exquisite marble statues of the three tutelar saints of Ireland, but in the reign of Henry VIII, A. D. 1538, Grey, the lord deputy, invaded Ulster, plundered and burned the cathedral and town. His soldiers broke and defaced the statues of Saints Patrick, Bridget, and Columbkill.

One of the Hebrides, or Western Isles of Scotland, was named Brigidiani, from a famous monastery erected there in honor of St. Bridget.

CANDLEMAS.

The Purification, commonly called Candlemas Day, is celebrated on the second of February. It was an ordinance of the old law to be observed by all mothers, and associated with ceremonies full of beautiful significance in the new. It is the anniversary of the Presentation of our Lord when an infant by his Mother in the temple. The holy Simeon on that occasion received into his arms the object of all his desires and sighs, and praised God in raptures of devotion for being blessed with the happiness of beholding the so much longed-for Messias. Our Saviour having been conceived by the Holy Ghost, and his blessed Mother always remaining a spotless virgin, she was in reality under no obliga-

tion to the terms of the law, nor within the intent of it. She was, however, within the letter of the law in the eye of the world, who were as yet strangers to her miraculous conception. And her humility making her perfectly resigned, and even desirous to conceal her privilege and dignity, she submitted with great punctuality and exactness to every humbling circumstance which the law required.*

Amidst the crowd of priests and people in the temple the Saviour of the world was known only by Simeon and Anne. Even when he disputed with the doctors, and when he wrought the most stupendous miracles, the learned, the wise, and the princes did not know him. Yet here, whilst a weak, speechless child, carried in the arms of his poor mother, he is acknowledged and adored by Simeon and Anne.†

The procession with lighted tapers, from which this day receives its popular name, is mentioned by Pope Gelasius I, also by St. Ildefonsus, St. Eligius, St. Sophronius, Patriarch of Jerusalem, St. Cyril of Alexandria, etc., in their sermons on this festival. St. Bernard says: "This holy procession was first made by the Virgin Mother, St. Joseph, holy Simeon and Anne, to be afterward performed in all holy places and by every nation, with the exultation of the whole earth."

"Lights," says Alban Butler, "are used by the Church during the celebration of the divine mysteries, while the Gospel is read, and the sacrament administered, on a motive of honor and respect. On the same account lamps burned before the Lord in the tabernacle and temple. Great personages were anciently received and welcomed with lights, as was King Antiochus by Jason and others on his entering Jerusalem. Lights are also expressive of joy, and were anciently used on this account in receiving Roman emperors, and on other public occasions, as at present."‡ The candles are blessed previously to the use of them, because the Church blesses and sanctifies by prayer whatever is employed in the divine service.

As in connection with other principal holidays in the Church, observation in regard to Candlemas became a portion of the popular liturgy, so to speak, which had peculiar significance touching weather, crops, and various phases of domestic life, and was associated with some old customs. The Candlemas prognostications went sometimes by contraries, as dreams are said to go. Fine weather, for instance, on Candlemas is prophetical of a long succession of unseasonably cold days, and necessarily a failure of the crops; while foul weather on that day is a sure promise of bright spring, with a summer to match:

> "If Candlemas Day be dry and fair,
> The half o' Winter's to come, and mair;
> If Candlemas Day be wet and foul,
> The half o' Winter's gone at Yule."

Or, as another version puts it—

> "If Candlemas Day be fair and bright,
> Winter will have another flight;
> But if it be dark with clouds and rain,
> Winter is gone, and will not come again."

This idea is common throughout Europe. In Germany they aver that the badger peeps out of his hole upon Candlemas morning, and if the ground be white with snow, takes his walks abroad; but should the sunshine greet his eyes, he will not venture from his snug abiding-place, being of one mind with the shepherd, who would rather see a wolf enter his fold than the sun upon Candlemas Day. So in Norfolk, England, the proverb goes that a shepherd would prefer seeing his wife on the bier than the sun shining clear upon Candlemas Day; and they firmly believe in the wisdom of the rhymes:

> "On Candlemas Day if the thorns hang a-drop,
> Then you are sure of a good pea-crop."

> "As far as the sun shines in on Candlemas Day,
> So far will the snow blow in afore Old May."

In 1855 a correspondent of *Notes and Queries* announced that the Candlemas prognostication had been verified in Norfolk, if nowhere else, when a spell of rough winter weather was brought to an end by a fair and sunny Candlemas Day. "On the following evening about ten o'clock a thaw suddenly commenced, but on the evening of the 5th frost again set in with increased intensity, which continued uninterruptedly to Feb-

* See, Butler's Lives, vol. II. pp. 21-23.
† Ibid. p. 25.
‡ Ibid. p. 27, etc.

ruary 24, the ice in the 'broads' ranging from eight inches to a foot in thickness."

The Hebrideans observe, or did observe, an odd custom. On Candlemas Day in every house a sheaf of oats was dressed in feminine attire, and laid, with a big club by its side, in a basket called "Brud's bed." Before turning in for the night the mistress and her maids cried in chorus, "Brud is come! Brud is welcome!" If, next morning, an impression of the club was visible in the ashes on the hearth, it was held a sure presage of an abundant harvest and a prosperous year. If the club had not left its mark it was an omen of coming bad times.

DANIEL BOONE THE PIONEER OF KENTUCKY.

With the month of February is associated the name of one of the most gallant adventurers of the olden time in America, Daniel Boone, the pioneer settler of Kentucky; a State which Father Theobald Mathew said was the Ireland of the Union; a State which has added to the historic roll of great names of the Republic many among the noblest of orators, statesmen, soldiers, and wits;—names among which those of Clay Crittenden, Marshall, and Prentice, are everywhere known and appreciated.

Daniel Boone was born in Bucks County, Pennsylvania, February, 1735, the sixth of eleven children.

Early in his boyhood the future pioneer's greatest pleasure was to wander through the woods, studying the habits of the wild animals, and contemplating those natural, uncultivated beauties of which the inhabitants of cities know so little, and can hardly form an idea. It was not hard to gratify a passion for sylvan life in those days, especially around the game-abounding and forest-encircled spot where the Boones then lived —a settlement near Reading.

The settlers lived in fear of Indian assaults; and, while making war on the game, and pursuing his woodland studies, young Boone learned things far more valuable than book-knowledge, of which he got little. He learned self-control, self-possession, promptness—for at the moment he deemed himself most secure, lithe, wily redskins might appear from behind verdant screens and gnarled trunks. Every hour of his woodland life was full of danger. But the danger had glorious compensations.

When Daniel was about eighteen, the Boones removed to North Carolina, and settled in the northwestern part of that State. Here the mighty hunter, having thus far escaped serious hurt from Indian bullets and arrows, was pierced by a sharper dart than any redskin could send. The archer was Cupid; and the young hunter married Rebecca Bryan, whose eyes, tradition says, were once mistaken by him for the soft, bright eyes of a deer, as they peered at him from the thick foliage.

Boone found North Carolina an uncongenial place of residence. The governors were either Scotch or English; they favored their own countrymen. Extortionate taxes, law-fees, snobbish pretensions, and official oppression drove the more independent and simple-living settlers from the place; and when, in 1767, John Finley, a backwoodsman, brought glowing reports of the fertility of Kentucky, which he represented as a happy hunting-ground, Boone drank in his words eagerly. His sons were now old enough to manage the farm, and his Rebecca, a thrifty matron, was fully competent to oversee them. Equipped for a long and perilous journey into the wilderness, he and five companions set out on the 1st of May, 1769, "in quest of the country called Kentucky," as he says in his journal. They encamped on the banks of the Red River.

In December, Boone and Stewart, who had gone out to reconnoitre, reached the main stream of the Kentucky.* Twilight was falling. The travel-weary explorers had just reached the brow of a small hill, and were thinking of a welcome rest when a number of Indians rushed from the dark shade of a thick cane-brake. Having secured all the supplies of the party, the Indians forced them into the cane-brake.

Boone's knowledge of Indian character now proved of great use to him. With stoical self-control he manifested neither fear nor uneasiness, and made no attempt to escape. He must have even deceived his wily captors, for they set no watch on their prisoners during the night. They doubtless

*Kain-tuck-ee, a Shawanese word, signifying "at the head of the river."

intended to adopt them to the tribe. Seven days passed. Boone waited, watched, and acted his part. The Indians treated him and his companions with rude kindness. To run away after such treatment at their hands, would be regarded as an offence never to be forgiven by the savages; but Boone determined to put it to the test, and gain or lose his all.

On the seventh night of his captivity Boone lay apparently asleep by the blazing fire. Anxiously he watched until the Indians one by one had dropped asleep. When the watchful eyes of the redskins no longer gleamed in the firelight, Boone awakened his companion, Stewart, and in a whisper gave his plan. The two secured their guns and a few trifling articles, and made their escape. All night they pursued their stealthy way through the forest and tall canes until they reached the place where the whole party had encamped. But the camp had been plundered. No trace of their associates was ever discovered.

Boone was absent from his family two years, during which time "he tasted neither bread nor salt, nor saw any other human being than his travelling companions and the Indians who had taken him prisoner." At last he returned to North Carolina, sold the farm on the Yadkin river, and persuaded his wife and family to accompany him to Kentucky.

In September, 1773, Daniel and his brother Squire began their journey toward the unknown wilderness. At Powell's Valley, through which they passed, five families and forty armed men joined them. This accession increased both their strength and confidence.

The following is a description of their primitive camping arrangements, as given in Peck's life of Boone: "The camping place is near some spring or water course; temporary shelters are made by placing poles in a sloping position, with one end resting on the ground, the other elevated on forks. On these, tent-cloth, prepared for the purpose, or, as in the case of these pioneers, articles of bed covering are stretched. The fire is kindled in front against a fallen tree or log toward which the feet are placed while sleeping. If the ground is wet, twigs or small branches are laid under the beds. Each family reposes under a separate cover, and the clothing worn by day is seldom removed at night. Provided with such accommodation, Boone and his family never imagined that they were less happy than while reposing in the cabin they had left on the Yadkin."

While on the route several young men in charge of the cattle were attacked by Indians. Six were killed; among these was James, the youngest son of Boone. The main body of the pioneers was five miles ahead, but, hearing the alarm, returned and drove off the Indians. The emigrants were, however, so greatly disheartened by this calamity that they gave up the expedition.

In 1774 Daniel Boone, at the request of Governor Dunmore, was sent into Kentucky to conduct from thence a party of surveyors: an enterprise which he accomplished with much difficulty.

A company was formed in North Carolina for the purpose of purchasing lands in Kentucky, and Boone was made captain of a corps of well armed men who were to ascertain the quality and situation of the tract in question. The difficulties and dangers these men encountered in this attempt to penetrate thick cane-brakes and tangled forests, can scarcely be understood at the present day. Having lost some of their number in skirmishes with the Indians, they at last reached the Kentucky. On the bank of the river they erected a stockade fort, which they named Boonesborough. It appears that, in settling Kentucky, Boone and his followers took no unfair advantage of the Indians, and, in the words of a biographer of Boone, "if in any part of the United States the white people had a fair and equitable right of settlement, it was in Kentucky."

Leaving men to guard the fort and prepare the ground for agricultural purposes, Captain Boone went to bring his wife and family to the infant settlement. Mrs. Boone and her daughter were the first white women that ever stood on the banks of the Kentucky.

The Indians entertained great respect for Boone. This was due to his wonderful tact and self-control, as well as to his prowess as

a hunter. In 1778, he was made prisoner by the Shawanese, and adopted with singular ceremonies by that tribe. During the Revolution he was steadfastly loyal to the cause of freedom.

Boone, although a match for any number of red men, was not equal to the legal quibbles of his own race. On account of imperfect entries and flaws in his title, he was deprived of his lands in Kentucky. Reparation for this loss was afterward made him by Congress in 1814.

Old age did not quench the ardor of this veteran Nimrod. Each year, at the return of the hunting season, he manifested a feverishness which nothing but a range in the wilderness could allay. This remarkable and admirable pioneer backwoodsman died at the age of eighty-six. After his death scarcely a county in Kentucky failed to pay the honors due to the memory of the founder of that State.

A venerable rifle, made in Kentucky in the year 1744, which would make its age 130 years, was lately exhibited by its owner to the editor of the Louisville *Journal*, who honored it with a full column. The maker of the now famous rifle was Jacob Young, but the first owner's name has not been handed down. Sometime in 1750 it came into the possession of Mr. William Whitley, the grandfather of its present owner. William Whitley carried it with him to Kentucky when he went with Boone and the original colonists who invaded the "dark and bloody ground," and built the little fort at Boonesborough. Accompanying the gun was a large powder-horn of beautiful shape, upon which the following verses are carved:

"William Whitley, I am your horn,
The truth I love, a lie I scorn.
Fill me with best of powder,
Ile make your rifle crack the lowder.

"See how the dread, terrifick ball
Make Indians bleed and toreys fall.
You with powder Ile supply
For to defend your Liberty."

The belt to which the horn is attached is heavily ornamented with beads made of the quills of porcupines, which are said to have been killed in Kentucky. This rifle has an interesting history. It figured in the Indian war and in the war of 1812.

WASHINGTON'S DAY.

The greatest national memory connected with the month is undoubtedly the birthday of George Washington.

The mention of "Washington's birthday" instantly calls to mind the great debt due by mankind to the soul which came into the world on this day, one hundred and forty-three years ago. Naturally the name and date springs upon the general mind the story of the Revolutionary War; but the student who would fully appreciate Washington will remember that, great as was the war of Independence, it was an episode in his life—a portion of his biography—and that there was outside of it, in his career, sufficient to have made an enduring reputation for any of his contemporaries. The heirs of his fame, as of his labors, both give us the privilege of paying to the anniversary of his birthday the proud and grateful remembrance which it suggests. In the act we congratulate our generation as well as do honor to the past; and by the act we but carry out the Scriptural proverb: "The memory of the just is with praises, and the name of the wicked shall rot."

Next in importance to the Fourth of July, when the Fathers of the Republic declared the independence of the States, is the 22d of February,—that date which brought to us and to the world the man who, by a wondrous combination of remarkable faculties, heroism and calmness, dignity and decision, justice and generalship, reflective and executive, civil and military capacities, gave to that Declaration an importance beyond any other ink-and-parchment instrument the world has yet seen; who gave to it an active, living spirit, and brought it through the snows and hardships, the sufferings as well as the summers, the whispered jealousies of rival friends, and the roaring cannon of open enemies—through the camp cabals and battle-fields—the charges, retreats, and victories of seven years to ultimate success and immortality.

At the commencement of "Colonial difficulties," great moralists, like Dr. Sam. Johnson, vilified the cause, and noble lords sneered at the Colonists as "rebels and parricides." "The strength of Great Britain can," said Lord Chatham, "in a good

but he came back to suffer agonizing defeat. New York had been left first under the command of Lee, and subsequently of Putnam, both of whom had erected fortifications and established martial regulations.

On the 13th of April, 1776, nearly ten months after his departure, Washington arrived from Boston and established his headquarters at Richmond Hill, where for the first time his wife shared his military life. He placed Greene in command on Brooklyn Heights, where he expected a severe conflict, for which he was in daily preparation. Four small fortifications had been built below St. Paul's Church, and one had been placed on Bayard's Hill, near Bayard Street. Another on the hill near the Jews' burying ground (Chatham Square), and in all ten defensive works were prepared. "We expect a bloody summer in New York and Canada," wrote Washington to his brother Augustine, "and I am sorry to say that we are not, either in men or arms, prepared for it. However, it is to be hoped that if our cause is just, as I most religiously believe, the same Providence which has in many instances appeared for us, will still afford its aid." Richmond Hill was described as "west of Bayard's Woods, and north of the Lispenard Meadows." The spot is now in the neighborhood of Varick street. At the time referred to it was defended by what was called the "Oyster Battery." A conspiracy was detected soon after, whose purpose was to corrupt Washington's body guards and effect his seizure. One of his guards, named Hickey, was convicted and hanged—the execution taking place in a field near the Bowery lane. A terrible crisis seemed to be at hand. On the 29th of June, 1776, the British fleet was descried entering the harbor. On the 9th of July the Declaration of Independence was read at the evening parade of the army, mustering five thousand men, which took place in the Park, and the bells of the city (nineteen in number) were rung in honor of the event. In three weeks the army was summoned to defend that Declaration, and was ferried to what is now Brooklyn, and marched three miles to repel the forces just landed from the British fleet. On the 26th of August the memorable action took place, and the American troops were routed with great slaughter. Washington escaped with the survivors of this bloody day, recrossed to New York, his escape being favored by a fog, during which a company of Marblehead fisherman showed their skill in managing the boats. The army retreated beyond the limits of the city into West Chester, and narrowly escaped capture. Another great calamity befell the American troops at this time, which resulted in the surrender of two thousand of them at the extreme end of the island, the place being still known as Fort Washington. Disheartened at his reverses the Commander-in-chief evacuated the city in September and entered upon a disastrous retreat across New Jersey, thus abandoning the long-cherished hope of retaining the important post of New York. To add to his personal difficulties, when Washington abandoned New York his wife was suffering from small-pox in Philadelphia, and he had no means of learning her condition.

Six years afterward Washington reëntered New York city in triumph, having accomplished the great end for which the war had been waged. George Clinton, Governor of the State, accompanied the victorious army, and the British who had in 1776 driven out the American forces, now peacefully yielded them possession. After the evacuation Washington remained in the city but ten days. He then went to Annapolis, where Congress was in session, and resigned his commission as Commander-in-chief of the Continental army, thus fulfilling not only his own views of duty, but complying with the request made in Livingston's address of welcome, to which we have referred: "Whenever this important contest shall be decided, by that fondest wish of each American soul, you will cheerfully resign this important deposit, and reassume the character of our worthiest citizen."

Nearly six years after this (April, 1789) Washington made his fifth arrival in the city, returning as the President of the new republic, and was received at the foot of Wall Street; on the 30th of that month he was inaugurated, the ceremony taking place in the balcony of the Federal Hall, which stood on the spot now occupied by the Treasury. New York could now boast of Washington as a resident, and for eighteen months he lived in its most aristocratic neighborhood,

now known as Franklin Square—Richmond Hill being at this time occupied by the Vice-President, John Adams. Washington maintained a handsome establishment and drove in a coach and four to St. Paul's church on the Sabbath, using the same conveyance during the week in traversing the distance between his mansion and Federal Hall, where the government was administered. Seventeen days after the inauguration Mrs. Washington arrived. She opened a series of Friday evening levees which were very popular. In December, 1790, Congress removed the seat of government to Philadelphia, and the Washington family soon departed for their new abode. The entire sojourn of Washington in this city was not two years in extent. He never appeared in this city after the removal of the seat of government.

Aside from his letters, the writer knows of but four memorials in this city. One is a large mahogany writing-table now standing in the Governor's room in the City Hall, which was moved thither from old Federal Hall, where it served in the office of the first President. Another is the flagstone on which he stood, and a part of the balcony railing surrounding it, while the oath of office was administered. These are now preserved at the entrance of Bellevue Hospital. The railing consists of thirteen bars, emblematic of the original number of the States. The stone is a plain blue flag, measuring about three feet by six. Another memorial is the original of the "Farewell Address." This is bound elegantly, and forms a manuscript volume of about forty pages. It contains all the corrections, made in the handwriting of the author, and is the longest production of his pen. This document passed as soon as it was written into the hands of David Claypole, of Philadelphia, in whose family it remained until an administrator's sale brought it before the public. James Lenox, determining to purchase this precious relic, sent an agent to the sale with unlimited power to purchase. The result was that the bidding ran up to $2,000, at which price it became the property of the great philanthropist, who will no doubt make it a part of the Lenox Institute. The last memorial is St. Paul's church, of which I have already spoken. There is a building in Broadway called "Washington's Headquarters," but it has been much altered since he occupied it.

There is one feature in the farewell address which has sometimes escaped notice. Although it was written and published in Philadelphia it is signed thus:

United States.
19th September, 1796. } GEORGE WASHINGTON.

He never spoke of himself as a Virginian, apparently believing his fealty to his State to be subordinate to his allegiance to the republic. Thus his will, which was written only six months before his death, begins:

In the name of God, amen. I George Washington of Mount Vernon, a citizen of the United States, and lately President of the same, do make and declare this instrument, etc.

Washington lived sixty-nine years, which were passed as follows: nineteen years of infancy, boyhood, and youth, terminating in his appointment to a command in the militia; twenty-six years of life at Mount Vernon, passed there at different intervals; fifteen years of military service, in which the seven years of revolution form the chief feature; one year of political life in the formation of the Constitution, and eight years in the Presidency. While at Mount Vernon, however, he was always in a great degree a public man, and hence it may be reckoned that his services date from his nineteenth year, and cover almost a half century. Considered in a literary point of view, his opportunities were limited, and his education would now be considered very inferior. It is probable that he knew but little of *belles-lettres* or even of history. The few books known at this time comprised Milton, Shakespeare, and Rapin's history, together with the writings of Pope, who was the most popular author of the day. The *Spectator* was also read to a moderate extent. Hume's History of England was issued only a few years before the Revolution, and no doubt had a place in the library at Mount Vernon. In view of the present range of mental and scientific culture, a man of his limited attainments would now be considered in no small degree illiterate.

Although naturally of a mild disposition, Washington had a temper which was vehement and almost irresistible. It was thus displayed when Lee was arrested on the

field of Monmouth; and another illustration was furnished by the news of St. Clair's defeat by the Indians in 1791. This defeat awoke a national lament, and Irving thus describes the scene: "The General walked slowly backward and forward in silence. Mr. Lear, his secretary, had scarce time to notice that he was extremely agitated, when he broke out suddenly, 'It's all over, St. Clair is defeated, routed, and the officers nearly all killed, the men by wholesale. The rout is complete and a surprise in the bargain!' All this was said with great vehemence; then pausing, he again paced the floor in silence, violently agitated. When near the door he stopped short, stood for a moment, and then there was another terrible explosion of wrath: 'Yes,' he exclaimed, 'on this very spot I took leave of him; I said, "Beware of a surprise. You know how the Indians fight us." I repeated, "Beware of a surprise." He went off with this warning in his ears: and yet to suffer the army to be butchered by a surprise—the very thing I guarded him against. O God! O God!' He threw up his hand, and while his frame shook he exclaimed: 'He is worse than a murderer. How can he answer it to his country? The curse of widows and orphans is upon him.' Mr. Lear remained speechless and the paroxysm passed away, and no subsequent sign appeared in word or conversation."

The first celebration of Washington's birthday took place in 1793, when many of the members of Congress desired to call upon him and express their respect, and a motion was made to adjourn a half hour for this purpose. It met with serious opposition, however, and was denounced as an act of homage which had a tendency toward monarchy. Immediately, however, on Washington's death the day acquired an importance which it is to be hoped it will never lose.

IN MEMORIAM.

E. V. WELCH.

Thou hast left us in sorrow and sadness,
Thou hast left us in gloom and in tears;
Thou hast left us for bright realms of gladness,
The reward of thy long, toiling years.

Thou hast left us thy Christian example,
Thou hast left us to dwell with the blest;
Thou hast taught us that Christ's love is ample
To cleanse us, and give our souls rest.

Thou art gone from thy children forever,
Thou art gone from thy sheepfold to-day;
But our love from thee none shall e'er sever—
Not a lamb from Saint Raymond shall stray.

We shall miss thy dear voice at the altar,
We shall miss thy pure teaching of love;
We shall miss thy advice when we falter,
And mourn till we meet thee above.

JAN. 9th, 1875.

A RELIQUE OF FATHER PROUT.

We presume the reader is aware that there was such a person as Father Prout; that he was parish priest of Watergrasshill, a place about nine miles from Cork and as many more from Fermoy; but that what are known as the Prout Papers are not his productions, but those of Francis Mahony, a man of versatile genius and varied learning, who abandoned the duties and responsibilities of the priesthood for the more congenial life of letters and society. Of Father Prout, Dr. R. Shelton Mackenzie writes to us:

"I knew the real Father Prout, P. P. of Watergrasshill. He was a good-natured, small *padre*, hospitable and popular with all classes and creeds. He was neither witty nor learned, and Francis Mahony's greatest joke, in the Prout Papers, was to credit him with both. In the same way one Miller, a melancholy comedian in London, who never made a joke of his own, was called out of pure love of contrast, 'Joe the Jester,' and there is a book of 'Joe Miller's Jests,' not one of which he made."

Strange caprice of fame it is that in the scroll of literary honor should be written forever a name that made no pretensions to literary merits, and is enrolled upon the book of immortal happiness for the numerous hidden deeds of charity and holiness of which its bearer's life was full, and for which he has received his reward. How far better it might have been for Francis Mahony to have changed lives as well as names with the good, simple priest, it were difficult to decide! *Suum cuique.* Man's talents are for a purpose, and each gift has its proper sphere. Who knows the amount of good Francis Mahony may have done among his literary compeers? Looking at the cartoon in front of his *Reliques*, we hesitate not to say that the prejudices of Carlyle and Ainsworth, of Thackeray and Lockhart, were mellowed by his influence; and that to each and all of these writers his sparkling conversations supplied many a literary gem that is a brilliant ornament on their pages.*

But Francis Mahony has performed deeds of charity, of which the world knows nothing. It is of one of these we would speak. It is the precious relique we present to the reader. We tell it as it was told ourselves by the late Mr. Thomas Smith, of Norfolk, Va.:*—

"Once, when travelling from New York to Richmond, I met a Southern lady with whom I was acquainted. I handed her the paper I had been reading. She cast her eyes over it, read a paragraph hastily, dropped the paper, and burst into tears. After a while she showed me what she had been reading. It was a short announcement of the death of Father Prout. I wondered why that name should require a tribute of tears from her of all the thousands who had that day read the same paragraph with cold indifference or some trite remark. What was Father Prout to her—an American lady—or she to him? Such were my thoughts when she turned to me and said: 'You are surprised why I shed tears over his death. When I tell you all, you will say that I have reason. I was in Paris in 1864. The Civil War was devastating my sunny home. My family was one of the victims to whom it brought reverses of fortune. Remittances ceased to come to me. I found myself in that large city without resources. I pawned trinket after trinket, went from boarding-house to boarding-house, each cheaper than the other. I was on the brink of falling into the undercurrent of population in that heartless city, and of being reduced to the necessity of either starving or begging, so utterly helpless and a stranger did I find myself. When I had abandoned all hope of relief, a friend told Father Prout the story of my misery and helplessness. Without considering my creed or my politics, he sent me next morning a check for two thousand francs, which supported me until I heard from my friends and received the wherewith to return.'"

Here, indeed, was charity that let not the left hand see what the right did. The act speaks for itself; and as we are taught that charity covereth a multitude of sins, let us hope that Francis Mahony's name shines alongside of that of his friend, Father Prout, in the regions of eternal bliss. May he rest in peace!

B. A. M.

*This influencing power was shared by another Catholic, the scholarly Sergeant Murphy, who made the Greek rendition of "The Groves of Blarney" for the Prout Papers.

*Mr. Smith died two years ago last December. The writer knew him to be a zealous and enlightened Catholic, an energetic business-man having the interests of the community deeply at heart, a fond father a loving husband, and a warm friend.

SHAUN THE UNBELIEVER.

BY SIDNEY HARROLD.

(Continued.)

A month later a change took place. The doctor having advised Mr. Dale that the quietude of the house allowed Mary too much time to mope and think, Mrs. Dale immediately sent out invitations, gave dinner parties, evening parties, receptions, and picnics. So for many months there was an almost unceasing round of gayety, and sometimes the mother's heart was gladdened by a gleam of Mary's original light-heartedness, and then as quickly saddened by seeing her return to the old, quiet, yet sad cheerfulness of manner. On the whole the gayety was good for Mary.

Shaun was foremost in everything, and when really ashamed of being paid for such light labors, she would sometimes refuse going to a party or picnic on the plea that she was neglecting her pupils; little Mrs. Dale would reply, drawing herself up with stateliness:

"My dear Shaun, you are not neglecting your duties. You daily hear the children their lessons, and they are improving under your tuition far more rapidly than they did with any other teacher, and that is all I require. It is not necessary for you to remain with the children all day; your presence does Mary good, therefore, if you take pleasure in this, I wish you to go." And as she did take pleasure in it she went. But Shaun had a new source of happiness; she was in love without knowing it, although it was plainly discernible to those so fondly attached to her, and they saw it with pain, as Shaun's new distraction was a remarkably handsome, talented, but thoroughly unprincipled man and an atheist. Mr. Dale, on learning his character, was going to forbid him to visit the house, but Mrs. Dale with her usual kindness of heart, finding out some good qualities undiscovered by others, entreated her husband to allow him to visit them, saying, "that if all religious persons should treat him coldly, it would be no wonder if he hated the very idea of religion. If, on the contrary, they should treat him kindly, they *might* win him to love it. And would not that be glorious?" cried she clasping her hands.

Mrs. Dale, without being aware of the fact, was a little proselytizer, converting everything she touched or looked at into something beautiful. Her husband, understanding her lovely, enthusiastic nature, and thinking she would perhaps have a good influence on Mr. Creverton, invited him to the festivities. He soon with pain perceived he was captivating Shaun, so he authorized Mary to give her a gentle hint that her lover was an atheist. One night after Mr. Creverton had been paying Shaun marked attention, Mary kissing her said, "May I hope, Shaun, that your 'love's young dream' may terminate more happily than mine?"

"What do you mean, Mary?" asked Shaun blushing very red.

"I know the symptoms, dear, I have experienced them. All I will say is, that if your heart has not entirely gone, you will think well before you give it, for your lover is—an atheist."

It was some time before Shaun could speak; she was delighted. "What a great mind he must have!" thought she. "And how much nobler he is than I am when he possesses courage to come out boldly and declare what he is." She felt almost inclined to confide in the pitying girl who stood beside her.

One Saturday morning Shaun was sitting in the front parlor alone, the family had gone on an excursion leaving Shaun behind at her earnest pleading for rest, when she heard Mr. Creverton asking the girl if Miss Burleigh were in, and going to the door she opened it her face beaming with delight. He closed the door, and then, catching her hands, exclaimed,

"Miss Shaun, dear Shaun, I love you: can *you* love an atheist?"

"I am an atheist," said Shaun very quietly, while her heart beat so violently against her breast that she feared he would hear it.

"Are you really?" he cried, his eyes flashing delightedly; "then you *are* my own love," and he drew her towards him in a passionate embrace. "How happy we shall be, darling," said he, while Shaun's head rested confidingly on his shoulder, "I will show you all the wonders of the world. We will travel everywhere, my own love, and we will go 'from shore to shore, from isle to isle,' and you will rest confidingly on my heart, and we will be as happy as the day is long. Will we not, my darling?" bending his head down to catch her whispered "Yes." "I am going to England on Monday: will you accompany me, dearest?"

"So soon?" gasped Shaun, raising her head to look at him.

"Then you do not love me," said he reproachfully.

"I do."

"And you will go with me?"

"I will."

"Bless you, darling."

There was silence for some seconds. Mr. Creverton broke it by saying in a musing tone, "France or Germany would be the best places to live in, they do not talk there so much. America or England would never do."

"Why?" wonderingly asked Shaun.

"Oh, because they have such ridiculous notions about marriage. In France they do not care whether a man is married or not so long as he has a wife."

"Let me go, sir," cried Shaun bursting from him, and facing him with blazing eyes. "In what capacity am I to accompany you to Europe—as your mistress or wife?"

"Wife, most certainly," promptly replied he.

"Then what do you mean?"

"Shaun, you do not believe in religion?"

"No."

"How then can you believe in marriage: it is a religious institution."

"I do not accept it in that sense," burst out Shaun, "but I believe you should obey the laws of the country in which you live, and it is the law of this country for every man or woman living together to be married."

"I was not aware that was in the Constitution; if it is, there are a great many who break the law," cynically replied he. "But listen to reason, dearest."

"How dare you insult me, sir? Let me pass. Remember if I should meet you again —which I hope I shall not—my name is not Shaun, but *Miss Burleigh*."

Shaun looked magnificent in her pride and anger, and so her admirer thought, for, instead of letting her pass, he caught her by the wrists, and forced her to listen to him.

"My darling, think of my love for you, you would not have me do what my principles tell me is wrong? I do not believe in marriage, and I could not act a lie. We will be just as happy without it."

"Let me go, sir," cried Shaun, and bursting from him, she rushed up-stairs to her own room, and hurriedly locking the door threw herself on the bed and wept for hours. She had received a shock which would take her a long time to get over. She had unconsciously given her whole heart to a man who had insulted her for the offering. He was her first love, and she loved him with the passionate impulse of an ungoverned nature. But although Shaun was passionate and strong in her love, she was innately too pure a woman not to be thoroughly shocked by Mr. Creverton's base proposition. And so, with all her heart-strings vibrating after the cruel hand that had swept them so rudely, she wept aloud in her sorrow.

When the family returned they immediately inquired for Shaun, and Betsy the girl told Mary in confidence, "that she thought Miss Shaun and Mr. Creverton had had high words together for she heard them talking very loud, and that after when she went upstairs she heard Miss Shaun sobbing and crying in her own room." Mary of course immediately told her mother, who communicated the story to Mr. Dale.

"I suppose she refused him because he was an atheist," sighed Mrs. Dale. "Poor child, how she must be suffering, for I know she was very much in love with him." Mr. Dale shook his head significantly. He had graver suspicions than his wife, but he did not inform her of them.

The next day Mr. Creverton called, and hearing Shaun was ill in bed, wrote a short

note and gave it to Mary to give to her. Mary, instead of going direct with it, rushed into the library, where her father was reading, exclaiming, "Oh! papa, Mr. Creverton is down-stairs, and he gave me this note for Shaun. I know by his cold manner that she refused him yesterday, and this note will only tempt her to break her resolve, for he says he is going to Europe to-morrow. Shall I give it to her, papa?"

"Certainly you shall, it is not for us to command each other's consciences: we may influence them, but never force them. While Shaun is reading, and answering the note, you can *pray* for her, my darling."

Mary sped up-stairs and knocking gently at Shaun's door gave her the note, and falling on her knees in the hall called earnestly on the Blessed Mother to help her. While so engaged, Shaun opened her door and discovered her.

"Pray for some one more worthy, Mary," said she with a sad, scornful smile. "Please give this to Mr. Creverton and read the answer." Mary let her eyes fall on the note which was the same Mr. Creverton had sent, and saw, written on the back of it in Shaun's handwriting, "To *all* your questions I answer, *no*."

The next day Mr. Creverton's name was on the list of passengers who sailed for Europe. Shaun did not get a fever, and have her long black hair cut off, as most young heroines in novels do; she simply went about her duties quietly, as if nothing had occurred; but deep in her heart was a dull, aching void. Neither Mrs. Dale nor Mary spoke to her of Mr. Creverton, or noticed her sorrow in any way, save by being more delicately kind. Time and kindness, instead of soothing Shaun's pain, seemed only to make her trial harder to bear. She became silent and morose, unmindful of the grief she was causing. One evening she went to bed early, pleading a headache, but having in reality a heartache. The day had been dull and cloudy, the children fretful, and her load seemed heavy to bear. She fell into an uneasy slumber, from which she was awaked by a kiss and soft hand. She did not open her eyes, but she knew that Birdie, her youngest and sweetest pupil, was standing by her.

"Poor Miss Shaun, is she sick and sad?" whispered Birdie falling on her knees. "Dear God! please bless Miss Shaun, and make her a Catholic."

Shaun, very much touched, and angry with herself for being so, started up, and in a husky voice said,

"Hush, child, there is no God! go away, do not pray for me."

In a perfect terror of awe Birdie ran up-stairs to her mother's room, and, finding her alone, threw herself into her arms sobbing with fear.

"My darling, my child, what ails you? Are you sick?" exclaimed Mrs. Dale, trying in vain to soothe her.

"Oh, mamma!" she sobbed, "Miss Shaun says—told me there was, oh dear!—no God!" Mrs. Dale's face grew very stern.

"You do not believe it, darling?"

"Oh! no, mamma. And she says I must not pray for her."

Mrs. Dale was vexed. "Birdie, did I not tell you you should not let Miss Shaun hear you pray for her?"

"Yes, mamma, but I thought she was asleep."

"Well now listen to me, you did wrong to let her hear you; she was sick and tired, and perhaps it made her angry, and she said something which perhaps she did not mean: so you must promise not to tell it to anybody, not even Mary."

"I will promise, mamma dear."

"And I know my little girl will keep her word. And now go to bed, dear."

The next morning Shaun awoke with a vague feeling of something wrong, and then as the scene of the day before flitted across her mind, she fully realized her foolishness.

"After such a speech," thought she, "Mrs. Dale will never again permit me to hold intercourse with her children."

As soon as she was dressed she went to Mrs. Dale, and after first telling her she was going to leave her of course, she asked her pardon for betraying her trust.

"You certainly did wrong, Shaun, in frightening Birdie; but as for convincing the child of the non-existence of God, that is an impossibility. And *leaving* us is quite out of the question."

Shaun's eyes filled with tears and her voice trembled as she answered:

"Thank you, thank you, dear Mrs. Dale. Although it would break my heart to leave yet I cannot promise, in my present nervous state, to control my words, for, for, ever since—Mr. Creverton——"

"I know, darling," gently interrupted Mrs. Dale. "But, Shaun, if you refused him because he was an atheist, why are you one?"

"Mrs. Dale," said Shaun, trying with a great effort to speak calmly, "for nearly three years I have been an atheist. I refused Mr. Creverton because he wanted to make me his *mistress*."

"Good heavens!" ejaculated Mrs. Dale, while the hot flush of indignation dyed her cheeks, "my poor Shaun, how you must have suffered!"

"I have," simply replied she. "I shall never love again."

For a month she continued teaching, growing more silent and irritable; the children with the exception of Robert were afraid of her: he seemed to understand her sorrow. Mrs. Dale was as kind as the kindest, but she saw with grief that Shaun's burden seemed to grow heavier day by day.

"Poor child," said she to her husband, "she has no religion to support her."

At length Shaun could stand it no longer: the increasing kindness of her friends and their religious influence made her hate religion all the more.

"Their religion blinds them so," she thought, "that they can *pity* me without being able to sympathize with or *understand* me. I must leave or I will go crazy."

"Well, Shaun, my daughter," said Mrs. Dale, "for I love you as a daughter, where are you going to?"

"I do not know," wearily sighed Shaun. "Somewhere for a change."

Mrs. Dale felt very unhappy; she had prayed, tried the influence of good example and kindly deeds, during the two years Shaun had lived with her—all in vain; and now she was going to leave her to go into a world which would only strengthen her unbelief. Shaun had grown very dear to the whole of that household, but more especially dear to Mrs. Dale, who felt she had been instrumental in bringing sorrow on her, as it was by her (Mrs. Dale's) pleading her husband had invited Mr. Creverton to the house.

"Shaun," said she after a few minutes of deep thinking, "it is better you *should* leave for a while. But I have one great favor to ask of you."

"It is granted—what is it?"

"You have assented too quickly, dear; it is so great an undertaking, I am almost afraid to ask you."

"You need not be, dear Mrs. Dale."

"I suppose you heard Mr. Dale the other day reading from the newspaper of the devastation the yellow fever is making in this city? Well, this morning in all the papers there is a universal cry of 'More nurses.' You are not afraid of sickness, Shaun?"

"Not at all."

"Well, my idea is, that all families who are well and have members to spare, should send them forth to nurse the sick, so as not to leave the whole burden on the shoulders of the good Sisters of Charity! Mary asked me this morning to allow her go, but I refused, not that I fear to *lose* my child, but simply because she is too delicate to be of any use. *I* would gladly go, but my duty to my husband and children keeps me at home, and I want *you* to be my representative. Do not think, darling, I send you into danger, because I do not love you; it is that I love you so dearly, that I think the change will be beneficial, and because I have perfect confidence in your courage and strength that I send you."

Shaun hesitated. "How long do you want me to stay?"

"About a month, dear," said Mrs. Dale, looking tenderly and anxiously at her; "after that return to me again. If you are taken sick, I will nurse you. Will not that be an inducement?"

Shaun did not hear her question; her thoughts were far away. At length waking up, she said:

"Mrs. Dale, I do not know what motive you can have in sending me to nurse the sick, unless it is you think it will frighten me into believing in God or Catholicity. Whatever the motive may be, I have no doubt it is governed by the wish to do me good; therefore I will go, and if I die, it will be for love of you, Mrs. Dale," said Shaun kissing her, half laughing and crying.

"Yes, darling, you are going into great danger. Perhaps I am doing wrong in—"

"No, no, you are not. Say no more about it," cried Shaun stopping Mrs. Dale with another kiss, "unless you wish to strengthen me in my resolve to go."

The next morning Shaun bade adieu to the whole family, servants included, who had gathered in the library, weeping and praying as if parting with her forever. Shaun felt happy, though she wept as she kissed in turn: a triumphant feeling which she could not define had taken possession of her soul.

If she had been a Catholic she would have understood it, for every true Catholic experiences that glow of enthusiasm when performing their duty in the face of danger. Mr. Dale accompanied her in the carriage to the door of the hospital where he left her, after ringing her hand without saying a word.

CHAPTER IV.

According to Mrs. Dale's directions Shaun asked for the head physician, and when introduced to him, handed him a note written by Mrs. Dale. He read it, and when he had finished, looked keenly at her as if he would read her very thoughts. He seemed satisfied, for he said, "A very good 'representative' Miss. Are you afraid of death?"

"I do not know ever having seen it."

"Then you will see enough of it before long. However, follow me; I will put you under Sister Cecilia, a competent nurse."

She had some difficulty to keep up with him (for he talked and walked like a man in great hurry) as he traversed the long wards, crowded with beds filled with yellow-fever patients. Taking her up a flight of stairs he entered a long room, the appearance of which presented more order than the others: it was very quiet. The quietude was accounted for by the doctor, saying in a low voice, "You may almost call this the room of the dying, as the worst cases are here. Sometimes, but very rarely, patients leave this room alive."

Shaun shuddered as she looked at ghastly yellow faces lying on the white pillows; a sickly, stifling odor pervaded the atmosphere. At the upper end of the ward, bending over a dying man, was a solitary nurse, clad in the sombre color of her order.

"Sister Cecilia," softly called the doctor. She looked up, and nodding her head, to show she had heard, bent over her patient, who in a few seconds was dead. Kneeling down she said a short prayer, and then with a noiseless step glided swiftly towards them.

"Another has gone," said she solemnly to the doctor.

He shuddered. "'Tis dreadful, Sister, fearful loss of life."

"Doctor, I do not murmur at the number of my duties, only as I told you before I am not able to nurse my patients night and day as I should. Will not Mother Rose send me a sister?"

"She cannot; she told me to tell you that they are all employed in all the hospitals of the city, in private houses, and in the ward down stairs. But here is a volunteer assistant, a Protestant young lady, Sister."

Sister Cecilia turned quickly around, and taking Shaun's hands between her own kissed her on both cheeks with religious solemnity, just as she would have done had she been taking leave of a martyr, for she felt that Shaun had entered the vale of death. "God be praised," she earnestly exclaimed, "just as one is about to fall under their burden, he sends help. So you see, dear, He sent you to me," turning to Shaun with a winning smile. "What is your name?"

"Shaun Burleigh," replied she, gazing on the Sister's face as if fascinated. Never had she seen a more exquisite expression or a more beautiful face. While the Sister was helping her to take off her things and giving her directions, the doctor left the room returning in a short time with two men bearing a stretcher, on which they placed the dead body, and, as it passed her, Shaun trembled violently. It was the first time she had looked on death. When she recovered herself she went to the beds containing the conscious, and ministered to their wants while the doctor detained the Sister in earnest conversation.

"Yes, doctor, but really I do not like to

let her watch alone the *first* night. Let me be with her."

"No, that would not do. Mrs. Dale says that if she is left entirely alone with the sick and the dying in a position so totally new, she may be inclined to think of religion."

"Well, doctor, the better plan would be to divide the night; I can take the first part of it while she sleeps, leaving her the more solemn part from twelve to six."

"Well, well, manage it as you like," said the doctor, passing rapidly from bed to bed, feeling pulses and heads, prescribing and giving directions.

He soon went down stairs, leaving Shaun and Sister Cecilia alone. Shaun was kept busy all day, and after the first repugnant feelings wore away, she began to be very much interested; so much so, that when six o'clock in the evening arrived, she was hardly conscious of fatigue till, Sister Cecilia insisting that she should take some rest, she threw herself on the Sister's little bed, and was soon in the land of dreams.

At twelve o'clock, according to agreement, she was awakened by Sister Cecilia. She started up confused, thinking for the moment she was at home, till the beautiful, sad face of her companion told her where she was.

"Oh, Sister, are you not tired?"

"Yes, dear, very tired," wearily replied the Sister.

"How are your patients?"

"They are all quiet now," replied the Sister, "either sleeping or unconscious. Four have died."

"Since I have been sleeping?" gasped Shaun.

"Yes," replied Sister Cecilia, with a bright expression. "Three received the sacraments, the fourth died while waiting for them."

"Oh, Sister! this is dreadful," exclaimed Shaun burying her head in her pillow: the news had unnerved her.

"Dreadful! dear child, it is grand! Four souls have gone to their Creator."

"How foolish I am," exclaimed Shaun jumping up. "I am keeping you from your rest; tell me what I am to do, and then go and sleep, Sister."

"You have nothing to do, but to give the drinks to those who wake up during the night. There is but one man in positive danger (he is the third bed); he has been unconscious all day, but will certainly come to his senses to-night, as the Doctor says he will not live many more hours. As soon as he wakes come to me."

"But cannot I do as well?" asked Shaun, in spite of her dread anxious to spare the Sister.

"No, dear. When he was conscious before, I tried to explain religion to him, for he has led a very hard life, and knows nothing about it: so I want to prepare him to die."

"Very well, Sister, I will call you," and going into the darkened ward she sat down beside a little table, at the upper end whence she could see all the beds. She sat there busy thinking until the silence grew oppressive, and her thoughts, whether she liked it or not, travelled in search of the mysterious. "Is there a God?" asked a small voice. "Of course, there is not," she answered. "I must be getting nervous to have such ridiculous fancies. Oh! I wish they would wake up; this is enough to frighten me into a fever or religion." And angry with herself and her feelings, she walked over to the third bed, and was considerably startled to see the man move his head uneasily, while he called in faint but distinct voice, "Sister Cecilia."

"Yes," answered Shaun bending over him.

"Is there a God?" asked he in a louder tone of voice. Her conscience told her go for Sister Cecilia, but her thoughts deterred her.

"Why should I not tell the poor wretch the truth, and let him go in peace?" thought she. "Why should I allow him to die under the impression that there is One to judge him according to his sins?" And she answered:

"Would you be happier to know there is not?"

"I do not know," he replied. "Before, you told me there was one."

"Well, listen," cried Shaun excitedly. "There is no God."

"Oh," groaned he.

"Woman! what are you doing?" cried Sister Cecilia, and Shaun turning met the indignant fire of the Sister's pure eyes, and she quailed before the stern dignity of that lowly servant of God. "Go down to the second ward, and bid the Sister send Father Delancy here as soon as possible."

Shaun went quickly on her message and, returning breathless, placed herself where she could distinctly hear the low sweet tones of the Sister as she simply explained to the dying man the mysteries and sacraments of the Catholic religion, and baptized him. After she had finished, he said:

"Oh! Sister, how beautiful it is! And I am like a baby, my sins all washed away? Oh! if I could only open my eyes to see you. May the great God bless you."

Sister Cecilia beckoned to Shaun, and together they bolstered him all around as to be able to receive the sacrament. "Miss Burleigh," said the Sister in a stern whisper, "if you will be quiet you can remain."

Shaun bowed assent, feeling too much humiliated to speak. In a few minutes Father Delancy entered, carrying something with great reverence. Sister Cecilia fell on her knees folding her hands, and bowing her head, and as if by a miracle the dying man opened his eyes, and stretched out his arms.

"My God, my God, what love!" he exclaimed, and eagerly opening his mouth received the Viaticum. His head dropped on his breast, and Sister Cecilia rising quickly went to him. He raised his head and looked around as if in search of somebody, until his eyes rested on Shaun crouching on the floor; his eyes full, of the significant meaning he could not speak, met hers, and she felt that he knew that she had told him there was no God. And she shuddered, for she understood what he would have said. Withdrawing his gaze, he murmured the names of Jesus and Mary, and—died. Shaun rose from her crouching position believing in the existence of God, and when she told her conviction to Sister Cecilia, she kissed her joyfully. The next day she sent a verbal message to Mrs. Dale, a message that gladdened the hearts of all the Dales: it was, "I believe in God."

Day after day for three weeks Shaun was daily growing nearer to God (although she would not acknowledge the truths of Catholicity) as she witnessed the many unprovided deaths, and the many holy ones.

One evening while watching the return to consciousness of a man who had been brought in that day, she was startled by a volley of oaths from him. She went quickly to Sister Cecilia, and waking, begged her to go to the man. She needed no second urging, but was quickly at his side, trying gently to calm him, but in vain; to all her words concerning God he answered with an oath, "There is none."

Filled with terror, as Shaun saw in him the darkness which had clouded her intellect, she begged Sister Cecilia to tell him he was dying; she did so, but it had no other effect than to make him blaspheme more frightfully.

"We can do nothing but pray for him," said she, and under the excitement of the moment Shaun fell on her knees and sobbed aloud.

"O God of the Catholics! save him."

But he died swearing.

"It was a frightful death," sobbed Sister Cecilia, breaking down completely at the sight of such wickedness.

"Sister Cecilia," cried Shaun, "for God's sake, baptize me. I will be a Catholic. I cannot remain outside of the Church one minute."

"So you shall be, dear, when you are properly instructed."

"Instructed! Have I not daily heard you instructing and preparing souls to meet their Creator? I know and firmly believe all the truths of the Catholic Church. Until I am baptized I shall feel as though the spirit of that bad man was around me, for was not I an atheist? and oh! my God, did I not try to make a dying man deny his Maker? Oh! how frightfully wicked I have been," and overcome with sorrow and repentance, Shaun wept bitterly on the shoulder of the good Sister.

Two days after Shaun received conditional baptism, and as the fever was over, and almost all the patients in a fair way to recover, she bade a fond farewell to her godmother, Sister Cecilia; and in company with her godfather, the doctor, and Father Delancy, walked to Mr. Dale's where she was received as one risen from the dead. The children crowded around her kissing her rapturously. Taking Mrs. Dale fondly by the two hands, she asked with a quiet smile:

"Have I changed?"

"My poor darling," exclaimed Mrs. Dale, looking at her woefully thin white face, "indeed you have changed, but—" She stopped,

for out of Shaun's fine eye beamed a pure, holy light. She gazed at her eagerly half fearing to ask her.

"You are,"—

"Yes, my mother," said Shaun bending over, joyfully whispering:

"Your daughter is a Catholic."

With a cry of intense joy Mrs. Dale fell fainting to the ground. She soon recovered, and told the joyful tidings to the rest. What a happy family they were! How Robert and the children gathered round Shaun as she related all she had passed through; how they all sang and enjoyed themselves would take too long to relate. It suffices to say that Shaun remained with the Dales' a week and then returned to New York, where her aunt received her with open arms and a glad heart.

Miss Hertford found that "Shaun the believer" was very much changed from "Shaun the Unbeliever," and impressed by her thoughtful, affectionate manner, she was easly induced to become an earnest Catholic.

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Three years after Shaun's conversion she and her aunt became Sisters of Charity. The name Sister Mary Magdalen (Shaun's religious name) and Sister Stanislaus (her aunt's) became reverenced household words in the family of the Dales.

THE SUNLIT PATH.

I.

I pity those who sing and sigh
Of happy days long since gone by;
Whose only thoughts of joy are cast
Upon the memories of the past;
Whose sole delight is with the hours
Too swiftly fled in young love's bowers,
As tho' advancing years had brought
No trusting heart, no love-lit thought,
No magic touch, no balmy word,
No face still thro' the years adored.
Alas, alas,
That life should pass
Thus, lifeless as a face on glass.
Through shine and shade the changeless ray
Of love brings blessings every day.

II.

Though bright, 'tis not in boyhood's fire
Is found the flame of man's desire;
Nor in the maiden's fancy free
The woman's proud idolatry.
Young love but breathes the yearning tones
By which the soul a presence owns
That, lit by Faith, may lead the heart
To find on earth Heav'ns counterpart.
This has no past, no age, no tears,
It suits all seasons and all years!
Alas, alas,
'Tis best life pass
Thus, like the sunshine through the glass.
Through weal and woe along life's way
True love brings sunlight every day.

GLADSTONE ON CIVIL ALLEGIANCE OF CATHOLICS.

NO. II.

Our readers will remember the well-known reverie of Oliver Goldsmith, in which he describes the *Fame Machine*, and its conductor who transported applicants for immortality from earth to the Temple of Fame; and will call to mind the reply of the said conductor to a party whose application for a seat in the coach was based on his being the author of some rhapsodies against religion. "Right or wrong," said the coachman, "he who disturbs religion is a blockhead, and he shall never travel in a coach of mine."

Mr. Gladstone seems to be at present in the position or predicament of the applicant; and public opinion in Great Britain appears to give very emphatic expression to John Bull in the rôle of coachman.

It regards his recent pamphlet as a vain rhapsody; its subject ill-chosen, the design badly disguised, the treatment presumptuous, the manner meretricious, the patriotism empty, the alarm a mockery, the passion puerile, and the whole whether right or wrong, in the words of the coachman of the Fame Machine, the conception and work of a "blockhead."

It is universally agreed that, as a stroke of statesmanship, it was a blunder, and, as the work of a politician, clumsy, in exposing its want of cunning in so inartistic a manner. In continuation of the epitomization of public opinion on the pamphlet and the controversy it has created, we give some further extracts and indications of leading thought on the subject. *The Standard*, a Protestant conservative organ, says: "The publication of Mr. Gladstone's pamphlet has been condemned by most organs of opinion in this country, and regretted by all."

The Spectator, a journal friendly to Mr. Gladstone, confesses, in opposition to the allegations of the pamphlet, that the decrees of the Vatican Decrees, so far from embodying a novel doctrine, or in any manner affecting the relations of Catholics to their respective rulers, only define more clearly "an authority which had been virtually supreme for centuries previous to its formal enunciation."—It also deplores "the influence which this pamphlet must exercise in Prussia;" and on its policy towards the Church, as giving countenance, and the sanction of a great name, to what the *Saturday Review* calls "one of the greatest blunders and worst religious offences of the present day." *The Review* is of opinion that the literary merits of the work are small, and hints that the writer would have done better to have stuck to his Homer; and concludes that its publication "will have injured the author, and will not in compensation have served any useful purpose."

The *John Bull* says that "Prince Bismarck," to whom Mr. Gladstone sent an early copy of his pamphlet, well "may laugh in his sleeve at finding so facile a tool."

It is held, however, that as Mr. Gladstone now ranks with the extreme bigots, Whalley and Newdegate, as one of the Protestant triumvirate, that fact may "at the next election bring him back some stray votes from amongst the more ignorant classes."

This seems to be the opinion of the *Westminster Review;* which in its last issue, in an article under the caption of "The Revolt of the Residum," intended to account for the defeat of the Gladstone Ministry, expresses the conviction that, in the present state of religious feeling amongst British Protestants, an avowed Atheist has a far better chance of winning the day at an election than has any one with even a smack of Popery about him :—

"The healthy bigotry—if any kind of bigotry can be healthy—of the lower classes in this country with regard to Roman Catholicism, is too well known to require comment. *Cæteris paribus*, we would a thousand times sooner run a man for a popular constituency who had a strong flavor of Atheism, than one with a smack of Popery."—p. 55.

Chief among Mr. Gladstone's supporters are three members of English aristocratic families, who, being nominally Catholic, presume to put themselves forward as representatives of Catholic opinion and spokesmen of the Catholic laity. By their works shall we know them. Their names are Lord Acton, Lord Camoys, and Mr. Henry Petre: The first is a pupil and disciple of Döllinger; the second, a pompous octogenarian of the peerage who believes in nothing so much as the flunkeyism "of his order;" and the third is a profligate.

Lord Acton has the reputation of being a student, a man of learning, and a good writer; but one in whom the development of intellect is more a curse than a blessing; as leading him into conflict with matters divine by the assumption of his superiority in all earthly affairs. A key to his status in the Catholic world may be found in the biographical notice of him in the "Men of the Time," which purposes to put in plain and popular phraseology the facts relating to public men. It says: "Lord Acton may be regarded as the leader of the self-styled 'Liberal Catholics,' who are more or less out of accord with the traditions of the Holy See."

He owes his elevation to the peerage to Mr. Gladstone, and makes expression of his gratitude in sustaining the ex-premier in the controversy which it is more than probable he—Lord Acton—did very much to foment. During the sitting of the Ecumenical Council he was at Rome, sedulously intriguing in favor of the Döllinger doctrines, and communicating to the *Allgemeine Zeitung* a large portion of the distracting falsehoods which appeared in that journal.

The Catholic hierarchy of England had previously condemned a review edited by Acton, and it had ceased to exist in 1864. More recent publications—one of them the *North British Review*—with which he had been connected, were antagonistic to the Catholic Church; and in 1870 he addressed in German an offensive "Letter to a Bishop present at the Vatican Council," which elicited a reply from Bishop Ketteler of Mayence.

Judging therefore from his course for years; from his intriguing activity during the sitting of the Council; his identification with Dr. Döllinger's views on the one hand, and his connection with Mr. Gladstone on the other, it is reasonable to believe that he was the manipulator acting between those personages—the instigator of the one and the illustrator of the other, and in both capacities but carrying out the subtle and reckless intentions which had become a part or result of his intellectual training and anti-Catholic individuality. That he should assume or assert a religious profession for the nonce, is plain enough; but that it could deceive any candid or honest mind, lay or clerical, Catholic, Protestant or dissenter, is not so evident.

Lord Camoys' capacity may be quickly and easily understood when we learn from himself that he would place his religious belief as a Catholic subservient to the action of the British Parliament—that he would, in plain phrase, place his belief and hope in the Eternal Word in the balance with the temporary and short-lived exigencies of the Parliament. This poor old lord linked himself with Russell's No Popery project against "The Ecclesiastical Titles Bill," and yet in the face of his past and present also claims to be a Catholic, to get a hearing, and wriggle himself out of a flunkeyish obscurity into the still more flunkeyish prominence he has sought. Of Mr. Petre, all that can be said is, he belongs to a Catholic family of which he has proved unworthy, and which in consequence has discarded and disowned him.

And these are the chief representatives of English Catholicism who have sustained Mr. Gladstone. It surely is greatly creditable to the body of the English Catholic laity that these are the principal men who, having no truth in themselves to represent, sought to misrepresent it. But in their cases respectively, as in that of Mr. Gladstone, the *ruse* was purely personal and political.

To such men Faith is an entirely superserviceable monitor, or an irksome, galling, and oppressive burden. It necessarily must continually jar with the intellectual egotism of my Lord Acton, and provokingly interfere with the self-worshipful sense of his own infallibility. To old-time routinists like Lord Camoys, religion, so long as it is considered an adjunct of worldly re-

spectability, or used as a tender to worldly success, is a pleasant sort of pad or cushion; but a very bag of broken bottles, not to be endured, the moment it is sought to qualify its ordinances in the universal regnancy of its divine origin. Such time-serving poor creatures are nothing if not religious; when to be "religious" does not mean anything. To them, religion is but a variety in form of temporary earthly comfort. They neither have the honesty, pluck, or self-sacrifice to deny themselves any meretricious advantages in this life. They do'nt know anything that they do not want to know, and do not believe anything that they do not see. Thus they strive to hoodwink their conscience, but, failing to deceive themselves, are satisfied only if they deceive others as to the aspect in which they present themselves. Of course, as to the effect of faith on Mr. Petre, little need be said. To prove superior to it, at least externally, is a sort of manly necessity; for to him it must be a ceaseless censor on his irregular life and habits.

Referring to these "Liberal Catholics," the London *Tablet* says:—

"We, in common with the Protestant press of England, can only interpret the letters of Lord Acton, Lord Camoys, and Mr. Henry Petre as an act of apostasy. Deeply as we regret their conduct on their own account, we cannot affect to regret that the Catholic Church should be purged of those who had already inwardly apostatized and were not of her. Some of the London and provincial papers profess to be astonished at the divisions thus exhibited among Catholics. We, on the contrary, see no sign of division. That three men, whose religious position has for years been regarded with suspicion by their co-religionists, should at last openly declare themselves and go out from amongst them, far from being a sign of division, is a proof of increased unity. Two of these persons are known not to have approached the sacraments for years, and one is said to be a Freemason. While two are shockingly ill-instructed in their religion, not knowing even upon what basis of certainty it is founded, the third has been notorious from his boyhood for a cold pride of intellect, which long since gave cause for grave anxieties to his friends as to his future course. Were half-a-dozen others to follow this example, and to make their submission to the world in the columns of the *Times* it would be a cause of pain for their sake, but not of astonishment. The leading journal the other day described the *Protestant* 'triumvirate' as consisting of Messrs. Gladstone, Whalley, and Newdegate. It may now claim an *Apostate* 'triumvirate,' and hang up the picture as a pendant on the opposite wall. Nothing remains for Catholics but to pray for these unhappy men, and to remember that faith is a gift of God which may be forfeited by abuse of grace and by pride. Our bishops will know how to deal with every case as it arises; but these unfortunate men, if we are correct in our reading of their letters, have pronounced against themselves their own public condemnation."

The Protestant gentry and thinkers of England naturally can have no confidence whatever in the statements of these "Liberal Catholics" who, in scouting Protestantism and being "not in accord with the Holy See," are, like Mahommed's coffin, between earth and heaven.

They have nothing to recommend them to either. They do not fit well into any recognized place; for as the more High-Church a Protestant is, the nearer is his approach to Catholicity, it would be scarcely complimentary to the "Reformed Church" to believe that a bad Catholic would make a good Protestant. The *Nation* (Dublin) has some suggestive remarks on the stupid predicament into which these egotistical and anti-papal polemical English "Catholics" have worked themselves:—

"Undoubtedly, a good many members of the English Aristocracy—Catholics as well as Protestants—may be reckoned among the meanest and most spiritless creatures on the face of the earth. That has been the character of their class, in England, for centuries. In the reign of Henry the Eighth their sycophancy and slavishness, their ready and utter subserviency to the ever-changing will of that detestable tyrant, were a disgrace to humanity itself. During the noble and successful struggle made by the Irish people against the Penal Laws, the English Catholic nobility, instead of being a help, were a drag and a hindrance to them. They considered themselves free enough, and were quite disgusted with the agitation for Catholic Emancipation. The Irish people emancipated those creatures against their will. Now we find some of them writing to the English press *à propos* of Mr. Gladstone's pamphlet, to declare that they put their civil allegiance above their spiritual allegiance, and are 'Englishmen

first and Catholics after.' In other words, they write themselves down the mere slaves of what is called 'the state.' If the laws of the state should at any time conflict with the laws of God, as they possibly may, then those English Catholic noblemen, if we may trust those declarations of theirs, will have no difficulty in preferring the laws of the state to the laws of God. If the state should order them to abandon every article of their faith, and to 'worship mighty Mumbo Jumbo in the mountains of the moon,' those 'Englishmen first' and pagans after would have no hesitation in obeying the decree. Happily the degrading formula above quoted is not subscribed to by all the Catholic nobility of England, but it is pitiable to see even a few of their number coming forward with a protestation so much in harmony with the bad repute of their order. The poorest peasant who kneels on the bare floor of an Irish chapel has a spirit superior to the proudest lord among them."

Lord Ffrench publishes a letter* in which, professing his entire belief in the personal infallibility of the pope, which he remarks was always entertained by well-informed Catholics, he discusses the cause of the present controversy, and expresses somewhat similar views to those expressed in the last number of the MANHATTAN. He thinks the "controversial policy" of Mr. Gladstone a desperate manœuvre intended to cause a split in the conservative ranks; and of course for the elevation again of the ex-premier the "way Gladstone went to Greece." Lord Ffrench further maintains the pamphlet is intended to divert attention from the "objectionable practices" of Ritualism, by increasing the prejudice against the Catholic Church. It is therefore supposed that Mr. Gladstone expects that a large portion of the Ritualists may consequently withdraw their support from Mr. Disraeli's government, and perhaps give him the advantage of their influence in return for the sympathy exhibited in their favor. We doubt, however, that the Protestant party would be willing to admit that the Ritualists are of sufficient number and intelligence to be a power in politics, if marshalled that way; but we will not enter on that subject at present. Gladstone hoped to be able to excite all the reckless and malignant bigots to press the government into some unjust measures against the civil and religious liberty of the Catholic citizens; so that whether Disraeli opposed or supported such an infamous measure, he would be weakened, and the pathway cleared for his exit and the entrance of a new premier "the way Gladstone went to Greece." Lord Ffrench concludes with the query not new but true:—

"If, during these four years, Mr. Gladstone was really alarmed by those decrees of the Vatican Council, and that consequently he could no longer appreciate the allegiance of many millions of Roman Catholics throughout the British empire, was he not in that case, as the first minister of the crown, highly reprehensible during that period, not merely for concealing his opinions, but more especially for promoting many members of the Roman Catholic Church to important situations of great trust or high emolument, by which their political influence was of course considerably increased?"

In reply to the assertions of Mr. Gladstone that the decrees of the Council of the Vatican had entirely changed the relations of Roman Catholics to the respective civil governments under which they live, Archbishop Manning furnished the following to the *New York Herald*. It is a fitting companion to the letter from the same eminent English Catholic, given in our last number:—

Nov. 10, 1874.

To the Editor of the *Herald:*—

DEAR SIR—I assisted in framing the Vatican Decrees, which have not changed one jot or tittle the obligations and conditions of civil obedience that Catholics bear towards the civil power. Mr. Gladstone's pamphlet hangs upon a contrary assumption, and falls with it. In proof of this assertion I assert:

First—That the doctrine of the infallibility of the pope was a divine truth before the Vatican Council was held, and that it was set forth and explained in the second and third parts of the book called *Petri Privilegium*.

Second—I gave sufficient evidence of this assertion in this, that the Vatican Council announced no new dogma, but simply declared an old truth.

Third—That the position of Catholics, in respect to civil allegiance since the Council, is precisely what it was before.

Fourth—That the civil powers of the Christian world hitherto stood in peaceful relations with the infallible Church, and this relation was often recognized and declared in the councils of the Church before the Vatican Council, and, therefore, this is no new matter; and

* *Freeman's Journal* (Dublin).

Fifth—That the Vatican Council made no decrees in regard to the civil powers nor on civil allegiance, this subject being never even proposed.

Civil obedience rests on natural law. Revealed truth is the law of God. Society is founded in nature, and subjects are bound, in all things which are lawful, to obey their rulers. Society, when it is Christian, has higher obligations, and subjects are bound to obey their rulers for conscience' sake, because the powers that be are ordained of God. Of all this the Vatican Decrees changed nothing because they touched nothing.

Mr. Gladstone's argument hangs upon an erroneous assertion. I can only suppose him to have been misled by a misplaced trust in Dr. Döllinger and his friends. On public and private grounds I lament this act of imprudence. But for my belief in Mr. Gladstone's sincerity I should say it was an act of injustice, and lament it as out of all harmony and proportion with the great statesman's life, and the first event to overcast a friendship of forty-five years. His public life hitherto has consolidated Christian and civil peace in the three kingdoms. This act, unless the providence of God and the good sense of Englishmen avert its evil consequences, may wreck more than the work of Mr. Gladstone's public career, and at the end of a long life tarnish a great name.

I remain your faithful servant,

✠ HENRY EDWARD,

Archbishop of Westminster.

The following able letter on the same subject, addressed to the same journal by the Bishop of Savannah, is interesting and suggestive, as well as conclusive.

DEAR SIR:—

Your note of the 5th ult. came duly to hand. I am just now too much engaged with the affairs of my diocese to have time for an elaborate discussion of the subject to which you refer. Our Saviour has given us the rule, that we should "render to Cæsar the things that are Cæsar's, and to God the things that are God's." We must, therefore, give to God all that belongs to him, and to the civil government all that belongs to it. But may not Cæsar from time to time demand for himself that which belongs to God? Have politicians been so pure and enlightened as never to ask but for those things which belong to Cæsar? Have they not often sought for themselves that which belongs only to God? History tells us that kings and governments have often gone out of the sphere ascribed to them by the Almighty, and claimed things which clearly belonged to God. This our own Federal Constitution recognizes, in declaring unconstitutional any law infringing on the consciences of the people. While we must give to the state all that belongs to it, still, when it asks of us what belongs to God only, we must say with the Apostles, "If it be just in the sight of God to hear ye rather than God, judge ye." But in such a crisis who is to tell us what are the things which belong to God? Not Cæsar, not the state; for they never received any commission from heaven to tell us what are the things of God. But the Church of Christ has received the commission to teach all nations, and has the divine promise that the gates of hell shall not prevail against her. The Church is Christ's own bride. She is not a miserable slattern, that is always needing reformation; so despicable that she is, every now and then, being seduced until some glorious reformer rises up to rebuke her for her licentiousness. Such a bride would not be worthy of a respectable man, much less of Jesus Christ. But "she is a glorious Church, not having spot or wrinkle nor any such thing." Not only the Paraclete, the Spirit of truth, is to dwell with her all days, but Christ himself has promised to abide with her until the end of time. In the Church, therefore, the spotless bride of Christ, we Catholics have one who will and can infallibly teach all nations what are the things of God.

Thus the Church teaches her children that in all things belonging to the civil order they must give to the governments the proper reverence and obedience; for they are the "things of Cæsar." And in questions concerning conscience, she is there to tell her children how far Cæsar may go without usurping to himself the things that are God's. She thus, on the one hand, provides good subjects to the state, and, on the other, avoids the rock of anarchy which would result from allowing every man, woman, and child to be the judge whether or not the enactments of the state clash with the duties owed by the individual to his God. She the bride of Christ, "holy and without blemish," cannot lead us astray; for Christ, loving her even as a husband loves his wife, is consequently willing to protect her, and he is able to do so, for he is the Son to whom it hath been said: "Thy throne, O God, is forever and ever." In the lapse of ages Cæsar, the state, has often demanded for himself what belongs to God. And because the children of the Church, unwilling to give to Cæsar the things that are God's, reply to such demands of Cæsar, "If it be just in the sight of God to hear ye rather than God, judge ye,"—the same old accusation all the way down from Nero and Diocletian to the Robespierres, Victor Emmanuels, Bismarcks, and the Parisian Communists of modern times, is brought up, that the Catholics are not loyal enough to the civil government.

The action of Mr. Gladstone, therefore, does not surprise us Catholics. It is nothing new. It is only the trite old "No Popery" cry, which has

more than once resounded through England, sending a pious shiver to the heart of sturdy John Bull. We Catholics in America, who are somewhat acquainted with the immaculate loyalty of politicians, regard Mr. Gladstone's action as merely the frantic effort of a broken-down politician to recover office.

I am not of the number of those who think that the same howl may not be raised in this country. America seems to suffer from periodical attacks of the No-Popery distemper. The present, indeed, seems to be a favorable moment. The negro question being now worn threadbare, an immense number of virtuous politicians have been suddenly left in a most distressing want of themes upon which to warn Americans of the danger threatening the liberties of our Union. What a stroke of luck, therefore, would this question of infallibility prove to these most unselfish patriots who, like Mr. Gladstone, are so willing to accept office for their country's good, if they could but stir up the ghost of another Know-Nothing crusade against Catholics, and thus ride once more into power!

Yours, etc.,

✠ W. H. GROSS, Bishop of Savannah.

The Roman correspondent of the *London Daily News* having furnished that journal with a statement that Pope Pius had delivered a speech on the pamphlet, and alluded to its author as "a viper," the *Osservatore Romano* makes a correction, of which the full text is as follows:—

"The *Daily News* of London, publishes in its number of the 11th instant a long telegram from Rome, in which its correspondent gives a summary of a discourse pretended to have been delivered by the Holy Father, according to the words of the telegram, on the 10th inst. in the presence of some English Catholics. In this discourse, the Holy Father, availing himself of the recent appearance of Mr. Gladstone's book, in which, besides other attacks on the Catholic Church, it is insinuated that his Holiness desired that subjects should become disloyal to their sovereign, and to the laws of their country, is represented to have said that Mr. Gladstone, interpreting, in his own way, the wishes of the Holy Father, hopes to check the splendid triumph of the Church in England. We are authorized to deny, emphatically, the narrative of the Roman correspondent of the *Daily News*. Although the knowledge of the numerous conversions to the Catholic faith in England has been always a source of great consolation to the Holy Father, it is, however, absolutely false that his Holiness pronounced the discourse said by the *Daily News'* correspondent to have been delivered by the pope on the 10th of November."

As we "make up" for the press, we learn by telegram from London of the utter failure of Mr. Gladstone's little game, and his compelled retirement from party leadership. Judging from the voice of the press, we were not unprepared for such a result: but we are courteous enough to confess that we would have preferred that Mr. Gladstone should have retired from public life under less odious and humiliating circumstances. It is not the moment to sum up or estimate his abilities, or indicate the position he will occupy in history. It is enough that he is politically dead, and that his recent pamphlet was his death-warrant. He announced his retirement from the leadership of the "Liberal party" because he "could see no public advantage in continuing to act" in that position, and because he had "personal views regarding the method of spending the closing years of his life."

It is scarcely reasonable to believe that Mr. Gladstone contemplated retirement from his political leadership when he published the attack on his Catholic fellow-countrymen and his insult to the universal Catholic conscience. No one believes it. To believe that he sounded the tocsin of war, intending to run away from the conflict, is to credit him with a cowardice of which his past career offers no indication. On the contrary he had no intention of leaving the conflict. He was not cowardly, only over-cunning. Intending to alarm his enemies, he only disconcerted his friends, when he unmasked his batteries, and left himself in an awkward position between those who did not run away and those who could not advance. Hence his retirement. Hence *he* sees "no public advantage in continuing" as leader; and at a meeting of the liberal leaders at the Earl of Granville's the telegram says all present agreed that "Mr. Gladstone ought to retire from Parliament."

If this is not an odious crushing and humiliating defeat, it is impossible to conceive one. Gladstone is clearly and evidently, at the close of a wonderful career, made an English sacrifice on the altar of Bismarckianism; and though he does not in some respects merit such a fate, still it is creditable to English opinion that it is so.

WINBOROUGH AND ITS PEOPLE.

REMINISCENCE OF LIFE IN ENGLAND.

CHAPTER I.

The Scene and Dramatis Personæ.

I left Winborough when I was twelve years old, and, before I saw it again, was a matron of thirty; but in the interval, my mind's picture of the old English town was as vivid as ever. I could see the wide square market-place, with what was called its cross in the centre, where the market-women drew snowy napkins from the primrose-tinted butter; where the whitest of cream cheese lay cradled in the greenest of cabbage-leaves; where stalls, like altars to Good Cheer, bore round hampers of ribstone pippins, and baking-pears, with pyramids of plums; while, at the base of the shrine, poultry cackled or crowed their unanimous objection to be selected for its victims. I could see the solid rolls of woollen ranged on the steps of Jubb the tailor, and, floating above them, bright stuffs, prints, and ribbons, all labelled at the most astonishing prices. I used to think that the kerseys and the ribbons (so opposite in themselves) symbolized Jubb's liberal range of mind. They showed how he could blend the useful with the ornamental, and proved that while he challenged our respect in his sterner character as tailor, he could relax into the amenities of life in his blander vocation of haberdasher. Nearly opposite Jubb's was the shop of Sparkes, bookseller and printer. It was in his window that you beheld that engraving of the massive square-towered church, which was executed after the chancel and the southern porch had been partially rebuilt. The commission for an original drawing of the church had, in the first instance, been offered to Roxby; but, although he wanted money, the poor fellow was just then in such request at Olympus, that our townsfolk selected an artist from a more adjacent though less classic locality. The engraving was patronized by, and dedicated to, Lady Naseby of Naseby Hall, a countess in her own right, who, from her proximity to Winborough, made it positively redolent of her influence. Sparkes had himself dedicated to her his Archæological Survey of Winborough, from the period of the Romans to the (then) present time. The poem, entitled Naseby Hall, was generally attributed to his pen; and, although not directly proved, the rumor gained countenance from a sudden lowness of voice and a premature assumption of spectacles, by which Sparkes was supposed to imitate the studious and abstract bias of the poetic temperament. He conformed, nevertheless, to the innocent gayeties of life. The respective programmes of the annual regatta, the theatre, and the ball at the Assembly Rooms—all under the patronage of Lady Naseby—issued from the same press that gave the Archæological Survey and accompanying poem to an admiring public. A little farther to the left was the saloon of Perkins the hairdresser, who had occasionally been summoned to the hall, and whose demeanor was, in consequence, as mysterious as that of Sparkes, and incomparably more haughty. Whatever qualities Perkins had derived from intercourse with the great, affability was certainly not amongst them. He would bring the tips of his fingers in contact with plebeian locks with a reluctance that painfully suggested the difference between them and those aristocratic curls with which he was sometimes occupied. He would stand at his door on market-days, frowning on the London coach as it wedged through the crowd, evidently indignant that democratic passengers could enter a town so near to Naseby Hall, on the simple condition of paying their fares.

I am talking of nearly forty years ago: but let me speak of the time for awhile as if present. That stout, round-faced, spencered little man, for whom every one makes way, is Mr. Latham, our banker, the great man of

Winborough. He is awful, not solely on account of his wealth, but because his only child, Miss Amelia, is Lady Naseby's god-daughter. His manner is somewhat off-hand, but he has a kind heart, gives himself no airs; and, being a person of real importance, is indifferent about showing it. He dives from the market-place into a little flagged court. He enters the shop of Mrs. Lamb, the pastry-cook; where I buy the maccaroons for Cyril, and where my feelings are often severely tried by ravishing odors of pâtés and soups. The banker is probably going to give a dinner party. A tall gentleman of melancholy visage has seen him enter, and reconnoitres him through the window with vivid interest. At some movement of Mr. Latham—who is perhaps pantomimically declining goose-pie—Mr. Myers shakes his head with pensive deprecation. He doubtless expects to be invited. Such an attention would be only humane to a man of his keen sensibilities. He is the editor of the *Winborough Guardian*. He lets you understand that he might aspire to far higher distinctions in the metropolis—but there is a spell upon him. He is the victim of a hidden—but I must not tell. Enough, that if London have wealth and honors, there is no Naseby there. For the rest, he is a barrister, sometimes holds an assize brief, and has been known to puzzle juries by a bird-like trill in his voice, which he has copied from the countess.

The flagged court conducts you to the winding and bustling High Street. There, with its vaulted roof and massive window, stands the Old Hall, our Exeter Hall, our exhibition room, our exchange, our theatre. Mr. Alfred St. Leon de l'Orme—the respected manager of our circuit—will perform there to-night, and do honor to his illustrious name by his delineation of Hamlet. A few doors beyond is the cheerful Naseby Arms. Look down its yard! What a vista of buff-coated farmers, dotted with scarlet-coated huntsmen; of hacks, thorough breds, and sibilating ostlers! What a ringing of bells as you look in at the door; what hams, turkeys and pheasants, suspended in the passage; what cherry-ribboned chambermaids tripping down the stairs. I grieve to pass by the gay toy-shop, but having spent my money, I had better pass and not look, than look and not enter. I shall turn down a narrow street by that gloomy corner-shop, above which the name Nettleship, and the titles of the goods which he vends, are scarcely legible for age. That is the shop of our head grocer, and wine merchant. No muscatels, currants, or drums of figs tempt you in his windows. A solitary cone of sugar in blue paper, or the figure of a mandarin peers over his wire blinds. Yet there alone can you obtain from dark hollows under counters, or from lamp-lit vaults, your cayenne, conserves of quince, preserved ginger, Midland Hunt sauce, travelled Madeira, and tawny port. White in the High Street, Tibbetts in the Market-place, and other *novi homines*, may resort to placards and display, but Nettleship knows better what becomes his dignity and that of Pollux Lane. For in that lane dwell the vicar, the banker, the principal attorney, the head surgeon, and above all, Mrs. Colonel Massingham, whom the Talbots from the Grange used regularly to visit, and at whose door Lady Naseby's carriage has been known to stand thrice in a twelvemonth. And in Pollux Lane—I hope I write it with humble thankfulness rather than with elation—was situated our house.

We liked it all the better for that prosaic outside which it wore as a mask to its romance. On one side of the hall you entered a large oak-panelled room, with a high carved mantle-piece, and an ample hearth—the spot on which young Captain Farr, mad with jealous rage, fell slain by his own hand, at the feet of Alice Joddrell, a coquette who rejoiced in powder and patches. Her father, Sir Richard Joddrell, Knight, was mayor of Winborough in Queen Anne's time. Often at twilight, in that panelled room, have I fancied shapes issuing from the distant corner, and flitting over the faint gold bar which the oil lamp in the street cast upon the shadowed floor, until Miss Joddrell's pliant form seemed again to fill the arm-chair—her careless head averted from the tall, dark figure that bowed moodily over the mantle-piece. On the other side of the hall ran one of the quaintest and snuggest of rooms—my father's library. To leave the panelled room with its dying embers on a winter's night, and then to enter the warm, bright little li-

brary, was very much like closing a volume of Mrs. Radcliffe and taking up Charles Lamb.

There was just space in this room for our family circle and a privileged friend, generally Roxby the artist. His enthusiastic temperament, his sparkling but restless eye, and his fixed belief that some great potentate or peer would one day discover and proclaim his genius, made him quite a figure of romance in an every-day group. We were all to have whatever our hearts could wish for, when Roxby became acknowledged as a heroic painter—a personage whose influence he considered fully equal to that of a prime-minister or a commander-in-chief. Our drawing-room was up-stairs to the rear of the house. It commanded the garden with its pleasant grass-plot and sun-dial, its curving paths, well-arranged, flower-beds, and a secluded arcade of limes which belted the grounds, and conducted by a flight of steps to a somewhat narrow terrace upon the river.

CHAPTER II.

Rival Steamboats—The Countess Visits the Doctor.

The river was, in my juvenile days, the scene of a celebrated contest between our port and that of H——, with which we had communication by steam. As this contest not only showed the public spirit of our town, but exerted in its results an important influence on our private fortunes, I will relate it in detail.

A couple of steamers, established by our chief capitalists, had plied for years between the two ports. The *British Empire* and the *Albion* were not, I confess, of those colossal dimensions which their names suggested. The *Ant*, the *Bee*, and other members of the penny fleet on the Thames were Leviathans compared with our packets. The latter, however, sufficed for the thirty or forty passengers who were accustomed to use them. Both vessels as they approached the sea—the *Albion* in particular—went through a series of gambols scarcely consistent with their nominal supremacy over that element, and not absolutely conducive to the comfort of the travellers. No one, however, thought of upbraiding the steamboats with these results. They were held to be inevitable, to have their source in the fixed economy of things, and to form, in fact, the only conditions upon which the voyage to H—— ever was or ever could be possible. Judge then of the wonder and indignation which filled our town when certain speculators at H—— resolved to start rival packets between the two ports.

As we returned no member to parliament, and lacked therefore the natural vent for our antagonism, you may suppose that we did not lose the opportunity which now offered for developing that marked principle in human nature. Our vicar—who risked his neck twice a week with the hounds—launched a memorable philippic from the pulpit against the gamblers in human life who undertook the passage to H—— at the rate of eight miles an hour. The new company was everywhere denounced for its avarice and impiety, and the few amongst us suspected of any alliance with it were peremptorily ostracized. When the rival boat—the *Eagle*—made her first voyage, we were generally of opinion that some special visitation of Providence would befall her—that her boiler would burst, or, at least, that she would founder on the bar at the river-mouth. So prevailing was this expectation, that I doubt whether any amount of premium would have induced the branch offices in our town to insure the lives of her passengers.

In spite, however, of all prognostics, the *Eagle* had the presumption to arrive, not only safely, but an hour in advance of the *British Empire*. It is true that this audacity was rebuked by shouts of execration from the populace, and the directors and their dupes had to land under an escort of constables which they had prudently secured. But still I think the impression gradually deepened—that a vessel which could perform a voyage in four hours must be considered swifter than one which required five for the same purpose, and that superior speed might possibly result in superior custom. To meet this emergency, the vicar, who had doubtless specific reasons for pronouncing eight miles an hour impious, urged the prompt construction of a boat which should ply at the orthodox rate of ten.

Our company accordingly built the *Mercury* which achieved a complete triumph over the *Eagle*. Nothing daunted, the opposition set a new vessel upon the stocks. She was to eclipse competition at once and forever. She was to combine lightness with solidity—power with speed. She was to work with double engines, and her bow was to cleave the water like a blade.

This paragon was duly launched and named the *Victory;* then towed to London for her fittings. On the day that she was to perform her first passage against the *Mercury*, public excitement in Winborough was at its climax. As two o'clock (the possible hour of arrival) drew near, both banks of the river, and the houses that overlooked it, were crowded with spectators. All the wealth, beauty, and fashion of the neighborhood were assembled on the line of route. The expectant mass at a tournament could hardly have been more varied or more eager than we. The people spoke but in whispers, or in that subdued undertone which marks the emotion of suspense. The interest was indeed painful, for our townsfolk had little hope as to the result of the day. They thought of the *Victory's* double engines, and prepared sternly for defeat: nor had they any faith, as before, that Providence would concern itself to frustrate the enemy. At length two boomed slowly from the old church steeple. The wind which lay towards the river bore to us the lingering echoes, which sounded to many like a knell.

From this moment every eye was strained up the winding banks to catch the first smoke-wreath from the approaching rivals. It was an oppressive thought that, before another hour was pealed from the belfry, their fate would be decided. For my part, I almost wished we could have put back the clock, so thrilling grew the crisis. The crowd hardly breathed. An elderly gentleman, seized with a fit of coughing, was rebuked with a concentrated gaze of sternness, as if he had committed some profane act. A boy who, spite of the solemn occasion, gave vent to one of those shrill whoops in which all *gamins* delight, actually cowered before the clinched fists which on all sides radiated to his face like the spokes of a wheel to its centre. At this juncture a member of the Midland Hunt, whose course had lain up the river, was seen galloping up on the opposite bank. When within ear-shot he drew rein, and shouted from stentorian lungs: "The *Victory's* at Mallett's Dean, and half-a-mile ahead!" Having said this, he turned to the right and plunged into Lea Thicket.

The oracle had been uttered. The crowd gave a heavy sigh, but it was partly of relief. We had scarcely looked for better news, and it was something that, though beaten, we should not be disgraced. For a few minutes there was a slight hum, which again lapsed into silence. At length a cry broke forth, "There, there by the poplars!" Looking to that curve in the mazy river where groups of those trees stood like sentinels, we saw a trail of fire flash among their clumps. An intervening hill for a moment baffled our view, but almost instantly the red stream rounded the hill-base. Not till then did we see that the flame—flame without smoke—issued from the black funnel, in front of which a tall, slender mast stood defined. There was no longer doubt. It was the *Victory!* On she came with spectral speed—flags streaming from bow, mast, and stern; funnel flaring from her heart of fire. And behind her—rounding the hill with grand emulation, and with billows of ebon smoke blown behind her like hair—dashed the *Mercury*.

"Half-a-mile behind!" cried one; "not a hundred yards."

"A hundred!—Say fifty," replied another, after an interval.

"That was two minutes since," was the rejoinder; "for see, neighbor, she gains—she gains!"

Yes; for, as we afterwards learned, the *Victory's* engines were too heavy for her build. In passing our terrace, the *Mercury* (she had reserved her power for a grand *denouement*) shot by her antagonist, and from the decks of the former, till then silent, burst forth the air of the Conquering Hero, drowned in the hurrahs that rolled from bank to bank, and in the pealing bells, which, on the mere chance of such a result, had been ordered to proclaim it.

(To be Continued.)

MISCELLANY.

A King in the Capitol.

While our New Year's MANHATTAN was being made up in the week before Christmas to meet the exigencies of periodical publication, a ceremonial of an unusual and interesting character was taking place in the capital. The significance of the visit of the King of Hawaii to the Republic of the United States may be said to have culminated when he stood in the halls of the great national Capitol and before the senators and representatives of the assembled States. Without suggesting any discourtesy to our friendly visitor by a comparison of the islands he represented, and the continent in the presence of whose assembled Congress he stood, it is enough to remark that he was the first person bearing the acknowledged title of a reigning sovereign who visited the United States or stood under the dome of its Capitol. Hence the occasion was such as to render it a pleasing journalistic duty to place some notice of it on record.

King Kalakaua having arrived at the President's room in the rear of the Senate Chamber on the 18th December, the Senators of the United States by arrangement paid their respects to him, and then proceeded in a body headed by the Vice-President and Sergeant-at-Arms to the House of Representatives, where was gathered an immense crowd of spectators in the galleries and corridors. On motion of Mr. Platt, of Virginia, ladies were admitted into the hall. Punctually at a quarter past twelve (the hour fixed for the reception), the Door-keeper of the House announced the presence of the Senate of the United States, and thereupon the members of that body, headed by Vice-President Wilson, filed into the hall and took the seats assigned to them, being the three front rows in the Eastern section. In ten minutes afterwards the fall of the Speaker's gavel indicated the presence of the King at the main door, and then, after the Senators and Members had risen and while they remained standing, the King, supported on either side by Senator Cameron and Representative Orth, Chairmen of the respective Committees of Foreign Affairs, walked down the main aisle and took a position in the area in front of the Speaker's chair.

Senator Cameron then said: "I have the honor to present to the Speaker the King of Hawaii."

The Speaker, addressing the King, said: "Your Majesty—On behalf of the American Congress I welcome you to these halls. The Senators from our States, and the Representatives of our people, unite in cordial congratulations upon your auspicious journey, and in the expression of the gratification and pleasure afforded by your presence in the capital of the nation as the nation's guest. Your Majesty's appearance among us is the first instance in which a reigning Sovereign has set foot upon the soil of the United States, and it is a significant circumstance that the visit comes to us from the West and not from the East. Probably no single event could more strikingly typify the century's progress in your Majesty's country and in our own than the scene here and now transpiring. The rapid growth of the Republic on its Western coast has greatly enlarged our intercourse with your insular kingdom, and has led us all to acknowledge your wisdom and beneficence as a ruler, and your exalted virtues as a man. Our whole people cherish for your subjects the most friendly regard; they trust and believe that the relations of the two countries will always be as peaceful as the great sea that rolls between us—uniting and not dividing us."

The King had a momentary conference with one of his attendants, Judge Allen, and then the latter, expressing his regret that the King was so afflicted with a cold and hoarseness that he was unable to read his reply to the Speaker's address, proceeded to read it for him, as follows:

"Mr. Speaker:—For your kind words of welcome, I most cordially thank you. For this distinguished mark of confidence, I tender to the honorable Senate and House of Representatives my highest sentiments of regard. It is in accord with the very courteous and generous treatment which I have received from the Executive Department of the Government, and from all the people whom I have had the pleasure to meet since I landed on the shores of the Pacific. I appreciate the complimentary terms in which the Honorable Speaker has referred to me personally. For our success in government, and for our progress in a higher civilization, we are very much indebted to the Government and people of this great country. Your laws and your civilization have been in a great degree our model. I reciprocate most cordially the hope for the continuance and growth of friendly relations between the two countries. I am most happy, gentlemen, to meet you on this occasion."

The Speaker then came down from the chair and

was personally introduced to the King. After an exchange of courtesies the Speaker returned to the chair, knocked with the gavel calling members again on their feet, and the King retired as he had entered, followed by the members of the Senate. The spectators dispersed, and the House proceeded with its regular business.

Christianity in the Kitchen.

We need not at this day expatiate on, while we deplore the evils connected with the engagement and irresponsibility of "domestic help." Every housekeeper is sadly, provokingly eloquent on the theme; and could illustrate it much better than we could. Go where you will, however various the arrangements up-stairs, the same complaint comes of and from the kitchen. In this, as in regard to other matters, people deplore the good old times when servants were devoted to their masters, the confidantes in a manner of their mistresses, and the proud and jealous guardians of the children; when they had the affection of the family in return, and never thought of "bettering themselves" in another situation unless it was of a matrimonial condition; and then the whole family took as much interest in "giving her away" and seeing that "she didn't make a foolish match," and helping her "to begin the world decently," as if she had been "one of their own." In the majority of cases nowadays there is neither mutual confidence nor mutual respect existing between employer and the employed; too often it is a trial of skill—diamond cut diamond—between the parlor and the kitchen—while waste, disruption of domestic peace, and general ill-temper are the result. This is largely owing to want of proper investigation on the part of employers, not only as to the qualification of cook or chambermaid as such, but as to their moral tendencies and character. Individual carelessness in this respect results in general tribulation, as heart-wearying and head-distracting to housekeepers, as derogatory to good girls, and dangerous to all girls seeking employment.

We have been led into these remarks by an announcement of a plan designed to counteract some of the evils of the present system. Archbishop Allemani proposes to establish Catholic Intelligence Bureaus in his archdiocese, and has commenced by inaugurating one in San Francisco. As an incentive to other localities, and as suggestive of the plan of operation, we quote the archbishop's words, which must meet with the approval of all:—

"As an antidote to these evils, and as a means of guiding with a firm and friendly hand the steps of inexperienced and trusting youth, we have made arrangements to open in this city an employment office for young people, and have placed in charge of it two agents, a gentleman and a lady, in whose intelligence, judgment, and zeal we have reason to confide. The work of the office will be understood best from the duties of the agents. They are required, besides other things, to make themselves familiar with the various business enterprises of the city and State; to solicit the co-operation of the heads of charitable institutions, and the presidents or other officers of benevolent societies; to urge on applicants for place the importance of cherishing and practising industry, honesty, fidelity, and obedience, and of complying faithfully with their religious duties; to make use of careful inquiry and trustworthy testimony, that the parties to whom boys and girls are to be intrusted, and the place, be unexceptionable; to communicate occasionally with those for whom they have found employment, by writing to or visiting them, and to watch over them by their friendly supervision, and aid them with their counsel; and to discharge with energy, zeal, and prudence such other duties as may be imposed on them.

"To render this project as useful and successful as it is practical and important, we need, and we count, on the hearty coöperation alike of the clergy and laity. We have called to our aid a Board of Directors, consisting of some of the most intelligent gentlemen of this city; and with their counsel, we have organized the office with much thought and care; but, without the actual concurrence of all friends of youth, our success will not be equal to our expectations. We therefore request the clergy to explain to their people the objects of the office; to instruct them to apply, and cause their friends to apply, at the office whenever the services of young persons are sought for: and to send to the office or notify the agents, of such boys and girls in their parishes as are old and advanced enough to work, but unable and unwilling to find employment.

"Those who can afford it will be expected, on obtaining a position, to contribute a small sum towards defraying the expenses of the office; but the office will be opened to all without exception, and the poorest will have the first right to its sympathy and attention.

"As the amount to be realized from fees must be uncertain and inadequate, the agents are authorized to solicit subscriptions, not to exceed two dollars monthly from one person, and to be paid monthly or otherwise, at each subscriber's option. The money will be deposited with a treasurer, and disbursed under the supervision and direction of the Board."

A remarkable Prophecy.

A writer in the *New Haven Register* recently ran across a copy of an old almanac, printed in Boston in 1758, entitled, "An Astronomical Diary, by Nathaniel Ames," which contains a most interesting article on "America—its Past, Present and Future," and one singularly prophetic of our times. He thinks the author of this old almanac was Dr. Nathaniel Ames, of Dedham, Mass., the father of Fisher Ames, an eminent and distinguished man. This Dr. Ames was a man of remarkable acuteness and wit, and is said to have added to great professional skill a superior knowledge of natural philosophy, astronomy, and mathematics. He died as early as 1764, while Fisher, his youngest son, was still in his infancy. The article in question must have been written in 1757, when the whole country west of the Appalachian chain of mountains was in the hands of the French, and we copy what the writer says under his third and last head, as being decidedly the most prophetic piece of political forecasting to be found anywhere in all the writings of our colonial times. Here is the prophecy:—

"*Thirdly—of the Future State of North America.*

"Here we find a vast stock of proper materials for the art and ingenuity of man to work upon—treasures of immense worth, concealed from the poor, ignorant aboriginal natives. The curious have observed that the progress of human literature, like the sun, is from the east to west; thus it has travelled through Asia and Europe, and now is arrived at the eastern shore of America. As the celestial light of the Gospel was directed here by the finger of God, it will doubtless finally drive the long, long night of heathenish darkness from America. So arts and science will change the face of nature in their tour from hence over the Appalachian Mountains to the Western Ocean; and as they march through the vast desert, the residence of wild beasts will be broken up and their obscene howl cease forever, instead of which the stones and trees will dance together at the music of Orpheus, the rocks will disclose their hidden gems, and the inestimable treasures of gold and silver be broken up. Huge mountains of iron ore will be discovered, and vast stores reserved for future generations. This metal, more useful than gold and silver, will employ millions of hands, not only to form the martial sword and peaceful share alternately, but an infinity of utensils, improved in the exercise of art and handicraft among men. Nature, through all her works, has stamped authority on this law, namely, 'that all fit matter shall be improved to its best purposes.' Shall not, then, those vast quarries that teem with mechanic stones —those for structure be piled into great cities; and those for sculpture into statues to perpetuate the honor of renowned heroes, even those who shall now save their country? Oh! ye unborn inhabitants of America! should this page escape its destined conflagration at the year's end, and these alphabetical letters remain legible, when your eyes behold the sun after he has rolled the seasons round for a century to come, you will know that in Anno Domini 1758 we dreamed of your times."

Catholics as Missionaries.

While King Kalakaua, of the Sandwich Islands, and his suite were passing through Chicago, *en route* to Washington from San Francisco, a reporter of the *Tribune* of that city interviewed Kapena, a pure-blooded native of Hawaii, holding the position of Governor of the most important island of the group, as to the respective influence of missionaries on the population. It is, of course, well known that the inhabitants of Hawaii during this brief period of eighty years have dwindled down from 400,000 to 50,000. In reply to a question asking the reason of this falling off in population, Governor Kapena replied:

Well, there are very many causes. Among them the undoubted one that civilization—the contact of the Caucasian with any other race, almost inevitably produces the decay of the latter. This is the case with us. When Cook came to our islands we were barbarous, but healthy. Our habits were different. In those days my people, owing to their beautiful climate, wore very little clothing. The Missionaries came first with the Bible, and they spoke of the indecency of being nude. Our people did not wish to shock the feelings of the whites, and adopted their clothing. They dropped the native mantle which, in olden times, used to shield them from the occasional Pacific winds during our short winter. They wore the same light clothing in winter as in summer after Cook came, and this bred consumption, which carried them off by thousands. It is somewhat remarkable that wherever the missionaries came – I will except THE ROMAN CATHOLICS—depopulation followed.

Why do you except the Roman Catholics, Governor?

Gov. Kapena—Well, because they have a better way of dealing with the heathen, as we were called. First of all, the Roman Catholic Missionary does not commence his spiritual labors by ramming the Bible down unwilling throats. He begins by teaching the people agriculture and thrift, and gradually leads them on until they learn to love him. Then, with the docility of little children, they listen to his religious advice, and after a time embrace his glowing belief, which appears to suit them better than the colder creeds of the Dis-

senters. The latter have been rather a failure in the South Sea Islands.

How do you account for it?

Gov. Kap-na--Because they talked eternal Bible and nothing else. They were forever attending to the spiritual wants of the people, but had no care for their temporal requirements, as the Roman Catholics had. To prove what I say, I have only to assert that in the islands where the Catholic faith obtains, the population has not decreased with the terrible rapidity which it has in Protestant sections. I know it appears strange, but it is so.

What are the leading religions in your country?

Gov. Kapena--The Roman Catholic, Episcopal, and Congregational. There are Mormons, but we do not recognize them.—He further stated that neither the king nor himself professed any religion, but concluded by emphatically declaring that the Roman Catholic faith commanded his profoundest respect, and its missionaries his deepest and most sincere admiration.

Names of European Nations.

These are derived principally from some particular cause or object. For instance, Ireland—which Julius Cæsar first called Hibernia—is a kind of modification of Erin, or the Country of the West. Scotland, from Scotia, a tribe which originally came from Ireland. It was anciently called Caledonia, which means a mountainous country—forests and lands. Portugal, the ancient Lusitania, was so named from a town on the river Douro, called Cale, opposite to which the inhabitants built a city called Porto, or Oporto; and when the country was recovered from the Moors the inhabitants combined the words, and called it the kingdom of Portucale—hence Portugal. Spain—the ancient Iberia, from the river Iberus; or Hispania, from the Phœnician *Spaniya*, which signifies abounding with rabbits, which animals are very numerous in that country: hence Spain. France, from the Franks, a people of Germany who conquered that country. Its ancient name was Celta, Gaul, or Galia-Brachata, the latter signifying striped breeches, which were worn by the natives. Switzerland, the ancient Helvetia, was so named by the Austrians who called the inhabitants of these mountainous countries Schweitzers. Italy received its present name from a renowned prince called Italus. It was called Hesperia, from its western locality. Holland, the ancient Batavia, a warlike people, was so named from the German word *hohl*, the English of which is hollow, implying a very hollow country. The inhabitants are called Dutch, from the German *deutsch* or *teutsch*. Sweden and Norway were originally called Scandinavia, which the modern antiquarians think means a country the woods of which had been burned or destroyed. The appellation Sweden is derived from Sictuna or Snitheod. The active term Norway, or the northern way, explains itself. Prussia, from Peuzzi, a Sclavonic race; but some writers suppose it took its name from Russia, and the Sclavonic syllable *po*, which means adjacent or near. Denmark means the marches, territories, or boundaries of the Danes. Russia is the ancient Sarmatia, which has been subsequently named Muscovy. It derived its present name from Russi, a Sclavonic tribe, who founded the Russian monarchy. The original savage inhabitants used to paint their bodies in order to appear more terrible in battle. They generally lived in mountains, and their chariots were their only habitations. Turkey took its name from the Turks or Turcomans, which signifies wanderers, and originally belonged to the Scythians or Tartars. It is sometimes called the Ottoman Empire, from Othoman, one of their principal leaders.

Iron-Clads in Europe.

From figures in the Shipping Gazette we learn that Europe has 142 iron-clads fit to be placed in line of battle. Of these England has 38; France, 28; Austria, Russia, Italy, and Turkey, 15 each; Germany, 8; Spain, 7; Denmark, 3; Greece, 2. The tonnage of the German ships and the size of their guns are, however, so uncommonly great that, although few in number, they are supposed to be more than a match for any navy, those of England, Russia, and France excepted. Besides these there are 103 iron-cased vessels to be found in Europe for the defence of coasts. Of this number Germany has 2; Spain, Norway and Denmark, 3 each; Turkey, 5; Sweden, 9; Russia, 13; Holland, 18; England, 23, and France, 30. 431 screw frigates and corvettes make up the wooden array of European strength at sea. Here again England, with 132 vessels, 5,670 guns and 50,700 horse power, has the first place. France the second on the list, records only 52; Russia, 48; Turkey, 44; Spain, 37; Holland, 25; Italy, 24; Germany, 17; Denmark, 16; Austria, 14; Portugal, 8; Sweden, 5; Norway, 5; Greece, 2. Smaller craft, such as avisos, gunboats, etc., of which England alone has 176, with 309 guns and 13,284 horse power, are not reckoned in this calculation. If England were to man her navy for war she would require 69,000 men, of whom 22,000 would have to be enlisted for the purpose. Russia, for the like object, wants 36,000, France, 33,570; Turkey, 21,00; Spain, 14,000; Germany, 13,000 (every one kept in readiness); Austria, 11,500; Italy, 11,200; Holland, 6,260; Denmark,

4,800; Norway, 3,500; Portugal, 3,300; Sweden, about 3,000. Comparing the total of the German crew with those of the other States, we find it exceeded by England, Russia, France, Turkey, and Spain. Spain does not count, so much of her forces existing only on paper; nor can Turkey's numbers be relied upon, she being to a great extent dependent upon foreign help for the effective manning and officering of her ships. Hence the German navy is in reality inferior only to British, Russian, and French; and even this statement requires to be qualified, German vessels being much more sparingly manned than either the Russian or French, and 13,000 German sailors being accordingly not so very much below the strength of 30,000 Russians or 33,570 Frenchmen, as the figures would seem to indicate.

Lord Derby on Life Labor.

The Earl of Derby, who is said to be a robust specimen, physically and mentally active, and much occupied as we know with public affairs in and out of Parliament, makes the following useful suggestion:—"Take two men, if they could be found, exactly alike in mental and bodily aptitudes, and let one go on carelessly and idly, indulging his appetites, and generally leading a life of pleasure; and let the other train himself, by early hours, by temperate habits, and by giving to muscles and brain each their fair share of employment, and at the end of two or three years they will be as wide apart in their capacity for exertion as if they had been born with wholly different constitutions. Without a normal, healthy condition there can, as a rule, be no good work; and though that qualification cannot absolutely be secured or preserved by any rules, a little common-sense and care will go a long way both in securing and preserving it. On that point I would give you these hints:—First: that it is not mental labor which hurts anybody, unless the excess be very great, but rather fretting and fidgeting over the prospect of labor to be gone through; so that the man who can accustom himself to take things coolly, which is quite as much a matter of discipline as of nature, and who, by keeping well beforehand with what he has to do, avoids undue hurry and nervous excitement, has a great advantage over one who follows a different practice. Next, I would warn you that those students who think they have no time for bodily exercise, will sooner or latter have to find time for illness. Third, when an opportunity of choice is given, morning work is generally better than night work; and lastly—a matter which I should not stop to allude to but that I know the dangers of an over-driven existence in a crowded town—if a man cannot get through his day's labor, of whatever kind it may be, without artificial support ["artificial support"—*that* means beer or Bourbon], it should be a serious consideration for him whether that kind of labor is fit for him at all."

The Agassiz Memorial.

The treasurer, in his report on the Teachers and Pupils' Fund, acknowledges the contribution of $741.63 from Teachers and Pupils of the Public Schools of Baltimore. The school committees of Philadelphia, New York, Brooklyn, and Boston believed it to be inexpedient to suspend the law forbidding contributions to be taken up in the schools. Contributions, however, have been received from those cities, excepting Philadelphia. In New York, the President of Columbia College, and Madame Charlier's Institute, gave $129.61. In Brooklyn, the Packer Institute, and Public School No. 1, gave $190. In Boston proper, twenty-one friends, some thirty teachers, and a few pupils gave $990.15. In the Charleston district one hundred and fifteen teachers gave $135. In the western States many cities and towns gave freely; Chicago, $1,003.40; St. Louis, $765.53.

The largest contributions were received from Massachusetts, New York, and Illinois, as follows: 10,941 contributors in Massachusetts gave $2,555.07; 6,590 contributors in New York gave $1,106.97; and 30,380 contributors in Illinois gave $1,982.54; Missouri furnished 10,975 contributors, who gave $882.79; Maryland 12,600 contributors, who gave $815.33; Texas one contributor, who sent $2; North Carolina two contributors, who gave $1, each, and South Carolina one contributor, who gave 25 cents. The total number of contributors is estimated at 86,696, and the total amount of contributions thus far, $9,192.74.

Statue to Balfe the Composer.

In last May measures were undertaken in Ireland to initiate the raising of funds for a testimonial to Balfe, the eminent composer, whose "Bohemian Girl," "Rose of Castile," and numerous other operas are known all over the world. A sub-committee was appointed with authority to issue circulars soliciting subscriptions for the execution of a lifesize statue of the composer, in addition to the founding of a scholarship in the Royal Irish Academy of Music. At subsequent meetings of the committee it appears there was apparent a strong tone of uncertainty and irresolution with regard to the carrying out of this original programme; and it would seem, from the terms of a resolution carried at a meeting recently held, that the project of a statue has been practically shelved,

and the memorial reduced to the solitary remembrancer of a musical scholarship. It is really time that those who have taken upon them the responsibility of conducting this business, should come out of their corner and exert themselves to enlist once for all such general support as will secure a full and proper finish to their original enterprise. The Dublin *Freeman's Journal* suggests that they try whether a larger organization and a better system of collection will not spare them the humiliating consciousness of failure, and save the countrymen of Balfe from the imputation of having neglected the name and memory of an illustrious Irishman.

The Heir of the Princes of Ulster.

The late Marquis Henry O'Neill, a young French sub-lieutenant of Chasseurs, is said to have been the heir of 130 kings who reigned in Ireland uninterruptedly for 3,000 years. His family intermarried many times with the MacMahons, whose pedigree in the United Kingdom is meagre compared with one recently made out at Paris. The lieutenant was hailed over the tomb as Prince of Ultonia (Ulster), Earl of Valmont and Tyrone, Viscount of Mountjoy, Baron Dungannon, Lord of Clanaboye, and legitimate successor of the kings of Ireland. The French chroniclers have heard of a tradition that at Shane Castle, the seat of the O'Neills, there is on one of the turrets a stone bearing the sculptured image of an O'Neill. Whenever that stone falls, so will fall the O'Neill family. It has for many years been shaky, but it is not known by the friends of the deceased whether it is down yet.

The Passion Flower.

A correspondent calls our attention to the Christian significance of the Passion flower, and encloses the following note on the subject :--

When the Spaniards discovered South America they saw, amongst other plants new to them, a climbing shrub, having from two to three fruit-bearing flowers, unlike any they had ever seen. One day a priest was preaching to the Peruvians, or aboriginal inhabitants, amidst the wild scenery of their native forests. His subject was the Passion of our Lord. His eye suddenly glanced at this curious flower, which hung in festoons from the trees overhead, and like St. Patrick with the shamrock, he saw with the eye of a saint a vivid picture of the sad story of Calvary. The rings of thread which surround the cup of the flower, and which are mottled with blue, crimson, and white, suggested the crown of thorns, stained with blood, to his mind tutored by meditation; the five anthers, on the stamens, represented the five wounds; the three styles, the nails which fixed our Blessed Lord to the Cross, and the singular column which rises in the centre of the flower, were made to bring before the minds of these wild savages the harrowing scene of the Second Sorrowful Mystery of the most holy Rosary. So, without Bibles or books, did this holy man instruct his converts on the Passion; and to this day our beautiful creeping garden flower is called "the Passion flower," which in all languages bears the same name.

St. Patrick's Grave.

There has been much said and written lately about St. Patrick's grave. What has been written flowed from a desire to honor Ireland and the saint. As there is no proof that the place which was lately indicated in Down as the grave of St. Patrick ever contained the remains of Ireland's Apostle, it is a question whether it would not be better to finish the church erected in his honor, than to raise a monument on a spot about which nothing certain is known. Concerning this subject, the Most Rev. Bishop of Down and Connor writes to the Rev. P. O'Kane, P.P. of the district:

BELFAST, Nov. 18, 1874.

REV. DEAR SIR: I noticed the letters about St. Patrick's grave, but it evidently is not known to the writers that the late Most Rev. Dr. Dixon, Primate of All Ireland, consulted me about an offer made by some pious Catholics in New Jersey to forward subscriptions to erect a monument. He did not think it wise to expend money in that way on account of the irritation it might cause; and he therefore thought your new church a better way of perpetuating the memory of the great apostle in that locality and elsewhere. And, in fact, as monuments cover the whole land, and the hallowed grave attests not silently the pilgrim's love and devotion, by carrying away a *souvenir* of the saint's resting-place, I should prefer at present to see the tower of the new church completed, and the high altar erected to receive a portion of the relics in my possession. These objects appear to me worthy of the consideration of those who write on this matter. I remain very sincerely yours,

P. Dorrian.

The First Church in America.

On Cozumel Island are yet to be seen the walls of the first church ever built on the continent of North America. Cortez, before his conquest of Mexico—say about three hundred years ago—built his first place of worship on this beautiful Island. The foundation and walls, says the Key West (Florida) *Dispatch*, are yet partially preserved. Each side has an elevation of some ten feet; the altar is covered with an almost impenetrable growth of chaparral; and all about and even inside these ruins are ancient and modern tombs, where

patriarchs rest. The wild flowers bloom over them in great profusion, and the birds carol sweet songs morning and evening. A paved walk extends from the portal several hundred yards westward, but is now almost buried from sight in the sod. Excavations are seen, where searchers after hidden treasures have delved. There is a fine field there for the curious to explore. But the natives of the locality allow it to rest so quietly that the dense shrubbery almost buries it.

The New York Historical Society.

At the annual Meeting of this Society the following officers were elected for the year 1875 :—President, Frederick de Peyster, LL. D.; First Vice-President, William Cullen Bryant, LL. D.; Second Vice-President, James W. Beekman; Foreign Corresponding Secretary, William J. Hoppin; Domestic Corresponding Secretary, Evert A. Duyckinck; Recording Secretary, Andrew Warner; Treasurer, Benjamin H. Field; Librarian, George H. Moore, LL. D.

American Geographical Society.

At the annual meeting of the American Geographical Society (Jan 19) the following officers and Council were elected for 1875 :—President, Charles P. Daly, LL. D; Vice-Presidents, Frederick A. Conkling, Francis A. Stout, George W. Cullum, U. S. A.; Foreign Corresponding Secretary, James Mühlenberg Bailey; Domestic Corresponding Secretary, William H. H. Moore; Recording Secretary, Alvan S. Southworth; Treasurer, George Cabot Ward. Council, William Remsen, T. Bailey Myers, William Tilden Blodgett, William E. Curtis, Theodore W. Dwight, LL.D., Elial F. Hall, William Jones Hoppin, E. R. Straznicky, M.D., Isaac Bernheimer, Roswell D Hitchcock, D.D., Samuel L. M. Barlow, Harlow M. Hoyt, H. Manigault Morris, Charles A. Joy, Walton W. Evans.

CURRENT PUBLICATIONS.

Lives of the Irish Saints, compiled from manuscript and other sources, with the commemorations and festivals of holy persons, noted in Calendars, Martyrologies, and various works, domestic or foreign, relating to the Ancient Church History of Ireland, by the Rev. JOHN O'HANLON, M. R. I. A. Dublin & London: Duffy & Co. New York: Catholic Publication Society.

We have received Parts I to VII of this work now in course of publication.

It is difficult, if not impossible, to do anything like justice in a brief notice to this remarkable, learned, and laborious production. When completed, it will not only be a glorious and wonderful record of the lives, labors, sanctity, and consecrated genius of the holy children of the Isle of Saints from the earliest period, but a magnificent monument of the love that designed, and the scholarship and persevering devotion that executed it. Judging from the amount of references in the numbers before us, from the deftly interwoven quotations in the text; and the extent and variety of the notes and authorities given, we should say the labor expended must have been simply enormous. It is in reality not only a series of rare biographies, but an encyclopædia of the ecclesiastical history, antiquities, topography, and customs of ancient and mediæval Ireland, and the remarkable men who not only made its ecclesiastical, but much of its civil, history. Portions of the work already published, such as the lives of Saints Lawrence O'Toole, Malachy O'Morgair, and Dympna of Gheel, in specimen volumes, have given the author a conspicuous and well-earned eminence among archæological *savans*, not only in Ireland and England, but on the Continent of Europe. From the Prospectus we learn somewhat of the promised scope of the great work; and what we have seen, fully and admirably thus far fulfils the promise.

The public libraries of Dublin and of other places, and even the private collections of several gentlemen, celebrated for their industry, learning, and research on subjects referring to Irish History, Antiquities, and Topography, have been consulted, and have afforded most important assistance during the prosecution of this arduous and voluminous work. Manuscripts and maps, connected with the Irish Ordnance Survey, have enabled the writer, in numberless instances, to identify the exact position and modern names of ancient places, often mentioned in the acts of the Irish saints, and in the records, or early ecclesiastical history. Besides reproducing the substance of much that has been already published by Ussher, Ware, Colgan, Bollandus, and his earlier Continuators, Lanigan, etc.—many additional facts having been ascertained since their time—various errors of those laborious, critical, and learned writers have been refuted or corrected in relation to Irish Hagiography.

This work is preceded by an Introduction, in

which the various sources and authorities, available and necessary for investigation on the subject of Irish Hagiology, are indicated. A comprehensive Index, including the names or titles of persons, places, and subjects contained in the work, with an exact numeration relating to the corresponding volumes and pages, must greatly tend to facilitate reference, and to invite research. The notes are carefully discriminated from the text in its general arrangement. Maps and engravings will tend to enhance the value of the work in a great degree, for a student of Irish ecclesiastical history and antiquities. Those illustrations represent the remains of ancient monuments, in localities which are celebrated in connection with saints of Ireland, and will, in all instances, be reproduced from correct photographs and drawings taken on the spot; whilst civil and ecclesiastical boundaries shall be faithfully traced from the best authorities, and reduced to a graduated scale with the most recent and accurate copies of the Irish Ordnance Survey Maps.

When completed, the work will comprise twelve volumes royal octavo: the matter being placed chronologically by months and days from the first of January to the 31st December. Not alone are national festivals commemorated, but the progress of Christianity in different parishes is noted. Old forgotten churches, and obsolete sites of monastic establishments, unnoticed by Archdall, and unmarked on the Ordnance Survey Maps, are placed on record in connection with the sketches of their Patron Saints. In addition to biographies and notices of saints venerated in Ireland, and solely connected with it by residence, there will be embraced accounts of many holy missionary and apostolic persons, who preached the Gospel, and founded churches or monasteries in England, Wales, Scotland, with the minor islands around them; in Germany, France, Holland, Belgium, Italy, Switzerland. It also treats of those whose missionary career extended from the remote northern regions of Iceland and Norway to the most southern parts of Europe, bordering on the Mediterranean Sea. Father Stephen White has remarked, that Germany venerates, as proper patrons, at least 115 Irish saints; France, 45; Belgium, 30; England, 44; Italy, 13; Scotland, 27; while Iceland and Norway venerated eight Irish martyrs, besides other saints—not to speak of the vast number commemorated in Ireland. This, however, he acknowledges to be a very imperfect list, and it is part of the design of the present work to demonstrate how much it must be regarded as an understatement. It will be shown, moreover, that the first Christians who landed on the shores of the New World were missionary Irish saints.

The reverend author has spent a quarter of a century in the pursuit of data to illustrate and make perfect his design; and it must be gratifying to him that already the appearance of a portion of it has evoked the enthusiastically expressed confidence and encouragement of the Catholic Hierarchy on both sides of the Atlantic; from the most eminent Men of the Irish Universities; from the Irish Academy, and a number of the most painstaking Antiquarians. The work is excellently printed on toned paper, and the illustrations well engraved. We trust that the work will meet with a generous and timely reception, not only from the clergy and well-to-do Catholic families in our cities, but from historical students and collectors of every denomination.

Anecdotes of Public Men. BY JOHN W. FORNEY. New York: Harper & Brothers.

This book might be designated a gallery of miniatures—with an occasional portrait—or even more properly we might say we have here a vast number of sketches and studies—materials from which the literary historical limner may select to give variety and reality to the great groups which have made and unmade political parties during the last thirty or forty years. The names presented are probably between three and four hundred, and the pages of the book four hundred and thirty-five, from which it may be imagined how thickly the pictures are crowded, and how cleverly drawn and vigorously tinted they must be to win individual attention and applause.

Colonel Forney writes from an over-abundance of material. Name after name conjures up "thick-coming fancies;" but the temptation to wander from one to another to point a moral, illustrate the secret spring of some great public transaction, or illuminate some personal movement with the fire characteristic of the actor, is happily controlled by the journalistic limitations under which these sketches were composed. They were contributed in weekly instalments to the Washington *Chronicle;* and while calling forth all the variety that would amuse and instruct, this mode of composition naturally checked any temptation which might present itself to a richly freighted memory and experience from falling into the dangers of diffuseness. Hence we have a work teeming with life and vivacity, in which many old things are reset and well preserved, and a fund of new matter of great interest and value presented for the first time. Not only are the great figure-head politicians from the time of Andrew Jackson to President Grant—with all their friends, rivals, and followers—made to move before the mind's eye,

but eminent or eccentric characters in all the professions, in every walk of life, with whom the author in his active journalistic and political career came in contact, are brought before the reader in effective groups.

Whether it be in the Executive Mansion, with Franklin Pierce or Abraham Lincoln, giving or taking advice; or at the other end of the avenue burying "Joe Sanders" or joining at Coyle's in "the Life Wake of Albert Pike, the fine Arkansas gentleman who died before his time;" or at the old Astor House of New York, where John Van Buren, Henry J. Raymond, George Law, Horace Greeley, James T. Brady, Emanuel B. Hart, John Brougham, Dan Sickles, Edwin Forrest, Thurlow Weed, Dean Richmond, Henry G. Stebbins, Peter Cagger, and many others, such as Wm. G. Corry, of Ohio. John L. O'Sullivan, John Cochrane, Thomas Devin Reilly, George N. Sanders, E. G. Squier, Gen. C. F. Hemingsen, congregated there in social intercourse, to discuss politics and poetry, science and art, steamships and railroads, candidates and creeds, old-fogyism and "Young America," the Washington organs and the *Democratic Review*, the dying leaders of the old Democracy and the rising glory of Stephen A. Douglas; or in the historic backroom of handsome Harry Connelly, at the corner of Chestnut and Seventh Streets, in his own good Quaker City, John W. Forney is equally and easily at home, with the ear of the politician, the eye of the journalist, the enthusiasm of the patriot, and the voice of the orator.

Meditations on the Life and Doctrines of Jesus Christ. By NICHOLAS AVANCINUS, etc., etc. With a Preface on Meditation by GEORGE PORTER, priest of the Society of Jesus. 2 vols. London: Burns & Oates. New York: Catholic Publication Society. 1875.

This valuable and edifying work was originally composed and published in Latin: the venerable author having undertaken it in 1674 under the directions of his Superiors in the Society of Jesus. A copy of the original publication having fallen into the hands of the Reverend John Evangelist Zollner at a rag fair while pursuing his theological studies at Munich, it by degrees became so serviceable a monitor, as to inspire him with the desire to make useful to others the meditations he in time learned to prize so highly.

With this intention Zöllner prepared a German version, which was not merely a literal translation of the original Latin. His object indeed carried him farther. The design of Avancinus' labors and their applications rendered them chiefly adapted for religious, and particularly for the order to which he belonged. While very useful for those versed in spiritual life, Father Zöllner deemed the Meditations capable of greater development, in order to adapt them to persons of every class. To fully carry out his view, he changed many in part, and added new thoughts and applications, in this task making use of various ascetical works, especially the Meditations of De la Puente, and the Notes on the Holy Scripture by Allioli and Massl.

It is this German version, thus carefully enriched, that has been translated by Miss F. E. Bazalgette, and is given in the handsome form before us. Its merits are such as to call for some more special index of the contents. The Meditations are over four hundred in number, and comprise the Life and Doctrine of the Redeemer, with a summary of all that the four Evangelists have recorded. During Advent the mysteries of the Incarnation are treated of; between Christmas and Septuagesima Sunday the facts of his childhood and hidden life at Nazareth; to Easter follow the circumstances of his Passion and death; between Easter and Trinity Sunday the mysteries of the Resurrection; and thence to the last Sunday after Pentecost, the remaining part of the life of our Lord, of his miracles and his parables. There are also meditations on the Gospels for all Sundays and festivals throughout the year.

Even this brief *résumé* of the contents will convey to the thoughtful mind an idea of the attractive and instructive variety of these excellent volumes which form number twelve of the Series of St. Joseph's Ascetical Library edited by the Jesuit Fathers in England.

Brownson's Quarterly Review. January, 1875. New York: Pustet.

Dr. Brownson opens the New Year with a strong number, in which several topics of the day are discussed in the vigorous style characteristic of the veteran reviewer. The opening article is on the much talked of address of Professor Tyndall before the British Association in Belfast, which, in the words of the Review, "aside from a certain pomp of diction, an emphasis, and an air of superiority and assurance with which Englishmen usually conceal their ignorance and poverty of thought, has nothing remarkable about it." An article on "The Last of the Napoleons" shows how the misfortunes which culminated at Sedan were a judgment of Divine Providence on the faithlessness of the man who made the Eldest Son of the Church an ally of England, which is described as "the oldest, the best organized, and the most impious usurper against the authority of Almighty God to be found on earth;" and who,

by his aid in the unification of Italy and Germany, promoted heresy, sacrificed the traditions and welfare of his people, and placed a club in the hands of Bismarck to knock his own brains out. The keynote of the article on the Gladstone controversy may be understood from this plain and strong position: "Papal Infallibility, since the pope does not make the law, but only declares it, is not only not incompatible with civil allegiance or with mental freedom, but is a sure guaranty that in no case can anything be enjoined on the state or the individual, or forbidden to either, that is not enjoined or forbidden by the law of God, which neither has any right to disobey. Papal Infallibility, therefore, protects, with all the authority of the Church, both civil allegiance and mental and moral freedom."

The Valiant Woman: A Series of Discourses intended for the Use of Women Living in the World.

Sins of the Tongue, and Jealousy in Woman's Life, followed by Discourses on Rash Judgments, Patience, and Grace, Boston: Patrick Donahoe.

These works embrace several series of Conferences given by Monseigneur Landriot—those in the first volume while Bishop of La Rochelle; those in the second while in his present position as Archbishop of Rheims—to associations founded by him at these places, entitled "Ladies of the Society of Mercy." They have been translated by Miss Helena Lyons, a preface added to the "Sins of the Tongue" by the Bishop of Kerry, and are reproduced from the fourth London edition in most attractive style by Mr. Donahoe of Boston. They are in matter clear and thoughtful, charmingly popular in form, and full of keen and moral suggestiveness: so much so, indeed, that we trust to profit thereby and speak more at length of their merits in the future.

The Irish-American Almanac for 1875. New York. Lynch, Cole & Meehan, 57 Murray St.

This well-printed annual cannot fail to be appreciated and welcomed by the influential class of our fellow-citizens for whose use and instruction it is specially compiled. The astronomical calculations are made for all parts of the United States, so that those who may desire to consult it in the North or South, East or West, can have no reason to be dissatisfied. The Calendar of the Months is particularly rich for students of American and Irish history, the dates of great events, battles, and birthdays of heroes, patriots, scholars, and statesmen being very extensive, and selected in general with impartiality and commendable appreciation. In the body of the book are some acceptable poetical selections, including Moore's Harp of Tara and Minstrel Boy, with the music and translations into Gaelic by Archbishop MacHale, of whom there is appropriately an illustrated memoir. Among other biographical matter are portraits and sketches of Edmund Burke and the Earl of Charlemont. Articles of interest are devoted to Armagh and its Cathedral; The Dublin Rotundo, associated with many national and notable events; The Croton Aqueduct of New York; The Church of the Holy Sepulchre, The Falls of Niagara, etc. These, with a lengthy paper on the Wyoming Massacre, by A. M. Sullivan, M. P., and "Ireland, her Position, Population, and Productions," contribute to make an interesting and useful Miscellany.

Vick's Floral Guide for 1875. Published quarterly. Rochester, N. Y.

The editor of this charming quarterly well says that the culture of flowers is one of the few pleasures that improves alike the mind and the heart, and makes every true lover of those beautiful creations of Infinite Love wiser and purer and nobler. In our own rural experiences we have found not the least recommendation to an agricultural life in the incentives its occupation supplies to the development of a sound and healthy philosophy. Of floriculture Mr. Vick says: "It teaches industry, patience, faith, and hope. We plant and sow in hope, and patiently wait with faith in the rainbow promise that harvest shall never fail." If this is true in regard to the culture of the flowers which are, so to speak, the luxuries of vegetation, it is still more true of agriculture upon which so many of the actual necessities of life depend. Communion with nature in its more useful forms tends to the development of the more elevated amenities, and while exercising our patience, through our hope, necessarily enlarges our faith in the all-ruling and divine Providence. There is no one who is not benefited morally as well as physically, by having a garden, and we have rarely encountered a man who would not have one if he could. A chief drawback to the proper cultivation of gardens is the want of necessary knowledge, but any common-sense individual can learn from Mr. Vick's work more than sufficient instruction to make a garden of rational pretensions beautiful as well as profitable. We have had many years' experience and pleasure in the "vegetable kingdom," and confess that we do not know any book so cheap, elegant, and practical as Mr. Vick's; and in recommending it, feel we are not only doing our suburban friends, but our more extensive agricultural readers in this State and in the West, a service by referring them to its useful and admirably illustrated pages.

REV. JEREMIAH A. KINSELLA.

The early history of the Catholic Church in this country is little else than a series of biographies, a condensed relation of the lives and labors of men who, in individual isolation, worked with the regularity of concerted action for a common end. And even now when the Church in the United States is a compact body, when its children can be counted by millions, when its institutions dot the land from North to South and from ocean to ocean, it is the lives of its priests and missionaries that will furnish the future ecclesiastical historian with his best material, the most reliable data. Therefore it is doubly desirable to preserve the record of such lives, whether passed among the Indian tribes, in the rising towns or lonely stations of the West, or the densely populated cities of the Atlantic seaboard, for they are not only ecclesiastical "*Mémoires pour servir*," but noble examples of Christian virtue and practical lessons of self-sacrifice; not spasmodic, but continuous and life-long self-sacrifice. So marked, indeed, is the prominence of individual exertion that there is scarcely a church in the diocese of New York, and presumably so in other dioceses, that is not associated in the public mind with the name of the priest who built it; and thus our sacred edifices not only mark the progress of Catholicity, but enshrine the memory of some zealous, self-denying ecclesiastic. The men who broke ground, as we may say, for Catholicity in this country, are rapidly dying out. Year by year their number perceptibly diminishes, and 1875, before it was a week old, saw one pass away whose loss will be long felt, and whose memory will not be soon forgotten —the Rev. Jeremiah A. Kinsella, of St. Raymond's Church, Westchester.

Father Kinsella was born in the County Carlow, Ireland, sixty-three years ago, and evincing an early predilection for the priesthood, commenced his studies in the diocesan college with a view to ordination. His father, a prosperous farmer of independent means, far from placing an obstacle in his way, encouraged him to persevere; and the young student gave himself up to his studies with an earnestness that commanded success, and drew upon him the attention of the Faculty and the admiration of his fellows. From this institution he graduated with distinction, and emigrating soon after to the United States, was ordained in Chicago by its first bishop, the Rt. Rev. Dr. Quarter. Bishop Quarter, who was remarkable for quick perception and rare insight into character, saw at a glance the treasure he had secured in the young ecclesiastic, and appointed him President of the College of St. Mary of the Lake. Here he remained for ten years, the institution under his management acquiring an enviable reputation and rising to the dignity of a university, while the Church of the Holy Name, erected by his exertions, bore evidence to the zeal and fidelity with which he discharged his pastoral duties.

When Father Kinsella left the scene of his first labors and triumphs and came to New York, he was accompanied by Father Clowry of St. Gabriel's, and the late Father Breen of Manhattanville. The three reverend gentlemen who were friends through all the varying phases of life, were kindly welcomed by Archbishop Hughes, and by him assigned to different posts of duty. Father Kinsella went to St. Anne's as assistant pastor, and thence to St. Raymond's, Westchester, of which he had pastoral charge for the last seventeen years of his life. During these seventeen years he built four churches: St. Raymond's, one in Mount Vernon, one in Williamsbridge, and one in Tuckahoe. The interest and active part he took in the foundation of the two Catholic Protectories, and in their successful working and management, are well known to all connected with these institutions. And not these institutions alone, but every one of a kindred character, and every benevolent or educational enterprise found in him a warm supporter and a liberal contributor. A few

years ago he, in company with Father Clowry and Father Breen, visited Europe, and while in Ireland they were the recipients of gratifying attention from Father Kinsella's distinguished relative, the Cardinal Archbishop of Dublin.

During his last illness, throughout which loving and faithful hands ministered to his every want, he was attended by the eminent surgeon and physician, Dr. J. M. Carnochan, whose skill and care might have prolonged his life if he had given up his parochial duties for a time. But he thought more of the spiritual wants of his people than of his own bodily ailments, and continued to labor to the end, only a short time before his death taking an active part in the Forty Hours' Devotion. Always patient and uncomplaining in sickness, he was especially so as death drew near. Nothing could be more edifying than his last moments, so full of Christian hope, so brightened by conformity to the will of God. He died calmly and without a struggle :

Night dews sink not more gently to the ground,
"Nor weary worn-out winds expire more soft."

He received the last rites of the Church from his life-long friend, Rev. Father Clowry, and resigned his soul into the hands of his Maker, while Father Meister, Father Collins, O. S. D., Rev. M. Hughes, his brother, Mr. Garrett Kinsella, and other friends joined in the prayers for his departing soul.

The Sisters of Charity, Brother Teliow, Rector of the Protectory, two or three other Brothers, and several devoted friends, were constant in their attendance at his bedside.

The following extracts, taken from a biographical sketch of Father Kinsella, which appeared in the Catholic press, and which was written by a gentleman who had been for many years on terms of the closest personal intimacy and friendship with him, will convey to those who had fewer opportunities of knowing the deceased some idea of his mental and personal characteristics:—

"His sterling character, his frank, manly nature, his generous, warm-hearted, kindly disposition, which beamed in the open and peculiarly genial expression that glowed in his benevolent countenance, made for him hosts of friends wherever he was known. It was impossible for Father Kinsella to be the enemy of any man, for his big heart was so full of kindness and charity that it had no place for feelings of dislike or hatred. And yet it is but just to his character and to his memory to say, that no man possessed more positive and decided views upon all questions affecting the true interests of the Church, and none was more uncompromising in their maintenance. His position on such subjects was never affected by respect for persons. Upon the vital question of Catholic education he admitted of no temporizing, but in his sphere of duty and influence earnestly coöperated with the present beloved and illustrious Archbishop of New York, as with his great predecessor, in securing its blessings for the rising generation. He had not only a large heart and a benevolent nature, which found expression in a cordial *bonhomie* of manner, but he had a broad, comprehensive mind, and a calm, clear, and peculiarly sound judgment. He had a thorough appreciation of the requirements and prospects of the Church in this country, and it is doubtful if any American ecclesiastic possessed a keener appreciation of the material resources necessary for the prosecution of its spiritual work. He had, while acting as president of a college, not only erected a church, but was particularly active in making provision for the extension of religion in the future.

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"His mind was ever absorbed by the one thought —the promotion of religion, and the extension of Catholic education as a means to that end. With this devotion to his priestly duties, he combined a deep and absorbing love for his native land, and a manly pride in its history and traditions. The writer, who enjoyed the pleasure of an intimate personal acquaintance for many years with this true and devoted priest, has often found him on the occasion of visits to his hospitable, but plain and unpretending little residence adjoining the church, engaged in giving instructions to a class of young men whom he was educating for the altar, for this occupation was always to him a source of particular pride and pleasure. Only those who were on terms of personal friendship with Father Kinsella, who knew his unaffected piety and the fine intellectual gifts with which he was endowed, could form a correct character of the man. His singularly unobtrusive nature and retiring disposition alone prevented his being more widely known, and attaining that prominence in the public view which is too often attained by men of inferior qualities and acquirements.

* * * * * * *

"He was, in fact, deeply read in theology, particularly speculative theology, and was master of logics and metaphysics, while his singularly

retentive memory was often shown in his later years by his accurate knowledge of the Greek and Latin classics, which had been favorite studies in early life."

The obsequies took place in the Church of St. Raymond, on Saturday morning, the 9th instant, at ten o'clock. The interior of the edifice was appropriately draped in mourning, and on a catafalque were exposed to the view of the bereaved congregation the remains of their beloved pastor, enclosed in a casket, which was profusely decorated with floral crosses and wreaths, the last sad tributes of affection from sorrowing friends. The congregation were deeply affected, and as the Rev. Father Driscoll, S. J., alluded to his labors and services in their behalf, they gave vent to their grief in tears. High Mass of requiem was celebrated by Bishop McNeirney, of Albany; Rev. James T. Cole, officiating as deacon; Rev. Isidore Meister, as sub-deacon; Rev. Dr. Birdsall, as assistant priest; and Rev. J. M. Farley, secretary of the Archbishop, as master of ceremonies. Bishop Lynch, of Charleston, and the following reverend clergymen were present: Very Rev. W. Quinn, V. G., Rev. Fathers Clowry, Conron, Curran, McEvoy, McGlynn, McCarthy, J. Hughes of Motthaven; Dowling, McLoughlin, Gallegan, Goeckeln, S. J., President of St. John's College, Fordham; White, S. J.; Rochefort, O.S.D., Collins, O. S.D.; Meagher, O.S.D.; O'Farrel, McDowell, McCready, Mooney, Nicott, Edwards, Canary, O'Neil, Hughes, and many others. At the conclusion of the Mass Rev. Father J. Driscoll delivered a feeling and eloquent discourse taking the following text: "And I will raise me up a faithful priest, who shall do according to my heart and to my soul; and I will build him a faithful house, and he shall walk all days before my anointed." (1 Kings, chap. ii, v. 35.)

"I appeal," said the reverend preacher, "to all here present if Father Kinsella was not 'a faithful priest.' I appeal to his ecclesiastical superiors and to his brethren of the clergy, who had the best opportunities of knowing his sterling qualities; to those among the laity whom he honored with his friendship; to the congregation, for whom and among whom he labored for the last seventeen years, was he not, in very truth, 'a faithful priest, doing, in the words of the sacred text, 'according to my heart and my soul?' Humanly speaking, he could not be otherwise than he was, for he came of a priestly family—a family that had given more missionaries and religious to the Church than any other in his native diocese—a family that can number at the present time over one hundred members dedicated to the service of God, ministering at his altar or serving him in religious institutions." The reverend preacher referred to Father Kinsella's early life: to the distinction he acquired at college by his preëminent ability; to his missionary life in the West; his brilliant career in connection with St. Mary's of the Lake; his coming to New York, and taking charge of St. Raymond's Church in Westchester. Here, he said, in this quiet country parish he displayed the same zeal in training up young men for the service of the altar that had distinguished him at St. Mary's. He stimulated and fostered their holy ambition, guided them in their studies, grounded them in classic and theologic lore; was professor and priest, teaching them what they ought to know, and exemplifying in his own life what they ought to be. He then alluded in touching terms to the relations subsisting between Father Kinsella and his congregation, the affection which he entertained for them, the zeal with which he labored to promote their spiritual and temporal interests, and the loving veneration with which they regarded him. He has passed away, said the preacher, but his memory will live long among the people for whom he spent himself; and let us hope the example of his life will, like his life itself, be fruitful of good.

At the close of the eloquent discourse, of which the foregoing is but a brief synopsis, the last absolution was given by the Most Reverend Archbishop, after which the remains were conveyed out of the church and deposited in a grave which had been prepared within a few feet of the sacred edifice. Here, as the body was deposited in its final resting-place, the Very Rev. Father Quinn, V.G., pronounced the last blessing.

We may add that, according to the desire of the reverend deceased, his excellent library was disposed of as follows: the English Classics, numbering several hundred volumes, to the Catholic Protectory; and his Latin and Theological Collection, which was exceedingly rich, to the Seminary at Troy.

REV. ANNET LAFONT.

In the history of men distinguished for holy lives and a zealous and conscientious discharge of the duties of the sacred ministry, the name of Père Annet Lafont, who died in this city on the 7th of January, will ever hold a prominent place. He was born at Ambert, Department of Puy-de-Dôme, in Auvergne, France, on the 2d of October, 1812, and commenced his early studies at Billom. When he discovered that he had a vocation for the priesthood, he entered the Seminary of Clermont-Ferrand, where he completed his theological studies; and where he so distinguished himself, that, having finished his studies at the age of 22, and being too young to receive ordination, at the age of twenty-five he was appointed, first, Professor of Philosophy, and then of Theology in the same institution. In 1837, M. Lafont was ordained priest, and was appointed *vicaire* at Lezoux, where he thus early in his career gave evidence of that zeal in the service of God which marked his after-life. In 1839 he entered the Society of the Fathers of Mercy. When the Superior, Very Rev. Father Lauzan, decided upon sending missionaries of this Society to the United States, young Lafont was one of the first upon whom he cast his eyes, and in due time he arrived at the College at Spring Hill.

Prior to 1841, the French Catholics of New York City were without a church of their own. Indeed, they lived in great religious indifference, and seemed to care very little for English sermons. This indifference was taken advantage of by the Pastor of a Protestant Huguenot church, which had been founded in this city as early as 1704. Here the French people could hear French sermons, and in a short time they came to this Huguenot pastor to be married and to have their children baptized. French families were thus growing up either in indifference to religion, or were drifting away from the faith of their country and of their fathers. Happily, God, who never forgets his children, sent to our shores the saintly Bishop of Nancy, Mgr. Count de Forbin-Janson. He, in February, 1841, gave a Retreat to his countrymen in St. Peter's Church, which was productive of much good, and in April of the same year, he proposed to them the erection of a church in New York to be attended by priests who could preach to them the word of God in their own tongue. The site of a Protestant Church, recently destroyed by fire, was secured, and on the 11th of October the corner-stone was laid. In a short time after (1842) Père Annet Lafont was sent from Spring Hill to take charge of the congregation, and he built the church on Canal Street. The congregation soon began to increase and prosper, and in 1857 Père Lafont built the beautiful Church of St. Vincent de Paul in Twenty-third Street.

Père Lafont was ever alive to the wants of the Catholics of New York, and he did not confine his influence for good to his own congregation. It was he who introduced the Christian Brothers and the Sisters of the Holy Cross into this country, and he was also largely instrumental in bringing the Little Sisters of the Poor. With characteristic hospitality he opened his doors to the Jesuit Fathers when they came to New York from Kentucky, and gave them the use of his church at the nine o'clock Mass, until they obtained a place of their own.

Père Lafont, like a true priest, never forgot the poor; his limited purse was ever open to them, even to the last penny, whilst his scanty means of hospitality (scanty because he always thought of others before himself) were used with as lavish a hand as they admitted of. The poor French missionary who landed in our city always found a hearty welcome in the apartments (not house, for they have none) of the Fathers of Mercy, whose Superior Père Lafont was.

On Thursday last, January 7th, after a long and painful illness, which he bore with all the patience and resignation to God's holy will which marked his long and useful life, Père Lafont yielded his immortal part to God and slept in peace. So may he rest!

The funeral took place on Monday morning, January 11, from the Church of St. Vincent de Paul, of which the deceased had been pastor for some thirty-two years. The sacred edifice was draped in mourning, and the body of Père Lafont lay in a catafalque, erected just beyond the Sanctuary gate. The ceremonies consisted of the Solemn Office for the Dead, and a Solemn Pontifical Mass of Requiem, which was offered up by Rt. Rev. John Loughlin, D. D., Bishop of Brooklyn; Rev. M. Nicot, deacon, Rev. P. Tournier, S.P.M. subdeacon, Rev. William Everett, assistant priest.

His Grace, Most Rev. Archbishop McCloskey, assisted at the Mass, attended by Vicars-General Quinn and Preston.

Amongst those present were Right Rev. Dr. Corrigan, Bishop of Newark, Rev. Father Daubresse, S.J., Rev. M. Curran, Rev. M. J. O'Farrell, Rev. Dr. Burtsell, Rev. T. Ducey, Rev. E. Aubril, S.P.M., Rev. M. Roney, S.P.M., Rev. V. Ferrier, S.P.M., Rev. E. O'Reilly, Rev. J. H. McGean, Rev. S. Malone, Rev. P. McCarthy, Rev. M. Brophy, Rev. J. M. Galligan, Rev. T. Delaney, S.P.M., Rev. H. Leneuf, S.P.M., Rev. T. Joyce, and Rev. Bonaventura Frey, O.S.F.

MANHATTAN

AND

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ASTOR LIBRARY

BISHOP ENGLAND.

Bonum virum facile crederes magnum libenter.—*Tacitus.*

BY PROFESSOR MULRENAN.

In the bright catalogue of illustrious prelates of whom Ireland has been the fertile mother, there is no name of which that country may feel more justly proud than that of Bishop England. Of the heroic band of zealous Irish missionaries, whose footprints can be traced to every corner of the republic, Bishop England was the most celebrated. In some respects he was the greatest prelate the American Church has yet seen. Archbishop Kenrick of Baltimore may have surpassed him in learning; Archbishop Hughes may have equalled him in courage and force of character; Archbishop Purcell may have rivalled him in zeal for the salvation of souls, but in eloquence he had no superior, no equal, no rival in the young Church of the States. He awoke the slumbers of the American pulpit, and renewed the glories of Bossuet in the American Church. It would be difficult to overrate the services which he rendered to the cause of Catholicity in this country. His bland manners disarmed enmity; his genial disposition conquered prejudice; his extensive erudition won the applause of the learned; his electric eloquence extorted the admiration of two continents without distinction of race or creed.

It would be a reproach to our age and intelligence to permit the memory of such a man to die out among us. It would be specially a reproach to his exiled countrymen to forget his services, or to cease to cherish it with affection and gratitude. "Great men," says Sydney Smith, "hallow a people and lift up all who live in their time." Bishop England raised the character of his countrymen in the estimation of the American people. He won for them the respect of their enemies, and made their religion respectable in the eyes of those who had previously looked upon it with aversion and hatred.

A brighter example than that of the life of Bishop England could not be held up for the imitation of the rising generation of Catholics in this country. He has been sleeping his last sleep for more than thirty years, but, though the light of his eye is quenched forever, and the music of his voice can be heard no longer, his soul still breathes in his writings, and his eloquence still inspires the young student, and cheers the old missionary.

Bishop England was born in Cork, Ireland, 1786. He thus belonged to the Augustan age of Irish eloquence—that heroic age on which Grattan and Flood, and Bushe and Plunkett, and Burke and Sheridan shed the light of a more inspired philosophy and more advanced civilization, notwithstanding the existence of the most atrocious penal code that ever cursed humanity.

The Irish Protestant enjoyed full freedom —ignorance was the enforced inheritance of the Irish Catholic. Bishop England rose like a giant from the grave of Irish learning and genius. He sprang from a family which had done and suffered much for Ireland. His grandfather preferred imprisonment and the confiscation of his property to a renunciation of his faith. His father was one of the last of the hedge schoolmasters—a rac of men ridiculed by ignorant scribes and caricaturists of the London press, but held in respect and veneration by those who value learning for its own sake, and appreciate the enthusiasm of those who strove to preserve and disseminate it.

In the darkest days of the penal code when learning was proscribed in Ireland, and when it was treason for the Catholic Celt to teach or be taught, to receive or communicate instruction, the hedge schoolmaster braved the terrors of the law, eluded the vigilance of spies, and kept the lamp of knowledge still burning in darkness, storm, and desolation. If we cherish the memory of the *Soggarth Aroon*, who often at dead of night fled to the mountain cave, the wooded glen, and wild rath to celebrate Mass for the faithful and persecuted flock, and, like the Hebrew priests of old, to preserve the sacred fire till the dawn of a happier era, when the sun of freedom would kindle it into a blaze, we should in like manner honor the hedge schoolmaster who, despite the savage cruelty of the laws, attested and developed his countrymen's love of learning. The hedge schoolmaster was not a Dun Scotus, or a Thomas Aquinas in knowledge, but he rendered, according to his light, valuable services to his enslaved countrymen when Irish scholars were to be found only in the colleges and universities of Spain, Italy, France, and Belgium. Let not ignorance sneer at the hedge-school, for it was the most eloquent and touching protest ever made against ignorance by a persecuted people.

When America's greatest orators, her Websters, her Clays, her Calhouns, her Everetts, hung with rapture on his accents, Bishop England was not ashamed to relate the struggles of his father to give him a good education, or to tell the story of his sufferings when persecution compelled him to fly to the mountains where he taught school to support his brothers and sisters.

The future bishop was an industrious student, and his rapid progress in youth gave promise of the celebrity which he attained in after-life. His father was his first instructor. Necessity subsequently compelled him to attend a Protestant school where he suffered persecution for his faith. The "little papist" was a constant butt for the ridicule of the bigoted teacher and pupils. He bore patiently the insults to which he was subjected. His youthful experience was only a remote preparation for the battles he was destined to fight against prejudice, bigotry, ignorance, and misrepresentation. When the first relaxation of the penal code permitted the admission of Catholics to the bar, he devoted two years to the study of law—two years which he never regretted. As he grew in years and wisdom, his vocation for the priesthood became more decided, and at his own request he was sent by the Bishop of Cork to prosecute his ecclesiastical studies in Carlow College. In this famous seat of learning, this nursery of priests and bishops, the ease and rapidity with which he acquired knowledge astonished his professors, and excited the wonder of his fellow-students. His eloquence soon became the theme of every tongue in the college. So high was the opinion which his superiors formed of his oratorical powers, that before his formal admission to the degree of licentiate in theology the Bishop of Carlow employed him to deliver moral lectures in his cathedral during Lent.

Having completed his ecclesiastical studies, Mr. England left Carlow, where his name is still remembered with affection and mentioned with pride. In 1808, he was raised to the dignity of the priesthood by his bishop, Dr. Moylan, who immediately appointed him president of the diocesan seminary at Cork. Bishop Moylan also appointed him to deliver a course of lectures in the cathedral on the Old and New Testaments. In the pulpit of the cathedral he became a finished rhetorician and a brilliant orator. Here in his native city he almost perfected that irresistible and persuasive eloquence, which was afterward the wonder of the New World.

While discharging the duties of an eloquent

preacher, the zealous priest found time to use the pen with a power equalled only by Bishop Doyle. He purchased the organ of the Liberal party, the *Cork Mercantile Chronicle* which he edited for a few years. On the pages of this journal he successfully opposed the odious scheme of the British government for subsidizing the Catholic clergy of Ireland, exposed the cruelties practised by British officials in Irish prisons, and denounced the errors of the French Revolution, which, but for the pen and voice of the great Edmund Burke, would have been fraught with danger to liberty in England. He was the intimate friend of O'Connell who admired his talents and sought his assistance in his battle for Irish freedom. He won triumphs in the cause of Emancipation. Of those who enabled O'Connell to make the national movement for Emancipation successful, he ranks among the first in genius, eloquence, and patriotism.

In 1812 the Rev. Mr. England was appointed President of St. Mary's Ecclesiastical Seminary—a seminary on the success of which the venerable Dr. Moylan had set his heart. Between himself and the good bishop the warmest friendship existed. The bishop loved him as a child, honored him for his talents, and constantly opposed his wishes to devote his life to a foreign mission. He considered that Ireland needed his services, and that his departure for a foreign mission would be a loss to the National Church. Much as Dr. Moylan loved America—for he was a brother of General Moylan of Revolutionary fame—he loved Ireland more. Ireland, however, is seldom in need of great men for great occasions. She can always afford to spare a few devoted sons for other countries. She sent an England, a Hughes, and a Kenrick to America, while she retained the services of a Doyle and a MacHale.

In 1815, Dr. Moylan was called to his reward, and was succeeded by Dr. Murphy as Bishop of Cork. In 1817, Dr. Murphy appointed Dr. England parish priest of Bandon, that celebrated stronghold of Protestantism, where all, "Turks, Jews and Atheists," were welcomed but "Papists," who seldom experienced a kind reception. Here the good priest discharged his duties as pastor with characteristic energy, self-denial, courage, eloquence, and zeal. Bitter prejudice could not discourage him—fierce bigotry could not imtimidate him. Fearless of threatened danger, he performed his duty in a manner that won lasting affection and warm admiration. His charity and eloquence gave a death-blow to that religious intolerance which for more than a century was the curse of Bandon. But his labors in Ireland were fast coming to a close, and a wider field of exertion in the New World was opening before him. His friends and admirers frequently predicted that he would one day wear the mitre. The event justified the prediction. His expressed declaration, that he would never wear a mitre in any country subject to the British flag, alarmed those who expected that he would be raised to the episcopal dignity in Ireland. No entreaty could change his resolution—so intense was his hatred of British tyranny.

In 1820, Charleston was erected into an episcopal see, and Dr. England was appointed its first bishop. He was consecrated in the parish church of St. Finbar in his native city by Dr. Murphy, Bishop of Cork, assisted by Dr. Marum, Bishop of Ossory, and Dr. Kelly, Bishop of Richmond, Virginia. He peremptorily refused to take the usual oath of allegiance administered at their consecration to bishops who were British subjects. With undaunted courage, high hopes, and a light heart, he set out for his new field of labors, and arrived at Charleston, December 30th, 1820. Upon his arrival in his diocese, which embraced the States of North Carolina, South Carolina, and Georgia, he found only two churches and two priests. The shameless bigotry, which in 1775 tarred and feathered two Irish Catholics, was not yet dead in Charleston; and the penal code which Bishop England witnessed with grief and indignation in Ireland, was still in full operation in North Carolina, in which a Catholic could not hold even the position of a constable. To the strenuous exertions of Bishop England and Judge Gaston must be chiefly ascribed the success of the Catholics in obtaining civil and religious freedom in 1835. Since that period Catholics in North Carolina have labored under no civil disqualification on account of their religion.

The state of the diocese was well calculated

to discourage the bravest missionary, but Bishop England was not a man to be daunted by difficulties. He was naturally of a hopeful, buoyant disposition. He was not accustomed to take gloomy views of things. He was not one of those who are always complaining—always croaking—always finding fault with every person and everything. His was a noble nature, full of goodness, full of kindness, full of hopefulness. He preferred the myrtle to the cypress, the nightingale to the raven. Such a man—such a disposition was necessary to build up the diocese of Charleston. Bishop England commenced his work in right earnest, and soon the wilderness began to blossom as the rose. He framed a constitution for his diocese, which by his exertions was incorporated by legal charter. He saw the evils of the trustee system, and by wise legislation checked its growth in the portion of the American Church placed under his own jurisdiction. In order to supply his diocese with a popular clergy, he established a seminary which he incorporated with a classical and scientific academy. Despite the bigotry that threatened its destruction, the seminary was successful. The bishop's labors were unceasing. His studies in teaching young candidates for the priesthood did not prevent him from enduring the hardships of a missionary priest. His eloquence in the pulpit gradually conquered the prejudices of the educated Protestants of Charleston.

Devoted to literature, Bishop England became its patron and supporter. He was the brightest ornament of the Philosophical and Literary Association of Charleston. He was the reviver of classical learning in South Carolina. He formed the Anti-Duelling Association, which did so much to put an end to habitual murder under the guise of honor in the South. So great was his fame as a pulpit orator, that he was invited to preach in the Hall of Representatives at Washington. He was the first Catholic clergyman who extorted from the educated intellect of the nation this high recognition of intellectual power and oratorical eminence. The same honor was conferred upon Archbishop Hughes. A passage from Bishop England's celebrated address can never be quoted too often:—"Neither my own feelings, nor my judgment, nor my faith, would dictate to me anything calculated to imbitter the feelings of those who differ from me—merely for that difference. My kindest friends, my most intimate acquaintance; those whom I do, and ought to, esteem and respect, are at variance with my creed; yet it does not and shall not destroy our affections. In me it would be ingratitude; for I must avow, and I do it most willingly, that in my journeys through our States, I have been frequently humbled and abashed at the kindness with which I have been treated. I came amongst you a stranger, and I went through your land with many and most serious and unfortunate mistakes, for which you were not blamable, operating to my disadvantage. If a Roman Catholic bishop were in truth what he is even now generally supposed to be in various parts of this Union, he should not be permitted to reside amongst you; yet I was received into your houses, enrolled in your families, and profited by your kindness. I have frequently put the question to myself, whether, if I had similar impressions regarding you, I could have acted with the like kindness: and I must own I frequently doubted that I could. It is true, you labored under serious mistakes as to what was my religion, and what were my duties and obligations. But you were not yourselves the cause of those mistakes; nor had you within your reach the means of correcting them. I feel grateful to my friends who have afforded me this opportunity of perhaps aiding to do away those impressions; for our affections will be the more strong as those mistakes will be corrected; but it must gratify those who, loving the country, behold us spread through it, to be assured that we are not those vile beings that have been painted to their imaginations, and which ought not to be allowed existence in any civilized community."

Such is a specimen of the manner in which he presented the Church and her doctrines in their true light before the American people. What wonder that they loved and admired him. It was his purpose and his practice to meet those opposed to him in religion, to explain it to them, to remove early prejudices, and to inculcate sentiments of mutual kindness, mutual re-

spect, and mutual forbearance. His beautiful oration on the character of Washington furnishes an eloquent proof of his devotion to the Republic, his pride in guarding the fame of her statesmen and patriots, and his lofty confidence in her future triumphs. His influence was not only felt in every part of his own vast diocese, but also in the dioceses of his episcopal brethren. At Rome he was held in the highest estimation, and his recommendation was sufficient to raise a good priest to the Episcopal dignity in the United States.

Bishop England was the author of the Provincial Councils of Baltimore, which have contributed so much to spread the faith, to strengthen and confirm the union of the faithful, and to give a wider development and a fuller expansion to the action of the Church in the Republic. He introduced the Ursuline Nuns of Cork and the Sisters of Our Lady of Mercy into his diocese, for the purpose of advancing the cause of education and charity. Of the religious orders he was a most generous patron, but his poverty prevented him from availing himself of their services as much as he desired. He found the Church in the Union unprotected. He saw that the secular press impeded the progress of Catholicity.

To counteract the evil influence of anti-Catholic writers, he established the *United States Catholic Miscellany*, one of the most respectable Catholic journals that have yet appeared in this country. The *Miscellany* when first published was announced to contain:—"The simple explanation and temperate maintenance of the doctrine of the Roman Catholic Church; in exhibiting which, its conductors are led to hope that many sensible persons will be astonished at finding they have imputed to Catholics doctrines which the Catholic Church has formally condemned, and imagining they were contradicting Catholics, when they held Catholic doctrine themselves." The hope expressed in these simple and modest words was fully realized. The impulse which the *Miscellany* gave to the Catholic cause was felt throughout the length and breadth of the country. It was read by all classes, poor and rich, Protestants and Catholics. On its pages the gifted editor gave his readers the treasures of Egypt and displayed those stores of knowledge which the pulpit could never exhaust.

"Whether we regard the purity of the English language," says Archbishop Hughes, "the dignity of style, the force, and at the same time elegance of argument, in dealing with an adversary, no Catholic periodical published in the United States has yet surpassed the Charleston *Catholic Miscellany*." This generous testimony of the great prelate, who thoroughly understood and appreciated the value of the press, was well deserved.

Bishop England visited Europe four times during his episcopacy. His health at length yielded to unceasing labors. His last hour was fast approaching—the grave was opening to receive him—his clergy knelt around his bed—he commended his young diocese to their care, gave them, like the patriarchs of old, advice and counsel—and died April 11th, 1842, fortified by the rites of the Church, of which he was the brightest ornament and most valiant champion in this country. The citizens of Charleston without distinction of creed followed all that was mortal of the immortal prelate to the grave. His death was mourned by Catholics as a national calamity, his loss considered irreparable. And take him for all in all, it will be long before we look upon his like again. Blessed and endowed with all the gifts and attributes that can adorn and ennoble the episcopal character, he has been justly called the Bossuet of the American Church. His episcopate was one of wisdom, courage, and glory. Few men with means so small have ever produced results so great. Greatness of action depends on the happy use we make of the means at our disposal.

Bishop England found only two frame churches and two priests in his diocese. He left behind him sixteen churches, a well organized clergy, and many noble institutions of learning and charity. But the good he did can be confined neither to his own diocese, nor his own lifetime. It cannot be limited by any boundary of river, or mountain, or number of years. The impulse he gave the cause of Catholicity is yet felt in the Church in America, and his bright example will be perpetual in its good influence. He can be ranked among the great

prelates who make an epoch, who inaugurate a new era for religion, and whose names become landmarks in history.

Courage, humility, and zeal were the most prominent traits of Bishop England's character. His courage was unshaken amid trials and difficulties that would make the heart of the strongest man sink within him. It was often put to the test, but never found wanting. A hundred instances might be mentioned of his courageous devotion to duty. Two will suffice:—

When parish priest of Bandon, he was summoned at dead of night to a distant sick-call. Though threatened with assassination, he obeyed the call of duty, arrived by a circuitous route at the sick man's house, administered the sacraments, eluded the vigilance of his concealed enemies, and returned safely to his home when the dawn was breaking.—When Bishop of Charleston, he received information on one occasion that his life would be in danger if he proceeded on a certain journey. Heedless of the warning, he safely accomplished his journey.—On another occasion, when his nuns were threatened by a mob, and the horrible scenes of Charlestown were about to be renewed in Charleston, he was not alarmed, but "calmly examined every flint of the gallant band that hastened to their defence." In this quality of courage he resembled Dr. Doyle and Archbishop Hughes. "From my earliest youth," says Dr. Doyle, "fear has been a feeling utterly unknown to me. I know not what it is, and, unless from the knowledge one gathers from common report, I know not what it is like." During the Know-Nothing movement of 1844, the firmness and courage of Archbishop Hughes saved the Catholic churches of New York from destruction. Bishop England's indifference to money reminds us of Archbishop Kenrick. He was preëminently a man of faith, and cared little for the honors and riches of this world. In his journeys through the States he was often indebted to the charity of strangers for a supper and a bed. He sometimes found it difficult to purchase a pair of shoes. Such was the evangelical poverty of the mighty orator whose eloquence was the wonder of two continents.

The eloquence of Bishop England, as I have already said, was an era in the history of the Church in America. Nature had gifted him with all the signs and powers of an orator: a handsome person, an eye that reflected each varied emotion of the soul, gestures that kept graceful measure with his periods, a memory filled with the lore of every age and every tongue and every nation, an inexhaustible fund of rich and appropriate imagery, and a boundless command of choice and felicitous diction. His words came without difficulty. His sentences were struck off as if from an engine, and his readiness of thought and of phrase seemed absolutely electric. Sometimes patriotism, sometimes religion, was the central inspiration of his eloquence, pervading his whole being, supplying his periods, and lending force to his arguments. His eloquence had the force, freshness, and originality, the boldness and reach of thought, characteristic of true genius.

If eloquence be judged by the results which it produces, Bishop England must be ranked among the greatest orators of the ancient and modern world. Wherever he was announced to preach, thousands flocked to hear him. When he visited Boston, long the stronghold of bigotry and religious intolerance, every seat in the Cathedral was occupied by the Puritans. When he lectured at Cincinnati, hundreds of his most bigoted religious opponents were converted to the Catholic faith. In Washington, the assembled representatives of the nation listened with rapt attention to his bold and powerful vindication of his own religion. Whenever he passed through a country-town the principal citizens invited him to preach in public, and procured for him a church, court-house, school-house, or a large room in a hotel. Sometimes a platform was erected in the middle of the street. People of every religious denomination were anxious to hear him, and he would not disappoint them.

When he denounced the oppressions of his native land, his eloquence was severe—it was the sword of Goliah; when he described her sufferings, her fidelity to the faith, it was pathetic—it was the harp of David. Give him a great subject and a great occasion, and his victory was complete. His oratorical triumphs were numerous. One of those

triumphs narrated by his biographer deserves special mention:—

"Bishop England's influence, where he could gain a candid hearing, was irresistible. An illiberal majority was once organized in the lower house of the Legislature of South Carolina, to refuse a charter of incorporation to a community of Nuns, whose invaluable services he was desirous to secure for the education of the female portion of his flock at Charleston. Some of his friends procured him an invitation to preach before the Senate, and many of the members of the lower house attended through curiosity. He spoke of religion, its claims, its obligations. He discoursed of toleration. He held up Massachusetts to their scorn. He adverted to the subject of his charter—hurled defiance at them—showed them how he could possess the entire State for ecclesiastical purposes, had he the means to buy it, despite their narrow-souled policy. He exposed to them the folly of driving those of his communion into the by-paths of the law. He changed his theme, and told of Catholic charity; arrayed before them her countless institutions for promoting the glory of God and the welfare of man. There was not a dry eye in the house: his bill was passed without a division on the following day."—To produce an effect of this kind is the highest effort of human eloquence. Such oratorical triumphs are very rare. Demosthenes could rouse the Athenians to march against Philip—to conquer or die. Cicero in the Senate could persuade Cæsar to change his resolution to send a noble Roman into exile. When Massillon delivered his great sermon on the small number of those who shall be saved, the whole assembly were so moved by one passage—pronounced even by Voltaire to be equal to anything of which ancient or modern times can boast—that by a sort of involuntary motion they started from their seats, and for a moment disconcerted the speaker by their murmurs of surprise. The orators who produced such effects are few, and Bishop England must be numbered among them. To describe his eloquence adequately, it should be heard, for words cannot paint its power and beauty, adorned, illustrated, and embellished as it was by every branch of science and of letters.

Nor was it as an orator alone that Bishop England shone with extraordinary lustre. He was one of the most accomplished prose-writers of the age which witnessed his intellectual triumphs. He wrote with a graphic and powerful pen, and the articles with which he enriched the *Catholic Miscellany* are as fascinating in style as the pages of Prescott or Macaulay. He made the press—as far as lay in his power—subservient to the interests of religion. He saw that there was a power abroad greater than that of kings and emperors, and that power was public opinion. He saw public opinion in this country created, directed, and controlled by the press. To purify the press—to make it honest—to check its abuse—to render truth triumphant, was his great purpose. Hence the establishment of the *Catholic Miscellany*. His writings have been collected and published in five large volumes by Bishop Reynolds, one of his gifted successors in the see of Charleston. The difficulties which Bishop Reynolds encountered in their publication certainly reflected no honor on Catholic taste and intelligence.

I may conclude this imperfect sketch of Bishop England by asserting that in him religion was honored by science and letters, and science and letters hallowed by the purest and simplest virtues of the Gospel. In St. Paul's cemetery, fronting Broadway, there is a monument erected to an Irish patriot. On the monument are three inscriptions, one in Latin, one in English, and one in Irish. The inscription in the Irish language was written by Bishop England. A Catholic bishop writing on a foreign strand the epitaph of a Protestant patriot, was a remarkable but pleasing coincidence. Bishop England and Thomas Addis Emmett were both natives of Cork. Both reflected honor upon their native land and their adopted country. One was the pride of the American bar, the other the glory of the American pulpit. Both were proud of Ireland, and her sorrows, sufferings and persecutions only made her more dear to them. They were the noblest types of that chivalrous manhood and lofty intelligence which are necessary to make the Irish element strong in America—strong politically, socially, morally, intellectually. As

yet they have no monuments in their native land.

But when Ireland rises from the tomb of obscurity and takes her rank once more among the nations, among the monuments which her gratitude will raise to the memory of her illustrious sons who shed lustre upon her by their genius, eloquence and patriotism, those of Bishop England and Thomas Addis Emmett will not be forgotten.

LORICA SANCTI PATRICII;

OR, HYMN OF ST. PATRICK WHEN GOING TO PREACH AT TARA.

The original Irish of this hymn, written in the *Bearla Feine*, the most ancient dialect in Irish, was published by Dr. Petrie, with a Latin and an English translation, and copious notes, in the eighteenth volume of the *Transactions of the Royal Irish Academy*. The learned editor proves, from the authority of Usher and others, that the manuscript of the *Liber Hymnorum*, preserved in the library of Trinity College, Dublin, from which this hymn is taken, must be nearly 1,250 years old. The *Luireach Phadruig* (Lorica Patricii) was popularly known in the seventh century as the production of St. Patrick. "It has been a favorite prayer at all times in the Irish Church, and was believed to be the best protection in all dangers of soul and body. Its frequent recitation is specially mentioned in the *Book of Armagh*, which was written in the beginning of the ninth century, as one of the four modes whereby honor was to be paid to his memory, the other three being: 1. The celebration of a triduo at the time of his death, 'in the middle of the spring'; 2. The saying of the proper Mass on his feast day; and 3. Singing the hymn of Secundinus in his honor" (*Calendar of Irish Saints*, p. 97). In the old *Liber Hymnorum* this hymn of St. Patrick has a preface in Irish, of which the following is a translation by the learned editor:—

"St. Patrick composed this hymn. In the time of Leogaire, the son of Nial, it was composed. The cause of its composition was to protect himself with his monks against the enemies unto death, who were in ambush against the clergy. And this is a religious armor to protect the body and soul against demons, and men, and vices. Every person who sings it every day, with all his attention on God, shall not have demons appearing to his face. It will be a protection to him against every poison and envy. It will be a safeguard to him against sudden death. It will be an armor to his soul after death. Patrick sang this at the time that the snares were set for him by Leogaire that he might not come to propagate the faith at Temur" (Tara).

The following metrical translation by Clarence Mangan is rigidly, wonderfully literal, the best substitute that can be had for the original:—

I.

At Tarah to-day, in this awful hour,
I call on the Holy Trinity!
Glory to Him who reigneth in power,
The God of the elements, Father and Son,
And Paraclete Spirit, which Three are the One,
The ever existing Divinity!

II.

At Tarah to-day, I call on the Lord,
On Christ, the Omnipotent Word,
Who came to redeem from death and sin
Our fallen race;
And I put and I place
The virtue that lieth and liveth in
His incarnation lowly,
His baptism pure and holy,
His life of toil, and tears, and affliction,
His dolorous death—his crucifixion,
His burial, sacred, and sad, and lone,
His resurrection to life again,
His glorious ascension to Heaven's high throne,
And lastly, his future dread
And terrible coming to judge all men—
Both the living and the dead. . . . . .

III.

At Tarah to-day I put and I place
The virtue that dwells in the seraphim's love,
And the virtue and grace
That are in the obedience
And unshaken allegiance
Of all the archangels and angels above;
And in the hope of the resurrection
To everlasting reward and election,
And in the prayers of the fathers of old,
And in the truths the prophets foretold,
And in the apostles' manifold preachings,
And in the confessors' faith and teachings,
And in the purity ever dwelling
Within the Immaculate Virgin's breast,
And in the actions bright and excelling,
Of all good men, the just and the blest.

IV.

At Tarah to-day, in this fateful hour,
I place all Heaven with its power,
And the sun with its brightness,
And the snow with its whiteness,
And fire with all the strength it hath,
And lightning with its rapid wrath,
And the winds with their swiftness along their path,
And the sea with its deepness,
And the rocks with their steepness,
And the earth with its starkness,—
All these I place,
By God's almighty help and grace,
Between myself and the powers of darkness.

V.

At Tarah to-day,
May God be my stay!
May the strength of God now nerve me!
May the power of God preserve me!
May God the Almighty be near me!
May God the Almighty espy me!
May God the Almighty hear me!
May God give me eloquent speech!
May the arm of God protect me!
May the wisdom of God direct me!
May God give me power to teach and to preach!
May the shield of God defend me!
May the host of God attend me,
And ward me,
And guard me,
Against the wiles of demons and devils,
Against the temptations of vices and evils,
Against the bad passions and wrathful will
Of the reckless mind and the wicked heart,
Against every man who designs me ill,
Whether leagued with others or plotting apart!

VI.

In this hour of hours
I place all those powers,
Between myself and every foe
Who threatens my body and soul
With dangers or dole,
To protect me against the evils that flow
From lying soothsayers' incantations,
From the gloomy laws of the Gentile nations,
From heresy's hateful innovations,
From idolatry's rites and invocations,
Be those my defenders,
My guards against every ban
And spell of smiths, and Druids, and women;
In fine, against every knowledge that renders
The light Heaven sends us dim in
The spirit and soul of man!

VII.

May Christ, I pray,
Protect me to-day,
Against poison and fire,
Against drowning and wounding,
That so, in his grace abounding,
I may earn the preacher's hire!

VIII.

Christ, as a light,
Illumine and guide me!
Christ, as a shield, o'ershadow and cover me!
Christ be under me! Christ be over me!
Christ be beside me
On left hand and right!
Christ be before me, behind me, about me!
Christ this day be within and without me!

IX.

Christ, the lowly and meek,
Christ, the all-powerful, be
In the heart of each to whom I speak,
In the mouth of each who speaks to me!
In all who draw near me,
Or see me, or hear me!

X.

At Tarah to-day, in this awful hour,
I call on the Holy Trinity!
Glory to Him who reigneth in power,
The God of the elements, Father and Son,
And Paraclete Spirit, which Three are the One,
The ever existing Divinity!

XI.

Salvation dwells with the Lord,
With Christ, the Omnipotent Word.
From generation to generation
Grant us, O Lord, thy grace and salvation!

The following touching, simple, sorrowful memorial of his wife was written by one of the greatest statesmen in England—Sir James Mackintosh—in a private letter to a friend:—"She was a woman," he writes, "who, by tender management of my weaknesses, gradually corrected the most pernicious of them. She became prudent from affection; and though of the most generous nature, she was taught frugality and economy by her love for me. During the most critical period of my life, she preserved order in my affairs, from the care of which she relieved me. She gently reclaimed me from dissipation, she propped my weak and irresolute nature, she urged my indolence to all the exertions that have been useful and creditable to me, and she was perpetually at hand to admonish my heedlessness and improvidence. To her I owe whatever I am—to her, whatever I shall be. In her solicitude for my interest, she never for a moment forgot my character. Her feelings were warm and impetuous, but she was placable, tender, and constant. Such was she whom I have lost—and I have lost her when a knowledge of her worth had refined my youthful love into friendship before age had deprived it of much of its original ardor. I seek relief, and find it, in the consolatory opinion that a benevolent wisdom inflicts the chastisement, as well as bestows the enjoyment of human life; that this dreary and wretched life is not the whole of man; that a being capable of such proficiency of science and virtue, is not like the beasts that perish; that there is a dwelling-place prepared for the spirits of the just."

MENDELSSOHN AND DRAMATIC MUSIC

"A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM."

BY DR. JAMES PECH, OF NEW COLLEGE, OXFORD.

Mendelssohn's appearance in the world of music was attended with the utmost consideration. His mode of treating art—a mode at first received with astonishment—had become recognized as a power, an attribute which belongs, as a rule, to genius alone. The question forced itself upon every thinking man: Could the gift of musical creation exist in any one after Mozart and Beethoven? Had it really sprung up in Mendelssohn? Was music still capable of producing novelties of real value? By what art could it attain to new artistic forms and modes of expression, without doing violence to nature; without overstepping the rules of art and the limits of moderation; without degenerating into artificiality and extravagance? These questions were presented very emphatically to men's minds when Mendelssohn appealed to public notice. As music had attained perfection before he appeared, it followed, from the nature of things, that he could not surprise us so much by creative forms of art, like his great predecessors, as by obtaining a prominent position through the power of his individuality, and the peculiar intellectual stamp imposed upon his works. Mendelssohn, however, was a great artist exercising complete mastery over form. His ideas took distinct and definite shape during the process of their production, and developed with it a strongly marked individuality. He moved with calm certainty in a sphere of lyrical sentiment, which enabled him to express his inmost feelings, and, whenever he gave scope to his own peculiar ideas of mind, inward and truthful accents greeted us in appropriate form. This is true of songs, with or without words; of the sonnet; and of instrumental compositions in many parts, whether they are *trios*, *quartets*, *octets*, or *symphonies*. The fundamental tone of Mendelssohn's being is a yearning after the moral ideal, after the reconciliation of the human with the divine element by means of the beautiful. Being, as a perfect artist, joyfully conscious of possessing the art-ideal, in which the moral element is mirrored, he could give utterance to his yearning in mild lament; and consequently, the passion of a broken spirit, struggling through the obscurity of life for light, is never apparent in his works.

It is also the yearning after the moral ideal which imparts to Mendelssohn's works the stamp of nobility and elevation which moves us so beneficially, not alone in those of his creations in which he directs his glance upwards, but likewise in those which move to the sphere of earthly joy. Whenever Mendelssohn rises with his thoughts and feelings into the regions of faith, in his grand oratorios and psalms, Händel and Bach and those old Italian sacred composers who had already granted admittance in their compositions to the more lively dramatic accent, were his models. In consequence of a weaker power of faith, and consequently, strengthened yearning, the expression of his religious feelings was necessarily more elegiacal than that in similar works by the old composers above-mentioned, the more energetic character of which has its roots in a firmer consciousness.

With him, form, while offering nothing essentially new, is distinguished by a firmer finish, by more carefully calculated execution, the smoothness of which, compared with the genial primitiveness of the works of Bach and Händel, strikes us as tending

toward something that may be called fashionably elegant, and weakens the power of objective representation.

The great perfection of form in Mendelssohn's works, will always compensate the connoisseur by the high æsthetical satisfaction it produces, for the slight touch of monotony which his fundamental tone of mind imparts to them, while his aristocratic manner, which is that of education and not of thought, can never repel or offend, but, at most, only be sometimes rather unwelcome to any one specially attached to fresh natural sentiment.

That Mendelssohn's sharply marked subjectivity, directly it set about portraying any circumstance of life connected with, or prescribed by, language, could successfully apply itself only to objects intimately allied to itself, is a fact which follows as a matter of course. In the oratorios and in the musical illustrations of the tragedies of Sophocles, the general mode of expression, striking with vigor and truth, and faithfully conducting through its wanderings the fundamental feeling of the soul, was sufficient; neither the portrayal of the sentiments and passions of the masses in the choruses, nor the solo songs in his oratorios, demand a more marked individualism, while the personages taken from the ancient world can never possess for us more than typical and shadowy life. But on all other occasions when Mendelssohn steps out of the strictly subjective sphere, it was the world of fairy romanticism which tempted him. It was the impulse of his genius which directed his course to these paths, in which he was destined to celebrate his greatest triumphs. It is in the music we perform this evening to Shakespeare's *Midsummer Night's Dream;* in the fragment of *Lorelei;* in his overtures to the *Schöne Melusine*, *Fingalshöhle*, and *Ruy Blas;* and in parts of his *Walpurgisnacht*, that his genius is exhibited in the most original, boldest and most charming light. When he entered this life of romantic nature, he was really at home, for it was only by such poetizing of nature that his constant and decided tendency for the ideal could feel itself raised above the harassing concerns of the every-day world.

What lover of music has not revelled in these tones; has not felt himself raised and lowered on this fantastic ladder in intoxicating, sweet delight; loosed from the burden of earth, pressing forward with the joy of a bird; borne over fearful abysses along the deep night of the wood, upon the silver threads of the moonlight of the ruddy morn; on the golden disk of the sun to the splendor of evening; intertwined with the thousand-fold life of nature, till he is one and the same with it, surrounded by elves and gnomes, and striving to attain eternity in his chequered dreams? On this ground Mendelssohn stands alone in his own manner, here his pinions expand freely and easily; his elegiacally melancholy fundamental feeling is not heard in this varied empire of tone, where fancy, as the sole sovereign, builds herself a motley house in which spirits merrily flutter up and down.

The entire course pursued by the art-development of Mendelssohn springing, as it did, immediately from the mental development of the great masters, reminds us of the Epigonian age, in which really new creative forms do not usually arise.

How very differently did Händel, Haydn, and Mozart begin! How their first works sprang from a creative impulse of which these mighty masters were unconscious. Still quite dependent, they clung humbly to great models; they knew nothing of any tendency to intellectual significance, and consequently bear the stamp of childlike ingenuity, and are only the first messengers of the genial impulse to play and develop themselves. It would have been incomprehensible had a man of so peculiar a mind as that of Mendelssohn not discovered the inexhaustible store of forms of expression belonging to his pliant art—many new traits and terms in rhythm, harmony, or modulation in which the most hidden feelings of his soul could be uttered clearly and fully. But these touches of originality are by no means of preëminent importance, and while they sometimes served him to achieve great effects, are not unfrequently to blame for a disagreeable strangeness and monotony of expression.

The inmost personal feature of Mendelssohn's being, however, is enthusiasm; and this is what lends him, when we have render-

ed ourselves thoroughly acquainted with his peculiar manner, that power over the mind which in recent times has given him a prominence throughout the world. A perfect devotion to the life and the idea to be portrayed, to nature and to mind, distinguishes the works of Mendelssohn's best period; the vigorously living pulsation in his pieces dedicated to the joy of his existence, the warm and profound feeling manifested in his laments and yearning after love, and the glowing language of his spiritual struggle, afford testimony of this. Even in those instances where his art proved powerless, or was not sufficiently strong to complete its flight to the high goal it had set itself, we are carried away by this touching enthusiasm.

Mendelssohn was a man whose creative power, whenever applied to the portrayal of things beyond the limits of his own individuality, always sought the sphere of romanticism as affording more than aught else free play to the fancy. The extraordinary creative impulse within his breast —an impulse which urged him on to find in musical utterance a vent for every feeling— to fashion musically every thought which struck him, either from the inward or outward world; so that for him, as for Shakespeare, every emotion of life became a poem —an æsthetical expression equal to the importance and force of the intention to be conveyed.

Those who would know Mendelssohn thoroughly and make themselves acquainted with him as a whole, must render themselves intimate with his artistic and mental peculiarities, and hear his best works performed, in a manner which does justice to the many new, free, and profound traits in them, if they would appreciate and enjoy the rich beauty which this master has displayed in his productions, and they will then be astonished at finding what fresh, foaming life, rich in joke and pleasant wantonness, gleams forth from them in combination with the most ardent language of the soul and the most dazzling intellectual brilliancy.

Mendelssohn's illustrations of Shakespeare's play of *A Midsummer Night's Dream* further exhibit how largely the musical element is wedded to the poetical in his nature. Next to Shakespeare's countrymen, the Germans have especial reason to honor the memory of this Prince of Poets. It was by him, no less than by the intellectual civilization of classical antiquity, that their literature raised itself into an independent and rational life. In opposition to meretricious French art, Lessing, Wieland, Herder, Goethe, and Schiller pointed more than a century back to Shakespeare, as to a model, never to be equalled, and as to the deliverer, who could lead them back again to truth and nature. Such men as Schrœder, Kaufmann, August Wilhelm, Von Schlegel, Ludwig Tieck, Count Wolf von Baudissin, Karl Simrock and Franz Dingelstedt, were actuated in their labors by the same spirit, and, by presenting them with masterly translations, followed up the impulse given by the heroes of their classical literature.

But besides the German nation generally, musicians in every part of the civilized world have reason to remember the great poet with gratitude and admiration.

"If Music and sweet Poetry agree,
As they must needs, the sister and the brother,
Then must the love be great 'twixt thee and me,
Because thou lov'st the one, and I the other.
Thou lov'st to hear the soft melodious sound,
That Phœbus' lutes the Queen of Music makes,
And I in deep delight am chiefly drowned
When as himself to singing he partakes;
One God is god of both, as poets feign,
One knight loves both, and both in thee remain."

These few lines indicate, with more than ordinary emphasis, the maxim so frequently quoted, that a bond of most intimate relationship twines round all the arts. In consequence, however, of the still more intimate connection which we find existing within this relationship, between separate art-groups, the musician's right to get nearer affinity with Shakespeare may, perhaps, appear more apparent than any other. Just as on the one side the plastic arts—architecture, sculpture, and painting—grasp each other by the hand as sisters in a peculiar kind of art, on the other side, music and poetry stand opposite them, as sisters bound together in a manner no less intimate and peculiar.

From the most remote times we have found music and poetry blended in an almost indissoluble manner. All primitive

poetry is of a *religious* purport, and when we first meet with tune, that, also, is most undoubtedly employed to offer up hymns in honor of the Divinity or the gods. Indeed, the connection between the two arts, on this their first appearance, is so close, that in many cases it is absolutely impossible to decide which of the two art-elements, *tune* or *language*, was the first to gain a definite shape in the breast of untutored man, following unconsciously his natural, inward impulses. At any rate, the one did not remain long without the other, and, in most cases, both probably grew simultaneously, like two branches of one and the same trunk, as we learn from national songs.

Proofs of this are not wanting in the music of the Indians, Persians, Egyptians, Phœnicians and Jews; the oldest civilized people known to us, in the progressive connection in which music and poetry are exhibited among them. Music and poetry were still more developed by the Israelites than among the above civilized nations before the epoch of Grecian antiquity. In the Psalms of David, there is an indissoluble connection of religious poetry with song. Their parallel system of verses is calculated for delivery by alternate choruses, and by the refrains, such as we meet with in the 136th and other Psalms.

With the Greeks, however, began a new section in the history of the connection between poetry and music. Their most ancient religious hymns were closely related to song. The blending of poetry and music among the Greeks was primitively one of equality. Homer, when speaking of the influence of the "singers," refers as much to the "singer" of poetry as of music. It is perfectly clear that the word "song" applied, in those times, quite as much to the subject-matter as to the strain. How intimately the Greek poet was acquainted with the most touching and moving effects of music upon the human mind; how strong is the relationship of the two arts to each other, and how complete the understanding existing between the poet and composer, is proved by the fact that when Penelope, in her apartment up-stairs, hears "the heavenly strains" of the singer, singing of Troy, she comes down weeping into the men's apartment, and asks for another song, because the first breaks her heart; or that when Odysseus, among the Phœnicians, conceals his head, as the singer, striking the golden chords, speaks of the hero's brothers-in-arms who have fallen, or of the woes of the weeping hero himself, not supposing that the latter is listening to him.

With the propagation of Christianity came another change in the relation of poetry to music. The musical art became a servant, whose principal task consisted in raising the melodious harmony of the first, and strengthening the rhythm of the second. The musical treatment of the strophe and anti-strophe in the chorus of the tragic poets is conceivable only in this manner. With the superior influence of the elements of Christianity, however, the process was reversed, and music transformed into the dominating art, to which poetry is attached more in a subservient than in any other character.

The hymnology of the ancient Christian Church was entirely written with a view to music. It obtained its fullest and most profound significance by means of music. At its very outset Christianity called into existence poetry and song; they grasped each other by the hand. At this new period we find the first attempt at *rhymed* verses. In the fourth century, and even previously, as far back as St. Ambrosius, rhymed religious hymns were produced. Ambrosius, in this particular, was followed by innumerable disciples. The Ambrosian chant drifted into the Gregorian, till the rich spring of sacred song-writing reached its acme in the thirteenth century. The German songs of this last period are particularly distinguished for their dreamy poetical purport, evidently suggesting, if not demanding, musical treatment. Subsequently with the sacred songs, arose a rich store of secular songs. In the twelfth and thirteenth centuries the "Minnesänger" and "Troubadours," with the national song, began to flourish.

At this time the relation, in the Christian world, of the two closely-allied sister arts, underwent a third change under the influences of classical antiquity. Dante was, to a certain extent, the intellectual centre of his age; the first really great poet in whom we meet with the revolution to which we allude. Dante brought poetry once more upon an in-

dependent footing, similar to the important epic attempts of the period of the "Minnesänger." It was essentially different from the *antique* poetical style. It was of a lyrically musical nature. Yet in his *Divina Commedia*, there is an attempted return to the poetical style of the *Ancients*, for the epic tone is preserved through the whole. Its *purport*, however, is thoroughly lyrical. The Greek poets, it is true, assign a certain place in their works to music; they allow it to reëcho through their compositions; they even depict its profound effects upon the mind, or cause us to feel them; but out of their actual poems, despite all the harmony of the verse, and all the magnificence of the forms, notwithstanding all the depth and grandeur of the style, there arises no music. We are here not speaking of the music of *language*, but of the fundamental musical *tone*, of the total spirit and feeling streaming forth, like music, as it were, and which, since recourse had been had to the principles of Christianity, spread like a magic perfume over all poetry.

In Dante, the greatest poet of the Christian-mediæval period, a fundamental musical spirit appears in relation to subsequent poets, almost with a certain overpowering one-sidedness, which, up to the very last years of his existence, was the background on which his character seems to repose. He wrote at Ravenna, after much long-suffering, his seven *Penitential Psalms;* and his *Credo*, it issaid, at the same period. The *Divina Commedia* appears almost everywhere completely infused with musical spirit and feeling. Indeed Casella, who had been Dante's music-master, set several of his canons to music. We have no space, here, for quotations, but we may state that the musical feeling of the poet is particularly displayed in the choice of his *subjects* and in his *manner of treating them*. His poems have of themselves entirely the effect of music.

The consideration of the musical element in relation to poetry, down to the time of Shakespeare, is particularly appropriate when we are devoting so much time to the study and preparation of Mendelssohn's music to "A Midsummer Night's Dream." Like Dante, Shakespeare belongs to the epoch of the third of the changes affecting the relation of poetry and music. But Dante stands at the *commencement* of the epoch. At this time classical influences were revived and worked upon men's consciences, till then specifically Christian, while Shakespeare indicates the full height and the harmonious blending, already commenced, of the elements of civilization belonging to two distinct periods in the history of the world.

Shakespeare displays a susceptibility for, and a comprehension of, the effects of music in a higher degree than any poet either before or after him. In musically poetic gifts he surpasses both Goethe and Cervantes. All the phases of feeling, and all the facts in human existence or in the world of fancy, which music in any way can express or enhance, has Shakespeare uttered or endeavored to elevate by *tune*. It is worthy of remark that many of the dramatic subjects he selected contain in themselves so much of the musical element as to be susceptible of operatic treatment. *Othello*, by Rossini, *Romeo and Juliet* by Bellini, the *Merry Wives of Windsor* by Otto Nicolai, *Benedict and Beatrice* (Much Ado about Nothing), *Macbeth* and the *Tempest* by Taubert, also another version of the last-named by Halévy, etc. Music to *Macbeth* by Locke, Chelard and Spohr. The *Winter's Tale* by Franz Dingelstedt, and set to music by Flotow. The overtures to *Coriolanus*, *Hamlet*, *Lear*, etc., by Beethoven, Niels Gade, Berlioz and others. In the *Tempest*, the *Winter's Tale* and *A Midsummer Night's Dream* the operatic element strongly prevails. In the dramas, *Othello*, *Hamlet*, *Macbeth*, *Lear*, *Cymbeline*, *Henry VI*, *Richard III*, *The Merchant of Venice*, *Romeo and Juliet*, and the comedies, music is very largely introduced.

In the music to *A Midsummer Night's Dream* Mendelssohn has re-poetized the entire subject in a manner as gentle as it is essentially musical. It is composed of the following prominent numbers: *Overture;* 1. *Scherzo;* 3. *Song, with Chorus of Fairies* for *Soprani* and *Alti* voices; 5. *An Intermezzo* after the second act; 7. *Notturno;* 9. *Wedding March;* 12. *Finale, Chorus of Fairies*. In these illustrations Menhelssohn has embroidered this bright work with wonderful ingenuity and coloring. The beauty and subtlety with which this composer depicts the frolics of the fairy troupe and the fantasia

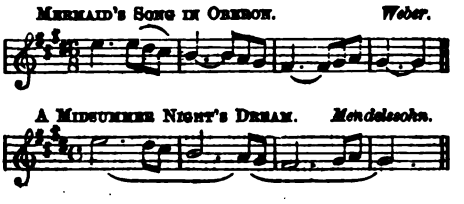
of *Bottom* and his companions, show how remarkably he entered into the wide realm of thought and fancy, with all the unconfined ease and grace of his lightest and airiest inspiration. There is no record of the career of the musical artist, creative or executive, which can be compared with that of Mendelssohn, as regards love, hope, joy, success, prosperity, intellectual cultivation, immediate recognition, all that makes a heaven on earth. He seems to have revelled in the world of pure enchantment. In this work he has shown himself to be an imaginative musician of the most elevated school of descriptive writing. There is no medium between the really beautiful and sheer mediocrity in compositions of this class. The pedantic skill of a theorist may often veil the want of melody in a more limited style of music; but nothing short of genius takes a sure flight in regions of fancy and imagination necessary to describe, poetically and musically, a subject like this. Literary men are often so literal in their ideas as to suppose that when nothing is expressed in black and white no purpose is attained, and by such fallacious reasoning attempt to underrate the powers of the musical art unassociated with words! But here is an overture containing a whole poem in the vague, at which cold material science will often exclaim: "Ah, the incomprehensible!" But give us such mystified stuff, and let us, once directed to the intent of the composer, revel with him in his fairy element. In this very overture what exquisite fancy pervades the scoring of the violins, flickering on the *Chanterelle* in the oddest possible intervals, the gay sprites of the orchestra seemingly hovering in the air! How finely contrasted are its whimsical fancies with the expressive melody in contrary motion with the basses, descending chromatically with the violins. What bold and vigorous conceptions in the full instrumentation!

Then, again, in the *coda* there is likewise a new charm, when the loud phrase in the *tutti* is resumed in augmentation by the violins *pianissimo*, the whole terminating with the four treble chords of flutes, oboes, clarionets, etc., and taking farewell of "the clamorous owl, the elves, the quaint spirits below!"

How exquisitely expressed is Titania's request to her fairies—

> "Sing me now to sleep;
> Then to your offices, and let me rest."

By converting the 6th, 7th, 8th, and 9th measures of Weber's *Mermaid's Song* in Oberon into common time, the melody becomes identically the same as the cantabile at the close of the overture to "A Midsummer Night's Dream."



The exquisite treatment of this fragment of Weber's melody in its adapted form never fails to produce a sensation; and to our taste, is the most charming phrase in the whole composition. It has been the privilege of all musicians to copy their predecessors in design, and the accident of the greatest composers to have adopted melodic creations similar to each other. Fuseli's favorite aphorism at once defines the boundary of imitation, in asserting that "Genius *may adopt*, but never steals."

The overture was written some twenty years previous to the rest of the music to this dramatic poem—in 1827. The remaining numbers were composed in 1843, at the suggestion of the art-loving king of Prussia, Wilhelm IV, and in them Mendelssohn further developed the ideas of the overture. The sunny *Scherzo*, one of the most charming orchestral pieces in that form ever composed; the exquisite beauty of the two-part song and chorus, "Ye Spotted Snakes;" the *Notturno*, infused with the most delicious tenderness, and permeated with the sweetly-scented air of an Oriental night; the playful *Agitato;* not to mention the glowing and gorgeous *Wedding March*, the fame of which has extended throughout the civilized world, and the gauzy, fairy-like chorus at the end, have such a fund of originality and beauty, such perception and exquisite taste,

breathing that soft and tender spirit, which so suits the taste of the day, that the whole appears to be the result of a complete and simultaneous inspiration.

Shakespeare's play of "A Midsummer Night's Dream," with Mendelssohn's music, was performed for the first time at the private theatre of the King of Prussia, in his summer residence at Potsdam, near Berlin. It was also given, shortly afterward, in Berlin. At both places it gained a genuine and hearty success. In 1844, the same work had a most brilliant reception in London, when, by command of her Majesty Queen Victoria, a second performance was given, which she personally attended, accompanied by Prince Albert and the King of Saxony, two of the most cultured men of the day. The reception, on that occasion, accorded to the music, eclipsed all its former successes.

So much has been said and written, in every variety of form, of this highly gifted musician, during the last twenty years, that it is almost impossible to find words to express, at this time, much more either of the man or the artist. Of all the works of art that he presented to the world, and which may be entitled perfect, his life was really the most beautiful. And as the man and the artist force their way to the surface, we find in his career, taken as a whole, all the qualities which distinguish his creations. A kind of harmony is spread over all, and in it we see light and almost playful charm, moral seriousness, heartfelt, warm sentiment, unutterable truthfulness of conviction, sharp conception, and strong energetic power of realization; a marked prominence of that individuality, which, though great and original, knows its limits, and strives not to overstep, but to render them as perfect and rounded as possible within itself. His letters, in which he shows himself in the smallest as well as in the most important relations of life, have taught thousands to know and love this extraordinary artist; to become acquainted with his life and productions, his deeds and words; all of which were alike honorable and conscientious.

But a few more words and we shall have finished. Independently of the art-side of Mendelssohn, his musical studies had been preceded by and accompanied with a classical, mathematical, and philosophical course of education. During the years 1827 and 1828 he continued this classical course at the University of Berlin, where the future composer of the music to the Choruses of Sophocles formed his mind and taste by arduous application to philological studies. Goethe, in a letter to Zelter, Mendelssohn's master in Harmony and Counter-point, in acknowledging the receipt of a copy of a metrical translation into German of the "Andria" of Terence, begs "to thank the excellent and industrious Felix for the splendid specimen of his literary labor, which would serve as an instructive recreation to the Weimar circle during the winter evenings." Subsequently, in 1841, in recognition of Mendelssohn's classical and philological attainments, the University of Leipsic conferred upon him the degree of Doctor of Philosophy, and shortly afterwards, the University of Dublin, the LL.D.*

Mendelssohn was born in 1809, and died in 1847, at the age of thirty-eight. In contemplating such a creation, our heart warms at the freshness and activity of the happy youth, so early self-reliant, and afterward so fine a picture of the mature man, incessantly pressing forward, but never in any case false to himself or his art.

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* There are other interesting instances of the honorary degree of LL.D. being conferred on classically educated musicians. Thomas Busby, Mus. Doc., Cantab., the translator of "The Nature of Things," from Titus Lucretius Carus, with commentaries, comparative, illustrative and scientific, received from Cambridge the LL.D. M. F. Rimbault, the musical antiquary, the same degree from Edinburgh. In 1868, Ferdinand Hiller, the musician and writer, of Cologne, in company with Minister Bancroft, were both created LL.D. by the University of Bonn: and more recently, last year, William Sterndale Bennett, Mus. Doc., Professor of Music in the University of Cambridge, received the honorary D.C. L. from Oxford.

WINBOROUGH AND ITS PEOPLE.

REMINISCENCE OF LIFE IN ENGLAND.

CHAPTER II.—*Continued.*

I can well remember how I clapped my hands in sympathy with honest Roxby, who thought the subject epic in its interest, and whose sketch of it arrived at the dignity of an engraving. I can still see dear little Cyril leap into the air, waving his tiny fist in congratulation.

I have said that this contest, besides its public importance, issued in momentous results to ourselves. The first of these—I may as well tell it at once, as you would never guess it—was Lady Naseby's first visit to my parents. Our terrace probably commanded a better and more convenient view of the river than any spot near the town. So keen and general was the desire to witness the steam-race, that the countess herself, it was hinted to my father, might possibly be won to honor him with her presence.

Dr. Woodford's reception of this news, though rather stately, was, it seems, sufficiently courteous. The due formalities were exchanged between the castle and ourselves, and on the eventful morning the countess actually arrived. Cyril and I had lain awake hours the night before, speculating upon her dress and retinue. We fully expected that she would be preceded by mediæval horsemen with banners and trumpets—that she would wear a coronet and velvet robe, and that her train would be borne by pages in white satin. No doubt it was a momentary disappointment to see a young lady—she seemed young to our unpractised eyes—attired in the simplest fashion of the times.

She was in slight mourning for some distant relative, and her dress—a lavender ground intersected with narrow stripes of black—set off admirably the extreme fairness of her complexion. Our brief regret at her simple attire was soon lost in the undefinable charm of the wearer. Her manner to my father would have convinced you that one of her chief ends in life had been realized in his acquaintance; and her smiling reluctance to sit until my mother consented to take the cushion next her on the estrade, won our hearts at once. She addressed a question to me, at which I stammered and blushed, not from absolute shyness, but because I had fairly forgotten the meaning of her words in their music. She then held out her hand to Cyril, toyed admirably with his light golden curls, and made him share her hassock, with a foot so captivating in its *chaussure* of black silk and morocco, that it seemed quite impossible it could ever have trampled upon hearts in the unfeeling way ascribed to it by report. Censorious people might call Lady Naseby a flirt, and say that she cared only for excitement, for archery-meetings, races, and private theatricals. To us this was as libellous as the assertion by the same authorities that she was forty, and that her courtesy to my father arose from motives connected with the approaching election for the shire.

My mother judged very differently from these slanderers when the countess, on taking leave, hoped that she would think well enough of the owner of Naseby to trust herself within its walls. She must come to luncheon, the countess insisted, some early day, and she would of course bring with her the Fair One with the Golden Locks. So, with some slight confusion as to sex, the peeress had designated Cyril. As to Cyril himself, she hoped he had already found that Lady Naseby was not so terrible a person. She assured him that she was not married to any of those naughty giants of whom he had doubtless read. On the contary—here she gave her hand to my father—she was a very timid person: too timid almost to ask a person of learning and thought like him to waste an hour with her in the beech-groves

of Naseby. Still, philosophers were some times benevolent, and might not deem the time wasted that conferred pleasure. She would not, therefore, quite despair, etc., etc.

Think of all this said to my poor tabooed father by such a person and in such a presence—for my mother had thought it courteous to Lady Naseby to provide seats for Mrs. Colonel Massingham, the banker, the vicar, and several others known at the Hall:—think of all this, I say, and you may guess why it was so hard for Mrs. Woodford to keep in her tears.

As the countess glided into her carriage, even my father's look of calm politeness seemed softening into pleasant emotion; but the feeling was arrested midway, and changed into a mournful smile. Better than his wife he knew the game of the world and the value of its counters.

CHAPTER III.

Developments unto Death.

From the hour of the countess's visit, Doctor Woodford's position in our town was singularly changed. His religious doubts, before branded as presumptuous, were now lamented as unfortunate. Before, he had been a sceptic; now, he was an inquirer. The policy had once been to denounce him; but the vicar now observed over his whist, that true Christianity should appeal to the erring by kindness and persuasion, rather than by invective. It was curious, however, that my father alone reaped the benefit of this enlightened view. We had other doubters in the town—men of no great worldly importance—whose difficulties were less tenderly handled. I was perplexed then to know why my father's absence from church should excite only a kind of sentimental interest, while the same habit in Mr. Skipworth the druggist, and Mr. Speers the metaphysical schoolmaster, exposed them to fierce reproaches and loss of patronage. I am afraid I could give the reason now.

Invitations to my parents began to multiply. Their acquaintance was desired by our best families. The impulse of both my father and my mother, regarded separately, would have led them to preserve their secluded course of life. But the wife hoped to dispel her husband's pensive reveries by a social stimulus; and he was anxious, on his part, that she should regain the position from which his opinions had excluded her. To a limited extent, therefore, the proffered civilities were accepted. Amongst other results of this change was an intimacy gradually formed between my mother and the banker's wife. Of five children there now survived to this lady but one—the little Amelia, goddaughter of the countess. There was something in my mother's disposition and manner peculiarly grateful to a mourner's heart, and this quality was the bond between herself and Mrs. Latham. In due time, Amelia was permitted to interchange visits with Cyril and myself, and we became constant playmates. It was soon plain to me that Cyril was the little lady's favorite. He was then nine; she was more than a year his junior. Yet her beauty was even then striking, and Cyril's sense of it sufficiently vivid to account for her preference. Her complexion was of the clearest olive. Her dark eyes had an intense expression of truth and tenderness. Her figure was lithe and graceful, and there was a demure quiet in her manner which seemed to temper the rare susceptibility of her look.

It was not without a pang that I, who had hitherto been Cyril's twin companion, found myself gradually supplanted. He was never unkind, but I felt that I was no longer a need to him. If I joined in the little dramas which he was so fond of improvising, I was sure to be cast for the parts of the evil magician, or the ogress, or the implacable queen, while Amelia was invariably the enchanted princess, or the beautiful captive, and Cyril the knightly deliverer. He was accustomed to sketch these dramatic characters with his pencil, and I was sometimes keenly pained by the very inferior personal attractions assigned to me. He could not understand why I should be grieved, since he had always a kiss and a smile for me. Yet when he wound his arm around the little stranger, and strolled with her under the limes, I felt somehow as if I had better not walk there, and I could not bear him to say, "Come,

Lucy, we will let you!" These word hurt me much.

About this time, Cyril was seized with a fever so prostrating that for days we despaired of his recovery. He was scarcely himself again when our dear mother fell dangerously ill. She had nursed her sick boy with a devoted love which, indeed, he well repaid, and her anxiety had developed very serious symptoms of a latent malady. Yet our prayers and tears seemed to prevail. She was restored to us, though slowly.

I am not sure that this period of my mother's convalescence was not the happiest in my whole childhood. It was such joy to mark the gradual stages of her recovery—first, the pillowed chair in her bedroom; next, the transition to the library; then, to the garden-parlor, with the window partly open to admit the summer air; finally, to the garden and the lime-walk. Nature itself seemed glad of her recovery. She had left us for her sick room in an ungenial spring. She came back to us in the festival of flowers, with rich, light, warm breezes, and sweet odors. My father's joy, beneath which an inner hope stirred like sap, shed a new influence on our life. We trusted, too, not only that the danger but that the cause of disease had been vanquished. The sudden faintness and the keen spasm had ceased to warn us by how frail a tenure we held our dear one.

One lovely Sunday evening my mother, Cyril, the little Amelia, and myself had been to the evening service at Lea church, a distance of two miles. We had heard from one whose pure life was the comment of his doctrine, those truths which point to the immortal future, and which seem never so affecting as when addressed to the lowly but secluded village.

How minutely all that belongs to that evening revives for me now: the golden rays that poured through the mellow twilight of the church, glancing on the clergyman's white head, then slanting abruptly from the pulpit, like a broken sun-spear, bronzing the dusky pews, tipping Cyril's curls, and the purple ribbon of Amelia's hat, and finally flowing across the aisle in a rill of glory. Years after, Cyril's pencil reproduced the scene.

The churchyard comes back to me dotted with the returning villagers—the peasant patriarch with his hale, cheerful look; the village belle for the time serious, nor heedful of the swain, blue-coated and yellow-vested, who, with bashful longing, followed her afar. I hear my mother's gentle voice in talk with some rural grand-dame. I see her smile which more than repays the cottage-girl for her offered roses—those roses which, wandering from the near garden, shunned not the domain of death.

With light hearts we trip over the stile into the lane festooned with convolvulus and honeysuckle. Like the bees that part from that flower, yet return tempted by its sweetness, we children dart on before my mother, soon to cluster round her again. How young she looks! How blithely she talks! What makes her so happy to-night? Is it the words of solace which she has heard—the luxuriant beauty of the lane, and she purpling glow of the uplands; or is it a sense of that peace which she has watched slowly dawning on my father's mind?

The lane now opens on meadows that skirt the river, and on the bank my father comes to meet us. There was something almost infantile in the wife's reception of her husband. She marked the new welcome smile on his face, and sprang to meet him with outstretched hands. Though the evening was sultry, she walked on rapidly and with a kind of buoyant exultation. It was some time before, at my father's request, her pace slackened. By degrees her quick, cheerful tones subsided into a low, sweet utterance, and from the few words which reached me, I knew that they were recalling past times, living over again the romance of youth. Discoursing thus, they gained the stone stair which led from the river to our terrace by a side-gate.

She bent over each of us children as we passed through, and kissed us fondly. She was always tender, but there was an earnestness in her embrace that went direct to our hearts: Cyril's eyes and mine were filled with tears. The sun was setting gloriously; the crimson fire went slowly down behind a screen of woods, while above the mirroring river hung fleecy clouds of gold, as if reluctant to fade. All was still except the hum of the belated bee or the drip of the boatman's oar. My mother sat on a bench

beneath the lime-trees, and we were silent. At last my father took her hand:

"There must," said he, "be an Infinite Goodness over the world! Reason, perhaps, may never solve the problem, but our hearts are truer than our thoughts."

She gave him a look of unutterable joy, and pressed her lips upon his hand. He began again to speak, but she threw up her arm with a sharp, quick gesture and a faint cry, then sank gently backward. For a minute we deemed her entranced in some emotion too sacred to be dispelled; but when, after a pause, my father raised her, and gazed into her face, there was no mistaking, even in the deepening shadows, its marble pallor. He bent over what had been his wife. A life pure and blessed as that of the summer eve had vanished with its latest beams.

CHAPTER IV.

The old, old Story—an Artist in the Shade.

I will pass rapidly over the events of some years.

The blow of my mother's sudden death fell with a different result upon each member of her family. To my father, for whom most might have been feared, it came the most gently. I can see now that the very depth of his love became his consolation. Could that love— nourished by the virtues of the lost, yearning for future and eternal reunion, most vital when all visible trace of its object had been swept away,—could that love be given but in mockery, or issue from a source less than Divine?

It was on Cyril that the shock at first bore most heavily. He wept convulsively, and for days gave himself up to a silence like despair. But the wistful affection of his playmate Amelia won him in time to utter his grief, and the utterance assuaged it. Again they walked beneath the limes, and now it was the girl's childish arm that clasped and upheld her companion.

For myself, I was at first too much stunned by the wound to realize its severity. The proofs of my loss had to meet me suddenly and repeatedly—as it were, at the sharp corners of experience—before I was convinced. In the hall still hung my mother's garden bonnet; in her chamber was the volume she had left unclosed. I lay for nights listening to the tick of the hall-clock from my open bedroom, and expecting a gentle step upon the stairs, before I knew that it would come no more. But although the worst was brought home to me so gradually, my grief was not the less deep. Though I strove to be a comforter to my father, a secret pining for the love which I had lost grew within me. I longed intensely, constantly—as I now feel, sinfully—to be again with my mother, to sleep and only wake in her arms. This wish to follow her might have wrought its own fulfilment, but for a visit paid us by my maternal uncle. His duties as my mother's trustee had brought him from the south of France, where he resided. There was that in my face and manner which plainly denoted failing health, and, at my uncle's entreaties, I was allowed—nay, commanded, for I yielded most reluctantly—to return with him.

Change and time did their healing work for me. I remained in France for three years, that period being broken by a long visit from my father and Cyril. When I came back, Dr. Woodford had removed to London, and my brother was at school. We saw but little of the latter, even during holidays, as he spent part of them with friends at Winborough. At the end of three or four years more, I again went to France—this time to complete my education—and returned to become mistress of my father's house. Cyril was then residing with him in town. Greatly to the delight of Roxby, my brother had shown a marked bias for the career of a painter, and was now a student in the Academy. As for my father, he seemed to have grown younger, so genial and serene was his expression. Cyril, whose health had become established, was now a stripling of more than twenty. I could not but be proud of him: of his face, bright with kindness and intelligence, and of his simple, frank bearing. Then at times he had my mother's old look of placid affection, especially in those moments of reverie to which he had been prone from childhood. Of course we reverted to

old friends, especially to the Lathams. Before long I discovered a portrait which Cyril had recently taken of his early playmate Amelia. It represented Miss Latham at eighteen. It recalled easily the face, classically regular, with its pure tint of olive, the clear, earnest eyes, and the old demure look now refined into a sentiment of dignity.

When, in a few weeks' time, Cyril left us for a short visit to Winborough, I was at no loss to guess his chief motive for the journey. During his absence I learned from my father that the lad's intimacy with the Lathams had continued until his departure for London. My brother, he said, was somewhat reserved upon the subject of Amelia, and had certainly made no formal disclosure of his feelings; but they were tolerably evident, nevertheless. My father had no doubt, too, that the state of affairs was understood by the Lathams, whose cordiality might be regarded as a sanction.

It is by no means my purpose to write a history of myself, but I may touch for a minute upon an interest which—though the main one in my own life—is merely incidental to this narrative. During a Swiss tour with my uncle, I met with my fate—which, let me once for all say, is a most happy one—in Mr. F——, an English barrister, now my husband. The sentiment which woke to life amid the romance of lake and mountains, had in a few months grown hardy enough to brave the dull skies of England, and to knock pertinaciously at the door of a prosaic London house. To dismiss figure, Mr. F—— became a guest at our fireside. On the night of Cyril's expected return, he had spoken to me such words as—when the hearer can echo them—make the epoch of life. Mr. F—— had taken his leave, and I was sitting alone, lost in delicious musing, my feet on the fender, when the door opened abruptly, and Cyril entered.

His look was so haggard, the voice in which he uttered his brief greeting was so husky, the lips that kissed me formed so mechanically into a channel for the smile that would not flow, that for a moment I doubted his identity. "What has happened, Cyril?" I asked, approaching the chair on which, still in his travelling dress, he sank motionless and silent. He roused himself, and answered evasively, in a tone that vainly affected indifference. Suddenly his manner changed. He inquired earnestly for my father; then spoke at random of household affairs, and became quite voluble on matters of trivial import. He plunged the poker into the fire, remarked that the night was bitter, and again fell into silence.

The springs of my love—replenished it might be by my own great joy—welled toward him. I knelt by his side, wound my arm around him, and reminded him of all the bonds of our childhood. I urged him, for our mother's sake, not to shut up his heart from me. I spoke of the old times when I had trembled for his life, and vowed to make it happy if God would preserve it.

He turned to me with a softened aspect, kissed my forehead, and murmured, "Ah! Lucy, you should have let me go!"

The words were not meant for a complaint. They had escaped him almost unconsciously; but they gave me a new right to plead with him. By the time of my father's return I had won Cyril to tell us all.

The cherished dream of his life—the dream so sacred that he could never shape it into words—had been cruelly dispelled. On his visit to Winborough he had been received by Amelia with an air of sadness and constraint, and by Mr. Latham with a cold formality at first unaccountable. Tortured by suspense, my brother sought an explanation, when the banker replied that, although wishing always to regard Cyril as a friend, it had become necessary to warn him that no closer relationship could be sanctioned. Mr. Latham added that he made this statement with pain, but that circumstances rendered it a duty.

"Heartless! heartless!" cried my father, wringing Cyril's hand.

I had never seen Dr. Woodford so roused. His sense of justice was outraged. He knew well that Cyril's love for Amelia, though not directly avowed, had been long known to the Lathams and tacitly encouraged.

"And Amelia herself?" I asked.

Mr. Latham, it appeared, had withstood Cyril's demand to take leave of her. My brother remonstrated, and angry words ensued. Mr. Latham, by some taunt on the young artist's profession, stung his high spirit to retort, and Amelia had by accident entered

the room as my brother, with flushed cheek and indignant tones, repelled the affront.

In a hard sarcastic tone the banker thanked Cyril for alleviating the pain of parting by a demeanor which showed that further intercourse would have been undesirable. Amelia, who had witnessed my brother's incensed manner, but not the provocation which caused it, addressed him in language which, though gentle and mournful, conveyed a deep reproach.

Reproach from her at such a moment overcame the poor lad altogether, and, in order to conceal his feelings, he took an abrupt farewell and left the house.

I suffered too much on Cyril's account to be very tolerant to Amelia. "She did not deserve such love," I exclaimed impetuously.

He rose, took my hand, and said in that low, governed voice that belongs to deepest emotion:

"You meant this kindly, Lucy; but do not say it again—do not even think it, as you love me. I have known Amelia too long, too well, to doubt her goodness. The knowledge of it is all that consoles me. I may have been no more to her than a friend—a dear friend, I never may be more; but I can be grateful to her for the past. While trusting in herself, I can even bear to know that she was not destined for me. I can hope and strive. Without that trust I do not think I could."

He then told us that he had written, asking her forgiveness for the angry words which he had uttered to her father, and begging a reply, however brief, to soften the anguish of such a separation. He said no more upon the subject, but for days after when the postman's knock was heard I marked a quick tremor glide over the fixed calm of his face. It was still more sad to note the listless quiet with which he took up his letters in that further season when hope deferred had sickened the heart. At length one morning the post brought him the *Winborough Guardian*. We happened to be alone. After a few minutes' perusal he silently handed me the paper, directing me with his finger to one short paragraph. It told, with all the transparent mystery of provincial gossip, that "unless rumor were more than ordinarily faithless, an eloquent divine well known at Winborough might shortly be expected to lead to the hymeneal altar the only daughter of Mr. L——, the eminent banker."

I could only utter "Cyril," and cling to his erect, steady form, as if I had most needed comfort.

"God bless her!" he said after a pause; his voice was scarcely above a whisper, but clear and firm.

I could not restrain myself. "She has dealt falsely with you!" I cried.

"I think not," he answered; "but were it so, I should still say God bless her—she would then need it more."

Mr. Latham's changed conduct to Cyril seemed now accounted for. We had before learned that Lady Naseby—by this time advanced in life, and lately recovered from severe illness—had passed into a state of hypochondria, which she was pleased to term religious conviction. To expiate the sin of a life whose pleasures and graces had been superficial, she had become an ascetic and a bigot.

Her contrition, even though sincere, was as merely external as the enjoyments and the charms which she had abjured. On the death of the old vicar she had been influential in the appointment of his successor—a teacher who confounded penance with repentance to her heart's content. What I then surmised was afterward proved. Lady Naseby, whose will was law to Mr. Latham, had endeavored to promote a union between the new vicar and her goddaughter Amelia. Cyril had himself found this gentleman a favored and even an intimate guest at Mr. Latham's table.

My brother went out that day; how he passed it I never knew, but when he returned there was a placidity, almost a cheerfulness, in his manner that told of a struggle undergone and ended. My father and myself abstained from all reference to it. It was only by a certain gentleness, so to speak, in the footfalls of our thoughts that one could have guessed there was a grief to be tended; it was only by the softness of Cyril's look that you could have told that tendance was understood.

CHAPTER V.

The old Town with a new Face—The old Story again—An Artist in the Light.

At that time there was no railway to Winborough, and we were consequently almost entirely cut off from its interests and its news. Cyril's younger friends there either removed or became absorbed in the pursuits of life, and all communications from the old town gradually ceased.

The morning after the events just related found Cyril early in his studio. From that time his labors, interrupted for months, were steadily resumed. It was a deep interest for us, as years went by, to watch the young artist's advance. The first book that he illustrated, his first picture in the exhibition, the first generous criticism that pointed out his ripening genius, were all epochs in our family history. The world now knows his pictures well—those stories of fireside happiness and domestic heroism which have touched and cheered many a spectator.

Not even in his art did Cyril make any conscious allusion to the one memory which I knew had never left him. If in child or maiden I caught glimpses of it, the expression, not the features, revealed them. They were the records of an influence unknown even to himself.

Time rolled by: I was a wife and a mother. In his own circle, whether sharing in my children's games, or surrounded by that true brotherhood of genius who own a new tie in deserved success, Cyril was still. the same, equable and genial, though never hilarious.

One May evening—a balmy evening, that almost redeemed the character of the month—he entered our little parlor at Kensington. My husband was at the time reading aloud a notice of Cyril's new picture just exhibited, and then considered his masterpiece. We welcomed him, therefore, with more than usual happiness. He looked happy himself. There was in his face the restful joy of one who had achieved honor bravely to use it nobly—a feeling this so distinct from vanity or pride, that it consists with the very humblest moments of man's experience.

"My visit might hardly have been so welcome," said Cyril to my husband, "had you foreseen its object. That is nothing less than to rob you of your wife for a week."

He then told us that there had sprung up within him a sudden and peremptory yearning—a thirst, he called it—to see Winborough and the haunts of his childhood once again, and in company with his sister. My kind husband's consent was readily gained. Our preparations were hastily made, and on the afternoon of the following day we were whirling at the rate of thirty miles an hour toward our first home.

It seemed strange to me to desert the old coach-road by which, many years before, I had travelled to London; strange, instead of nooky village inns, with buxom, apron-smoothing landladies, to find slate-roofed, naked-looking stations—innovations from which at that time the old territoria, families of trees and flowers stood disdainfully aloof. When we approached towns, I sighed in vain for the winding horn and the clatter over the stones, and felt hurt at the usurpation of the railway-bell and whistle. I would have found every milestone leading to dear old Winborough just as I had left it. Cyril, who had seen the place more recently, was prepared for changes, but they pained me extremely.

At the end of our journey—it was then night—I could scarcely set foot in the Naseby Arms omnibus, from a sense that it had injuriously displaced the defunct Monarch coach. I was positively wroth to see the quaint, red-bricked Naseby Arms of yore now fronted with stucco, and transformed into an hotel. The chamber-maids of past days had been lively and smiling; the new ladies of the bedchamber were reserved and mincing. The waiters of old ran about in jackets, and cried "coming!" Their successors, grave in tailed coats and starch, glided before you like ghosts, and, like them, waited until you broke the spell of silence by speaking first. It was not until Cyril and I were seated in a snug room at our little tea-table that my spirits revived. The first thing that did me good was the sight of a venerable urn of obsolete shape and battered sides. Shortly after, the waiter brought us tea-cakes of a kind peculiar to the district, and emitting a

scorched, oveny sort of perfume. Had the scent been that of heliotrope, violet, or verbena, it could not so have touched me. That long-lost odor sent me back to the bright wide-ranged grate of the kitchen in Pollux Lane. I am not ashamed to say that I wept, and felt that I was once more at Winborough.

Cyril now told me that, while entering the inn, he had been recognized by Roxby the artist. I was glad to hear that my brother had asked this old friend to join us. He had gone home—as I surmised, for purposes of the toilet; but they must have been accomplished rapidly, as he presented himself in a few minutes. The dear old man was much altered. His hair was gray, his face ploughed up in anxious lines, and he had contracted a stoop. But for the quick, vivacious eye, I might not have known him. Without at first noticing me, he seized Cyril's hands, worked them as if they had been handles of a pump, and laughed till he cried while speaking of his former pupil's success. "I knew he had it in him!" he shouted exultingly.

Touching on his own prospects the good man was somewhat subdued. His nature was too buoyant to despond easily; but he hinted that the patron who was, some day, to discover his genius, was rather late in making his appearance. It was not envy, but a dawning knowledge of life as he neared its close, that made him observe to me,—"Perhaps the nobleman who is to find me out might have done so before this, if, like your brother, I had painted modern people instead of Homer's gods." Of course, we did our best to cheer our old friend, one of whose pictures, Cyrillpredicted, would soon be exhibited. I thought my brother too sanguine, but the picture—a far more finished one than I could have expected—was, in due time, seen on the walls of the Academy, and found a liberal purchaser.

Our first pilgrimage, next day, was to the resting-place of our beloved mother. We then reëntered the town, delaying by a sort of tacit understanding our visit to the old house.

Jubb's old shop, in the market-place, was not kept by another proprietor. It gloried in plate glass windows, and styled itself "Metropolitan Emporium." Perkins, the patrician hair-dresser, had vanished, and slept, perchance, among unnoted townfolk who had never been summoned to the Hall. His son, a young gentleman, whose revolutionary ideas might have hastened the old man's decline, had joined the business of toy-seller to that of hair-dresser, and dispensed toys and marbles to noisy urchins in those erst silent precincts, where his awful father had once shred their locks. Sparkes, the bookseller, had retired, and his window, under the sway of his successor, was distinguished by numerous denunciatory pamphlets from the pen of the new vicar. The Way to the Pit, levelled at poor De l'Orme and his comedians, and A Snare for the Young, directed against the race-ball, may instance the commodities that were to be had within. As we approached the shop a carriage drove up, and we saw protrude a gouty-looking foot, swathed, rather than clad, in a very ample velvet slipper. The tenant of the carriage got out with difficulty, though aided by her servant. She dropped a gold-headed stick on which she leaned. Cyril stooped and gave it to her. The lady steadied herself, and a gleam of gracious feeling softened her sharp, sad face. By that sign only could we have recognized the once brilliant Countess of Naseby.

We passed in the High Street, and were nearing Pollux Lane. I felt the arm on which I leaned tighten, nor was I surprised when Cyril said that he had letters to post, and begged me to precede him, by a few minutes, to the old house. I knew that the subdued emotions of life were surging on his firmness, and that he waited for the tide to ebb.

We took different ways. In a minute or two I reached the lane. The corner shop, still a grocer's, was new, so dazzling that the reticent Nettleship would have scorned to own it. Glass jars with crystallized candies refracted the sunlight. Confections of fruit lay temptingly in half-opened boxes, on the lids of which the peasants of all Europe, stimulated, no doubt, by their propinquity to such dainties, were performing their national dances. I might not have known where I was, but for the measured thump of the steam-engine, which worked a mill on the opposite bank of the river. The

sound, so familiar to my childhood, startled me. Since I first heard it how many hearts have throbbed with love, grief, ambition, and then ceased to throb! What changes since then had befallen empires as well as households! Firesides had been desolated—thrones overturned; but that dull mechanical pulse beat on the same. No matter, I thought, it is because man is a spirit and lives, that his forms wear out.

I was now fairly in the lane—that lane where, as a girl, I had so often tripped on, hand-in-hand, with my mother. I looked up the archway, close by the surgeon's; the groom was busy—as of old—polishing harness. Then I saw a tall, dignified, Queen-Anne sort of house, picked out with stone and guarded with palisades. It was the Lathams'. The door was open, and a lazy-looking footman was taking a parcel from a shop-boy. I saw, within, a lamp, like that beneath whose cheerful beam I had stood in the nights of long-ago Christmas parties. I noted the very steps which the boy Cyril would have kissed for love of the light feet that passed over them.

Then with a thrill, swifter than sight I looked down the street on the opposite side; yes, there it stood, the quaint, straggling, dear old house! We had already learned that it was to let. A middle-aged woman who stood at the window saw me approach, and quickly admitted me. I made her understand gently that I wished to explore the apartments alone. Then I went into the old panelled-room, and into the little library—neither of them much altered save for being unfurnished. I went up-stairs into my former bedchamber, then into my mother's, then into the drawing-room, and looked out upon the grass plot, the lime-walk, and the river. Finally, I bent my way to the garden, longing to muse beneath the shadows of the green, transparent leaves.

But I was disappointed of solitude. Turning into the walk I saw before me a lady, simply but elegantly dressed, and engaged in binding up a straggling creeper. She performed this task with a care and gentleness that went to my heart, for every leaf-fibre in the old place was dear to me, and I felt as if, instead of a plant, she had bound up a memory.

She moved on with a slow, easy grace, now and then delaying to root out some overgrown weed, or to free some entangled rose which peered up helplessly amid the tall grasses between the limes. But that I knew the house was to let I should have supposed her at home. At length a thorn-tree that lay half levelled barred her path. Raising her arm to set aside the intruder, she stood in a more open spot. The mazy light glided down her dress, and made a bright island at her feet. As she turned her face suddenly, it met me like a revelation. Though years had past since I saw the girl of eighteen in Cyril's sketch, and though she now wore a subdued, veiled kind of expression, I did not, for a moment, mistake Amelia Latham.

Did I see her again with resentment or with yearning? Perhaps with a mixture of both. Could she feel pleasure in a scene that must recall the hopes she had destroyed? If not, what brought her there? It flashed upon me that Cyril would join me almost instantly. What was to be done?

I advanced toward her. It was clear, from her face, that she had no recollection of me. I inquired if the house had been to let long.

"About a year," she replied.

I said, in a careless manner, that the place was prettily situated, but forlorn and ill-kept—capable, indeed, of great improvement.

"Tastes vary so much," she answered, adjusting her shawl.

"These old limes," I pursued, "interrupt the view. They ought to be felled."

She favored me with a look almost haughty in its coldness. She could only repeat, that tastes varied. The future tenant would of course indulge his own.

Then she would not like, I thought, to see the dear old trees cut down.

She bent her head slightly, as if to leave me; but I said quickly, "The place has some interest for me. It once belonged to a family that I knew."

"Indeed!"

"To the Woodfords."

There was a moment's silence. Then she answered steadily, "The Woodfords were also friends of my own. Have you seen them lately?"

"Very lately," I said, preserving my forced incognita. I could not have avowed myself without giving way.

It was she who spoke next. She inquired after my father, then after Lucy (myself), who, she was pleased to say, had been kind to her as a child. "Perhaps," she added, "they may remember me, Amelia Latham?"

Still Amelia Latham, then! In a softened tone I said, "Lucy will be obliged to you. But you have not asked after her brother?"

"What the artist?" she replied, busying herself with a lilac bush.

"Yes, the distinguished artist. His very first picture, News from the Colony, brought him into notice."

"You mean, The Leave-taking," she observed; "that was his first picture."

Her memory was better than his sister's.

"His last picture has been much liked, Miss Latham, the one called—" I paused wilfully, and tapped my forehead.

The lilac bush shook as a low, murmuring voice answered from it, "Old Times."

She was right again.

In a minute she looked up calmly, and walked by my side. "Tell me more," she said, of "Cyril Woodford. He is well?"

"Yes."

"And happy?"

"No great life is an unbroken calm; but he seems content."

"And is he still——?"

"Unmarried?" One woman can of course guess another's question. "Yes, still unmarried. He has never forgotten some youthful ideal, who, from all that I have heard, little deserved such preference. It comes from the romance of the artist's temperament, I suppose, that, spite of proof, he clings to his illusion still."

She linked her arm into mine, and there was a pause. At last she said, "Women must judge women gently."

"True; but in this case," I urged, "where they had been boy and girl together, played the same games, shared the same innocent joys and griefs, the wrong was no common one. To renounce for interest the affection that had dawned so early, was a treason not only to love but to childhood. Well, such wrongs carry their own retribution. The woman's heart must either harden into worldliness, or, if not, how must she feel as she recalls the past—stands, perhaps, in the old spot, views the old scenes, hears in fancy the accents of love and trust which, except in fancy, she can hear no more—knows that she has imbittered for ever one noble life, and that a gulf divides her from all that was purest in her own?"

I spoke with passionate earnestness. We had left the walk. There was no shrub or flower to tend now; but she bent over the moss-grown dial by the grass-plot, and traced its circle with her finger. "You are severe," she said. Then I saw slow, heavy tears fall upon the dial.

"I have pained you?"

She looked at me frankly. "Not by your censure. I was touched to think that—that he could still trust her."

She said this so falteringly that I could bear no more. "Forgive me," I cried, "I meant not to be cruel; but for his sake I was forced to learn all. Amelia, is there hope for him? I am Lucy, his sister!"

She threw herself on my bosom, and we wept together. Then, fondly, wonderingly, as if she were half-sister, half-child—some Perdita recovered from the elements—I kissed her repeatedly, and, her dear head leaning on my arm, guided her again into the walk. I asked her no question. I did not need. Who could doubt those eyes and that pressure of the hand?

When we wound back through the alley, I saw a tall figure slowly descending the garden-steps.

"Amy," I whispered, "there is some one coming—my companion in this journey: can you meet him?"

She looked at me keenly, then down the path, and gave me an assuring grasp. I walked before her, and met my brother advancing.

"Cyril," I cried, "prepare yourself! Here is a friend—a dear friend!" Before I could say Amelia Latham, he had read it in my face. A feeling leaped to his own so intense, that it might either have been bliss or anguish. But oh, the calm that succeeded! the soft transfiguring smile in which more than the lustre of his youth re-dawned! She had followed me with extended hands. He took them without a word, and led her on.

I knew my part well enough to linger behind. Their silence was soon broken. Then Cyril learned how his letters to Amelia, and hers to him—though she was long ignorant that he had written—had been intercepted by her father; how the report of her betrothal to the vicar had arisen from his frequent visits at Mr. Latham's, and from the known wishes of the latter for a match which Amelia had always resisted; how Mr. Latham himself, before his death, had revealed to her, with deep penitence, the stratagem which had wrecked her hopes. She, too, had been faithful to the memory of childhood. In a few days my father was summoned to Winborough. We were four—all members of one family—when we left the town; and Cyril's sister felt, but felt happily, that she had resigned to its lawful claimant a woman's chief place in his heart.

THE WILD MARCH WINDS.

BY WM. GEOGHEGAN.

The wild March winds are up and before us,
Hark! to the sound of their gathering chorus!
Our spirits are up, and following after,
We'll join in their deep and sonorous laughter.

We will follow the winds' fantastic brood,
They suit with the bent of our fitful mood,
Uttering shouts of gladness,
Muttering wails of sadness;
Over the bridge like hooting owls,
Under the arch with sullen growls,
Down the rivers with a sweep
Where the willow-branches sleep;
Some on the topmost boughs of the trees,
Singing and swinging in thoughtless ease.

The wild March winds are up on the hill,
Turning the sails of the old white mill,
The beams swing heavily round and round,
While their giant shadows sweep the ground;
The miller stands by like one in a dream,
Till the meal runs faster than a stream.

But some are in cloudland far away,
And oh! what a happy crew are they!
They spread the sails of the white-cloud boat,
And over the deep, deep blue they float
To the sunny islands as they lay
Far in the mouth of a slumbering bay,
Where the giant clouds encompass them round,
Like Alpine peaks by a snow storm crown'd.
Some are trailing vapory veils
From hill to hill across the dales;
Or making rents, and peeping through,
We only see a strip of blue.

One, and a merry rogue is he,
Chases a child across the lea.
He has peep'd in her face and found her fair,
He has blinded her with her own soft hair,
He has stolen her kerchief in his play,
And is bearing his fairy prize away;
Her fluttering bosom in all astir,
And she chases the breeze that erst chased her.

One beside a streamlet lingers,
Dimpling it with airy fingers,
Breaking up the sunny ray,
Catching foam-beads from the spray,
Lifting up the shining tresses,
Floating round the water-cresses.

Some through key-holes thrumming,
Like a bee-swarm humming;
Creeping up the creaking stairs,
Flapping windows, clapping doors,
Heaping ashes, sweeping floors;
Creeping down the creaking stairs,
Scattering lighted brands about,
Catching sparks to put them out.

Some in the old church moaning,
Or past the organ droning,
A ghostly choir intoning,
While the sexton works alone,
Against the windows tapping,
With ivy branches rapping,
Till he answers with a moan;
They fan his flickering light,
To daze his aged sight,
Till he answers with a groan,
The poor old sexton working all alone.

The wild March winds are up and before us,
Hark! to the sound of their gathering chorus!
Our spirits are up! and following after,
We'll join in their deep sonorous laughter.

THE JASPER.

The jasper, typical of courage, is the signet stone of March. It was prized by the ancients for its adaptability to engraving and capacity for fine polish. The Scriptures exalt it. It was the insignia of the tribe of Benjamin. In *Revelations* St. John says: "He that sat on the throne was like a jasper; and the light of the city is like a very precious stone, a jasper crystallized," meaning the emerald. In some ancient treatises this phrase, "crystallized jasper," is always applied to the emerald. In confirmation of this theory of transformation, a stone was found in Cyprus one half emerald, the other half jasper, "as being not yet completely transformed." The poets have linked this sombre gem, veined with brown and the hues of earthly mould, with March which witnesses the changing of the winter into the laughing emerald of spring. The early Church also associated jasper with this lenten month, significant of the probation that results in the effulgence of Easter.

FAMOUS MEMORIES OF THE MONTH.

LENT—ST. DAVID'S DAY—ST. PATRICK'S DAY—ST. PATRICK'S DAY IN 1776—EVACUATION OF BOSTON—EASTER DAY.

LENT.

Lent is, we need scarcely say, a solemn yearly fast of forty days, observed by the Church before the feast of Easter. It is venerable for its antiquity, the universality of its observance, for its sanctity and manifold spiritual and physical advantages. Alban Butler says it is mentioned by the ecclesiastical writers of every century, up to the very first; and that vouchers of its existence are extant, carrying it back to the time when the immediate disciples of the apostles were living. The Latin and Greek names, from which the French, Italian, and Spanish are derived, designate the extent of the fast, forty days (*Quadragesima*). The English word Lent is of Saxon origin, and signifies the spring-fast. Lenten-tide is the ancient Saxon for spring season from *leng*, long—*lengian* to lengthen—from the lengthening of the days.

The name of the forty days' fast, says Dr. Butler, demonstrates that Lent was of about that number of days, or that the beginning was about the fortieth day before Easter, which, by subtracting the Sundays, will leave thirty-six for the fast, if we begin the number from Sunday the forty-second day, or six weeks before Easter. This name of the forty days' fast for Lent wa sused by Origen, and subsequent writers in every succeeding age, in such manner as demonstrates it to have been used and understood by all Christians of this fast before their time. This name could never have been given to the great ante-paschal fast, had it not then been of about forty days, though it was afterward used sometimes for any long annual stated course of fasting. Thus, the Montanists * were said to have kept three quadragesimas in a year, though, probably, the two last were not so long or so rigorous as the first; and it is commonly said that St. Francis of Assisium instituted in his Order four Lents in a year, though differing in austerity and in the term of days, and only the general Lent of the Church to be kept in spring; from which the name is applied to the rest.

That the apostles commanded the paschal fast, or of the last days of Lent, in memory of the death of Christ, all antiquity proclaims; nor can we, as it seems, doubt but they either commanded, or at least pointed out and directed the fast of all Lent, in imitation of our Lord's fast, which they, or rather their immediate successors, passed into a strict law, and the custom of the primitive Churches confirmed. St. Irenæus, older than Tertullian, calls the rule of fasting forty days, with xerophagy, or the use only of dry meats, the right and exact fast of Lent; and the Fathers call Lent an apostolical tradition or institution. "We fast one Lent by apostolical tradition, the whole world agreeing with us therein," says St. Jerome. In another place he reckons the fast of forty days as no less among apostolical traditions than the observation of Sunday, Easter, and Whitsuntide, as Bishop Beveridge shows.

Protestants generally allow the fast of Lent to be of primitive antiquity, but deny that it was of precept; which, however, is regarded as clear from the evidence of the ancient councils and Fathers. It is evident that the Lent, which the Catholics kept, when the heresy of the Montanists was broached, was a fast of precept; as those heretics made their three Lents. Whence St. Jerome, writing against them, says; "Not but it is lawful to fast the whole year, except in Easter time; but it is one thing to make an offering by necessity, another to do it by free choice" The Council of Laodicea uses

* So called from Montanus, the leader of a heresy in the second century in Phrygia.

a Greek word which expresses the strictest absolute obligation of fasting the forty days of Lent. St. Basil declares that whoever is able to keep this fast, yet breaks it, will be arraigned for this transgression before Him who is the legislator of the fasts, meaning God himself.*

ST. DAVID'S DAY.

"Perchance thy youth
Has read, with eager wonder, how the knight
Of Wales, in Ormandine's enchanted bower,
Slept the long sleep; and if that in thy veins
Flow the pure blood of Britain, sure that blood
Hath flowed with quicker impulse at the tale
Of David's deeds, when thro' the press of war
His gallant comrades followed his *green crest*
To conquest."—SOUTHEY.

The first of March is the anniversary of the birth of Saint David—the tutelar patron and Saint of Wales—a land of historic memories of courage, bardic minstrelsy, and romance.

David, the national Saint of Wales and the brightest ornament of its Church, was the son of Xanthus, Prince of Cereticu, now Cardiganshire, and was uncle to the great King Arthur. He was educated by the learned monks of the famous Monastery of Bangor. He entered the priesthood at an early age, and was justly esteemed one of the noblest and most able ministers who ever preached the Gospel to the Britons. He combated, and at length overcame, the Pelagians, a sect that sprang from Pelagias, a Briton, who, among other heretical opinions, denied the doctrine of original sin.

When Christianity was planted in Britain, three sees of Archbishops were appointed, viz.: London, York, and Caerleon-upon-Usk, in Monmouthshire. David was, in 577, appointed Archbishop of Caerleon, but the noisy intercourse of a populous city, being ill-adapted for contemplation, was not suited to the solitary cast of mind and rigid sentiments of piety of David; and on that account, and with the consent of King Arthur, he removed the see to the more sequestered city of Menevia, which place has ever since been called Ty Dewi by the Welsh, and St. David by the English. After being seated in the archiepiscopal see sixty-five years, and having built twelve monasteries, this holy person died at a most advanced period of human life, having attained the age of one hundred and forty-six years, and was buried in the cathedral church of St. Andrew—a church founded by St. Patrick about the year 470. Indisputable authority makes it appear that St. David was a most amiable and virtuous character; devout and humble to his God; steady in the practice of benevolence and diffusing charity; and an unshaken supporter of the Britons, to whom he owed his origin, and among whom he had the gratification to be held as a much loved countryman. He was canonized by Pope Calistus the Second.

The Welsh, who are the pure descendants of the ancient Britons, regard St. David as their tutelar saint, and annually celebrate, on the first day of March, the anniversary of his natal day.

In the year 640 the Britons, under King Cadwallader, gained a complete victory over the Saxons, and St. David is considered not only to have contributed to this victory by the prayers he offered to Heaven for their success, but by the judicious regulation he adopted for rendering the Britons known to each other by wearing leeks in their caps, drawn from a garden near the field of action; while the Saxons, from a want of some such distinguishing mark, frequently mistook each other and carried death into the midst of their own ranks. From this arose the custom of the Welsh wearing leeks in their hats on St. David's day, a badge of honor indispensable to every true son of Wales upon that occasion.

In London St. David's Day is the anniversary of "the most Honorable and Loyal Society of Ancient Britons," established in 1714. The "Ancient Britons," according to annual custom, go in procession to the royal residence on St. David's Day and receive the royal bounty. The members of the Society are in carriages, and each wears an artificial representation of the leek in his hat, composed of ribbons and silver foil, and the procession is usually preceded by marshals on horseback. After a discourse by some high prelate of the established church of

* See Movable Feasts, Fasts, etc., by Rev. Dr. Alban Butler; and the authorities there quoted and referred to.

England the day is concluded with a grand dinner.

In connection with a notice of the great Christian patron of Wales, it is interesting to notice a remnant of the old Druidism which is conveyed in a recent correspondence from London. The writer says: "I have just obtained through a Welsh friend a few items concerning a mysterious sect in the south of Wales, concerning which no record whatever exists, but which I believe to be the very last remnant of the ancient Druidic religion.

"The people belonging to this little sect are few and poor; they dwell scattered among the hills in the neighborhood of Pontypridd. They gather together only twice in every year —in the summer and the winter solstice. They then ascend a mountain called Eglwysilan. This mountain's name seems derived from Eglwys (French, *Eglise*) Church, and ilan, a height; but the mysterious religionists say that the latter word— Ilan— is the name of their founder. The mountain is connected with antiquity by having on its top a "holy "(rocking) stone, and near its base the remains of an old (so-called Druidic) temple, circular, but with a long sinuous line of stones, such as are thought by some a relict of serpent worship. When these brethren assemble at the mountain's base at the solstice, they are headed by an aged man who bears in his hand a long wand. At the top of this wand is a small sphere with three prongs, like divergent rays, issuing from one side of it. My informant asked one of the solstitials what was the meaning of this sphere and its three prongs. He replied that the sphere was "the sphere," and as for the three prongs, "you will find three in everything," he said, "in leaves and trees particularly." The pilgrims march silently after their aged leader with the wand up the mountain, and when they arrive there he preaches to them a strange sort of mixture of materialism and fetichism.

ST. PATRICK'S DAY—THE CONVERSION OF IRELAND.

It may be safely stated that of all national holidays no one is so widely welcomed or celebrated as Saint Patrick's Day. As the sun never sets on the Irish Celt—the race is so widely and ineradicably colonized in the various parts of the habitable globe, so it may truly be said no holiday is so universally observed over such a vast extent of territory as the one linked with the national or religious memories of the patron saint of that race.

Wherever there is an Irish heart to-day it throbs with affection and reverence. From every quarter—indeed it may be said from every corner of the wide, wide world—on land, on sea, hearts are turned with yearning love and crowding memories to that little island whose "back is toward Britain and face to the West." When any educated mind surveys the opened Map of the World, and realizes how small a spot of earth is called Ireland, and then conjures up before the mind's eye the history of that little speck, its monuments and art-remains indicating an illuminated pre-historic life; its realistic records exhibiting the vast influence it has exercised on human thought and progress; on education from the earliest times, on Christianity, on literature, art, war, and politics; when the impartial mind strives to recall and classify the names of the eminent men in every branch of human thought and action contributed by it to the world, it cannot be wondered at that the natives of it, so widely scattered, should be proud of their race, and regard *it* as the vital centre of the globe. To decoy them from this faith would be to assail the most exquisite sentiment that dignifies manhood. Men who do not love their native country will not make appreciative citizens of any: on the same generally recognized principle, that a good son will make a reliable husband, one that can honor and will protect a wife.

In giving a memorial of the apostle whose memory is so widely venerated, we of course will not enter into any discussion of points raised by the zeal of scholars, unreliable information of antiquaries, or theories of polemics from the time of the saint to our own; but will mainly follow the facts in MacGeoghegan's Ireland, and M. F. Cusack's exhaustive collection in "The Life of St. Patrick," which embraces a translation of the long-lost Tripartite Life from the ancient Irish—attributed to the Sixth Century, and which was discovered in the British Museum by the late

profound *Irish* scholar and archæologist, Professor Eugene O'Curry, in 1849. In the latter portion we shall freely adopt from M. Haverty's History as suitable to our space.

St. Patrick was born at Bonavem Taberniæ* (identified by Lanigan as the Modern Boulogne), in Armorican Gaul, A. D. 373.† He was of respectable parentage. His father Calphurnius was a deacon; and his mother Conchessa, a niece of St. Martin of Tours. The future apostle of Ireland was called at his baptism "Succath," signifying warlike, "fortis in bello." It was Pope Celestine that gave him the name of Patricius. Patrician was a title and a dignity among the ancient Romans, to which high privileges were attached. According to Dionysius of Halicarnassus some of the Kings of France were proud to bear the title of Roman patrician. Patrick,‡ as we shall call him, was carefully reared by his parents, and the sweetness of his disposition rendered him in youth an object of admiration. At the age of sixteen he was captured on one of the expeditions of Nial "of the Nine Hostages," then King of Ireland, who was devoted to hostile forays against the Britons and the Gauls.§ Carried into Ireland he was sold as a slave to Milcho, a petty prince or king ruling North Dalaruaida in Ulster, who gave him the care of his flocks. He spent six years in this slavery, his privations being overbalanced by faith in God, and the religious self-control and fervor developed by it. He fed his flocks and prayed fervently. In his "Confession," alluding to this period, he says he prayed almost a hundred times a day, and as often in the night "while I tarried on the mountains or in the woods I was roused to pray both in the snow, frost, and rain; neither did I feel any pain from it nor lassitude as I think, because my soul was there ardent."

Having learned the language and manners of the country, Patrick effected his escape in the beginning of the seventh year of his captivity, having been warned thereto by a voice in the night, which told him where he would find a ship. He departed, travelled two hundred miles to a part of the country of which he had known nothing, and found the vessel as indicated. After many dangers by sea and land, he reached his native land and parents. Remaining some time with them, he was aroused by a vision in which he thought innumerable letters were given to him disclosing the voice of the Irish ("Vox Hibernionacum.") He then secretly formed the design of returning and laboring for the conversion of the islanders. His parents used every solicitation to retain him, but in vain. He had accepted his mission. To prepare for it, he left home. He first went to the monastery of Marmoutiers, then to Tours; next to St. John Lateran, Rome; and after visiting the holy places and hermitages in the islands of the Mediterranean, and attaching himself to the barefooted hermits of St. Augustine, went to St. Germain at Auxerre, with whom he remained many years. He next spent nine years in the monastery in the isle of St. Lerins when he returned to St. Germain, to whom he had imparted all his desires. Palladius, who had attempted the conversion of Ireland, failed and died in the north of Britain. Upon the receipt of this news St. Germain sent Patrick to Rome with letters to Pope Celestine, who received him kindly, and consecrating him archbishop gave him the apostolical mission to Ireland, to which, after a visit to his guardian and instructor, St. Auxerre, he bent his course at the end of the year 432, aged fifty-nine.

His success seems miraculous. Christianity burst forth at the first ray of apostolic light. Kings, even when not among the converted, saw without a murmur their children hailing the new light. Chiefs at variance with all else agreed to meet beneath the Christian banner: the proud Druid and bard laid their superstition at the foot of the Cross; nor was there a single drop of blood shed on account of religion through the entire course of this mild Christian revolution.*

"Throughout this proud, now sainted isle,
No martyr blood was wasted
To spread the holy faith in Christ:
It heard—believed—embraced it."

—*The Altar-Builders.*

* See Life of St. Patrick. By M. F. Cusack (the Nun of Kenmare.—p. 73. London 1871.

† See Hist. of Ireland. By the Abbé MacGeoghegan, p. 143. et seq. New York, 1868.

‡ *Ibid.*

§ The Latin poet, Claudian, mentions that troops were sent by Stilicho, general of Theodosius the Great, to resist Nial's adventurous hosts. Quoted in Cusack's *Life*, p. 126.

* Moore's Hist. vol. I, 203.

It is strange that even the glorious distinction thus referred to was, under a stupid instinct of national antagonism, made a charge against Ireland by a Christian writer; Giraldus Cambrensis asserting that "there was not one among them found ready to shed his blood for the Church of Christ."

St. Patrick first landed at a place called Inver De, which is supposed to be the mouth of the Bray river, in Wicklow; but, having been repulsed, returned to his ship, and sailing northward landed on the little island of Holm-Patrick, near Skerries, off the north coast of Dublin, where he made a short stay to refresh his crew and companions. Proceeding as far as the coast of Down, he entered Strangford Lough, and landed in a district called Magh-inis, in the present barony of Lecale. An alarm was raised on his approach, and Dicho, the lord of that place, came with his people; but the moment he saw the apostle he perceived he was no pirate. He invited the saint and his companions to his house where, on hearing the true religion, he and all his family believed and were baptized. This was the first fruit of St. Patrick's mission in Ireland.*

The apostle celebrated the Divine Mysteries in a barn belonging to Dicho, which was henceforth used as a church, and was called Sabhall Padruic, or Patrick's Barn, a name still preserved in that of Saul.

After a stay of a few days with Dicho, the apostle set out by land for the habitation of his old master, Milcho, who resided somewhere near Slieve Mis, in the present county of Antrim. Milcho's heart was hardened, and rather than allow St. Patrick to approach his house, he fired it in a fit of passion, and was himself consumed in its ruins, together with his family, except a son and two daughters, who subsequently became converts and embraced a religious life.

St. Patrick returned to Saul, and early the next year (A.D. 433), went southward by water to the mouth of the Boyne, where he landed and thence set out, through the plain of Bregia, in the direction of the royal palace of Tara. On his way thither, he stayed a night in the house of Seschnan, who was converted and baptized, with his whole family, one of his sons receiving from the apostle the name of Benignus. This youth attached himself from that moment to St. Patrick, and became famous in the history of the Irish Church as St. Benan, or Benignus, the successor of the apostle in the primatial see of Armagh.

The next day was Holy Saturday, and St. Patrick, on reaching the place now called Slane, caused a tent to be erected, and lighted the paschal fire about night-fall, preparatory to the celebration of the Easter solemnity. It so happened that princes and chieftains were at this time assembled at Tara, with King Laeghaire, for the purpose of holding a pagan festival, of which the kindling of a great fire formed a portion of the rites;* and as it was contrary to the law to light any fire, on that occasion, in the surrounding country until the fire from the top of Tara hill was first visible, the king became indignant on seeing the flame which the saint had kindled. The druids told him it would cause the destruction of his and their power if not immediately extinguished. The king with his druids, chieftains, and attendants, went to ascertain the cause, and ordered the apostle to be brought before him, having first directed that no one should rise, or show the stranger any mark of respect. When St. Patrick with his attendant priests appeared, notwithstanding the king's mandate, Erc, the son of Dego, rose to salute him, offered him his place, and having listened attentively, embraced Christianity. This Erc was subsequently bishop of Slane, where his hermitage is an object of interest to the present day. The result of the interview was an invitation to the saint to come next day to Tara, for the purpose of holding a discussion with the magi or druids; the king secretly resolving to place men in ambush who

* History of Ireland, Ancient and Modern, by Martin Haverty. pp. 65–72. Dublin. 1859.

* Dr. O'Conor (Rer. Hib. Scrip., vol 1), labors to show that this festival was that of Beltinne or Bealtaine, and Dr. Petrie, in his Essay on Tara Hill, appears to adopt that view; but Dr. O'Donovan, in his remarks on the division of the year among the ancient Irish, in the introduction to the Book of Rights, proves that there is no authority for this opinion and that in fact the fire of Beltinne was always lighted at the hill of Uisneach, in Westmeath. The festivity which Laeghaire was celebrating was probably that of his own birthday, as is stated in the Life of St. Patrick in the Book of Lismore.

would murder the Christian missionaries on the way.

The scene which passed next morning—Easter Sunday—in the royal rath of Tara, was one on which it is impossible to reflect without a lively interest. The king, conscious of the treacherous preparations which he had ordered to be made along the road, could hardly have expected to see the strangers come, but was, nevertheless, seated in barbaric state in the midst of his satraps and nobles to receive them. St. Patrick, on his side, was not unaware of the pagan perfidy practised against him, but placing his confidence in the protecting power of God, and chanting a solemn Irish hymn of invocation,* which he composed for the occasion, he advanced at the head of his priests in processional order, along one of the five ancient roads that led to the top of the royal hill, where he arrived unharmed. The old authorities describe the appearance of the saint as characterized by singular meekness and dignity. He was always clothed in white robes, and on this occasion he wore his mitre, and carried in his hand the crozier called the staff of Jesus.† Eight priests who attended him were also robed in white, and along with them came the youthful Benignus. Thus, confronted with the monarch and his druids, and objects of wonder to the pagan assembly, stood the illustrious apostle and his missionaries. Here, as before, it had been arranged that no mark of honor should be shown to him; but, also as before, there was one found to disobey the tyrant's instructions; Dubtach, the arch-poet, or head of the bards of Erin, rising, and paying his respects to the venerable stranger. Dubtach was the first convert that day, and St. Patrick became greatly attached to him. And, as Jocelyn says, the hymns which he composed while young, in praise of his false gods, he now changed to a better purpose, viz., to the praises of God and his saints.

Having silenced the druids in argument, the saint expounded the doctrines of Christianity to the monarch and his assembly, and made many converts; but it appears certain that Laeghaire himself was not among these, but remained a pagan to the last. It is stated, with more probability, that the queen was converted on this occasion; and it also appears that St. Patrick made so favorable an impression even on Laeghaire, as to obtain permission to preach wherever he chose, on condition that he did not disturb the peace or deprive him of his kingdom.

From Tara St. Patrick repaired next day to Tailtin, where the public games were commencing, and where he had an opportunity of preaching to a great assemblage of the people, and he remained for a week, making many converts. On this occasion he was repulsed and his life threatened by Carbry, a brother of King Laeghaire; but another of the royal brothers, named Conall Crevan, was shortly after converted, and at his desire the apostle founded the church of Donough Patrick in Meath.*

We shall not attempt to follow St. Patrick through every part of Ireland, or to enumerate the number of churches which rose up everywhere in his track, and the multitude of holy pastors whom he prepared by his instructions and placed over them.

The apostle preached for some time in the western part of the territory of Meath, and on this occasion proceeded as far as Magh Sleaghta, in Cavan, where the idol, Crom Cruach, was worshipped; and by his prayers caused the destruction of that abomination. and of the smaller idols by which it was surrounded. He then set out for Connaught, and when near Rath Cruaghan, he met the princesses Ethnea and Fethlimia, daughters of the king, who were there under the tuition

* This remarkable production is given entire elsewhere in this number of the MONTHLY.

† This crozier is said to have been given to St. Patrick while secluded in an island of the Mediterranean, by some mysterious person who received it, for that purpose, from our Lord himself. The staff of Jesus was burned, along with several other sacred relics of the greatest antiquity, among the rest, a statue of the Blessed Virgin, in High-Street, Dublin, in the year 1538, by order of George Brown, the first Protestant Archbishop of Dublin.—See Ware's Annals; Dalton's Archbishops, &c.

* According to the Tripartite Life of St. Patrick every church in Ireland of which the name begins with *Donough* was founded by that apostle, and they were so called because the saint marked out their foundations on a Sunday. in Irish *Domhnach*. *Trias Thaum., p.* 146. The Conall mentioned above became a great friend of the apostle: but when he wished to enter the church as an ecclesiastic St. Patrick told him that his vocation was to be a military man, though he was not to be a churchman he would be a defender of the church; and thereupon marked on Conall's shield the figure of a cross with his crozier, and the shield was ever after called the shield of the crozier.—*Trias Thaum.*, p. 142; also Jocelyn, c. 138. Dr. O'Donovan says this is the earliest authentic notice he had found of armorial bearings in Ireland.

of certain druids or magi, and who acquired there such a knowledge of religion as led them subsequently to take the veil in a nunnery which he established.* He traversed almost every part of Connaught, preaching, converting the people, and founding churches. In the land of Tirawley, he converted and baptized the seven sons of King Amalgaidh, together with twelve thousand people. After seven years spent in Connaught, he passed by a northern route into Ulster, and there made many converts, meeting, however, as was the case in Connaught, several repulses, accompanied sometimes with danger to his life.

Returning into Meath, St. Patrick appointed his nephew, St. Secundinus or Sechnal, bishop of Domnach-Sechnail, or Dunshaghlen, to preside, during his absence, over the northern churches, and directing his steps southward, visited several parts of Leinster, making numerous converts, and laying the foundations of churches wherever he went. He placed his companions, Bishops Auxilius and Isserninus, the former at Killossy, near Naas, and the latter at Kilcullen, both in the present county of Kildare. In the territory of Hy-Kinsellagh, comprising parts of the counties of Wexford, Kilkenny, and Carlow, he visited his friend, the poet Dubtach, who introduced to the saint his disciple, Fiech, who was already acquainted with Christianity, and was admitted into the ecclesiastical state. This Fiech was subsequently bishop with jurisdiction over all Leinster, and to him the famous metrical life of St. Patrick, known as *Fiech's Hymn*, is attributed. He was the first Leinster man who was raised to the episcopacy.

A.D. 445.—After passing through Ossory, where he converted great numbers, and founded many churches, St. Patrick entered Munster, and bent his steps towards the royal city of Cashel, whence King Aengus, who had already a knowledge of Christianity, came forth to meet him, receiving him with veneration. At this king's baptism an incident occurred which is often mentioned as an interesting example of fortitude. The pastoral staff which the saint carried terminated at the bottom in a spike, by which he could fasten it erect in the ground, and it appears that on this occasion he planted it inadvertently on the king's foot, which it penetrated. Aengus bore the wound without the slightest movement, supposing that it was a part of the ceremony, and being, no doubt, animated at the moment with an ardent feeling of devotion. This good king, in the course of a long reign, afforded material aid to the cause of religion in this part of Ireland.

The apostle spent seven years in Munster, receiving vast multitudes into the fold of Christ. A great number of people from Corca Baiscin, the south-western part of Clare, crossed the Shannon in their curraghs, or hide-covered boats, when the saint was on the southern side, in Hy-Figeinte, and were baptized by him in the waters of that mighty river; and at their entreaty the apostle then ascended a hill which commanded a view of their country, and gave his benediction to the whole territory of the Dalcassians.

It was probably during St. Patrick's stay in Munster, that a British prince, Caroticus, who, although nominally a Christian, was a pirate and a very wicked man, made a descent on the south-eastern coast, and carried off a number of Christians who had just received baptism, for the purpose of selling them as slaves to pagans in North Britain. This outrage elicited from the saint a pastoral, or circular epistle, still extant, in which he pronounced excommunication against and stigmatized Caroticus. It was about the time of his return from Munster, and while visiting a territory now comprised in the King's County, that a certain pagan chieftain named Failge formed a plan to murder the apostle, which, coming to the knowledge of Odran, the saint's charioteer, this good man managed to change seats with St. Patrick, and thus received the fatal blow that was intended for his master. Odran was the only martyr who suffered death for the faith at the hands of an Irishman, during the conversion of the country from paganism.

About the year 455, St. Patrick founded the see of Armagh, and the remaining years of his life he passed between that city and his favorite retreat of Saul, in the county of

* St. Patrick tells us in his "Confession" that a great number of women embraced a religious life in Ireland, notwithstanding harsh opposition often encountered from their unconverted parents.

Down, at which latter place he died, according to the Annals of Ulster, the Four Masters, Usaher, Ware, and Colgan, on the 17th of March, A.D. 493, but according to the very ably argued inference of Dr. Lanigan, in A.D. 465. The duration of his mission in Ireland was, according to this latter opinion, thirty-three years, while, according to the former, it would have been about sixty years, and his age, which the old authorities represent as 120 years, is reduced to 78 years by Dr. Lanigan's process of reasoning. His obsequies continued for twelve days, during which the light of innumerable tapers seemed to turn night into day, and the bishops and priests of all Ireland congregated together on the occasion. A fierce contest ensued between the people of Down and Armagh for the possession of his sacred remains, but it was finally settled by his body being deposited in Down, while a portion of the holy relics was conveyed to his metropolitan church of Armagh.

Thus was the faith planted in Erin by St. Patrick, and from that day to the present it has never failed.

ST. PATRICKS DAY IN '76.—THE EVACUATION OF BOSTON.

World-wide, however, as is the celebration of St. Patrick's Day by the scattered Celts, Irishmen have not a monopoly of the memories associated with it. It is a date of deep interest in American history, being, as it is, the anniversary of the relief of Boston and the evacuation of that city by the British under Howe in 1776, after a ten months' siege. The solid men of Boston should not permit the adopted citizens alone to enjoy the day. Patriotic memories should be perpetuated, especially those linked with the era of Independence, and associated with the name and fame of the hero-founders of the Republic. The men of Boston should honor the anniversary of the evacuation of their city, as the men of New York do a similar circumstance, by military parades, social rejoicing, and a revival of thoughts that remind us of the respect due to the past, and the duties by which we can make the present honorable.

As we can all receive lessons of devotion and zeal from these memories, we will briefly revive those associated with the movements which culminated on St. Patrick's Day in Boston in the revolutionary era, taking Grimshaw's Historical Résumé, Frothingham's more elaborate Siege of Boston, and Irving's Life of Washington, as the basis of our narrative.

When General Washington joined the army at Cambridge, he found the British intrenched on Bunker's Hill; having three floating batteries on Mystic river, and a twenty-gun ship below the ferry, between Boston and Charlestown. They had also a battery on Copse's Hill, and strong fortifications on the Neck. The Americans were intrenched at Winter Hill, Prospect Hill, and Roxbury; with posts of communication extending over a distance of ten miles, and small parties stationed in several towns along the sea-coast. Everything essential to an army, except courage, was wanting in the patriot army. They had neither engineers to plan suitable works, nor sufficient tools to erect them. Instead of tents, the soldiers were only partially covered with sails; now useless to the mariner, from the obstructions of commerce. They had no commissaries: individuals brought to camp their own provisions, on their own horses; nor uniformity of dress: the hunting shirt was introduced, to abolish provincial distinctions. On the 4th of August, the whole stock of powder in the American camp, and in all the public magazines of New England, would have made little more than nine rounds. A supply of several thousand pounds' weight was soon afterward obtained from Africa. Domestic rum was sent thither, in charge of confidential agents; who proceeded with so much address, that every ounce for sale in the British forts on the African coast was purchased and brought off for the use of their opponents in America. Some fearless patriots of South Carolina in the following year boarded an English vessel at St. Augustine, from which they obtained fifteen thousand pounds: and a large quantity was manufactured at Philadelphia, where a single mill produced five hundred pounds each week.

The continental army placed under the command of Washington, amounted to fourteen thousand five hundred men. These had been so judiciously stationed around Boston

as to confine the British in the town, and exclude them from the provisions afforded in the adjacent country and the islands in the bay.

The winter, though severe at first, proved to be a mild one. Colonel Moylan wrote from the American camp in January:—"Everything thaws here except Old Pat. He is still as hard as ever, crying out for powder—powder,—ye gods, give us powder." General Howe's policy was to remain quiet, but Washington's operations suddenly deranged it. In the latter part of February the American army was strong enough to warrant the initiation of offensive operations. February 26th, Washington communicated his intention to the Council of Massachusetts to take Dorchester Heights; and it, at his request, ordered the militia of the contiguous towns to his aid. "I am preparing," he wrote, "to take post on Dorchester Heights, to try if the enemy will be so kind as to come out to us." To Congress he wrote: "I should think if anything will induce them to hazard an engagement, it will be our attempting to fortify these heights, as on that event's taking place, we shall be able to command a great part of the town, and almost the whole harbor, and to make them rather disagreeable than otherwise, provided we can get sufficient supply of what we greatly want."

In the beginning of March the American camp indicated an approaching conflict. Materials for intrenching purposes were accumulated; bandages for the maimed were prepared, forty-five bateaux, each capable of carrying eighty men, and two floating batteries, were assembled in the Charles river. The neighboring militia were pouring in with patriotic ardor. Washington determined not only to take Dorchester Heights, but, if possible, to attack Boston. This was a profound secret; and, to divert the attention of the enemy, he kept up a severe cannonade during the nights of the 2d, 3d, and 4th March on Boston. On this latter night while the occupants in Boston were looking out for their personal safety, the American camp was full of activity. A detachment of two thousand, with a train of three hundred carts loaded with fascines and hay, were on the move. The occasion was one of intense interest and excitement. The moon shone brightly, cannon and mortars sounded a continuous roar, and shells occasionally burst high in the air. At about four in the morning a relief party went on. The labors of the night under the veteran Gridley were so efficient that, ere morning dawned, two forts were in sufficient forwardness to constitute a good defence against small arms and grape shot.

On the morning of the 5th, the anniversary of the "Boston Massacre," the British were astounded at the redoubts that seemed to have risen by magic during the night. "The rebels," said Howe, "have done more in one night than my whole army would have done in a month." He wrote to Lord Dartmouth, "It must have been the employment of at least twelve thousand men." The English officer wrote—"They were raised with an expedition equal to that of the Genii belonging to Aladdin's Wonderful Lamp." But they had not time to waste in astonishment. The position was serious. Admiral Shuldham believed the fleet could not ride in safety unless the Americans were dislodged: the army was as insecure as the fleet. The British had but two alternatives—to evacuate the town, or drive the Americans from their works. Howe commanded a force which was considered by the home government sufficient to bear down all opposition. With such means, to give up the town "that had been the original cause of the war" to "a raw and despised militia," seemed a disgrace too great to be borne. Hence Howe ordered twenty-four hundred men under Earl Percy to embark in transports, rendezvous at Castle William, and attack the American works at night. It seemed now as though Washington's design to draw out the enemy would succeed. It was a time of intense interest to him and his associates. He sent reinforcements to Dorchester Neck. The soldiers were in great spirits. "Remember," said Washington, "it is the 5th of March, and avenge the death of your brethren." At the same time he had a chosen detachment of four thousand at Cambridge ready to assault the British lines in Boston. But the armies thus ready for conflict did not meet. A fierce wind prevented the ships from reach-

ing their destination, and boats could not live in the surf on the shore. It so continued the next day also with the addition of excessive rain; and finally he was compelled to abandon his plan. Washington's arrangements had been of such a nature that he could not forbear lamenting at not meeting the enemy. However, his success was all that could have been achieved by arms.

Howe's situation was perplexing and critical. The fleet and the army complained of each other, and both of the government. To save his army, he should leave Boston: to leave Boston would occasion great loss of property. It was determined to save the lives: but the conclusion was mortifying as he had, in letters to the ministry, scorned the rebels and any danger he was in from them.

The fate of Boston was in the balance. The idea of its destruction had been entertained in both of the hostile camps. Heretofore the danger was from its friends outside who had resolved, if necessary, to sacrifice it on the altar of freedom. Now, the danger was from its occupants, who declared they would destroy it if the army was assaulted. The citizens were in continual suspense as the american preparations went steadily on. Preparatory to leaving, General Howe issued a public proclamation ordering the inhabitants to deliver all linen and woollen goods to Crean Brush, a noted Tory; and a private commission went much farther empowering him to take such goods as might enable the rebels to carry on the war. "At the head of parties of Tories," says Frothingham, "under cover of his commission, Brush broke open stores, stripped them of their goods and carried them on board the ships. It is not strange that this authorized plunder was imitated by lawless bands of men from the fleet and the army. They broke open shops and dwelling houses, carrying destruction, says Gordon, wherever they went: what they could not carry away they destroyed." *

An easterly breeze interfered with the intended embarkation, and the soldiers amused themselves by plunder and shop-lifting.

Washington was become very impatient to see the town evacuated. He had no faith in British declarations—he felt that Howe might be deceiving him, but soon brought about the last scene in this eventful Boston drama, which we present in the picturesque language of Irving:—

"Determined to bring things to a crisis, he detached a force to Nooks Hill on Saturday, the 16th, which threw up a breastwork in the night, regardless of the cannonading of the enemy. This commanded Boston Neck, and the south part of the town, and a deserter brought a false report to the British that a general assault was intended.

"The embarkation, so long delayed, began with hurry and confusion at four o'clock in the morning. The harbor of Boston soon presented a striking and tumultuous scene. There were seventy-eight ships and transports casting loose for sea, and eleven or twelve thousand men, soldiers, sailors, and refugees, hurrying to embark; many, especially of the latter, with their families and personal effects. The refugees, in fact, labored under greater disadvantages than the king's troops, being obliged to man their own vessels, as sufficient seamen could not be spared from the king's transports." Speaking of those "who had taken upon themselves the style and title of government men" in Boston, and acted an unfriendly part in this great contest, Washington observes: "By all accounts there never existed a more miserable set of beings than these wretched creatures now are. Taught to believe that the power of Great Britain was superior to all opposition, and that foreign aid, if not, was at hand, they were even higher and more insulting in their opposition than the Regulars. When the order issued, therefore, for embarking the troops in Boston, no electric shock—no sudden clap of thunder,—in a word, the last trump could not have struck them with greater consternation. They were at their wits' end, and conscious of their black ingratitude, chose to commit themselves, in the manner I have above described, to the mercy of the waves at a tempestuous season, rather than meet their offended countrymen." *

* The details of the last days of the British in Boston are given in British letters, and in MSS. in State House, Boston. The brigantine *Elizabeth* was captured with Crean Brush on board, and among the MSS. are dispositions respecting his conduct, his commission, lists of goods, etc.

* Letter to John A. Washington, Am. Arch., 4th S., v. 560.

While this tumultuous embarkation was going on, the Americans looked on in silence from their batteries on Dorchester Heights, without firing a shot. "It was lucky for the inhabitants now left in Boston, that they did not," writes a British officer; "for I am informed every thing was prepared to set the town in a blaze, had they fired one cannon." *

By ten o'clock the enemy were all embarked and under way: Putnam had taken command of the city, and occupied the important points, and the flag of thirteen stripes, the standard of the Union, floated above all the forts.

On the following day, Washington himself entered the town, where he was joyfully welcomed. He beheld around him sad traces of the devastation caused by the bombardment, though not to the extent that he had apprehended. There were evidences, also, of the haste with which the British had retreated—five pieces of ordnance with their trunnions knocked off; others hastily spiked; others thrown off the wharf. "General Howe's retreat," writes Washington, "was precipitate beyond anything I could have conceived. The destruction of the stores at Dunbar's camp, after Braddock's defeat, was but a faint image of what may be seen at Boston: artillery carts cut to pieces in one place, gun carriages in another; shells broke here, shots buried there, and everything carrything with it the face of disorder and confusion, as also of distress." †

To add to the mortification of General Howe, he received, we are told, while sailing out of the harbor, despatches from the ministry, approving the resolution he had so strenuously expressed, of maintaining his post until he should receive reinforcements.

The eminent services of Washington throughout this arduous siege, his admirable management, by which, "in the course of a few months, *an undisciplined band of husbandmen* became soldiers, and were enabled to invest, for nearly a year, and finally to expel a brave army of veterans, commanded by the most experienced generals," drew forth the enthusiastic applause of the nation. No higher illustration of this great achievement need be given, than the summary of it contained in the speech of a British statesman, the Duke of Manchester, in the House of Lords. "The army of Britain," said he, "equipped with every possible essential of war; a chosen army, with chosen officers, backed by the power of a mighty fleet, sent to correct revolted subjects; sent to chastise a resisting city; sent to assert Britain's authority;—has, for many tedious months, been imprisoned within that town by the Provincial army, who, their watchful guards, permitted them no inlet to the country; who braved all their efforts, and defied all their skill and ability in war could ever attempt. One way, indeed, of escape was left: the fleet is yet respected. To the fleet the army has recourse: and British generals, whose name never met with a blot of dishonor, are forced to quit that town which was the first object of the war, the immediate cause of hostilities, the place of arms, which has cost this nation more than a million to defend."

On motion of John Adams, who had first moved Washington's nomination as commander-in-chief, a unanimous vote of thanks to him was passed in Congress; and it was ordered that a gold medal be struck, commemorating the evacuation of Boston, bearing the effigy of Washington as its deliverer.

Surely the evacuation of Boston is a famous memory which the citizens of that good town should not omit to perpetuate. The date should be chief among the days we celebrate.

* Frothingham, Siege of Boston, 310.
† Lee's Memoirs, p. 162.

EASTER DAY.

The Jewish Passover, called by them *Pascha*, was kept by the Jews in memory of their miraculous deliverance from the bondage of Egypt, by the slaughter of all the first-born of the Egyptians; the name was derived from the Hebrew verb, *Pasach*, which signifies to pass, or leap over; because the destroying angel, who slew the first-born of the Egyptians, passed over the houses of the Hebrews without hurting the first-born, their doors being marked with the blood of the Paschal Lamb, which was killed the evening before, and was an illustrious type of Christ, who by his precious blood delivered

us from the tyranny of the devil. This great feast the Jews kept on the fourteenth day of the first month of the ecclesiastical, or sacred Lunar Year, called by Moses *Abîb*, by Esdras, and the later Jews, *Nisan*,* corresponding to the greatest part of our March, and part of April. This was the moon of the vernal equinox, and was the seventh month of the civil year of the Jews, which they followed in all computations in secular affairs, and which they began from the month *Tisri*, or the autumnal equinox.

The Paschal Lamb, which the Jews killed, tore to pieces, and eat, and whose blood preserved them from the hand of the destroying angel, was a figure of the death of our Saviour, and of his blood spilt for our redemption. "Christ, our Pasch, is sacrificed," says St. Paul:† by his Resurrection, he put the seal to this great work, which mystery we commemorate on the Sunday after the fourteenth of the moon of March, or which begins in March. This festival is the true Christian Pasch, and is called in the English-Saxon language, *Easter-Day*.‡

In the beginning of the Church, the Jewish converts, in some places, kept this solemnity on the fourteenth day itself, the same on which the Jews celebrated their Passover. The apostles had the condescension to allow them this liberty, to show the Jews that the gospel of Christ did not condemn the Mosaic law, which it had made void by fulfilling it. But the Christian Paschal feast was in general appointed by the apostles to be kept on the Sunday that followed the fourteenth day of the moon of March. The Roman, and all other Churches of converted Gentiles, observed this rule. The contrary custom was only tolerated for some time, that the synagogue might be buried with honor; as St. Austin says of the legal ceremonies in general.§

In 325 the general Council of Nice ordained that all Churches should celebrate Easter on the Sunday that follows the fourteenth day of the moon of March; and the Emperor Constantine caused this decree to be published throughout the whole Roman empire.

Those who obstinately adhered to their old practice, were from that time looked upon as schismatics, and called *Quartodecimans*.*

The feast of Easter is the regulator of all the other great movable festivals of the year, and has always been celebrated in the Church with the greatest solemnity, as the first among the five principal feasts of the Christian religion. The administration of the most holy sacraments of Baptism and the Eucharist is performed on it with the utmost solemnity; and the Church commands all her children to receive the latter on it, threatening otherwise to cut them off from her communion, so that a disobedience to this her precept is a kind of voluntary excommunication of a person's self. Those, indeed, who are found unclean on this festival, are obliged to defer their *Pasch*, by the advice of their spiritual director, and make it on the *second month*, with the unclean in the old law.† The forty days' fast of Lent is instituted at this time, to be a preparation to this great festival, and it is distinguished by every other privilege. "This," says St. Gregory Nazianzen,‡ "is the festival of festivals, and the solemnity of solemnities, as far above all the other feasts in the year, even of Christ himself, as the sun outshines the stars." This distinction and extraordinary devotion were due to the great mystery which we commemorate on it; a mystery, great in the ancient types and prophecies, by which it was foretold; great in itself, and great in its fruits.§

EASTER EGGS.

Easter has its customs attractive to old and young. An old friend reminds us that when he was young, and a resident of the capital of our good State of New York,

* Exod. xii. 46. Num. ix, 12. John, xix. 36.
† 1 Cor. v, 7.
‡ This name signifies the feast of *April*: for the English Saxons called that month Easter, from their goddess of that name, as Bede informs us. l. *de Ratione Temporum*, c. 13. See Alford, Annal. ad ann. 449. Though Dr. Sparke and Verstegan, (Ant. p. 20.) derive both *Oster-Monat*, or the month of April, and the name of Easter, *Oest*, or *Oost*, rising, or the East: or from *Osteren*, Resurrection.
§ St. Aug. ep. 19.

* The Irish and Scottish churches, in the 6th and 7th centuries, were engaged in an erroneous custom of keeping Easter with the Quartodecimans, when the Sunday fell on the 14th day, in all other years with the universal Church, but were brought over to perfect conformity very soon after the year 700. See Bede, Adamnan (ap. Mabil. Act. Bened. T. iv. p. 556). the Notes on the Life of St. Wilfred, 12 Oct. p. 231. St. Columba, July 6, p. 39, &c, ed. Lond.
† Num. ix. 6, 7, 10, 11.
‡ St. Greg. Naz. Or. 42 de Pasha ii. p. 476.
§ Movable Feasts. Fasts, and other annual observations etc., of the Treatise.

the children of all ranks and colors had a "fine time" at Easter. They started out of doors with small baskets of eggs of every hue, and enthusiastically challenged each other to try the strength of the shell by knocking the narrow ends together. This was called "butt sing," and our informant says: "I have often seen the baskets of the scions of the aristocracy of Albany emptied to replenish that of the woolly-headed ebony, who was better skilled in the tact of butt sing."

From a German volume at hand* we take a little dialogue which contains some thoughtful—even if simple—suggestions in connection with the use of Eggs at Easter—developing the spring-time promise and mystery of Nature, applied to, and illustrative of the life in death, and resurrection, of our Saviour.

"*Simon.*—O yes, the Easter eggs!"

"*Priest.*—The egg is a perfect emblem of the resurrection. The shell resembles the tomb which our Saviour burst, just as the little bird breaks the shell and comes forth living."

"*Simon.*—I did not think that the Easter eggs had such a Christian signification. I always thought it came from an old heathen custom?"

"*Priest.*—Of course, their signification is entirely a Christian one; they were, through many hundred years, blessed in the church before the people made a present of them to each other. And, besides, even this egg, small and insignificant as it is, is a great preacher of faith. Although we see outside only the hard shell, yet we are convinced that a type of animated nature can come forth. How should we also in things which God revealed to us, be less believing, because unable to see them with our corporeal eyes? Would you not wonder at a person who would not believe that from an egg a living bird could come forth, because, if he broke a fresh egg, he would not find a living being?"

"*Simon.*—Without doubt."

"*Priest.*—And such would be the case for example with that man who would not believe that Christ rose from the dead, or that we ourselves will one day rise, because he finds in the grave only a corpse or its remains—dust and ashes."

* "Schönheit der Katholischen Kirche."

LIFE'S EPITOME.

By E. V. Welch.

The morn of childhood breaks with promise gay,
And golden hopes illume each shining ray;
The heart with birdlike joy sends forth its lay,
And greets with smiles the flowers that strew its way.

At noon, the angry lightnings flash and play,
The thunders cast their bolts across its way;
In war or tempest youth knows not dismay:
His heart's the spring of hope —Love's blooming May.

At eve, the golden dreams fade with the day,
As fade the rainbow tints from feathery spray;
So youth's warm, sunny visions pass away,
And leave the heart like midnight, cold and gray.

DRAPER ON RELIGION AND SCIENCE.

This book is one of a series of popular manuals purporting to give the most advanced words of scientific men upon the physical and speculative sciences. In the general scope of the latter class, we trace the hand of Dr. Youmans, of the *Popular Science Monthly*. We need not say that, with few exceptions, they are for this reason atheistical and materialistic in their tendencies. We strongly recommend their perusal to Christian pastors of souls. It will put them in position rightly to understand modern thought. The conflict between religionists and scientists is a serious one, and many souls are lost to Christianity because few are capable of appreciating the real state of the question. We say "religionists and scientists" advisedly, for between science and religion there is no conflict; and the man who can account for the faith that is in him, harmonizes both the one and the other in his mind. All truth, whether it be of revelation or of reason, has its source in the same Divine Intelligence—that is, the light of created intellects.

And now to the book. We will first consider the author's position and method. The opening paragraphs in the preface remind us —indeed seem to be an echo—of Strauss in *Der Alte und der Neue Glaube*. Only that Strauss in the end does much more justice to Catholicity. We agree with the author when he tells us "that there is a great and rapidly-increasing departure from the public faith" (p.5); but we qualify the assertion by saying, "Protestant public faith." We do not see any defection in the higher orders of Catholic intelligence. They can be named on the fingers' ends, who broke with Rome in the crucial test of the Papal-Infallibility question. And with the majority of those few, it was rather a question of morality than of dogma. They made it a plea simply to cloak other evils.

The professor says (p. 6), that the papacy "insists on a political supremacy in accordance with its claims to a divine origin and mission, and a restoration of the mediæval order of things, loudly declaring that it will accept no reconciliation with the modern order of things." The papacy is sore pressed. But so was its Divine Founder. It has no truce to make with the world. All it does insist on is sufficient "political supremacy," to insure freedom of action; with that it can well accommodate itself to the new order of things. It recognizes good in every shape; it has no antagonism with modern civilization; only it would preserve it, by destroying the noxious atmosphere of error and immorality in which it is enveloping itself. The papacy discriminates: we fear the professor has not yet learned the important lesson.

Again, we are told that "a divine revelation must necessarily be intolerant of contradiction; it must repudiate all improvement in itself, and view with disdain that arising from the progressive intellectual development of man" (p.6). Revelation is not within the sphere of man's capacity to contradict. It is not given man to fathom its mysteries. He simply has to say to its teachings: "I believe." But it does not contradict reason; it simply supplements it. It is beyond error because it comes from the Source of truth. Far from being a stumbling-block in the way of intellectual development, it helps it on; it suggests new and interesting problems; it widens the horizon of thought; and it brings to the soul a peace and contentment that Professor Draper never experienced on his imaginary intellectual heights.

On pp. 7,8, the professor becomes more pretentious. He hints that, had he lived in the days of St. Peter, he would have averted the long night of 1800 years in which the world has lived, and which is just now passing away. "We live in the daybreak of better

* History of the Conflict between Religion and Science, by John William Draper, M.D., LL.D.

things"! This is the only meaning we can put upon his obscure appeal to history. Here we think the author is inconsistent with his own principles, for, if religion is with him only a phase of intellectual development, could it have been otherwise than it has been? From his standpoint, no. The professor is evidently a bad Positivist and a worse logician.

We are next (p. 8) presented with the author's credentials in which are fully stated his qualifications for writing the present work.

1st: He tells us that he wrote a "History of the Intellectual Development of Europe," which, he assures us, has been reprinted in numerous European languages, English, French, German, Russian, Polish, Servian, etc." We know the book he here alludes to. We read it with some amusement. It is as slovenly written a piece of history as ever emanated from the pen of man.

And the fact of its having met with such success shows the low ebb of real scholarship among Professor Draper's clique. "If," said a scholar, a professor of chemistry also, one day to us at the time we were reading the book, "one of your graduates could not do better, I would not consider him worthy of a diploma." This gentleman was right. Outside of a certain cleverness of style, the book is a school-boy essay, full of blunders, that it would grieve us to see any of our college graduates guilty of in their theses. When we tell our readers that the present work is a recast of that overlauded work, with such additions as the professor's desultory readings have been able to bring together, they can form a slight estimate of its reliableness as a history. Scarce a page of it that does not bristle with facts and statements of a most damaging character in the eyes of those not knowing better; and yet you look in vain for a reference, unless it be to the professor's own works, not only historical, but even, as on p. 248, physiological. Draper quotes Draper. This won't do. History, with every advantage of reference and quotation, is difficult enough to sift. The truth does not always lie on the surface—and on such a vital question as the one here treated, to do away with all reference has the look of a lack of good faith. We have no confidence in Professor Draper's historical specimens. And we earnestly caution our readers to accept no statement, without first verifying it. They will soon find out whether the author had reason for covering up his tracks.

2d: Professor Draper assures us that, in "A History of the American Civil War," he had become accustomed to "the comparison of conflicting statements." In that book the author has succeeded most happily in reconciling absurdities. He tells us, in its preface, that he has refrained "from burdening his pages with many facts of American history." Whereupon our friend, Dr. Bledsoe, one of the ablest of critics on the subject, very shrewdly remarked: "The absence of fact is, indeed, the most striking feature of his book —except the presence of falsehoods."

It is a book that displays a profound ignorance of our American documentary materials—running counter, as it does, to the express declarations of the Madison Papers—the Federalists—the Signers themselves; and giving instead fatalistic doctrines on physiology, climatial influence, and the like,—doctrines that fact and true science contradict.

3d: He tells us that he has devoted "much attention to the experimental investigation of natural phenomena." This is his proper sphere. He is professor of chemistry in the University of New York. We believe that his books on chemistry and physiology are considered respectable. We could not expect them to be first-class. The author dabbles too much in outside subjects to be able to give that undivided attention that alone insures even partial success in any department of science. Still, his mind is exclusively scientific in its cast. His "Intellectual Development of Europe" he places upon a physiological basis, and his "Civil War" is only an application of the principles therein stated.

Bearing in mind these facts, we are prepared to take for what they are worth his assertions in the book under review; and when he tells us that what he has "sought to do is, to present a clear, impartial statement of the views and acts of the two contending parties" (p. 9), we can value it as made up of so many words—"only this and nothing more." Why say "contending parties," if

he means to be "impartial?" An impartial judge would not head his book as the History of a *Conflict*. He would speak of the relations between science and religion. Indeed, on p. 13 already is mention made of "incompatibility" between Christianity and science. Surely, this has not the air of fair play.

And yet, with all Professor Draper's vaunted partiality for science—with all his ecstasies and rhetorical flourishes about its enduring positiveness and unchangeableness, and the absolute certainty with which it can be received, still he and his party are the death of scientific truth. It was only last summer that we had a long argument with one of our shrewdest public men,—one whose name is on everybody's lips as a model statesman. The subject of discussion was, whether there could be such an order of things as to justify the fact that two and two would make five.

Now, on the materialists' principles there is no reason why it could not be so. For if thought is the product of nerve action—if all ideas are mere impressions—then man might have been so educated as to conceive how two and two would make five! And if so, he might have been equally impressed with the idea that two parallel lines meet—that the three angles of a triangle are equal to three right angles. This question of primary truths was previously raised in its present form, some years ago, in one of the London periodicals, by Mr. Fitzstephens. No; materialism cannot remain illogical. We must carry its principles to their last results. And then it will find that all along it has been undermining the ground on which it was standing.

It is related that, in the time of the Mahometan dynasties in Spain, there came to the court of Al-Mansor from the East a poet named Sa'id. He was a man of ready wit, great pretension, and most superficial knowledge. His enemies thought they would prove as much to Al-Mansor. So they had a large book of blank leaves bound up with a learned title on the back. The book was placed so that Sa'id would pick it up in the presence of the prince and his courtiers. On entering, the poet took up the book, read the title most knowingly, and laid it down with the remark that he had read it long ago in the East. Whereupon the Prince snatched away the would-be book, and asked him its contents. Well, he had forgotten exactly what it did treat of; only he knew there were a great many learned things contained in it.

Does the professor see the point? and if he do, how long will he and his clique continue to look only at the covers and tables of contents of our Catholic works and then misrepresent them, while our solid and irrefutable arguments or plain statements remain for them a mere blank?

Such is the man who pretends to give us an impartial account of the relations between science and religion. Such are his principles, and what is the result? A book of misrepresentation of Catholic doctrine and Catholic thought showing that Dr. Draper is:

1. Illogical in his reasoning;
2. Inaccurate in his premises;
3. Obtuse in historical interpretations which he distorts to absurdity;
4. And unwarranted in his conclusions.

B. A. M.

PRE-ADAMITE MAN.

G. Tonski, a Swede, moved from Buchanan County, Miss., last spring, and opened up a farm in the northern edge of Brown County, Kansas. Not long ago he commenced digging a well, and at a distance of forty-two feet struck some cedar poles five inches thick, which lay across the well like a corduroy road. Removing these after considerable work with a hatchet, as the narrowness of the well prevented the use of a larger tool, he struck a similar obstruction a foot lower down. Not discouraged, the plucky Swede went to work on the second obstruction, and finally succeeded in removing that also. Some of the poles were as solid and sound as when first put down; others were petrified, and a part of them was so rotten as to crumble to pieces as soon as struck by the air. Underneath this second layer of wood were found four human skulls, partly decayed, a stone axe, two stone spear-heads, a large stone pipe-bowl, a stone mortar, and two earthenware kettles, one of which was broken by the hatchet in cutting the wood. Three feet below this a splendid vein of water was struck. Mr. Tonski, according to the Kansas *Advocate*, boxed these relics up, and shipped them to the Historical Society at Sweden.

REMINISCENCES OF AN OLD PIRATE.

A Letter received by the editor of the MANHATTAN from New Orleans, enclosing the following romantic and historical reminiscences, says:—

"Having read with most lively interest and satisfaction the lifelike sketch of General Jackson at the Battle of New Orleans in the 'Famous Memories of the Month,' in your January number, I beg to enclose you some remarkable memories of the occasion by a participant therein. I hope these 'Famous Memories' may be continued in the MONTHLY, and I send the enclosed description by old Mr. Jean Baptiste Callistre as a local testimony of appreciation. On many accounts his reminiscences are interesting. He describes what he sees, and throws some light on the supply of excellent artillerists to Jackson for the fight. He was one of Lafitte's band of pirates, recounts the capture of Theodosia Burr, and writes with a vividness remarkable for a man of ninety years. His memory was jogged by the discovery of a pet gun captured at New Orleans, and subsequently served by him when with the pirates; and although his paper was written to elucidate a notice of this gun in the *News* of Galveston, it is sent to you in the hope you will place it on permanent record in your valuable magazine."

CALCASIEN, La., Jan 8.—In your issue of the 25th of December appears an account of an old cannon brought up from the mouth of the bay by the scoop of the dredgeboat. In the same paper you give several conjectural histories of the piece of ordnance, none of which, as I happen to know, have any degree of truth, except that the cannon in question once formed part of the armament of the fleet of Lafitte. From the cut and description given of it in your paper, I recognize it as an old acquaintance.

And, sirs, it has a history, and a most eventful but brief one; and could it but speak, it would tell its own tale in language far more eloquent than I can. I am an old man now, "in the sere and yellow leaf." I was many years ago a member of the company of the brave Lafitte; I am old now, close on to ninety years, and though somewhat weak of limb and dim of sight, yet have remembrance of persons and events long ago, remarkably vivid. An old man lives in the past entirely; he is fond of talking of the brave days of his youth, of the brave men who lived then, of their deeds of daring, of their generosity, and of himself. I may, sirs, grow tedious and prosy, but permit me to tell my story in my own way—the story of the cannon—for, sirs, it has a story, and one of great interest.

You will remember that a short time before the great battle of New Orleans, the great and brave General Andrew Jackson induced our captain, the brave Lafitte, to help him fight the British. I well remember the day when a small vessel, a schooner, appeared off the bar of what is now called Galveston Island. She displayed the American flag, fired a gun, and then lowering her national flag, ran a white flag to her peak. That meant a parley. Lafitte scanned the newcomer closely with his glass for some minutes, and then, ordering his four-oar gig, pulled to the schooner. I was then young and lusty, and accounted the best stroke in our navy, and was one of the gig's crew. Lafitte boarded the schooner, and he and a young American officer, whose name I afterward learned was Donnelson—Lieutenant Donnelson, of General Jackson's staff—descended into the cabin. There they remained an hour or more, and then they came out. As Lafitte stepped over the schooner's side to get into his gig, he said to Donnelson, "Tell General Jackson I will be with him. He may rely on me for at least eighty skilled artillerists."

The name of the schooner was *John Hancock*, and a neat clipper she was. We pulled back to the fort, Lafitte saying not a word, but his pulling in his quick, nervous way his

moustache, proved to us he was planning some desperate work. That night the schooner weighed anchor and left. The next morning there was a grand council held at the fort. All this occurred a long, long time—nearly sixty years ago! *Mon Dieu!* how the time does fly. It seems but yesterday. Well, sirs, I don't want to be tedious, but an old man is naturally garrulous. He has so much to live over in thought. So, sirs, bear with me patiently.

I don't know what happened in the council, but two days after three of our best vessels, with the flower of our filibusters, sailed for New Orleans, under the command of the brave Lafitte himself, Chauvet, his right bower, being with him. After four days' sail we entered the Mississippi river, and soon anchored off New Orleans, a little below the city. I was then a gunner on the ten-gun brig *Vengeance*, commanded by Chauvet, a brave but cruel man. When the British forces under Pakenham approached the city, in January, 1815, we ran up and anchored above the city. All was bustle and preparation. We took out most of the cannon and placed them in position in the works General Jackson had hastily thrown up at Chaimette, and one hundred and twenty picked artillerists and gunners, with all our officers, headed by the brave Lafitte in person, manned them.

On the 8th day of January the British opened a terrific fire on us with their field pieces, but as we were safe behind our earthworks and cotton bales, we let them waste their powder. Lafitte—our brave Lafitte!—ah, how grand he looked! how his black eye flashed! Oh, he was the genius of the fight! How his French blood boiled at the sight of a red coat! *Les Anglais perfides!* Jackson, tall and gaunt, was moving among his men, occasionally observing the British lines with his glass, and turning anon to encourage his Tennesseeans and Kentuckians. How impatient these riflemen appeared! But Jackson's orders were, "Reserve your fire, men, for close quarters!"

Pretty soon the cannonading ceased, and then we could see the long and solid line of British advancing, first at a slow, steady pace, then a double quick. When they were within three hundred yard of our works, Lafitte, springing upon a gun carriage, thundered out, "Fire!"

Sacre bleu! What a sheet of flame leaps forth from our guns! How the front ranks of the foe seem to melt away! Then Jackson, with a clear, ringing voice, that could be heard above the roar of battle, cried out: "Make every shot tell. Fire now, my boys!" Crack! crack! went the unerring rifles. Our guns roared. Grape, canister, and round shot went crashing through the advancing ranks. The foe reeled under the fire. For an instant they faltered—for an instant only—then with closed ranks they again advanced under a most withering and deadly fire. A general officer leads them. He mounts the parapet, waving his sword and cheering on his men. Lafitte springs up, pistol in hand. A flash—Pakenham falls shot through the heart. The British can no longer stand up under our deadly fire. They waver, and then retreat, in great confusion and disorder, to the shelter of their war vessels. Lafitte was for charging them, but Jackson, cool and collected, said "No." Our forces were too small, and bayonets were scarce; so we remained behind our breastworks, and poured volleys of grape into them until they were out of range. *Mon Dieu!* how my old blood is stirred at these remembrances!

Well, about the gun! Patience, messieurs, I am coming to the gun. Well, sirs, after the British fleet had sailed down the river, we went over the battle field, picking up the plunder. Among other things left in their hasty departure the British left a six-pounder, a field piece, stuck in the mire, with one wheel shattered. It was a beauty, almost new. The date of its casting was on it—1813.

After remaining in New Orleans a few days, we prepared for our departure. Among other things given Lafitte by General Jackson, was this six-pounder (the identical cannon described in your paper of December 25), to replace one of ours that had burst in the battle. It was placed on our brig, the *Vengeance*, and ever after formed part of her armament.

When we returned to Galveston Lafitte called us all together—men and officers—and told us that he was determined to give

up following the sea, and would leave us; that if we desired we could choose a new leader. We were very sorry to hear this, for we all loved our intrepid and generous Lafitte, and endeavored to shake his resolution. But he was firm, and so we went into an election, and Chauvet, Lafitte's First Lieutenant, was chosen our leader. Shortly after Lafitte bade us adieu, and taking one ship, the *Chiquita*, sailed for South America. I remained on the island with Chauvet. Chauvet was not the leader Lafitte was. He lacked the dash and enterprise; he was cross, cruel, harsh, avaricious, and overbearing. We feared him, but did not love him as we did Lafitte. Well, one day Chauvet took command of the *Vengeance*, the fastest vessel and best armed of our navy, and sailed into the Gulf for a cruise. We stopped at one of the Florida Keys, and while there Chauvet received some despatches, the contents of which seemed to give him intense pleasure. He immediately weighed anchor and ran into the Atlantic, heading for Hatteras. After we got off Hatteras, a man was kept day and night aloft on the look-out, with orders to report every sail he saw. One day, I think it was in the month of March or April, 1815, the man aloft reported a strange sail on our larboard. Chauvet seized his glass, and after viewing the stranger for some time, ordered the men piped to quarters and the decks cleared for action. I was then the gunner of the same identical six pounder captured at New Orleans. Ah! but she was a beauty. I never missed with her.

We kept the stranger in sight until dark, and then, under press of sail, began to crawl upon her. She was a fast sailer, but *Mon Dieu!* she was a tortoise, compared to the *Vengeance*. About daybreak next day we were close enough to make her out distinctly. She was a pilot boat built schooner, and was armed: two guns amidships and a swivel forward. We ran about 200 cables' length distant from her, and Chauvet, mounting the railing, hailed her. She replied that she was the American privateer schooner, *Patriot*, bound from Georgetown, South Carolina, to New York, and ran up the Stars and Stripes. Chauvet, instead of displaying the Venezuelan flag, under which we usually sailed, flung to the breeze the terrible black flag, and fired a broadside into her. *Mon Dieu!* the Yankees were no cowards, and they replied with their starboard gun and their swivel. And well aimed they were too; for we had four men killed and some six wounded by the discharge, besides having our rigging badly cut up. After a sharp but brief conflict we carried her by boarding, and every soul was either put to the sword or made food for sharks, in our own peculiar way. Ah! but didn't my pet, my beauty, my little six-pounder, do good work! Never a shot missed. She behaved splendidly. And didn't I pet and kiss her when the fight was over and the prize secured! A prize, indeed, the *Patriot* proved. She had been cruising for some months, depredating upon British commerce, and was returning to New York to divide the plunder.

After we had disposed of the dead and living privateersmen, Chauvet descended into the cabin, and pretty soon he called out in an angry tone for myself and my mate to go to him. We descended and found him in the cabin, confronted by a beautiful woman, who held an empty bottle in her hand, with which she had struck Chauvet, who had attempted, it seems, to make too free with her. He ordered us to tie her hand and foot, and convey her on board the *Vengeance* and place her in his cabin. We obeyed him; but she fought us, and did all she could to jump overboard.

After gutting the captured vessel and transferring the valuables to the *Vengeance*, we fired her, and then headed for Galveston Island.

Just after we entered the Gulf, and while flying the Venezuelan flag, we had a terrible fight with a Spanish cruiser, and being badly hulled and cut up, and after losing one-third of our crew (ah! the brave fellows, how gallantly they fought!) we took advantage of a foggy night to draw off, and under full press of canvass made for the island. Upon our arrival we found the *Vengeance* so badly damaged, that it became necessary to remove from her her armament and all valuables, and send her to our Navy Yard for repairs.

We had gotten everything off but three or four guns, my little six-pounder among the number, when one night, through the infernal carelessness of the watchman, the

Vengeance caught fire and burned to the water's edge, and in a few hours after sank in the channel between our town, on the east of the Galveston Island, and our Navy Yard, which was about half a mile to the west.

Ah, how my heart bled to lose my little pet, my little six-pounder! I grieved over its loss even as I grieved over the death of one of my comrades. Oh, little beauty! I little hoped ever to hear of you again. Yes, sirs, that cannon described in your paper is my lost pet. I know her. Have I not handled her? Don't I know every mark on her? The marks you describe near the cross were made by a cursed Spanish shot in our engagement in the Gulf. If I were not so old and feeble I would travel to Galveston to see once more my little pet.

The woman captured on the privateer died a few days after our arrival in Galveston. She was a very handsome woman, and I afterward learned was the daughter of a distinguished American. Her clothing, which was of the finest material, was marked "T. A.," and she had a golden locket containing the portrait of a beautiful boy. On the locket were the words, "To my wife, Theodosia." She was buried on the island, a few hundred yards to the east of the old fort on the point. It was whispered among the men that Chauvet had killed her because she would not yield to his wishes.

I hope, sirs, you will excuse the prosy talk of an old man. I am nearing my end—have much to repent of. But when I saw the description in your paper of my lost pet, I felt compelled to write you the truth about her. My old comrades, who may be living—and some were living in Texas a year ago—can bear witness to the truth of what I have written. I am nearing the grave. A few weeks, nay, days, and I may be gone. There are but few of my old comrades living. Those that are will remember me when they read the name I bore in the brave days of Lafitte. They will remember the best gunner Lafitte and Chauvet ever had, the best oarsman, and the one whom they nicknamed "l'Ecolier."

If you publish this in your paper, please correct the English, and put some polish to my rough sentences, for I have some pride yet in maintaining the reputation for scholarship I enjoyed among the brave filibusters of our loved Lafitte. Adieu, messieurs.

JEAN BAPTISTE CALLISTRE.

JOHN HENRY FOLEY, THE SCULPTOR.

Mr. G. F. Teniswood, F. S. A., contributes a most interesting paper on the late J. H. Foley, R. A., to the *Art Journal* (London), upon which we gratefully draw for a comprehensive, just, and appreciative estimate of that eminent sculptor's genius and labors, and for some suggestive hints tending to illustrate his kindness of nature, and his social and mental characteristics.

To whatever sphere in the republic of Art the verdict of time may assign the work of John Henry Foley, there can be little doubt, judging by the productions of past ages, it must ever remain foremost in the ranks of modern sculpture. Posterity rarely ratifies the reputations of the lifetime, but, when artistic fame is based on truth and nature, it is not unreasonable to assume that works so conceived and wrought will long outlive the ordeal which shatters the pretensions of the meretricious and familiar. But the grave, alas! has closed too recently over the hand that moulded the undying beauty of the "Youth at a Stream," and steeped in silent sorrow "The Muse of Painting," to permit, as yet, an impartial analysis of the genius of their author. For the present, sorrow occupies the vantage-ground that must hereafter be yielded to criticism, the balance of which will probably increase in his favor proportionately as a knowledge of the higher principles of art becomes common among his

judges. Without any pretension to the sequence of biographical narrative, the history of his life may be said to be the oft-told tale of genius—an early manifestation of the artistic impulse, the youthful ambition for excellence, and the sterner dedication of life's maturer years to its still closer pursuit. An unwearying activity for application placed him at the head of the drawing classes of the Royal Dublin Society when but at an early age, to which same body he has bequeathed (like Thorwaldsen to Copenhagen) the original models of his works, with the proud desire of forming a gallery of his productions in his native city, and within the walls of that institution to which he was indebted for his first art-teachings. But the attractions of the art-schools of the British metropolis prompted his seeking therein the opportunities of higher cultivation, and a wider area for the future efforts of his ambition. London became the richer by another aspirant for fame, whose subsequent career has been but a continuous series of successful labor. To enumerate the works that have issued from his hands since when, in 1839, he first appeared in the Royal Academy catalogue as the exhibitor of "The Death of Abel," to the recent brilliant triumph of the daring "Outram," would be but to reprint a list with which the world is familiar. The Academy, naturally desirous of augmenting its strength by such an accession of power and promise, enrolled Mr. Foley in the ranks of its associates in the year 1849. It was not, however, until after the completion of the "Hardinge" that the full honor of Academician reached him. Doubtless the appearance of this magnificent work, in 1856, hastened his elevation to a position more than secured by the exhibition of the high qualities of art that group manifested. The reception of the "Hardinge" by his brother artists will be remembered; and their requisition for its duplicate in London was always viewed by him as one of the highest honors of his career. But between the early simplicity of "The Death of Abel" and the masterly grandeur of the "Hardinge" occurs a period of the greatest interest in his life. In the interval of these dates was the movement for the employment of English art in the decoration of the Houses of Parliament, resulting in the competitive exhibition at Westminster Hall. Into this contest the body of English sculptors entered. Three prizes were awarded, of which the author of the "Ino and Bacchus" took one. This successful issue, placing in his hands the commission for the portrait-statue of "Hampden," was the turning-point of his life. For ideal art he had found no demand; but, giving his attention to portraiture, entered upon a field of study in which his name soon rose to the highest ranks of the English school. The works executed since this period (1847, the date of the "Hampden") form a catalogue of celebrities the public have of late seen frequently repeated. It is not, however, too much to say that some of those early portrait-statues—for instance, the "Goldsmith" and "Burke"—challenge comparison with the finest productions of their class in modern European art.

A hearty love of outdoor nature, ever the characteristic of genuine art-feeling, was in him so strong, there is reason to believe that, had he not at an early age adopted sculpture as his life's pursuit, he would have worked with equal success as a landscape painter. His appreciation of scenery was at once genuine and artistic; he loved it for its healthy influences on mind and body, and as an awakening of the latent springs of poetry and feeling; and, though in no way conversant with the manual technicalities of painting, his eye, well cultured in the study of form and composition, would detect combinations of lines and effects of contrast that to many actual workers with the brush would have passed unnoticed. His views of art, especially as applied to pictures, pointed to a preference for the suggestive rather than the imitative.

Of personal characteristics, none were more prominent than his unpretending modesty and genial heartiness of manner. This same unaffectedness of purpose extended throughout all his arrangements, whether artistic or social. To be a guest at his table was to enjoy a feast where welcome took the place of ceremony, and the warmest hospitality awaited all comers; whilst, to share in an evening's conversation by his fireside, was to learn how keen was his appreciation of humor, and how, from the

depths of a well-stored memory, he drew some of the choicest thoughts of the deepest thinkers.

Like his great compatriot, Maclise, Foley dallied with the gentler muse, and moulded into words the breathings of a lover of nature. As a musician he was not unlearned, several songs by him having been placed before the public, though not in his name.

Ready at all times to aid by counsel or purse the uncertain or needy who sought his aid, the time he bestowed on such subjects was found at the expense of that leisure his closely-occupied daily routine demanded for the behest of health—nay, life. How constantly these demands were made upon him, the friendly confidence of many years gave me the opportunity of knowing, whilst the frequent reference to such matters in his memoranda and papers, of which, as his executor, I have necessarily full cognizance, enables me to testify to what an extent he practised that charity which letteth not the left hand know what the right hand doeth. One of the last acts of his life was to write a recommendatory letter in behalf of a needy relative of a deceased member of his own profession. He had not, however, the happiness of knowing the application was successful, for by the time such tidings reached his home he had passed away from the things of this world.

His will, executed on the morning of his decease, contains provisions showing to what extent the ruling passion art, was, strong in death. That document contains reference to his unfinished works, a bequest of his models to the Royal Dublin Society, and conveys to the Artists' Benevolent Fund the bulk of his property on the termination of certain life interests therein. His interment in St. Paul's is an honor he had well earned, and now, side by side with the greatest artists of the English school, he rests among the illustrious dead. The grief his loss occasioned can be known to those only who enjoyed the confidence of his regard. Art may mourn that his genius can no longer increase her treasures, but the void left by his absence can be measured by those only to whom his name was as a household word.

At the time of his death Mr. Foley was engaged on a monument commemorative of the life and services of O'Connell. The design in miniature had been exhibited and accepted some years since. A report of the committee—having the business of the monument in charge—who visited the studio of the lamented artist since his death, indicates the imposing character of the design, and the state of forwardness in which the sculptor left it. It will evidently be a grand work; and it is fortunate that it was so far advanced. Like Crawford's Washington, which the sculptor did not live to see erected, Foley's O'Connell is also so far on the way of completion as to remain a monument to his artistic power, as well as to the subject celebrated by it for all time.

The O'Connell monument consists of three principal parts:—

1. A drum, which is to rest on a stone pedestal, and on which is to stand the colossal figure of the Liberator.

2. Four seated winged Victories, placed at equal distances around the drum, and on the same elevation, but not reposing against it.

3. The figure of O'Connell.

The drum is ornamented with fifty figures, which are grouped round it; fourteen of these are in high relief, so high, indeed, that they may be almost regarded as statues. The principal figure is Erin trampling upon broken fetters; with her right arm uplifted she points to O'Connell, as if to indicate that it was he who broke the chains on which she is trampling, and thereby freed the groups who are gathering round to look upon the face of their liberator. She stands seven feet six inches high. Her head is crowned with a wreath of shamrocks, and in her left hand she holds a scroll, the record of O'Connell's deeds. The other figures in bold relief are representative figures, emblematic of Art, Science, and the various professions, Religion, Industry, Study, each having its appropriate figure. The remaining thirty-six figures are in ordinary relief, and are of equal height with those in high relief—namely, seven feet. This drum, with its fifty figures, was complete before Mr. Foley's death, with the exception of what is called the undercutting of some of the figures in high relief. The four winged Victories are incomplete. The heads, however, the most important parts—were modelled a

considerable time ago by Mr. Foley. He also gave the finishing touches to the head of O'Connell a few weeks before he was seized with his last illness; but the feet, where the trousers fall on the boot, have not received their finishing touches. This chief figure stands thirteen feet high. The shields emblematic of the four provinces are not modelled full size, but this is not regarded as a matter of much importance. Mr. Teniswood, the friend and intending executor of Mr. Foley, received the committee with courtesy, and showed every disposition to give the fullest information, and placed everything connected with the monument before them. He said he put himself and the whole matter in the hands of the committee, being determined to act that just and honorable part which he knew his friend would have acted had he lived.

MISCELLANY.

Memoirs of Talleyrand.

For years the publication of Talleyrand's "Memoirs" has been looked forward to with great interest by diplomats, students, publicists, politicians, writers, and a large number both in and out of public office in every leading country of Europe.

Much interest was also felt among the readers in America which has given the world, in Mr. McHarg's "Memoir of Prince Talleyrand," the only English biography in book form. Talleyrand's name was scarcely ever mentioned but people commenced to count up the years to elapse before the interdiction laid on the publication of his memoirs would expire. The period for the gratification of curiosity had almost come; and it was but a short time since the announcement of the approaching publication but whetted the appetite so long held in control. Alas! the announcement was premature, and the majority of those who looked forward to the reading of the Talleyrand Memoirs as a lively mental diversion in their full maturity, will doubtless be long in their graves before these tantalising manuscripts go through the printer's hands. It appears that another generation will have arrived at manhood before Talleyrand will be allowed to speak from beyond the tomb. A Paris letter received as authoritative informs the reading world that some eight years ago the Emperor Napoleon III, desiring to know what these memoirs contained, requested that a portion of the manuscript should be sent to him for perusal. This was accordingly done, and the emperor discovered that the memoirs were in flagrant disaccord with the Memorial of St. Helena, a fact which was exceedingly annoying to him. He sent therefore for the Baron Charles de Talleyrand, grandson of the prince, and requested him to intercede with the Valencay family, who were Prince Talleyrand's heirs, in order to obtain a further delay in the publication. It was therefore decided upon, that, in accordance with the wishes of the emperor, the memoirs should not appear till after another postponement of thirty years. As this took place in 1866, we have, of course, twenty-two more years to wait before catching a glimpse of these very interesting revelations. It was in return for this concession on the part of the Valencay family that Napoleon III caused the title of Duke de Montmorency to be revived in favor of the second son of the house.

In noticing this postponement the *Pall Mall Gazette* recalls to mind that after Prince Talleyrand had drawn up the instructions relating to the publication of his memoirs, in fact upon the very day of his death, he revised a letter to the Pope, which, when he wrote a draught of it a few weeks before, he himself headed "A Retraction." The document, which is a very lengthy one, was accompanied by a private letter, and the whole placed in one envelope was handed by the prince to the Archbishop of Paris, who was at his bedside, and by him forwarded to Rome, as a minute still to be seen in the library of the archiepiscopal palace testifies. It was just after he had sent off this letter that several boys and girls who had just been confirmed in the neighboring Church of the Assumption were brought into the room, and knelt in prayer at the foot of the bed, while the prince, stretching out his arms toward them, exclaimed: "What sublime contrasts there are in life—between the old man who is about to leave it, and the young who are just entering its threshold!" These were almost his last words, for it was previous to this that he received the visit of King Louis Philippe, when, unable to raise himself in bed, he said, "Sire, this is the greatest honor which has ever been paid to my house." The "Retraction" will, no doubt, appear in the memoirs, but the two most important passages, says the *Gazette*, are as

follows:—"After giving the matter my gravest consideration and passing in review the consequences of a revolution which has turned everything upside down, and which has been going on for fifty years, I cannot, now that I have arrived at a great age, but censure the excesses of the epoch to which I belong, and unreservedly condemn the grave errors which during all these long years have troubled the Catholic and Apostolic Church, —errors which, I regret to say, I have had my share in propagating. Having received from Pope Pius VII a dispensation from ecclesiastical functions, I have endeavored in the course of my long political career to render all the services within my power to the Church and to many honored members of the Catholic clergy. I have never ceased to look upon myself as a son of the Church. I again express my repentance for any acts of mine that may have caused her to grieve, and my last thoughts are for her and her Supreme Head."

Sir William Sterndale Bennett, Composer.

William Sterndale Bennett, the eminent English composer, and pianist is dead. He was of a musical family, his father, Robert Bennett, being an eminent musician and organist of the principal church at Sheffield, where the son was born in 1816. Having lost both his parents in childhood, he was brought up by his grandfather, one of the lay clerks of the choir of Cambridge University, and, at eight years old, became a chorister in King's College. Young Bennett remained there two years, when he was placed in the Royal Academy, where he began his studies on the violin, which he soon afterward abandoned for the piano. He received his instructions in composition from Dr. Crotch, the celebrated author of "Palestine," and while under this master produced his first symphony in E flat at the Royal Academy. This was followed by his pianoforte concertos in D minor, E flat, C minor, F minor and A minor, all of which, except the first, were first performed at the concerts of the Philharmonic Society in London. Having formed an intimate friendship with Mendelssohn, Bennett, in 1836, went, on his friend's invitation, to Leipsic, where several of his works were performed at the Gewandhaus concerts, under Mendelssohn's direction. Among his works which received the greatest favor in Germany, were his overtures to the "Naiades," and the "Wood Nymph," his concertos in C minor and F minor, and the caprice for piano and orchestra, op. 22. On his return from Germany he began his professional career in London, and gradually rose to the highest rank among English musicians. His published works are numerous, including, besides those already mentioned, the overtures to "Parisena" and the "Merry Wives of Windsor" and many concertos, sonatas, and studies for the piano. In 1856 he was appointed the conductor of the Philharmonic Society's concerts (an office which he held until his death), and in the same year he was elected to the Chair of music in the University of Cambridge, and the degree of Doctor of Music was conferred on him by that university. When the arrangements were made for the inauguration of the great International Exhibition in 1862, it was resolved that the art of music in Italy, Germany, France, and England should be represented on that occasion by four of the most eminent artists of those countries. Professor Bennett was chosen as the representative of England, the others being Meyerbeer, Auber, and Verdi. Bennett's contribution to the inauguration music—the ode, the poetry of which was written by Tennyson—turned out to be a grand and sublime piece of choral harmony, which was performed with immense effect, and added largely to the already high reputation of the composer. He also set to music the ode of Charles Kingsley on the election of the Duke of Devonshire as Chancellor of the University of Cambridge, and this was followed by the production of his fantasie-overture, "Paradise and the Peri." Mr. Bennett was appointed President of the Royal Academy of Music in 1868, and was knighted in 1871.

The Marine Painter Melbye.

The Danish painter, Daniel Herman Anton Melbye, died at Paris on January 10th. He was the most successful artist that Scandinavia has produced since Thorwaldsen, and rose to be the most fashionable marine painter in Europe. Almost ignored in eclectic art circles, he enjoyed boundless popularity, especially in France, among the wealthy and undiscerning furnishers of great houses. He was born at Copenhagen in 1818, and began life in very poor circumstances as a shipbuilder's apprentice. Tiring of this, he took up music as a profession, and tried as well as he could to subsist as a troubadour. The sudden wish to be a sea-painter drove him to the studio of Eckersberg, then in the height of his fame. The old master encouraged and helped him, and in 1840 he exhibited his first three pictures of Charlottenberg. These had the good fortune to attract Baron Rumohr's attention, who introduced the young painter to Frederick VI. Melbye's fortune was made; he was sent in the royal corvette *Flora* to paint in the Baltic, and next to Morocco, where he took part in the bombardment of Tangier, and was nearly killed. In 1847, having gained all the honors Denmark could give him, he settled in Paris. Almost immediately, he became introduced to Louis Philippe, who took him under his special patronage. In 1853 he travelled with the French Embassy to the East, lived

nine months in Constantinople, and painted sea-pieces for the Sultan himself. Then, returning to Paris, Napoleon and his Empress patronized the fashionable Dane; and the latter would have taken lessons of him in drawing, if the reckless Melbye had not three consecutive times failed to come at her appointment. In 1858 he went once more to Denmark, and then returned to Paris to settle till his death.

An International Expedition.

An International Scientific and Hunting Expedition of a more than usually interesting character is being organized to "do" the vast territory west of the Mississippi during next summer and autumn. About the beginning of May some fifty men of culture and means will arrive from Europe. They will be joined by 100 or 150 Americans of similar tastes and equal merit. It is proposed that the entire party shall not exceed 250. They will rendezvous at Chicago, and thence strike north by way of the great lakes, exploring the famous copper regions of Lake Superior. Well armed and equipped, the band will proceed south through the picturesque valley of the northern Mississippi, traverse Illinois; the iron mountain region of Missouri; and, taking in Arkansas, remarkable for its mineral springs and its singular combination of minerals, will enter Texas. Taking a west-by-north course, they will explore New Mexico, Arizona, Colorado, the gold hills of California; thence over the grand Sierra Nevada, through the valley of the Cumberland, and into Washington Territory; thence across the Rocky Mountains on their way east. The trip is expected to take until the 1st of December, or as long as the weather will permit. The expedition is to be accompanied by a sculptor, painter, photographer and correspondent—the latter to act as general historian, etc. A brass band is also to be taken along, to relieve the party of any monotony and lonesomeness, or to revive spirits over-taxed by too incessant labors. The expedition is to be commanded by its projector, Col. W. C. McCarty.

Venus.

A new Venus of the purest Parian marble was discovered on the Esquiline Hill, in Rome, on Dec. 22. The statue is a nude figure of a girl of seventeen. She stands with both feet upon the ground and close together, the left a couple of inches farther back. with the heel very slightly raised. A moment before she was erect, but she has dropped into an easier position, with the left knee bent forward and inward against the right. Her left hand is resting on the knot of hair at the back of her head, while her right holds the fillet she has already passed several times around it. In doing this she has swayed a little over and down to the right, bringing the left side forward. The shoulders are well set back, and the face is turned to the right and a little downward, showing from the front a not quite three-quarter view. It is thought that the statue will take rank above the Medicean Venus.

CURRENT PUBLICATIONS.

A Letter addressed to His Grace the Duke of Norfolk, on occasion of Mr. Gladstone's recent Expostulation, by Wm. Henry Newman, D.D., of the Oratory. New York: The Catholic Publication Society. 1875.

Notwithstanding we know the result of Mr. Gladstone's impotent attack on Catholic conscience, and his utter failure in the design contemplated to be furthered by the publication of his Expostulation, still this treatise is not too late. We live so quick in America that to some it may seem a want of magnanimity to follow Mr. Gladstone after his defeat. But in more than one aspect this able work will be welcome, as anything from the able pen of its author is and must be. If Gladstone killed himself, Dr. Newman buries him, and overlooking the old feeling of horror which planted the perpetrator of *felo-de-se* in the cross-roads, has given the ex-Premier the benefit of Christian obsequies. Every person who has taken interest in the controversy started by Mr. Gladstone must read Dr. Newman's pamphlet, for the sake of its author, if not for its inspiration: and the latter, to thinking and sensitive people, involves not alone the character of Catholic Englishmen, but the dignity, manhood, and independence of the Catholic mind in every quarter of the globe. The anxiety to place Dr. Newman's views before American readers led the majority of the Catholic journals to do injustice to the writer, and to misrepresent the application of some of his points to the controversy. The *Tribune*, and we think the *Herald* also, in the spirit of that journalistic enterprise which, to use the old saying, is "penny wise and pound foolish," gave early extracts from Dr. Newman's pamphlet which, separated from the context, did not do himself, or the spirit in which he grappled with the subject, justice. Several prominent Catholic journals, evidently without reading, scissored out these passages, and even the remarks with which they were accompanied, without crediting the source from which the latter were taken. The result was that these Catholic journals appeared to present to their readers doubtful views, and to agree, wonderfully for once, in not doing justice to Dr. Newman. There is too much scissoring done in the Catholic

press, and the case in point shows how easily the caption may deceive an editor into a careless acceptance of what his head, if consulted, would reject.

After we had noticed this inconsiderate, though not inconsiderable error, we saw that "Prudentius" explained in the *Herald* how he had been led, if not actually into wrong conclusions, at least into sadness by a perusal of these isolated passages; and we felt strengthened in the feeling we experienced. When "Prudentius" read Dr. Newman's pamphlet entire, he felt bound to say that "a full perusal of every part and paragraph only satisfied him that this letter, from beginning to end, is an honest expression of the great controversialist's faith, opinions and sentiments, upon the mightiest questions of the day." While complaining of the unfairness too often used by rival journals to misrepresent Catholicity, our "Catholic" journals should be a little more careful as to the manner in which they themselves blindly adopt or circulate incorrect views without reading them, and thereby do more damage than "heretics" ever could effect. We agree with "Prudentius" that whatever may have been the feeling inspired by reading the isolated and garbled passages of Dr. Newman's Letter to Norfolk, no Catholic, or indeed any man of sense and judgment, can rise from it—as a whole—without a deep sentiment of intellectual satisfaction as well as of gratitude to and admiration for John Henry Newman.

Lessons in Bible History. In three parts, prepared for the use of Catholic Schools, by a Teacher. New York: P. O'Shea.

Here is not only a well-directed effort, but a notable achievement in the way of giving a clear and comprehensive narrative of Bible History. While we might say that it is the skeleton of the history, it is true to say that it holds the marrow of the interest of Holy Scripture. We learn that it is the work of a lady of practical experience as a teacher, who has spent many years in successfully training youth and imparting knowledge. Her book, formerly printed for private use, has been practically tested and continually improved. Such books demand more than usual attention, because on them depends much of the future culture, special soundness, and general enlightenment on a subject of deepest interest, of a very large portion of our population. The design of the writer of the work before us has been to give a history of the Old and New Testaments in a lucid and simple manner, brief but comprehensive; omitting nothing that might edify, and retaining also those beautiful and picturesque details which strike and impress the youthful mind forever. The work is divided into three parts, each complete in itself, and to be had, if necessary, in a separate form. Part first is a narrative embracing Bible History from the Creation to the Deluge; part second continues it from the dispersion of the ten tribes to the death of the Macchabees. To connect in a clear manner the New with the Old Dispensation, a supplement is added to the second part embracing a history of the Asmonean Dynasty—the tale of the Jews during the period from the triumphs of the Macchabees to the coming of the Redeemer. Part third gives the spirit of the New Testament—the Life of our Lord Jesus Christ. The whole forms a book of great usefulness, suitable as a handy reference to Bible History for the library of any intelligent person, as well as a school class-book. It is in this respect the best book we know. The narrative is clearly written, and, where suitable, retains the very text of Scripture. The volume is profusely illustrated, but the omission of some of the pictures would not injure the value of the work, which derives its importance from the text and not from the engravings. In two of the latter illustrating the New Testament—those prefiguring Christ as giving sight to the blind man, and the raising of Lazarus, —our Lord is represented as left-handed. We know the book is designed for schools, but its excellence leads us to suggest its mechanical improvement for libraries in some particulars. It should have a wider margin, the subject of the right-hand page should be indicated in the headline instead of the present uniform running-head, and there ought to be a general index.

The Straw-Cutter's Daughter. By Lady GEORGIANA FULLERTON. New York: P. O'Shea.

There is as much freshness and simplicity in the manner of relating this story as in the story itself. As the title indicates, the book is a story of humble life, and the locality Brittany. Opening with a picturesque description of a harvest scene in which the characters of the drama are introduced and their individualities indicated, it proceeds to describe the presentation of the "Harvest Home sheaf," according to the custom of the country, to Jean Patriarche, the happy master of the fruitful fields. In this testimonial of good husbandry and a favorable season, the heroine, Armelle, the straw-cutter's daughter, crowned with a wreath of ears of wheat and corn-flowers, was presented to Jean. In this good farmer and his wife the poor, delicate child, victim at once of a drunken father and a coarse and unsympathetic stepmother, found kind friends and careful guardians. We do not mean to blunt the edge of the interest which this tale possesses for a reader, by giving any further clue to it. We will only say it is a little prose idyl of feeling, written, as we have said, with great freshness and simplicity.

We have received:—

The able and suggestive Message of Governor Tilden to the New York Legislature, January 5, 1875, from Hon. D. R. Shiel, Member of Assembly.

Catalogue of Educational Publications of G. P. Putnam's Sons, from the publishers.

Announcement of the Stevens Institute of Technology: A School of Mechanical engineering founded by Edwin A. Stevens, Esq., Hoboken.

Report of the New York City Council of Political Reform for the years 1872–'73 and '74.

Fiftieth Annual Report of the Managers of the Society for the Reformation of Juvenile Delinquents to the Legislature of the State and the Corporation of the City of New York for 1874.

The Illustrated Annual of Phrenology and Physiognomy, 1875, from S. R. Wells, New York.

Tendencies of Modern Scientific Thought. An address delivered before the Xavier Union, at DeGarmo Hall by Cornelius M. O'Leary, M. D., Ph. D.

MANHATTAN

AND

DE LA SALLE MONTHLY.

NEW SERIES, VOL. I.—APRIL, 1875.—No. 4.

HISTORICAL LIBRARY

APRIL FOOLS' DAY.

Hail, April, true Medea of the year,
That makest all things young and fresh appear!
What praise, what thanks, what commendations due,
For all thy pearly drops of morning dew!
When we despair, thy seasonable showers
Comfort the corn, and cheer the drooping flowers;
As if thy charity could not but impart
A shower of tears to see us out of heart.
Sweet, I have penn'd thy praise, and here I bring it,
In confidence the birds themselves will sing it.

The first of April, for a long time, has been consecrated to the evil—if amusing—spirit of practical joking. The younger and more frolicsome especially take delight in thinking they can play pranks on their elders with impunity; while they task their ingenuity in various ways in laying out plans by which to jocosely circumvent each other. Imposition is the order of the day, and "Ha-ha, April Fool!" among English-speaking people; and "*Poisson d'Avril!* among the French, is the satisfactory ejaculation with which they remind their victims of the day and its license. "On this day," suggests Chambers, "a knowing boy will despatch a younger brother to see a public statue descend from its pedestal at a particular appointed hour," or a crew of giggling servant-maids "will get hold of some simple swain, and send him to a bookseller's shop for a *History of Eve's Grandmother*, or to a chemist's for a pennyworth of *pigeon's milk*, or to a cobbler's for a little *strap oil*, in which last case the messenger secures a hearty application of the strap to his shoulders, and is sent home in a state of bewilderment as to what the affair means."

Urchins find uncommon delight in attracting the attention of passers-by by asking them to look behind them—or up in the sky at a balloon, or round the corner—or at the tail of their coat—or to see what was stuck in their hat: or asking if they had'nt lost a pocket-book—or by hailing the drivers of trucks and carriages—especially if the latter be in a hurry and telling them that the wheels were "going round," or by a numberless series of impromptu measures attracting and distracting persons from their business or occupation for the amusement of themselves and the groups of sly fellows on similar freaks intent. Of course, most of these jocose attempts are made or carried out "up in the mornin' early," at least before it is far advanced in the day and serious persons have had an opportunity of remembering what day of the year it is.

Sometimes extremists in the jocular vein extend their intentions from an individual to a community, and practise their April

hoaxing on an extensive scale. For example, it is recorded in Chamber's *Book of Days and Popular Antiquities*, that in March, 1860, a vast multitude of people in London received through the mail a card having the following inscription, with a seal marked by an inverted six-pence at one of the angles, which gave it to a casual observer an official appearance: "Tower of London.—Admit the bearer and friend to view the annual ceremony of washing the White Lions, on *Sunday, April 1st*, 1860. Admitted only at the White Gate. It is particularly requested that no gratuities be given to the Wardens or their assistants." The result was all that the concocter of the trick could expect. Cabs were rattling about Tower Hill all that Sunday morning, vainly endeavoring to discover the White Gate which was to admit them to the washing of the white lions.

If we remember correctly, a somewhat similar hoax was the subject of considerable excitement and merriment about two years ago in New York. On this occasion a fashionable cross-town street west of Broadway was crammed, jammed, and crowded by eager and jostling drivers of all sorts of trucks, wagons, and vehicles, containing all sorts of goods and merchandise, wearable, eatable and decorative — coal, crockery and confectionery, fruits, flowers, and furniture, liquids and literature, books and bottles, cradles, beds, and baby-jumpers, meat, matting, carpets, and crinoline, ranges and rocking-horses, stoves and sewing machines, dry-goods, wet goods, soft-ware, hardware, kittens, poodles, parrots, cages of canaries and three German brass bands, a group of Italian harpers and several carts of ice. The confused cortége also included the carriages and appointments for a brilliant wedding, as well as a splendid hearse, heavily plated coffin, mourning coaches and the sable appendages requisite for and usual at a "highly respectable funeral."

These elaborate preparations for the purpose of setting up in the world on a large scale, or of leaving it with solemn respectability were made by some unknown person at numerous stores, markets, and manufactories, the owners of which were variously instructed to have their goods at a stated hour *sharp*, at a stated number in a stated street. As may be imagined, the occupants of the house were as distracted by the tremendous assault on their residence, as the crowd of porters, hack-men, wagon-drivers, and store-keepers who were ready to deliver the goods ordered and receive the cash therefor. The crowd of course attracted another crowd, the excitement extended to the neighborhood, the police reported to the stations—from the station the press heard it—the disappointed dealers were interviewed, and more than one journal we think perpetuated the hoax, which created much merriment for several days.

Dean Swift mentions an attempted hoax of this character, in which he was concerned. his *Journal to Stella*, dated March 31st, the Dean says that he, Dr. Arbuthnot, and Lady Masham had been amusing themselves that evening by contriving "a lie for to-morrow." A person named Noble had been hanged a few days before. The "lie" concocted was, that Noble had come to life again in the hands of his friends, but was once more laid hold of by the Sheriff, and lay at the Black Swan in Holborn, in the custody of a messenger. "We are all," says Swift, "to send our friends to know whether they have heard anything of it, and so we hope it will spread." Next day, the Dean duly despatched his servant to several houses to inquire among the footmen, not letting, however, his own man into the secret. Nothing was heard of the resuscitation of Noble, when the Dean concluded that "his colleagues did not contribute," as they ought to have done, towards carrying out the design agreed upon.

It is thought strange how so many pranks can be successfully played on the 1st of April when the date is synonymous with the "idea of imposture and unreality;" so much so, indeed, that "if one were about to be married, or to launch some new and speculative enterprise he would hesitate to select April 1st, for the purpose." On the other hand, suggests the writer quoted, "if one had to issue a mock document of any kind with the desire of its being accepted in its proper character, he could not better insure the joke being seen than by dating it the 1st of April."

It appears that no reference to the custom of April fooling is of older date than the *Spectator* in the last century. If it existed before, the Antiquaries so far have failed to trace it. Now that it does exist, they have been equally unable to determine its origin. Chambers quotes a somewhat plausible suggestion by Mr. Pegge to the effect, that as in the old country the 25th of March was, in one respect, New Year's day—in other words, the beginning of a business year between landlord and tenant—the 1st of April was its octave and the termination of its celebration; but this cannot be said to be satisfactory. More importance is attached to the fact that the Hindoos have, in their *Huli*, which terminates with the 31st March, a precisely similar festival, during which the great aim is to send persons away with messages to imaginary individuals, or to persons certain to be from home, and enjoy a laugh at their disappointment. To find the practice so widely prevalent over the earth, and with so near a coincidence of day, seems to indicate that it has had a very early origin amongst mankind.

The style of April-fooling in Scotland in comparison to that in England is said to be in the ratio that compound is to simple addition. They are not content in the former to raise a temporary laugh, but set out in a most business-like manner to make the victim ridiculous. They illustrate what might be entitled the send-the-fool-farther system. A Scottish author shows us how it is done, even if we had not participated in it outside of Old Scotia in our juvenile days:—"The object being to befool Andrew Thomson, Wag No. 1 sends him with a letter to a friend two miles off, professedly asking for some useful information, or requesting a loan of some article, but in reality containing only the words:—

'This is the first day of A-prile
Hunt the gowk another mile.'

Wag No. 2, catching up the idea of his correspondent, tells Andrew with a grave face that it is not in his power, etc., but if he will go with another note to such a person he will get what is wanted. Off Andrew trudges with this second note to Wag No. 3, who treats him in the same manner; and so on he goes, till some one of the series, taking pity, hints the trick that has been played upon him. A successful affair of this kind will keep rustic society in merriment for a week, during which honest Andrew can hardly show his face. The Scotch use the word gowk—which is properly a cuckoo—to express a fool in general, but more especially an April fool, and the practice described is called *hunting the gowk*."

April fooling is of an older date in France than in England; at all events earlier traces of the custom are extant. It is related that Francis Duke of Lorraine and his wife effected their escape from prison at Nantes, being favored by the custom of the day. "Disguised as peasants, the one bearing a hod on his shoulder, the other carrying a basket of rubbish on her back, they both at an early hour of the day passed through the gates of the city. A woman having a knowledge of their persons ran to the guard to give notice to the sentry. 'April fool!' cried the soldier; and all the guard to a man shouted out 'April fool!' beginning with the sergeant in charge of the post. The governor, to whom the story was told as a jest, conceived some suspicion, and ordered the fact to be proved: but it was too late, for in the meantime the duke and his wife were well on their way. The 1st of April saved them."

It did not save another French lady as it did the Duchess of Lorraine: but the circumstances were less romantic, and the former was as light-fingered as she was quick-witted, in vain. It is told that a French lady, having taken a fancy for and stolen a watch from a friend's house on the 1st of April, endeavored, after the detection, to pass off the theft as *un poisson d'Avril*—an April joke. On denying that the watch was in her possession, a messenger was despatched to her apartments, where it was found on the mantelpiece. "Yes," said she adroitly, "I think I have made the messenger a fine *poisson d'Avril!*" Then the magistrate, thinking the theft no joke, but the attempt to evade it a good one, sent the lady to prison, saying she could remain until next 1st of April *comme un poisson d'Avril*.

The common supposition that the month derives its name from the Latin *Aperio*—I open—as marking the time when the buds and

flowers open, is controverted on the general ground that none of the other months indicate by their Latin names any reference to the natural condition or circumstances of the earth or plants.

Among the Romans April was regarded as the month of Venus, because the powers of nature were brought into seasonable activity. The first day was specially set aside as *Festum Veneris et Fortuna Virilis.* Hence is argued the probability that *Aprilis* was *Aphrilis*, founded on *Aphrodite*, the Greek name of Venus.

The Anglo-Saxons called it Oster-moneth; and for this the most plausible origin was assigned—that it was the month during which east winds prevailed. The term Easter may have come from the same origin.

Many wise proverbs are familiar to us in connection with April.—Apropos of the gentle showers:

"April showers
Bring forth May flowers."

And of the rain:

"An April flood
Carries away the frog and his brood."

And of the cold:

"A cold April
The barn will fill."

And of the wind:

"When April blows his horn
It's good for both hay and corn."

In *The Twelve Moneths*, a work published in 1661, April is described with an effulgence of resources characteristic of the life and buoyancy of spring. "The youth of the country make ready for the morris dance, aed the merry milkmaid supplies them with the ribbons her true love had given her. The little fishes lie nibbling at the bait, and the porpoise plays in the pride of the tide. The shepherds entertain the princes of Arcadia with pleasant roundelays. The aged feel a kind of youth, and youth hath a spirit full of life and activity; the aged hairs refreshen, and the youthful cheeks are as red as a cherry. The lark and the lamb look up at the sun, and the laborer is abroad at the dawning of the day. The sheep's eye in the lamb's head tells kind-hearted maids strange tales, and faith and troth make the true-lover's-knot. It were a world to set down the worth of this month; for it is heaven's blessing, and the earth's comfort. It is the messenger of many pleasures, the courtier's progress, and the farmer's profit; the laborer's harvest and the beggar's pilgrimage. In sum, there is much to be spoken of it; but to avoid tediousness, I hold it, in all that I can see in it, the jewel of time, and the joy of nature."

Sir Henry Wotton gives us this fresh and dainty picture of an April day:—

This day Dame Nature seemed in love,
The lusty sap began to move;
Fresh juice did stir th' embracing vines,
And birds had drawn their Valentines.
The jealous trout that low did lie,
Rose at a well-dissembled fly;
Already were the eaves possess'd
With the swift pilgrim's daubèd nest:
The groves already did rejoice,
In Philomel's triumphing voice:
The showers were short, the weather mild,
The morning fresh, the evening smiled.
Joan takes her neat-rubbed pail, and now
She trips to milk the sand-red cow.
The fields and gardens were beset
With tulips, crocus, violet;
And now, though late, the modest rose
Did more than half a blush disclose.
Thus all looks gay and full of cheer,
To welcome the new-liveried year.

HEAT AND HOMICIDE.

The theory is advanced that excessive heat increases the homicidal tendency. In illustration, a professor of Breslau instances some celebrated cases of regicide to show that they have generally been made in July. Thus, on the twelfth of July, 1581, William of Orange was assassinated by Balthasar Gerard; on the twelfth of July, 1764, the same fate befell Prince Ivan VI, son of Anne of Russia; twenty-seventh July, 1835, Fieschi fired his infernal machine against Louis-Philippe; eighteenth July, 1844, Fritz Scherck, a burgomaster of Storkov, fires two pistol shots at the King of Prussia, but without touching him; on the twentieth July, 1846, another attempt was made on the life of Louis-Philippe; on the fifth July, 1853, occurred Orsini's memorable attack on Napoleon III; on the fourteenth of July, 1851, Oscar Becker fired at King William of Prussia; and lastly the attempt on the life of Bismarck.

UNDER MERVYN'S TOMB.

About four and thirty years ago I was travelling through Denbighshire upon a mission which needed despatch. The season was winter, yet the weather was delightful—clear and frosty; and even without foliage, the country through which I posted was beautiful. The subject of my journey was a pleasant one. I anticipated a cordial welcome. Let no one, therefore, suggest that I was predisposed for the reception of gloomy impressions. When the sun set we had a splendid moon—at once soft and brillant; and I pleased myself with watching the altered, and, if possible, more beautiful effects of the scenery through which we were smoothly rolling. I was to put up for the night at the little town of———; and on reaching the hill over which the approach to it is conducted, about a short mile from its quaint little street I dismounted, and directing the postilion to walk his now jaded horses leisurely up the winding road, I walked on before him in the pleasant moonlight and sharp, bracing air. A little by-path led directly up the steep acclivity, while the carriage-road more gradually ascended by a wide sweep; this little path, leading through fields and hedgerows, I followed, intending to anticipate the arrival of my conveyance at the summit of the hill.

I had not proceeded very far when I found myself close to a pretty old church, whose ivied tower and countless diamond window-panes were glittering in the moonbeams; a high, irregular hedge, overtopped by tall and ancient trees, enclosed it; and rows of funeral yews showed black and mournful among the wan array of headstones that kept watch over the village dead. I was so struck with the glimpse I had caught of the old churchyard, that I could not forbear mounting the little stile that commanded it. No scene could be imagined more still and solitary. Not a human habitation was near—every sign and sound of life was reverently remote; and this old church, with its silent congregation of the dead marshalled under its walls, seemed to have spread round it a circle of stillness and desertion that pleased while it thrilled me.

No sound was here audible but the softened rush of waters, and that sweet note of home and safety—the distant baying of the watch-dog, now and then broken by the sharper rattle of the carriage-wheels upon the dry road. But while I looked upon the sad and solemn scene before me, these sounds were interrupted by one which startled, and, indeed, for a moment, froze me with horror. The sound was a cry, or rather a howl of despairing terror, such as I have never heard before or since uttered by human voice. It broke from the stillness of the churchyard; but I saw no figure from which it proceeded—though this circumstance, indeed, was scarcely wonderful, as the broken ground, the trees, tall weeds, and tombstones afforded abundant cover for any person who might have sought concealment. This cry of unspeakable agony was succeeded by a silence; and, I confess, my heart throbbed strangely when the same voice articulated, in the same tone of agony:

"Why will you trouble the dead? Who can torment us before the time? I will come to you in my flesh, though after my skin-worms destroy this body; and you shall speak to me face to face."

This strange address was followed by another cry of despair, which died away as suddenly as it was raised.

I never could tell why it was I was not more horror-stricken than I really was by this mysterious, and, all things considered, even terrible interpolation. It was not until the silence had again returned, and the faint rustling of the frosty breeze among the crisp weeds crept towards me, like the stealthy approach of some unearthly influence, that I felt a superstitious terror gradually inspire me, which hurried me at an accelerated pace from the place. A few minutes, and I heard

the friendly voice of my charioteer hallooing to me from the summit of the hill. Reassured, as I approached him I abated my speed. "I saw you standing on the stile, sir, by the churchyard," he said, as I drew near, "and I ask your pardon for not giving you the hint before, but they say it is not lucky; and I called to you loud and lusty to come away, sir; but I see you are nothing the worse of it."

"Why, there is nothing to be afraid of there, my good fellow?" said I, affecting as much indifference as I was able..

When seated in my vehicle, some six or eight minutes' quick driving brought the chaise to a full stop before the open door and well-lighted hall of the "Bell Inn." To me there has always been an air of indescribable cheer and comfort about a substantial country hostelry—especially when one arrives, as I did, upon a keen winter's night, with an appetite as sharp, and something of that sense of adventure and excitement which, before the days of down-trains and tickets, always, in a greater or less degree, gave a zest to travelling. Greeted with that warmest of welcomes for which inns, alas! were celebrated, I had soon satisfied the importunities of a keen appetite; and having for some hours taken mine ease in a comfortable parlor before a blazing fire, I began to feel sleepy, and betook myself to my no less comfortable bedchamber.

It is not to be supposed that the adventure of the churchyard had been obliterated from my recollection by the bustle and good cheer of "the Bell." On the contrary, it had occupied me almost incessantly during my solitary ruminations; and as the night advanced, and the stillness of repose stole over the old mansion, the sensations with which this train of remembrance and speculation was accompanied became anything but purely pleasant.

I felt, I confess, fidgety and queer; I searched the corners and recesses of the oddly-shaped and roomy old apartment, I turned the face of the looking-glass to the wall, I poked the fire into a roaring blaze, I looked behind the window-curtains, with a vague anxiety, to assure myself that nothing could be lurking there. The shutter was a little open, and the ivied tower of the little church, and the tufted tops of the trees that surrounded it, were visible over the slope of the intervening hill. I hastily shut out the unwelcome object, and in a mood of mind, I must confess, favorable enough to any freak my nerves might please to play me, I hurried through my dispositions for the night, humming a gay air all the time to reassure myself, and plunged into bed, extinguishing the candle, and—shall I acknowledge the weakness?—nearly burying my head under the blankets!

I lay awake some time, as men will do under such circumstances, but at length fatigue overcame me, and I fell into a profound sleep. From this repose I was, however, aroused in the manner I am about to describe. A very considerable interval must have intervened. There was a cold air in the room very unlike the comfortable atmosphere in which I had composed myself to sleep. The fire, though much lower than when I had gone to bed, was still emitting flame enough to throw a flickering light over the chamber. My curtains were, however, closely drawn, and I could not see beyond the narrow tent in which I lay.

There had been as I awaked a clanking among the fire-irons, as if a palsied hand was striving to arrange the fire, and this rather unaccountable noise continued for some seconds after I had become completely awake. Under the impression that I was subjected to an accidental intrusion, I called out first in a gentle and afterwards in a sharper tone: "Who's there?"

At the second summons the sounds ceased, and I heard instead the tread of naked feet, as it seemed to me, upon the floor, pacing to and fro between the hearth and the bed in which I lay. A superstitious terror, which I could not combat, stole over me; with an effort I repeated my question, and drawing myself upright in the bed, expected the answer with a strange sort of trepidation. It came in terms, and accompanied with accessories, which I shall not soon forget.

The very same tones which had so startled me in the churchyard the evening before—the very sounds which I had heard then and there, were now filling my ears, and spoken in the chamber where I lay.

"Why will you trouble the dead? Who can torment us before the time? I will come

to you in my flesh, though after my skin-worms destroy this body, and you shall speak with me face to face."

As I live, I can swear the words and the voice were the very same I had heard on the occasion I have mentioned, but (and mark this) repeated to *no one*. With feelings which I shall not attempt to describe, I heard the speaker approach the bed—a hand parted the bed-curtains and drew them open, revealing a form more horrible than my fancy had ever seen. An almost gigantic figure—naked, except for what might well have been the rotten remnant of a shroud—stood close beside my bed, livid and cadaverous, grimed as it seemed with the dust of the grave, and staring on me with a gaze of despair, malignity, and fury, too intense almost for human endurance. I cannot say whether I spoke or not, but this infernal spectre answered me as if I had.

"I am dead and yet alive," it said; "the child of perdition; in the grave I am a murderer, but here I am APOLLYON. Fall down and worship me!"

Having thus spoken, it stood for a moment at the bedside, and then turned away with a shuddering moan, and I lost sight of it; but after a few seconds it came again to the bedside as before. "When I died they put me under Mervyn's tombstone, and they did not bury me. My feet lie toward the *west;* turn them to the east, and I will rest—maybe I will rest—I will rest, rest, rest."

Again the figure was gone, and once again it returned and said: "I am your master; I am your resurrection and your life, and therefore fall down and worship me!"

It made a motion to mount upon the bed, but what further passed I know not, for I became insensible—in which state I must have remained a considerable time, as when I became conscious the fire was almost extinct. For hours, that seemed interminable, I lay, scarcely daring to breathe, and afraid to get up lest I should encounter the hideous apparition for aught I knew lurking close beside me. I lay therefore in an agony of expectation such as I will not attempt to describe, awaiting the appearance of the daylight. Gradually it came, and with it the cheerful and reassuring sounds of life and occupation. At length I mustered courage to reach the bellrope, and having rung lustily I plunged again into bed.

"Draw the window-curtains—open the shutters," I exclaimed as the man entered; and these orders executed, "look about the room," I added, "and see whether a cat or any other animal has got in."

There was nothing of the sort; and satisfied that my visitant was no longer in the chamber I dismissed the man, and hurried through my toilet with breathless precipitation. Hastening from the hated scene of my terrors, I escaped to the parlor, whither I instantly summoned the proprietor of "the Bell" in *propria persona*. I suppose I looked scared and haggard enough, for mine host looked upon me with an expression of surprise and inquiry.

"Shut the door," said I. "I have had an uneasy night in the room you assigned me, sir; I may say, indeed, a *miserable* night. Pray, has any person but myself ever complained of—of being *disturbed* in that room?"

"Never," he assured me.

"It is a very strange thing," said I hesitatingly; "and I do not see why I should not tell you what has occurred. And as I could swear, if necessary, to the perfect reality of the entire scene, it behooves you, I think, to sift the matter carefully." I then proceeded to detail the particulars of the occurrence of the past night, to which he listened with nearly as much horror as I recited them with.

"Mervyn's tomb!" he repeated after me; "why that's down there in L——r. The churchyard you can see from the window of the room you slept in."

"Let us go there instantly," I exclaimed, with an almost feverish anxiety to ascertain whether we should discover in the place indicated anything corroborative of the authenticity of my vision.

"Well, I shan't say no," said he, obviously bracing himself for an effort of courage; "but we'll take Faukes, and James the helper, with us; and please, sir, you'll not mention the circumstance as has occurred to either on 'em." I gave him the assurance he asked for, and in a few minutes our little party were in full march upon the point of interest.

There had been an intense black frost, and the ground, reverberating to our tread with the hollow sound of a vault, emitted the only

noise that accompanied our rapid advance. I and my host were too much preoccupied for conversation, and our attendants maintained a respectful silence. A few minutes brought us to the low, gray walls and bleak hedgerows that surrounded the pretty old church and all its melancholy and picturesque memorials.

"Mervyn's tomb lies there, I think, sir," he said pointing to a corner of the churchyard in which piles of rubbish, withered weeds, and brambles were thickly accumulated under the solemn though imperfect shelter of the wintry trees. He exchanged some sentences in Welsh with our attendants.

"Yes, sir, that's the place," he added turning to me.

And as we all approached it, I bethought me that the direction in which, as I stood upon the stile, I had heard the voice on the night preceding, corresponded accurately with that indicated by my guides. The tomb in question was a huge slab of black marble, supported, as was made apparent when the surrounding brambles were removed, upon six pillars, little more than two feet high each. There was ample room for a human body to lie inside this funeral pent-house; and on stooping to look beneath I was unspeakably shocked to see that something like a human figure was actually extended there. It was, indeed, a corpse—and, what is more, corresponded in every trait with the phantom which, on the preceding night, had visited and appalled me. The body, though miserably emaciated, was that of a large-boned, athletic man, of fully six feet four in height, and it was therefore no easy task to withdraw it from the receptacle where it had been deposited, and lay it, as our assistants did, upon the tombstone which had covered it. Strange to say, moreover, the feet of the body, as we found it, had been placed towards the west. As I looked upon this corpse, and recognized but too surely in its proportions and lineaments every trait of the apparition that had stood at my bedside, with a countenance apparently animated by despair and malignity, my heart fluttered and sank within me, and I recoiled from the effigy of the demon with terror second only to that which had thrilled me on the night preceding.

Have we not here a well-authenticated ghost story?

. . . . . .

An investigation was of course held, and without indulging in details, or assigning the depositions respectively to the witnesses who made them, I shall restrict myself to an outline of the evidence as it appeared.

The body was, it appears, subsequently identified as that of a man named Abraham Smith, an unfortunate lunatic, who had upon the day but one preceding made his escape from a neighboring parish workhouse, where he had been for many years confined. His hallucination was a strange, but not by any means an unprecedented one. He fancied that he had died and was condemned; and, as these ideas alternately predominated, sometimes spoke of himself as an "evil spirit," and sometimes importuned his keepers to "bury him"—using habitually certain phrases, which I had no difficulty in recognizing as among those which he had addressed to me. He had been traced to the neighborhood where his body was found, and had been seen and relieved scarcely half a mile from it about two hours before my first visit to the churchyard. There were further unmistakable evidences of some person's having climbed up to the trellis-work to my window on the previous night, he having, as we may suppose, tracked my vehicle the previous evening from the neighborhood of the churchyard—the shutters had been left unbarred, and, as the window might have been easily opened with a push, the cold which I experienced as an accompaniment of the nocturnal visit was readily accounted for. There was a mark of blood upon the window-stool, and a scrape upon the knee of the body corresponded with it. A multiplicity of other slight circumstances, and the positive assertion of the chambermaid that the window had been opened, came in support of the conclusion, which was to my mind satisfactorily settled by the concurrent evidence of the medical men, to the effect that the unhappy man could not have been many hours dead when the body was found.

ARCHBISHOP MANNING.

Un grand nom, un grand homme, c'est la gloire d'une nation, c'est la gloire de l'humanité même.—*Dupanloup.*

By Professor Mulrenan.

There is no name of eminence at present in England more entitled to the veneration of Catholics, than that of Archbishop Manning. He is the foremost champion of the Church in his native land, foremost not only by official position, but also by genius, courage, and eloquence. He may be justly called the Bayard of the Catholic chivalry of England, the boldest leader of the true Christian knights who defend the rights and prerogatives of the Holy See, and do battle against desperate odds for truth and justice.

One of the principal leaders of that wonderful Oxford movement which resulted in the conversion of so many distinguished men to the old faith, Henry Edward Manning was born to be a ruler—a king of men in any profession, in any high calling, in any noble walk of life. His companions were no ordinary men—mediocrity could not be numbered among the attributes of the Oxford converts and their followers. Some of them were intellectual giants—all accomplished scholars—all eminent in science and letters. Powerful intellects, it is true, embraced Catholic truth before the Oxford movement became an interesting chapter in English history—great men flourished before Agamemnon, but, in intellectual attainments, in singleness of purpose and honesty of intention, it would be difficult to name the superiors of the Newmans, the Mannings, the Digbys, the Wilberforces, the Oakeleys, the Fabers, the Wards, and the Marshalls. Among these bright names, two are widely renowned —two are mentioned with respect and veneration wherever the English language is spoken, wherever knowledge is respected, and heroic virtue honored.

In selecting two for special prominence, it is impossible to mistake the names of Archbishop Manning and Dr. Newman; souls as pure and as noble as any of their generation; souls such as seldom bless with their presence this earth; souls to whom the words of the Roman poet may be justly applied—

* * * Animæ, quales neque candidiores
Terra tulit.

What was said of Erasmus may with equal truth be affirmed of them—they have written as many books as others have read. Of the two, Archbishop Manning has wielded, and still wields, the greater influence in the Catholic Church in England. He holds with a firm and steady hand the pastoral staff of a great diocese, and wears a mitre as lofty and unbending as that of an Ambrose, or a Becket. The mantle of his illustrious predecessor has descended upon his shoulders, like that of Elias upon Eliseus; and he seems to have caught his spirit and inspiration. In truth, Archbishop Manning is a worthy successor of the great Cardinal Wiseman, and without any encomiastic ardor, he may be pronounced the equal of that mighty prince of the Church in intellectual power, in eloquence, in courage, in learning, and filial devotion to the Vicar of Christ. The universal attestation of this fact is perhaps the highest eulogy that can be passed upon him. From the day of his conversion down to the present time, the return of England to the Catholic faith has been the dream of his life—the glorious vision that haunts his imagination, ennobles his understanding, tips his tongue with fire, and lifts him, as it were, above himself. He will not live long enough to see his dream realized—he does not expect that Protestant England will be converted in a single day, by a special miracle of Providence: like some of the patriarchs of old, like the prince of the

apostles, he is a patient worker, and morally certain of the final triumph of truth. In this respect he resembles Cardinal Wiseman, whose views on the conversion of England he has mentioned in his funeral oration on that gifted ecclesiastic. His life is pregnant with grand lessons for Catholics—no matter in what land or clime their lot may be cast.

"The man is little to be envied," said Samuel Johnson, "whose patriotism would not gain force on the plains of Marathon, or whose piety would not grow warmer among the ruins of Iona." In a like spirit, it may be said that the Catholic is little to be envied who could read without interest, or study without instruction, the history of Archbishop Manning; for his life embraces the history of the most remarkable religious movement England has witnessed during the past three hundred years. His history is not yet written, but the time will come when the historian will do justice to his character, his labors, his services, his sacrifices, and his triumphs.

Archbishop Manning was born in London in 1809. His father, the late William Manning, was a wealthy merchant and a member of the House of Commons. He prosecuted his higher studies at Harrow and Baliol College, Oxford, that celebrated University which was founded, chartered, and endowed by Catholics, but which in time became the proudest bulwark of a Parliamentary Church. Gifted and bright, he soon distanced all competitors for University distinctions. Success crowned his industry, and rewarded his youthful ambition to contest the palm of excellence with the most enthusiastic lovers of study among his fellow-students. In 1830, he graduated as Bachelor of Arts with first-class honors. He still continued his studies with uninterrupted success, and was finally elected Fellow of Merton College. Yielding to a strong desire for the office of the ministry, he took orders, attracted general attention by his eloquence in the pulpit, and won the high honor of being appointed one of the select preachers in the University. His genuine piety and thoroughly ecclesiastical deportment marked him out for rapid promotion in the Church of England, and his admirers confidently predicted that he would rise to the exalted dignity of Archbishop of Canterbury. In 1834, he was appointed Vicar of Lavington and Graffham, Sussex, and Archdeacon of Chichester in 1840. Meanwhile, the Oxford movement was beginning to attract the attention of the religious world.

In 1833, Keble preached a famous sermon which inaugurated the "Tracts for the times." The principal leaders of the tractarian movement were Drs. Newman and Pusey. Dr. Newman wrote the celebrated tract "No. 90," which was censured in severe language by the University authorities as practically destroying the lines of demarcation between the Catholic Church and the Church of England. The result of the censure was the conversion of Dr. Newman in 1845.

Dr. Manning could not look with indifference on the changes that were taking place in the Church to which he was firmly attached. The High-Church party considered him a safer guide than Dr. Pusey, or Dr. Newman. His book on "the Unity of the Church" raised him high in the estimation of the English bishops and superior clergy, and after Dr. Newman's conversion he became the recognized leader of the Oxford movement in its second stage. A sincere and diligent inquirer after truth, he found her at last. The Gorham case, about twenty-five years ago, showed the whole world that the Church of England, as an ecclesiastical body, had no power to condemn heresy, and that an English minister could rebel with impunity against the authority of his bishop.

A Church which was the creature of the state could not prescribe the religion of the state. In vain did Archdeacon Manning and his followers protest against secular control. In vain was a bill introduced into the House of Lords for the purpose of enacting that in matters of doctrine the final decision should rest with the bishops. The bill was rejected with shouts of laughter and scorn, and the clear and logical mind of Archdeacon Manning at once concluded that the Church of England was not, and could not be, an infallible guide in religious matters. "To those," he says, "who believed that God has established upon the earth a divine and therefore an unerring guardian and teacher of his faith, this event demonstrated that

the Church of England could not be that guardian and teacher." Meanwhile another event of vital importance to the growth of Catholicity in England put an end to his religious doubts.

In 1849 Dr. Wiseman visited Rome, not expecting, as he says, to return again. He returned, however, with the dignity of Archbishop of Westminster and Prince Cardinal of the Church. Pius the Ninth committed to him the task of reconstructing the Catholic hierarchy in England, that ancient hierarchy which had been destroyed in the reigns of Henry VIII and Elizabeth. Cardinal Wiseman performed the work with unflinching courage. He fixed the day on which he should take solemn possession of his church. Threats of assassination, the entreaties of friends, could not change his resolution. The *Times*, the great organ of public opinion in England, predicted that in three days he would be compelled to fly from London. Lord John Russell wrote his celebrated "Durham Letter," a production of stupidity and bigotry which became his political epitaph. Exeter Hall brayed, the "Bible Societies" roared, England was struck with religious madness. A hurricane swept with fearful force over the whole island, destroying in its course many Catholic churches and homesteads. The press teemed with vile stories of Popish plots and Papal intrigues against English liberty. Men who had no belief in the grand mysteries on which the Christian religion is founded, raised the cry and the flag of "No Popery."

Struck with judicial blindness, Lord John Russell and his colleagues in the cabinet framed the Ecclesiastical Titles' Bill which was carried and made law. This obnoxious measure made it penal for any Catholic prelate to call himself archbishop or bishop of any place in England. The determined opposition of the Irish hierarchy, headed by Archbishop McHale, rendered it impossible for the Government to enforce the act. It resulted only in the humiliation of its author, and was never carried into effect by any official of the British Crown. Thus, despite the thunders of the *Times*, despite the denunciations of Lord John Russell, despite the ravings of fanatics and the malicious assaults of bigotry and faction, the restoration of the hierarchy became an accomplished fact, the "Papal aggression" excitement ceased to disturb the peace of Catholics, and Cardinal Wiseman and his episcopal brethren held without legal penalties the titles which the Holy Father had given them.

Archdeacon Manning had long entertained a very high opinion of the intellectual power and religious zeal of Cardinal Wiseman. He had read his eloquent articles in the *Dublin Review*, and closely watched his missionary career in England. The restoration of the hierarchy "stepped between him and his fighting soul." Shortly after the Ecclesiastical Titles Bill had become law, he resigned all his rich preferments, sacrificed a brilliant career in the Church of England for his convictions, and embraced the Catholic faith.

His conversion created a great sensation on both sides of the Atlantic, and made as profound an impression on thinking minds in England as the secession of Dr. Newman in 1845. It was mentioned with transports of joy and pride by Catholics, and with displeasure and indignation by Protestants. Lord John Russell and his brother bigots were frantic with rage—they looked upon Manning's conversion with feelings kindred to those with which Milton's rebel angels regarded Abdiel's fidelity to his Creator. The frowns, however, of unreasoning bigots could not terrify him, doubts ceased to trouble his mind, and his religious convictions became fixed as the everlasting hills.

Cardinal Wiseman was delighted with his new convert. Six months after his reception into the Catholic Church, he was raised to the dignity of the priesthood. Subsequently joining the Oblates of St. Charles Borromeo, he established a house in London, of which he was appointed Superior. He was also appointed Provost of the Cathedral of Westminster, and honored by the Holy Father with the title of Roman prelate. Cardinal Wiseman reposed the utmost confidence in his loyalty, and often eulogized him for his learning and eloquence. For thirteen years he discharged his sacerdotal duties with a zeal and success which astonished even his most enthusiastic admirers, and won the praise of the Catholics of the entire metropolis—the great capital of England.

On the 8th of June, 1865, Manning succeeded Cardinal Wiseman as Archbishop of Westminster. His elevation to a dignity so exalted gave general satisfaction to the Catholics of England, while Protestants looked upon it as a new act of aggression on the part of Rome. Since his elevation to the see of Westminster he has continued with triumphant success the great work which was so auspiciously and gloriously commenced by his illustrious predecessor. His episcopate will form an era in English history as being inseparably associated with legislative measures beneficial to the Catholics of England and Ireland. With pen and tongue he assisted those who hastened the disestablishment of the Protestant Church in Ireland. He is a friend and advocate of the Irish tenant; and if several Irish grievances still remain unredressed, he is not to blame, for his voice is constantly raised for justice to Ireland.

Archbishop Manning has rendered incalculable services to the Catholic cause by his eloquence and learning. With these powerful weapons he battles successfully against the enemies of truth. Eloquence is a two-edged sword, and the priest or bishop who uses it skilfully is a tower of strength to his flock. Archbishop Manning is one of the most accomplished pulpit orators of whom England can boast. His eloquence, simple, chaste, and forcible, coming from a great heart and going straight to the hearts of his hearers, raises him high above the most popular preachers in the Catholic Church of England. His knowledge is universal, his imagination rich and creative, and his language simple, expressive, and appropriate. The speaker, whose mind is well stored with various information, is seldom compelled to pause for words. Abundance of matter, says Cicero, begets abundance of words—*Rerum copia verborum copiam gignit.* The practice of reading sermons has been very detrimental to pulpit eloquence in the Church of England. This practice is very unfavorable to true eloquence. Written eloquence differs from spoken eloquence as much as the cold portrait differs from the living original. An Irish audience would not listen ten minutes to the reading of a written lecture, sermon, or speech. The Irish are naturally eloquent, and those who endeavor to rule them by their eloquence must be true orators. A written lecture or speech may please an Oxford or a Cambridge audience, but an Irish audience must have a Father Burke or an O'Connell. I have heard as genuine eloquence in country churches in Ireland as I have ever listened to in Dublin or New York. Eloquence seems to be indigenous to the soil of Ireland. In England there has been no Bossuet, no Bourdaloue, no Massillon. She can boast of logicians and metaphysicians, but she has no princes of the pulpit, like the great French preachers.

Though brought up in the Protestant church, Archbishop Manning is free from the defects characteristic of English pulpit eloquence. He delivers his sermons and lectures without the aid of notes or manuscript. Hence the influence he exercises over the English people by his eloquence is greater than that of Dr. Newman, who generally reads his sermons and lectures. When denouncing the Julians of the present century, the tyrants who war against Heaven and endeavor by brute force to enslave the Church, his eloquence is a resistless torrent that sweeps everything before it. When his theme justifies eulogy, his words fall like drops of honey, and the charms of his voice, manner, and delivery make a profound impression on the minds of his audience.

It was, I believe, the expressed wish of Cardinal Wiseman when his last hour was fast approaching and the grave was opening to receive him, that his funeral oration should be delivered by Archbishop Manning. That last wish or command was dutifully obeyed, and a nobler, more graceful and more beautiful tribute was seldom paid to the genius and virtues of a great man than Archbishop Manning's funeral oration on Cardinal Wiseman. It may be numbered among his happiest oratorical efforts, and may be selected as a fair specimen of that pure Saxon English of which he is master. When he speaks, his words are carried on the wings of the press to millions of readers.

To describe adequately the power of Archbishop Manning's eloquence, one should listen to him addressing an Irish audience in St. James's Hall, London. Whenever he is announced to speak in this usual meeting place

of Irish Catholics, every available seat is occupied, his entrance is greeted with loud cheers, the whole audience rises as one man, and the great hall trembles. The appearance of Father Burke could not create greater enthusiasm. The Irish look upon him as their friend and champion, and the subjects on which he speaks from time to time always interest them. His voice is clear, strong, and well modulated, capable of filling, without having recourse to the highest pitch, the largest hall. His style both as a writer and as a speaker deserves the attention of the student of English literature, especially of young candidates for the priesthood. It is a well of English undefiled, and its chief characteristics are purity, simplicity, and elegance. Archbishop Manning seems to have no fondness for the Latin idiom in the construction of his sentences. No sesquipedalian words can be found in his writings. Like Defoe, Swift, and John Bright, he is a master of pure, expressive Saxon words; and his unaffected, his exquisite, simplicity reminds the lover of Greek literature of the pages of Xenophon, on whose lips—as the comic poets said of Pericles—sat the graces of persuasion. His taste is severely Attic, and the apparent absence of every kind of effort, the unforced energy, the noble simplicity, the chaste diction, which characterize his eloquence in the pulpit and his writings in his study, are worthy of comparison with the most finished production of Athenian genius when Asiatic ornament was despised, and when Plato wrote with a happy ease his immortal works in that sweet and beautiful language which Cicero says the father of the gods would use, if he spoke Greek.

The unaffected simplicity of which I have spoken, cannot be appreciated by the lovers of bombast. Simplicity, however, is a characteristic of Homer as well as of Milton, of the "Iliad" as well as of the "Paradise Lost." Though Cardinal Wiseman must be always numbered among the princes of the pen, and though his style is always sustained with wonderful power and energy, still it must be admitted that it is sometimes too florid and gorgeous. His writings—to borrow Macaulay's description of Milton's prose—are a perfect field of cloth of gold. The style of Archbishop Manning is as different from that of the illustrious Cardinal as the style of Hume is from that of Robertson, or the eloquence of Bright from that of Gladstone. Those productions of his pen which are read most widely on this side of the Atlantic are the "Temporal Mission of the Holy Ghost," "the Four Great Evils of the Day," "The Infallibility," and a beautiful volume of his sermons.

In filial devotion to the Holy See the Archbishop of Westminster is not surpassed by any prelate of the age. Since he grasped the crosier, he has been a fearless defender of the rights and prerogatives of the Holy Father, and his voice has often resounded through all Europe, summoning apostate nations to their former allegiance to the Chair of Peter. At the opening of the Vatican Council the Pope warmly congratulated him on the success with which he promoted the interests of religion in England, and the power and eloquence with which he battled for Apostolic truth against impiety and infidelity. He was an eloquent champion of Papal Infallibility, and his influence in obtaining its definition and crushing Gallicanism for ever was gratefully acknowledged by eminent prelates both in Europe and America. In the very centre of Anglicanism, in the midst of powerful enemies, he has kept his loyalty and fidelity to Rome with chivalrous devotion. Calm and intrepid, unshaken and unterrified, he has encountered and defeated resolute foes who had in their favor every advantage of wealth, power, and position.

His last assailant was his former fellow-student in Oxford, a man of undoubted ability and questionable honesty. Mr. Gladstone —I must be just to him—is an accomplished scholar, a brilliant debater, though a blundering statesman and a doubtful friend. Like a celebrated member of Milton's infernal council, his manner is graceful, his appearance dignified, his tongue drops manna and makes the worse appear the better cause; but all, I fear, is "false and hollow." Like the Athenian sophists, he professes to know everything, and deludes himself into the belief that he is competent to write pamphlets on every subject that can engage the attention of the human mind.

Grammaticus, rhetor, geometres, pictor, aliptes,
Augur, schœnobates, medicus, magus, omnia novit.

Those who have closely watched his career cannot fail to remember his blunders, his inconsistencies, his animus against the Catholic Church. Has he not been the great English champion and apologist of the robbers who deprived the Holy Father of his temporal possessions? Who forgets that he was the noble philanthropist who pleaded with crocodile tears for the rebellious subjects of King Ferdinand of Naples, and looked with cold indifference on the cruelties inflicted upon Irish political prisoners in English dungeons? This inconsistency was pointed out to him when ruler of the British empire by Mr. John Savage in a letter as manly, truthful, and eloquent as any of the famous epistles addressed to Lord Aberdeen,—a letter which was read in the house of Representatives by Mr. Cox.

Is not he the consistent statesman who denounced in scathing language the state prosecutions at Naples, and yet, with this denunciation in his memory, proclaimed martial law in several counties in Ireland, and prosecuted at the instance of a disgraced judge a Catholic bishop and several Catholic clergymen for defending the interests of their flocks against avowed enemies? Mr. Gladstone, without a murmur of disapprobation, saw France deprived of a large portion of her territory, though French chivalry rendered lasting services to England during the Crimean war. He saw the treaty of Paris torn to pieces in 1870 without a word of remonstrance.

He has witnessed without a syllable of protest the cruel persecution of millions of Catholics in the German Empire. Yet he attacks without provocation an old man who is a prisoner in his own palace—a blameless and illustrious Pontiff who has presented during his reign a spectacle of moral courage which has won the admiration of Christendom. He had the example of Lord John Russell to warn him against the inglorious distinction of reviving old prejudices, and "refurbishing the rusty tools" of bigotry, slander, and misrepresentation. It was the general belief that the "Papal aggression" excitement would never be renewed in England, and that no educated Englishman of the present day would stoop to the ignoble task of exciting a religious war and forging new fetters for a Church which has withstood the storms and persecutions of nearly nineteen centuries.

Who would not laugh if such a man there be?
Who would not weep if Atticus were he?

To disturb the peace of the empire and repeal the penal code, is the last result of Mr. Gladstone's reasoning. He may not have contemplated such wickedness. I think he is too just to deprive his countrymen of their "mental and moral freedom." The Irish bishops conscientiously opposed his University bill, and compelled him to retire from the helm of affairs, to enjoy in the quiet walks of literature that peace of mind which the sweets and troubles of office only destroy. They could not be deluded by the state Delilah to betray the secret of their strength—they could make no surrender to heresy and infidelity—they could not expose the rising generation in Ireland to the danger of losing their faith. Yes, thank God, the Irish bishops still possess a legitimate influence over their flocks, and it will be a black day for Ireland when the union of priests and people is broken by English intrigue. That union is a bow of promise for a glorious future,—a grand spectacle in the sight of men, a sign and proof of strength—an omen of victory—a noble and inspiring example for fallen nations. This union should not have alarmed Mr. Gladstone — it has lasted during fourteen centuries in storm and sunshine, in good report and evil report. Henceforth his enemies will say that, like Mokanna, he can reproach the dupes who had faith in his honest intentions. He has won laurels as an eloquent debater in the House of Commons, but he can never shine as a canonist and theologian. He certainly knows more about Homer than about Papal Infallibility, and is better acquainted with the gods of Olympus than with Catholic theology. His "Expostulation" has only injured himself. The missile, like the "Durham Letter," has only hurt the hand which flung it. Mr. Gladstone has given Archbishop Manning an opportunity of vindicating Catholic truth with a courage and eloquence worthy of the greatest cham-

pions of the Church in any age or country, and of explaining the Vatican decrees in language so perspicuous and forcible, that any Englishman of ordinary intelligence can easily understand their meaning and purpose.

It was no light task to make those decrees intelligible to the English people, but the great prelate is equal to any emergency. Sydney Smith said, with more wit than truth, that a surgical operation is necessary to make a Scotchman understand a joke. It is almost equally difficult to make the average member of the Church of England understand Catholic doctrine. Archbishop Manning's reply differs in manner from that of Dr. Newman. I think he takes the right position on the topics raised by Mr. Gladstone. He does not argue with non-Catholics on their own admitted premises, but expects them to seek the Church, and abide by her infallible authority on matters pertaining to faith and morals. England is proud of Dr. Newman. His great learning, the sweetness of his eloquence, the number and variety of his literary productions, entitle him to be ranked among the greatest minds of the age. No Catholic doubts his loyalty to the Church, though many may question the prudence of making bitter allusions to men who boldly avow their faith and fearlessly defend it. His loyalty, however, is not of that enthusiastic kind which would make swords leap from their scabbards to avenge the wrongs of Christendom. He is not in disposition a Peter the Hermit, a St. Bernard, or a Ximenes. His nature does not seem to be cast in the mould that makes Crusaders. I revere Dr. Newman—I shall always mention his name with respect and veneration as the first Rector of my Alma Mater; but I share the general opinion of Catholics on both sides of the Atlantic, that Archbishop Manning is the right man in the right place, the man for his times in England, a man of Providence, like his immortal predecessor.

I have said that Archbishop Manning is loved by the Irish in London, and that he has played a conspicuous part in redressing Irish grievances. I may add that he deserves the love of the Irish people, for his sympathy for them is strong and sincere, and their fidelity to the faith has often been the theme of his greatest oratorical efforts. It was he who delivered, in presence of the assembled bishops of the Irish race, the panegyric of St. Patrick in St. Isidore's Church in Rome, during the sessions of the Vatican Council, —a panegyric which extorted the admiration of distinguished visitors from every quarter of the globe, and which was pronounced to be one of the most eloquent tributes to Ireland's fidelity to the See of Peter ever heard in that beautiful and historic church, which was given by Pope Gregory XV to the celebrated Father Wadding, to reward the patriotic devotion of the Irish Franciscans. His beautiful letter to Archbishop McGettigan on the occasion of the consecration of the Armagh cathedral will be long gratefully remembered by a warm-hearted, impulsive, and noble people who always honor a friend and never forget a benefactor. If he visited Ireland, he would certainly receive a *cead mille failte*. The Irish can well afford to despise the sneers of ignorance and prejudice as long as their Christian heroism under the frowns of tyranny can kindle the generous eloquence and inspire the enthusiastic eulogies of a Manning, an Ozanam, a Montalembert, and a Dupanloup. Archbishop Manning believes that Ireland will do for the salvation of England what ancient Greece did for Rome in science and letters. It is unnecessary to inform the readers of the MANHATTAN MONTHLY that he is an uncompromising champion of Catholic education, and that his efforts to establish an educational centre for the intellectual force of the Catholic population of England will soon be crowned with success. Girt round with the ring of his brethren as palm branches—to borrow the noble imagery of the inspired writer —he stands as a cedar planted in Libanus—soaring high above the crowd— the most majestic figure in the Catholic Church of England. His name will go down to posterity as one of the greatest prelates of the nineteenth century; while that of his latest antagonist will be forgotten, or remembered as a warning to puny statesmen to subdue the ignoble revenge of disappointed ambition. Instead of striving to rise to the height of Edmund Burke, Mr. Gladstone

has sunk to the level of Newdegate; instead of seeking light from the authorized exponent of Catholic doctrine in his own country, he has only reflected the borrowed and fading rays of the fallen luminary of Munich. The apologist of tyranny must share its infamy—the champion of right must partake of its glory. The fame of Archbishop Manning as the advocate of the oppressed and the defender of truth, will be guarded as a precious legacy by the gratitude of Christendom.

His elevation to the sacred purple will be hailed with delight by Catholics in Europe and America, as a graceful and generous recognition by Pio Nono of exalted merit and chivalrous loyalty.

THINGS THAT NEVER DIE.

I.

The pure, the bright, the beautiful,
That stirred our hearts in youth,
The impulses of wordless prayer,
The dreams of love and truth;
The longing after something lost,
The spirit's yearning cry,
The strivings after better hopes—
These things can never die.

II.

The timid hand stretched forth to aid
A brother in his need,
That kindly word in grief's dark hour,
That proves a friend indeed;
The plea of mercy softly breath'd
When justice threatens nigh;
The sorrow of the contrite heart—
These things can never die.

III.

The memory of a clasping hand,
The pressure of a kiss,
And all the trifles sweet and bright
That make up love's first bliss;
If, with a firm, unchanging faith,
And holy trust on high,
Those hands are clasped, those lips have met—
These things shall never die.

IV.

The cruel taunt or bitter word
That wounded as it fell,
The chilling want of sympathy
We feel but never tell;
The hard repulse that chills the heart
Whose hopes were bounding high,
In an unfailing record kept—
These things shall never die.

RURAL LIFE AND SUPERSTITIONS IN WESTERN FRANCE.

NO. I.—THE TURFCUTTERS AND SALTMAKERS OF BRITTANY—THE BLACK KOURIGAN—THE TREASURE-SEEKERS AND THE SAFFRON-FLY—THE SPECTRE BOAT OF LA VENDÉE—BRETON PARIAHS—THE OLD KACOUSS.

The last traces of that picturesque and fascinating class of superstitions, whose home, remote from cities, must be sought in forest glades and amidst mountain peaks, on the desolate moor and along the lonesome fen, among the mists of ocean and in the recesses of the mine, are fast receding and disappearing before the heightened civilization and prodigious mechanical progress of the present century. Disappearing, but not wholly unregretted. Here and there, some lover of these lingering relics of a less enlightened day uplifts voice and pen against the unsparing sacrifice of the romantic and ideal to the material and useful. He may not deprecate, he cannot check, the consequences of that inevitable fusion of country and town, which steam, the press, military conscription, and other causes are rapidly effecting throughout Central Europe. He plainly sees that when the newspaper reaches the remotest hamlet, and politics supply materials for the evening gossip round the farm-house faggot, the supernatural will have lost its hold on the peasant's imagination, and he not unnaturally desires to preserve some record of traditions and beliefs now evidently upon the eve of final departure. M. Emile Souvestre is one of these who have applied themselves to chronicle the superstitions of that race of peasantry in process of extinction, and about to be replaced by men of a totally different stamp. In his double capacity of antiquarian and romance-writer, it is easy to understand his wish to preserve some memento of those superstitious fancies. He has selected the western provinces,—Normandy, Picardy, La Vendée, and especially his native land of Brittany; and he has brought to the task an intimate acquaintance with the country and people, a fair share of antiquarian knowledge, a keen perception of natural beauties, and the simple, graceful style for which he is distinguished. "He has chosen in his memory," he says, "the scenes, places, and persons which seemed to him most vividly to reflect the artless fancies of the past. The six pastorals in which he has grouped these last aspects of rustic life, are like six landscapes studied by the setting sunlight of popular poetry; in them will be found all the fantastic world created by that muse of the fields and forests, who, after all, has merely translated, in a childish mythology, the eternal aspirations of humanity itself. For to what do our dreams invariably aspire? To overstep the limits of the real: to achieve happiness on earth; to live beyond the tomb; to understand the marvellous creation in the midst of which God has placed us. The first of these instincts has created sorcerers, fairies, elves, and all those supernatural beings which have overthrown the barriers between fact and thought; the second has given rise to the belief in hidden treasures, in talismans, in marvellous gifts; the third has broken the gates of death, and rendered immortality palpable, by giving an appearance to departed souls; the last has established a mysterious bond between us and nature; has sought a meaning in the cry of a bird, in the sound of the wind; has interpreted every murmur of the heavens, of the earth, and of the waters. Thus has popular imagination placed man in the centre of an invisible world, which alternately aids and menaces him. It is in this world, in which the peasant alone has preserved a belief, that we have endeavored to exhibit him." Our attention is first arrested by a Breton story entitled *Les Bryérons et les Saulniers*. The *Bryérons* are turfcutters.

To the north of the mouth of the Loire is a vast bed of turf, more than twenty leagues in circumference, known as *La Grande Brydre*, and compared by M. Souvestre to a desert of calcined sponge, continually overhung by a fetid heavy fog. In spite of its unpromising aspect, the *Brydre* affords the chief means of subsistence to eleven parishes of turfcutters. It and the saltpans are the principal resources of what may be termed Brittany Proper, the tract of country to the left of the *Sillon* or "ridge"—a name given to a long hill which separates from the rest of Brittany the territory comprised between the mouth of the Loire and that of the Vilaine. The inhabitants of this district are the descendants of a colony of Northmen, who disembarked there in the fifth century, and have now amalgamated with their neighbors. "Their families have augmented into parishes, of which almost all the inhabitants bear the same patronymic, and are distinguished only by nicknames. It is in the *Brydre* especially, and in the salt districts, that the physiognomy of the foreign race is conspicuous. There the old sea-rovers have preserved somewhat of their adventurous disposition. The summer over, you see them embark upon their *futreaux*,* or set out with their mules—those to sell turf at Nantes, La Rochelle, Bordeaux; these to barter their salt in the towns and villages of the West. For the most part the wife accompanies her husband. Mounted upon the best mule, which marches first, adorned with variegated tufts, and with the string of bells that guides the caravan, she spins or knits wool, the produce of the farms of Brittany and La-Vendée; whilst the *saulnier* (saltmaker) follows, singing some old canticle." In company with one of these caravans, M. Souvestre made an excursion. Towards the close of a long day's ride on muleback, observing the *saulnier's* wife to cut across the *Brydre*, he followed her, expecting thereby to abridge his journey. Inexperienced in the intricacies and dangers of the way, he not only prolonged it, but incurred considerable danger. "I forced my mule into a trot, in order to overtake Jeanne. Unfortunately this was less easy than I had supposed. Every moment I came upon pools of stagnant water, which I was obliged to ride round, or upon turf-cuttings intersecting the path. Darkness came on apace, and, by a singular contrast, seemed denser in the *Brydre* than at a few hundred paces off. It even seemed to me as if a cloud of smoke mingled with the shadows of night: acrid fumes penetrated my throat; my breathing became more difficult: the air grew burning hot. Soon my mule got visibly uneasy: she danced upon her hind legs, and snorted as if in agony. I made fruitless efforts to master her. Compelled to bend forward upon my saddle, I at last perceived that the surface of the ground was covered with white ashes, from which a slight smoke arose. At every step, the mule's hoofs sank deep in the burning soil: she hastily plucked them out, and in so doing raised a shower of sparks. I now remembered to have heard that the embers from a smoker's pipe sometimes sufficed to set fire to the turf-bed, and to cause a conflagration whose smouldering intensity set at naught all the *Bryéron's* efforts for its extinction, which the winter rains alone suffice to accomplish. I could not doubt that I was caught in one of these latent fires, whence the darkness of the night rendered it scarce possible for me to discover means of escape. Seriously alarmed, I was about to utter a cry of distress, when I heard the voices of Michael and the saltmaker, whom the windings of the path had brought near, and who had just perceived me. In an instant my danger was apparent to them both: hurrying towards me, they stopped at a short distance and called to me to join them. I made a desperate effort to force the mule to move in that direction; but on reaching a narrow dingy pool which alone separated me from them, the beast refused to cross it. I was but at twenty paces from the two peasants, who continued shouting, 'This way!' but I could not induce my unruly animal to advance. Soon I felt her gathering herself up and preparing to resume her mad gallop towards the burning turf, when Pierre Louis, after having in vain coaxed and called her by her name, seized a long pole which the *Bryéron* carried in his hand, plunged one end of it in the pool, took a spring, propping himself with the other end, and alighted upon the croupe of the mule. Then passing his arms under

* Boats of a particular form, used for the transport of turf.

mine, he seized the bridle, applied his heels to the mule's flanks, and, uttering familiar cries, forced her to plunge into the ravine.

"Scarcely had the beast felt the freshness of the water when she paused with a sort of sigh of relief. Her neck was white with sweat, and her whole frame quivered. Pierre Louis leaned forward.

"'There, there, Belotte,' said he, caressing her with hand and voice; 'tis nothing, my girl; a foot-bath will soon cure you.'

"Without much difficulty the mule walked out of the pool. The *Bryéron* tried to pull out the pole which Pierre Louis had left sticking in the turfy bed of the ravine; but it resisted all his efforts, and I had to help him.

"'Monsieur sees that the *Bryère* loves to keep what it holds,' said Michael smiling; 'if my pole were left there a few days it would totally disappear. Nothing here is as elsewhere. There is something going on under ground. Cut away the turf as much as we may, it always preserves the same level. In proportion as we lower it the *Bryère* rises.'

"I asked if any explanation of this phenomenon was current in the country.

"'*Pardieu!* it is the fault of the sons of Japhet,' interrupted the saltmaker, laughing; 'the gentleman has not heard the story? It seems that in old times the *Bryère* had, as one may say, a ground-floor and a cellar. The whole belonged to the *Kourigans* and to the family of Japhet, and each in their turn dwelt above or below. But at last the men took advantage of the time when they occupied the best part of the habitation, to wall up their neighbors in the cellar, where they have ever since remained, except *the Little Charcoal-burner*, who escaped by the chimney and has become our evil spirit. If the *Bryère* rises, it is because the *Kourigans* raise it in their endeavors to regain the ground-floor; and if poles sink down, it is because they seize upon everything that is thrust into the soil.'

"'I had more than once had opportunity to observe how much the imagination of these highway wanderers inclines to the marvellous. Abandoned to all the illusions to which ignorance and desire can give rise, they pursue their lonely path in constant observation of the lights and shadows, of the stillness and murmurs of nature. Little by little the fascination of solitude troubles them; they feel their reason vacillate, and a thousand confused images form themselves in the darkness. Rocked by the slow pace of the mules, lulled by the monotonous melody of their bells, they behold the trees scud by them like phantoms; the wind, whistling amongst the rocks, is a voice that calls to them; the rippling of waters is the lamentation of the departed. All the incidents of darkness are transformed into startling mysteries. An imaginary world gradually substitutes itself for the real world; they perceive that which they have imagined, they hear things which others have told them they had heard. In vain do they seek in their travelling-flask the confidence and lucid perception which escapes them; each dram of spirits evokes a fresh swarm of visions, until at last, bewildered by intoxication, they slip from the back of their mule and fall asleep upon the turf of some cross-road. There, continuing their journey in their slumbers, they pass at once from reality to fiction. Then it is that the muleteers who cross the sandy shores of Normandy encounter, in their dreams, the *Moine Trompeur*, seated on the stones of the road, with his seductive piles of gold, and his cards that always win, offering to gamble with the passer-by for his soul; then do they meet the *Mule of Misguidance*, which suffers itself to be mounted by the first comer and forthwith disappears with him forever; and then it is that they hear the *Bell of Perdition*, tinkling across the waves and luring travellers into the abyss. The saltmakers of the Croie are not more exempt than those of the department of the Manche from these deceitful hallucinations."

One cannot help contrasting the fanciful commencement and terribly prosaic termination of these long and solitary journeys of the Norman and Breton saltcarriers. They begin by a sort of Ossianic reverie; darkness surrounds them, voices murmur in the waters, visions flit before their half-closed eyes, they are environed by an imaginary world—when suddenly they have recourse to cognac, tumble off their mules, and subside into a snooze. We have no doubt of the fidelity, in numerous instances, of the latter of these two pictures.

It is praiseworthy, however, of M. Souvestre, that whilst displaying the attractive features of French peasant character, he does not too completely subdue the coarse traits. *Les Bryérons et les Saulniers* is based on the superstition of the Black Kourigan, or *Little Charcoal-burner*, a sort of Breton brownie, personifying misfortune, and whose appearance is considered of fatal, or at least disastrous omen.

La Chasse aux Trésors—The Hunt after Treasures—is another picture of the superstitions and peasant life of Brittany, but on the opposite side of that province, near its inland frontier. The divining rod figures in this chapter, which opens with a curious Arab tradition, which, having been brought across the Pyrenees by shepherds and smugglers, is still current in the French Basque country. "Whilst leading their flocks along the banks of the *gaves*, or mountain streams, the peasants still relate that, *long before Julius Cæsar*, there existed a *bronche*, or sorcerer, who ascended into the air on a dragon that he had subdued, and thus arrived at the rock on which slept *Debrua*, the genius of evil. Surrounding him nine times with a magic chain, he forced him to make known to him the king of talismans, which gives pleasure, wealth, and power. *Debrua* declared to the sorcerer that, in order to obtain everything upon earth, he must make himself master of the *saffron-yellow fly*, which showed itself nightly in a certain pass of the Pyrenees. To catch this fly he must make a net of those hairs nearest the brain, and dip the net in sweat and blood. The *bronche* did as he was advised, and soon the *saffron-yellow fly* appeared to him. For seven days and nights he followed it over rock and ravine, through thicket and torrent, leaving upon his way as many fragments of his clothes and flesh as sheep, before shearing-time, leave locks of wool upon the brambles; at last he saw it settle upon the hut of a shepherd who was away in the pastures. In vain did he endeavor to get at the fly; all his efforts were insufficient to drive it from the roof. As a last resource, and having made sure that none could see him, he set fire to the hut, and the *saffron-yellow fly* flew away. The *bronche* followed it to a meadow, where it alighted upon a tuft of fennel. Unable to approach a plant *which is the enemy of sorcerers*, he remained some distance off, until a young peasant, who was taking care of horses in the pastures, perceived the fly, and caught it in his cap. The *bronche*, now quite frantic, ran after the child, struck him with his stick, and killed him; but just as he seized the *saffron yellow fly*, it stung him, and rendered him sad for the rest of his days. Richer than the fairies of the *gaves*, he fell into the same languor that afflicts those whose enemies have recommended them to *St. Sequayrius*,* and he died a lingering death, as if the *main root of his heart had been cut.*" Tradition says nothing further of the *saffron-yellow fly;* but M. Souvestre, regarding it as an allegory, beholds men constantly engaged in its pursuit; in Mexico and Peru, with Cortez and Pizarro; in the Bahamas, digging after pirates' buried hoards; in the rocks and rivers of California; and nearer home, amidst the crumbling ruins and vaulted foundations of European castles and convents. "Science herself, in her austere retreats, lent an ear to the buzzing of the *saffron-yellow fly*, and forgot herself, for centuries, in quest of the philosopher's stone."

A mound near St. Cosme, on the road to Le Mans, known in history as the *Motte* (mount) *d'Ygé*, had long been reputed to contain immense treasures. In the twelfth century the English constructed a fort upon it, which they held until the treaty of Bretigny, signed in 1360, by which Edward III of England renounced his claim to the French crown. According to the tradition, the English, before evacuating the place, buried a quantity of treasure which they dared not take with them, but of which they hoped to regain possession when another war should break out. The tale was logical enough to satisfy many, for the *Motte d' Ygé*, better known in modern times as Mount Jallu, has been the scene of repeated excavations and researches. Of the principal of these, M. Souvestre gives a brief account. "The first indication," he says, "of the precious deposit, was a copper plate found in the Tower of London, on which were inscribed the words, *Thesaurus*

* St. Sequayrius is a popular saint in the Basque country, to whom people *recommend* their enemies that he may *dry them up.*

est in Monte Salutis, prope Comum. Doubtless a knowledge had been obtained of this in Louis XIII's time, for under his reign the regiment of Maine was set to dig up Mount Jallu. In 1735, the Duke de Chevreuse authorized fresh researches, which proved as fruitless as the preceding ones. After these two failures, the hill had a long respite. A parchment found at Paris in 1825, on the demolition of an old church, again drew attention to the Motte d'Ygé. A company of shareholders was formed for the purpose of once more rummaging the deceitful mountain. All they accomplished was the interment of their capital. Towards the same period, the English, who had already, in the eighteenth century, claimed a right of search, renewed their demand through M. de Talleyrand, and addressed a petition to the Chamber of Deputies, which passed to the order of the day. Then Mr. Fay, suddenly enlightened by the revelations of a somnambulist lady's-maid, purchased from the proprietor of the hill permission to recommence digging. The indications of the magnetized *subject* were so exact that this time the search had a result. After work which cost him twelve thousand francs, Mr. Fay found five copper coins and three nails! After him several ladies resumed the enterprise. Finally, there came the Polish General Milkieski, Mesdames Herpin, Hersant, and a new company of shareholders. These last were at work in 1844, having in their pay, like their predecessors, a magnetizer and his *subject*, whose revelations served to guide the workmen. The announcement, by the newspapers, of their proceedings excited M. Souvestre's curiosity, and he set out to witness the treasure-hunt. He found a number of laborers cutting trenches and digging wells; but either from ignorance or discretion, the foreman, who directed the works, could furnish no information of any interest. The digging and delving of the series of speculators seemed literally to have altered the position of the hill. Faith had removed the mountain, but of treasure there was as yet no sign. The real golden store had been discovered by the inhabitants of St. Cosme and its vicinity, into whose pockets had flowed upwards of two hundred thousand francs, the cost of these oft-repeated researches. They, as may be imagined, took good care to express no doubt of the existence of the treasure, and to cast no ridicule on its credulous seekers. To them Mount Jallu was indeed an invaluable neighbor.

Turning with a smile from the hopeless and unprofitable toil of which its sterile flanks were the scene, M. Souvestre presently fell in with a treasure-seeker of a humble class, a wandering tinker and kettle-patcher from Berry. Claude, surnamed the *Rouleur*, because he was always *rolling* (roving) about the country, was a living dictionary of popular superstitions relating to hidden wealth. He had consolidated these into a sort of system of his own. His whole thoughts were concentrated upon the subject. He worked at his tinkering trade just enough to keep body and soul together, and endured the greatest hardships without so much as heeding them, convinced that one day he should attain a pitch of opulence such as it is only given to beggars even to dream of. A good dinner, and the familiarity of M. Souvestre's travelling companion with the *patois* of Berry, partially dissipated the *Rouleur's* habitual reserve, and curious admissions were obtained from him. He had heard of the celebrated caldron at the Cross of La Barre—a sort of devil's-casket, discovered by digging up the ground at midnight. At a certain depth a great basin is discovered, full of gold pieces, but it is attached to the earth by magic roots, and hitherto no one has been able to remove it. At the time of his meeting with M. Souvestre, he was in quest of a supernatural dog, of a tawny color, with straight ears, a pointed muzzle, and tail sweeping the earth, which burrowed in holes where treasure lay. He also knew of a rustic wizard, also given to treasure-seeking, who sold charms and secret remedies, discovered springs by means of hazel rods, and possessed a living spider enclosed in a nut-shell as a cure for the fever.

La Niole Blanche is a superstition of the fens of La Vendée. The *Niole* (*nacelle*) *Blanche*, the White Skiff, is a supernatural boat that haunts the marshes, covered over with a winding-sheet, and manned by the *Tousseux Jaune*, the phantom of the bilious fever, which plays such havoc with the population of that unwholesome region. This

boat is a warning of approaching disease to the person to whom it appears. "The *Niole Blanche*, in the marshes, is an equivalent of the death-cart in the rest of France. Whoever beholds it is fated to die within the year. In this new form I found a belief common to all races of men and periods of the world's existence. From the phantom that appeared to Brutus down to the little red spectre of the Tuileries, there have always and everywhere been warning apparitions, evidence of a supreme goodness which would not deliver man to death unless well prepared." The date of this tale is shortly previous to the unfortunate royalist rising in La Vendée. It opens with an account of a trap and trapper such as Cooper certainly never sketched, and such as few of our readers are likely ever to have heard of.

Whilst slowly rambling, like a true lover of nature amidst the beautiful shades and rural murmurs of the forest of Vouvant, M. Souvestre, emerging from a thicket, suddenly found himself in an open place, surrounded by rocks, tapestried with yellow lichens, and partially shrouded by reeds and holly. "In the centre of this species of glade stood a man dressed in a suit of tanned leather, which covered him entirely, and allowed nothing but his eyes to be seen. Before him, on a pan of fire, there boiled a caldron, the steam of which would have sufficed to betray the nature of its contents, even if the ground in its vicinity had not been soaked with freshly-spilt milk. The man kept turning about and looking at his feet with an uneasy attention. Presently I saw him stoop down, seize an adder, which the perfume of the milk had lured from its cover, and throw it into the caldron. At its furious hissing there was a stir in the tufts of grass at the foot of the rocks, and several reptiles glided out. The man in the leathern raiment crushed their heads under his heel, and put them into a little barrel closed by a valve. Whilst thus occupied, he observed my presence.

"'Keep off!' he shouted, in a voice which sounded strangely from under his leathern mask—'don't you see they are vipers?'

"I started back, and went and stationed myself thirty yards off, on a little eminence quite bare of brushwood, whence I could observe the movements of this singular sportsman. He several times recommenced the operation I had already witnessed, and ended by pouring upon the ground the whole of the milk in his caldron. At last, hopeless of attracting any more victims, he nailed down the cover of his barrel, hung it over his shoulder by a strap, took up his kettle, and approached the foot of the mound on which I had taken refuge. Then only did he strip off his leathern armor."

The snake-catcher, divested of his professional costume, proved to be an old sailor with a wooden leg, which had replaced that of flesh and blood ever since the battle of Aboukir. The snakes were for the apothecaries, who used them in the composition of an old-fashioned medicament, then rapidly becoming obsolete. At one time, said the old man, the vermin had been worth a cornfield to him, but now they barely found him in pipes and tobacco. So, in addition to snake-snaring, he followed various other pursuits, whose multiplicity had earned him the nickname of *Fait-Tout*.

The *Kacouss de l'Armor* and the *Groac'h* are sketches from Northern Brittany. A *Groac'h* is a sorceress of the worst and most malignant class; a *Kacouss* is a sort of Breton pariah, formerly excluded from the society of Christians, and doomed to occupations that were considered infamous—such as horse-flaying and ropemaking—and still regarded, especially by the older portion of the lower orders, with contempt and dislike. "The traditions as to their origin were numerous and obscure; some held them to be *Gypsians* or Bohemians; others took them for Jewish lepers; and others, again, for Saracen captives, brought to France in the time of the Crusades. The Dukes of Brittany at first prohibited their occupying themselves with agriculture and commerce; but in the fifteenth century, Francis II, wishing to diminish the number of mendicants, permitted them to take farms on leases of three years, and to trade in thread or hemp in unfrequented situations. These privileges were granted them on condition of their wearing a badge of red cloth. In time, these distinctions disappeared, but popular prejudice survived. A malignant Kacouss was *Judok Shipwreck*, an old man who dwelt at Crow's Point, a wind-

buffeted promontory on the bleak northwest coast of Finisterre, who was accused of hoisting false signals, and of lighting fires to decoy ships into the breakers in stormy weather, and who, in the memory of man, had never been known to cook a meal or warm himself, save with wood *that had floated under canvas*. In 1812 he had been brought to trial at Brest, on suspicion of acting as spy to the English, but had been acquitted for want of evidence. The superstitious inhabitants of the coast believed him to have made a compact with Satan, who supplied him with devices to bring vessels to the coast. Judok did not live alone. His hut had another inmate, as mysterious and ill-famed as himself. An old boatman gave M. Souvestre the following strange account of their first association:—

"'It was on a spring evening, sir, and the *suroit* (south-west wind) was lashing the sea as though it would have carried away pieces of it, when a large three-master in distress appeared at the entrance of the channel of the Isle of Sein. A cruel pity it was to see how these poor christened planks were swept before wind and wave. All the people of the coast were there, gazing at the ship in its last agony, but helpless to save. Judok Shipwreck stood alone on his rock, boat-hook in hand. It was as if he attracted the vessel by the malice of his eye. We saw her go straight towards him, to within four or five cable-lengths of the shore; then she came to the *Feather-bed*, a shoal which is uncovered only at the equinoxes; in an instant she struck, and went to pieces at once. We ran down to see if any of the crew reached land; but the sea brought nothing but chests, casks, and broken planks. At first nobody had the heart to touch them. Judok alone was at work, up to the hips in the surf, and as pleased as an owl supping upon wrens, when suddenly something black was wafted towards him by a wave. The ropemaker threw out his hook, and brought in a cage. Inside this cage was a great drowned bird, such as none of us had ever before seen, and on the top of it was a half-naked lad, who began to dance for joy, and to utter cries like a wild beast. He it is whom they call Beuzec.'*

"'And how came the wrecker to adopt him for his son?'

"'Excuse me, sir; it was he who adopted the wrecker for his father. When Judok returned to his hut, he followed him, as a dog follows his master. The *Kacouss* took him in for that day; but upon the morrow he turned him out. As soon as the door was opened, the boy went in again; when he was refused food, he stole it; when he was beaten, he defended himself, and returned blow for blow. In short, none can tell what passed between him and Judok; but the new comer forced the horse-flayer to keep him under his roof, and give him a share of his bread. When he learned to speak, he called him his father, as if in derision; for Judok never called him anything but *the reptile*. And it has always been the belief in the country that Beuzec came from the bottom of the abyss, sent by the spirit of evil to watch for the fulfilment of the compact.'"

* *Beuzec*, in the Breton tongue, signifies *the drowned*.

(*To be continued.*)

THE GREGORIAN CHANT IN THE CHURCHES.

The Rev. Alfred Young of the Paulist Congregation says: "We have adopted the Chant exclusively for our church. The chorus of thirty men and thirty boys, all trained to sing accurately by note, are ranged in a perfectly constructed choir. They are, of course, vested in cassock and surplice. They are chanting now nearly three years, and the chant is no longer an experiment, but a signal success. The prophets said I would empty the church by its introduction. The following are the results. Our offices of Mass and vespers are crowded, although our New York Catholics, as a rule, never heard a Gregorian Mass in all their lives, and are accustomed to the cheap second-rate Sunday concert. Perhaps it is only a happy coincidence, but it is a fact—in the same period our communions have advanced from 500 to 2,000 per week. It does not damage the piety of the people, that is plain."

THE HOLY HOUSE OF LORETTO.

AN AMERICAN VISIT TO THE HOUSE OF MIRACLES.

BY CHARLES WARREN STODDARD.

It is unnecessary to tell our readers that it was at Nazareth the Virgin Mary dwelt when the Angel Gabriel announced to her the mystery of the incarnation—that she was

"The sinless link between the God and man
The perfect medium of Salvation's plan."

It was here the childhood of the Saviour was passed. Necessarily the deepest reverence and most loving interest was felt in a house which had been the earthly habitation of the Son of God and his blessed mother. Judea falling into the hands of the Turks, Nazareth and its precious Christian shrine also passed into their possession. In 1291, however, the House of the Virgin was miraculously translated from Nazareth to Sclavonia. After remaining at the latter place, it was as miraculously carried into the March of Ancona in Italy, near the town of Recanati, and placed in the field of a pious widow named Lauretta, from which its name in English is derived. It subsequently was carried to a hill a mile and a half distant, where it still stands.

Of course such a marvellous transmigration of the divine residence led to extended investigation and much discussion. All the Popes from Pius II have spoken of it: Clement VII, to assure himself of the reality and conformity of the facts, sent three men of strict integrity and profound learning to Nazareth. Their report was, that the dimensions of the chamber exactly corresponded with those of the place it had originally and evidently occupied. Mineralogists attested that the stones of which the edifice of Loretto was constructed "were exactly of the same nature with those of the house of Nazareth." Benedict XIV, in his work on the Feast of Mary, says: "This apartment in which the Divine Word took flesh was transported by the ministry of angels, in proof whereof are all monuments, constant tradition, the testimony of the Sovereign Pontiffs, and the miracles unceasingly wrought there." Fr. Turselinus has written a history of the House of Loretto, in which satisfactory reasons are given, proving the miraculous translation. Theophilus Raynaud, and the learned doctors, Canisius, Turrian, and Gresser, have also treated the subject with irresistible force, and refuted Aunoy de Verger, D'Hospinien, and other Protestant writers, and the Calvinists, Theodore Beza and the elder David, who have denied and sought to lessen faith in the miracle.* A spirited narrative may be found in Rohrbacher's Universal History of the Catholic Church.†

With this brief preface of ecclesiastical authorities for any extended reference our readers might wish to make, we desire to introduce a very interesting narrative of the subject by an American writer who recently visited the shrine. The writer, Mr. Charles Warren Stoddard of the *San Francisco Chronicle*, whose distinction is not confined to the Pacific Coast, is now travelling abroad; and conveys his information with a fulness and freshness quite as acceptable as the freedom from sectionality which distinguishes his narrative.

The subject is one of perennial interest, and loses nothing in the hands of an appreciative and talented American poet and author, whose observations indicate the generous and manly character of the grand State with the developing literature of which his name is prominently linked. Mr. Stoddard writes:—

"The facts in the history of the Holy House of Loretto are so astounding that no man in his right mind is expected to credit them—without proof! Fortunately, proof corrobo-

* "*The Year of Mary.*" From the French of the Rev. M. D'Arville.

† *Histoire Universelle de L'Eglise Catholique.* Par L'Abbé Rohrbacher. Paris: 1851. Tome 19, livre 76.

rating every statement that has been made concerning the miraculous flight of the House is on record, and the story, as it is now told, may be accepted as authentic, though it is, without doubt, unparalleled in the annals of these years of our Lord. What happened before the Christian era doesn't concern us personally, and we won't trouble ourselves about it to-day. I believe it is generally acknowledged that nothing proves itself. Tradition alone proves the authenticity of the Scriptures. From Scripture and tradition we learn that a virgin named Mary, espoused to a man named Joseph, was visited by an angel, who saluted her in her house at Nazareth and prophesied that she would miraculously bear the divine child she bore; and that the holy family returned from Egypt after the death of Herod and resided at Nazareth until the child Jesus began his teachings in his thirteenth year. It is natural to suppose that the apostles, who so loved their Divine Master that they forsook all to follow him, should reverence the humble house that had sheltered him during his childhood; there can, therefore, be little doubt that the house in Nazareth reverenced as the Holy House was THE VERITABLE HOME OF OUR LORD.

"Helena, the mother of Constantine the Great, visited Nazareth and left there magnificent monuments of her faith; so that, at the very beginning of the fourth century, the Holy House was an object of veneration. Nicephorus, the ecclesiastical historian, describing the pilgrimage of St. Helena, says: 'She went to Nazareth, and having found the house where Mary was saluted by the angel, she had a magnificent temple erected over it.' Eight years later St. Jerome accompanied the illustrious Roman lady, Paula, to Nazareth, and he tells us that there were two churches in that city—one near the centre, where stood the house in which the infant Jesus was educated; and the other where the angel entered to announce to Mary the heavenly message. It is mentioned in the writings of the learned monk Adaman, and Bishop Arcolf, and the Venerable Bede.

"Pilgrimages to Nazareth were so common that the order of the Knights of St. Catherine was established for their protection; and later, when the Holy Land fell into the hands of the Turks, their cruelty towards the Christians was the cause of the famous Crusades.

"William, Archbishop of Tyre, in his history of the Holy War, mentions that the church existed not only in the seventh century, but that Prince Tancred, Governor of Galilee in the year 1100, adorned it with beautiful gifts.

"James Vitriare, Cardinal Patriarch of Jerusalem, says that he often celebrated the divine mysteries in the house where the Virgin was saluted by the angel, and this was during the first half of the thirteenth century.

"John Facas, a Greek priest, visited Nazareth in 1185, and writing of the Holy House, he says: 'On the left hand side of the altar (in the church erected by St. Helena) there is a niche through which one enters, and, descending a few steps, you behold the ancient house of Joseph, in which the archangel announced the glad tidings to the Virgin.'

"St. Francis of Assisium visited it in 1518. About this time were instituted the military orders, the 'Knights of St. John of Jerusalem' and the 'Templars,' for the protection of the pilgrims. The country was in a condition which made it unsafe for pilgrims to enter it; yet St. Louis, King of France, as was recorded by one who was in his company, visited Nazareth, and entered the holy house in which 'the Word was made flesh.' The wars of the Guelphs and Ghibbelines and the mutual strife between the Kings of England, France, and Spain drew the attention of Catholic Europe from the Holy Land, and in 1291 it fell into the hands of the infidels. The splendid church erected over the Holy House was almost entirely destroyed, and but for its marvellous destiny the last vestige of that sacred chamber might have been buried for ever in the ruins.

"On the 15th of May, 1291, there suddenly appeared on an eminence called Ranizza, between the cities of Tersato and Fiume, in Dalmatia, a house thirty-two feet in length, thirteen in width and eighteen in height. The astonished inhabitants of both Tersato and Fiume came in crowds to see the strange visitor. It looked ancient; it seemed to have once been a chapel. With awe and wonder they entered the mysterious building. The walls were of hewn stone (and not of brick, as has been reported in some travellers'

notes). Here and there were some bits of plaster still bearing the faint outlines of frescoes. Against the walls immediately opposite the entrance was a small altar, and over it a wooden cross. On the right was a small statue of wood representing the Virgin and child; on the left was a cupboard with two shelves, set in the wall itself. Near the cupboard and against the wall of the building was a low fireplace. It was evident that, whatever the house might have been originally, it had recently been used as a chapel in honor of the Blessed Virgin.

"The news of the advent of this mystic house spread with wonderful rapidity throughout Dalmatia, and many, believing at once that a miracle had been wrought, hastened to visit the scene of it and enjoy the benefits thereof. At this time one Alexander, the curate of the parish, a faithful, pious man, was lying at the point of death. Hearing of the many cures that were wrought at the Holy House, he was filled with hope, and in a vision he was visited by the Blessed Virgin, who related to him the history of the house, and bade him rise and tell the people what he had heard. The curate arose healed, and narrated how the Holy House had been brought from Nazareth, as a proof of its sanctity, for there it was neglected and exposed to the insults of the infidels.

"Nicholas Frangipani was at that time the Prefect of Dalmatia. He had no sooner heard the wonderful story of the house, as related by Alexander, than he authorized the inhabitants of Tersato to send a delegation of four worthy citizens to Nazareth in order to see whether or not the House of the Virgin still existed there, and, if not, to search for the foundations and take exact measurement thereof. This delegation went to Nazareth, and on the return to Tersato thereof, declared, under oath, that 'the House of the Blessed Virgin was no longer at Nazareth, and that the foundations remaining on the spot where once stood this Holy House, corresponded exactly with the dimensions of the strange house that had so mysteriously appeared amongst them.' The news of the appearance of the Holy House in Dalmatia, the wonderful cures wrought there, the report of the delegation sent to Nazareth, spread beyond the confines of Dalmatia, and soon thousands of pilgrims from Istria, Croatia, Boshnia, Servia, and more remote districts, flocked to the sacred edifice. According to the official records of Fiume and Tersato, a priest named John De Grobnio was appointed custodian of the chapel by the Prefect Frangipani.

"On the 10th of December, 1294—three years and seven months from the date of its appearance in Dalmatia—the Holy House was again miraculously transported. Some shepherds watching their flocks near the shores of the Adriatic, in the territory of Recanati, suddenly beheld a house, which seemed to be carried by invisible hands, crossing the sea! It gradually descended into a little wood about a mile and a half from the seashore. As soon as it was broad daylight the shepherds hastened to the spot where they had seen the house descend, and they found it without a stone loosened or a beam displaced. Without delay they hastened to Recanati and related what they had seen.

"Their story was of course discredited. They, however, persisted in their assertions, and finally some of the citizens of Recanati determined to accompany them to the wood. Upon arriving at the spot the house was discovered to be exactly what the shepherds had described; and as the wood in the midst of which it had descended belonged to a lady named Lauretta, or Loretto, the House was called the Holy house of Loretto.

"Unfortunately, the Holy House rested at some distance from the main road; it was surrounded by a thicket of trees, and the many pilgrims who visited it took with them gifts, very often of great value. The consequence was, that the place became infested with robbers. After a time few people dared venture to visit the miraculous chapel, and it was finally abandoned. For the third time the Holy House was mysteriously conveyed from its resting-place, and suddenly made its appearance on an eminence near the public road that led to Recanati. The hill on which the house rested was the property of two brothers who lived in the city.

"As soon as it became known that the house had again by some invisible power been removed and deposited in a place where it could be visited with comparative safety, crowds of the faithful daily flocked to it,

and few left it without depositing some thank-offering of a substantial nature. The brothers, seeing the treasury of the house daily increasing, determined to seize the same, but disagreed as to the proper division of the spoils, and while they were still disputing, the winged house again took flight and rested on the spot it now occupies.

"It was then inclosed on the north, south, and east sides by rude brick walls, placed some distance from the sides of the house. An altar was built against the exterior of the south wall, and above it was spread a large portico, which served as a church.

"The Holy House at present stands beneath the lofty dome of a magnificent basilica, erected by Cardinal Barbo, a Venetian, afterwards Pope Paul II, in the fifteenth century. In 1464 Pope Pius II came with his court to Ancona. While there he was stricken down with the pest and died. Cardinal Barbo, one of the Papal court, was, almost immediately after, seized in like manner, but desired to be at once removed to Loretto, that he might visit the Holy House. His request was granted, and no sooner had he entered the portals of the wonderful chapel than he fell into a deep sleep, out of which he awoke in perfect health. In gratitude for his miraculous recovery he at once gave orders for the erection of the splendid edifice that now shelters the Holy House.

"The inhabitants of Recanati, having learned that a house similar to the one that had made its unaccountable appearance in their territory had as unaccountably appeared without a warning at Dalmatia, and after remaining there for the space of three years and seven months had suddenly and unexpectedly disappeared, and that the house was believed to be the veritable House of the Virgin, determined to send a delegation to Fiume, in Dalmatia, and also to Nazareth, in order to obtain more positive proof of its identity. The delegation returned with proofs so positive, that there was no longer a doubt that the Holy House of Loretto was the same that had rested in Dalmatia after its flight from Nazareth.

"For the facts given in this statement I am indebted to my good friend Doctor Krieger, the English confessor at the Holy House. That a house which you may or may not call 'holy' did stand in Nazareth, and was there venerated by the faithful for thirteen centuries; that a house answering to it in every particular appeared in Dalmatia and disappeared without human agency; and that the same house, or one so like it that it was impossible to distinguish them, appeared in the territory of Recanati, by the sea, but was twice miraculously removed, and found its final rest where it now stands, are undeniable facts. Disprove them if you can! How the house was floated through space you can explain to suit yourself, and perhaps you can do it. As for the Holy House, it rests in the hands of those who have sustained it in the past."

FROUDE AND KINGSLEY.

An epigram was lately current at Cambridge, England upon Froude and Kingsley. Froude, in his inaugural address as Rector of the University of Edinburgh, ascribed a want of veracity to clerical writers, and his friend the late Canon Kingsley, when resigning his professorship at Oxford, dwelt on the proneness of historians to indulge in fiction. The wits of the Common Room put the two observations together, and this is the result:—

"Froude informs the Scottish youth
That parsons have no care for truth;
While Canon Kingsley loudly cries
That history is a pack of lies.

"What cause for judgment so malign?
A brief reflection solves the mystery;
For Froude thinks Kingsley a divine,
And Kingsley goes to Froude for history.'

HOW SHE BECAME AN EDITRESS.

BY FLORENCE BRENAN.

"Love stories, indeed! fiddle faddle you mean. How I detest those sensational absurdities. First—you have love, *passionate* love; then the usual accompaniment of love, murder, and the issue of murder—blood; so put all these together, love, murder, and blood, and you have the chief elements of a fashionable novel.

"Now, Molly, you are the mother of that young gentlemen over there—your husband believes you to be a pattern wife—you yourself profess to have some common-sense, and, admitting all these, how you can sit down contentedly to read one of those wishy-washy novels, is more than I can comprehend."

The speaker of the above sentiments was an old maid, if one might judge by her age, which amounted to four times nine, but she was not one of the thin, spare, disappointed old maids. Her figure, a little above the medium height, was well rounded ; her full face was very intelligent, bright, cheery of expression, and in fact she looked more like a matron than a spinster. Her companion and sister was a very pretty, sensible-looking little woman, industriously sewing. She raised her head, to answer her sister with a peculiar smile, "If you were married, Ellen, you would probably appreciate the love in those novels."

"Married ! you foolish little goose, who would marry me ?" asked Ellen, while the faintest kind of a blush stole over her face.

"It certainly is strange," replied Molly reflectively, "that somebody has not found out your good qualities. You were always bright, and full of fun, but you would always say just what you thought, and you generally thought just the contrary to all the gentlemen, and I think they must have been rather afraid of asking you. Do you know, Ellen, I would be happy if you were married ?"

"Nonsense, dear, I shall begin to think you are getting tired of me," replied Ellen: "I am quite content as I am. But to return to the question in dispute : I am not quite so ridiculous as to condemn *all* novels, for I must plead guilty of taking great pleasure in reading such a book as 'Florence McCarthy,' by Lady Morgan, 'Davenport Dunn,' 'The Virginians,' 'David Copperfield,' or any number of others equally as good ; but as for spending my time as you do, reading such stories as one sees in those picture papers of the day, which are either sensational, horrible, blood-thirsty things that make one's hair stand on end, or weak, maudlin, nonsensical stuff, I would rather——"

"Do you not believe you exaggerate a little, Ellen ?" said Molly quietly, interrupting her. "If you think a moment you will remember you thought 'Hard Luck' in Frank Leslie's was unusually good."

"Well, yes," said Ellen hesitatingly ; "it was remarkably well written, but the generality of the stories you read are not."

"That is your opinion, dear," replied Molly, smiling. "But gracious ! I had nearly forgotten all about the concert to-night—you are going of course ?"

"No," replied Ellen, becoming suddenly grave, "I am not going."

"Why ?" ejaculated Molly, opening her eyes wide with astonishment. "Do you know that Carlotti Patti and Ronconi will be there ? and dear only knows when they will visit our little town again. You are so crazy about fine singing: what is the matter with you, Ellen ?"

"It is too much trouble to go to concerts," was the laconic reply

"Well, I do think it is too bad," said Molly poutingly, "but you know best ; only Fred will be so disappointed."

The person spoken of at that very moment

entered the room whistling energetically; his little wife ran to embrace him, and then with a quick thought of his comfort proceeded to help him off with his overcoat. "Bless me, how wet you are. Any news, dear?"

"Nothing new, except that another of those confounded women-righters is going to lecture."

"Another!" ejaculated Ellen. "When will women find out that by publicly shouting out the cause they espouse, instead of increasing its popularity, they thus only help to make it the ridicule of every sensible person?"

"Very good sentiments, Ellen,—why not have them published?" asked Fred Halton.

"And get laughed at for my pains? No, thank you," said Ellen decidedly.

"But now, seriously speaking, Ell, you have often said you believe woman's rights are at home, and as you have often expressed very strong opinions on that subject, why not write and give the women stumpers a rub?"

"Why, Fred Halton, what put that idea in your head?"

"Well, the other evening I stopped in to see Mrs. Gainess, and in the course of conversation she showed me one of your letters you had written to her while at school, and really, Ell, although I know your character well, I had never thought you capable of expressing such sentiments."

"Bah!" was Ellen's polite reply, while a pleased look shone in her eyes.

"There is no 'Bah!' about it," said her brother-in-law. "Just you try your hand at an article, and I will vouch for your sucess."

"Article writing and *letter* writing are two different things."

"The only difference," replied Fred, "is, that in writing a letter you are not afraid to express your opinions, while in writing an article you probably would be."

"Not I, indeed," laughed Ellen; "but this will not do, I must look after 'Tot's' supper."

"Ellen is not going to the concert, Fred," said Molly.

"What the deuce is the matter?" asked he impatiently. "She must go. It gives me pleasure to look at her; she enjoys the singing with such a keen appreciation."

"You know, Fred dear, how self-willed she is, and when she says she will not do a thing, she generally has her own way."

"Never mind, sweetheart, I will make her go."

But he did not—neither frowns nor coaxings could shake her resolve, and her only excuse was, "She did not feel in a concert humor." Fred, in a very irritated state of mind, tucked his little wife under his arm, slammed the hall-door and went off. Could he have seen Ellen's behavior after his departure, there is no doubt he would have been considerably mollified and perhaps mystified. Taking her four-year-old nephew "Tot," on her lap, she carefully undressed him, after which she examined his body, felt and gently pinched his arm, speaking in an undertone all the while.

"I cannot tell that sweet little woman anything about it, she would put herself in a perfect fever; as for Fred, foolish, good-hearted fellow, he would go insane at the bare idea of it."

"Is papa foolish?" asked the wondering Tot. "What do you mean, auntie?"

"Nothing, you precious little goose, only I am going to put you to sleep."

"Tot won't go to sleep," cried the little rebel.

"Hush! you little rascal, go to sleep this minute. No marks of it. Oh! how I wish the Doctor was in town!" murmured she, talking to herself and continuing her investigation. If Ellen kept a diary, she probably would have written in it that night—"Refused to go to a concert because I heard Tot had been playing all day with Sam Gates, who at three o'clock was taken suddenly ill with the scarlet-fever." But Ellen did not write a diary. She would not waste her time with such school-girlish nonsense.

After she put Tot to sleep, she gently laid him down in his crib, and bending over him, watched his regular breathing, and gazed fondly at his pretty features. While she stood there her face assumed a loving, tender expression, and for the moment was almost beautiful. After satisfying herself that he was fast asleep she went into her own room, leaving the door between open, in order that she might keep her eye on Tot's crib. She seated herself beside a little table

with a roll of blank paper and a new pen, sat cogitatingly biting the end of her penholder while her thoughts ran in this vein—

"That was not a bad notion of Fred's; I believe I *will* write an article on—on the extravagance of the generality of women, and take it myself to the editor of the *Weekly Argus*. It is true, I do not know him, but that does not matter. I will not tell Molly or Fred anything about it, I will give them a perfect surprise."

Without further thought, she dipped her pen in the ink and began to write; first slowly, hesitatingly, but gradually increasing in spirit she wrote on, till footsteps on the stairs warned her they had returned from the concert, and not caring to be discovered with a pile of papers before her, and not having time to close the door, she took the only alternative that was left, put out the lamp burning before her. A few seconds after, Fred and Molly entered their room.

"Ellen is in bed, Fred. See, she left the door open to watch Tot, I suppose. What a darling girl she is!" said Molly in a low tone, but distinctly audible to Ellen.

"She is indeed, sweet wife. How I wish she had been with us to-night—how she would have enjoyed herself. Do you know, Molly, that that fine music makes me feel like a new man?"

"I know it, dear. See, Fred, how sweet Tot looks asleep."

"Yes, he has a lovely expression," replied the fond father.

"Fred," said Molly, after a long pause during which they were looking at Tot, "I believe Ellen's theory about music is right."

"What is it, Molly?"

"Well, she says that all our natures are formed like harps or pianos, that we have many chords and strings, and that just as they are played upon they become rough or smooth, and that we all possess some extremely fine sensitive chords which daily contact with the world makes very discordant, and that the only true tuner is a sympathetic musician."

"I believe she is right, as she generally is," replied Fred. "And now, little woman, just shut that door so we won't disturb her."

The next morning after Fred had taken his way to his office, Ellen announced to Molly her intention to go out.

"What, on this dreadful cold, wet, raw day?" exclaimed her sister.

"Yes," was the uncompromising reply.

Being an economical person, Ellen put on her oldest gown and bonnet. Armed with an umbrella, and with her roll of manuscript under her cloak, she marched boldly down the street till, nearing the office of the *Argus*, she was startled by the sight of Fred in earnest conversation with the editor. Fearing to meet him she turned the corner, and after walking through several streets, entered the office, but not without carefully looking up and down the sidewalks to ascertain if the coast was clear. Ellen prided herself on her courage, being, to use her own terms, "afraid of nothing earthly or unearthly," but she had to confess that as the "devil" of the office conducted her up-stairs to the door of the editor's sanctum, and then left her, she felt a peculiar sinking of the heart. She knocked rather timidly, and, on receiving a loud, somewhat impatient invitation to enter, did so, and stood before that august personage the editor, feeling, as she afterwards expressed it, "rather small," and being uncomfortably conscious that a pair of dark eyes were scanning her sharply. Knowing that her nose was very red, her cheeks very blue, and her skirt very wet, she stood for a few seconds quite dumb, till the ludicrousness of her position flashed across her and feeling half angry for being there, held her manuscript towards him saying confusedly: "Mr. Burton, I have brought you an article to publish."

"May I ask, madam, if you are the writer of the article?" replied that gentleman, without noticing the proffered roll. For the first time in her life Ellen felt afraid of a man; without raising her eyes, in a very low tone of voice she answered:

"Yes, I am, and I beg you, sir, to be kind enough not to reveal the authorship: that is," she added, as a sudden thought struck her, "if you accept it."

There was a long pause, until Ellen, beginning to feel very uncomfortable, raised her eyes, and met the quizzical, half-amused glance of Mr. Burton; it roused all the

defiance of her nature, and with an angry flash in her eyes she said:

"Mr. Burton, if you do not intend taking my article, you will be kind enough to say so."

There was no answer.

"It is called the 'Extravagance of Women,'" exclaimed she, desperately holding it out again towards him. He took it, and while skimming over it, the quizzical glance deepened into a quizzical smile, and the smile into a broad grin. He ended it, and quietly folding it up, restored it to her without saying a word.

"Well!" exclaimed Ellen, impatiently, while the hot blood tingled in her cheeks, "what is your opinion of it?"

"Well, madam, to tell you the truth, I have too much gallantry for the opposite sex to admire your style."

Whether he meant her writing or herself, Ellen was at a loss to know, he looked so keenly at her.

"I do not accept your piece, because the office is deluged with such articles. And, madam, if you will pardon my boldness, I would advise you not to write anything more in this line. You may have talent, but there are a great many ladies who, if I may be allowed to say it, waste their time writing nonsense."

"I am very much obliged to you, sir, for your candid opinion," replied Ellen with dignity. "But as I have commenced I shall persevere, until I find your opinion, that I do not possess talent, is verified."

Mr. Burton seemed struck by the change in her manner, and said kindly: "I am sorry madam, if I have been harsh, but really I think it would be far better for you to give up the idea altogether. Will you favor me with your name? I shall not mention about your visit here."

"My name is Ellen Gray."

"Ah, the sister-in-law of Fred Halton?"

At that moment a boy pushing his head within the door sang out in a gruff voice: "Copy, sir."

"Excuse me, Miss Gray, but I am very hurried now."

Ellen took the hint, and bowing to Mr. Burton hurriedly left the room. Regardless of the rain, which had begun to pour down, she tramped steadily onward. "He thinks I don't possess any talent, does he? I shall never stop writing until I make that man acknowledge I can write well."

When she arrived at home, sensible little Molly, instead of worrying her with questions, quietly helped her to remove her wet garments.

For three or four days Fred and his wife noticed that Ellen seemed very preoccupied: in fact she was writing on the "Weakness of Men." When she had finished the article she went direct to the *Argus* office, with the determination that she would not be afraid of Mr. Burton. However, she no sooner found herself in his presence than her courage seemed to vanish like thin air. She discovered him very busily looking over a formidable tower of papers. His strong, rather handsome face wore a vexed, worried expression. Rising impatiently from his chair, he greeted her in a hurried, absent way.

"Mr. Burton," said she, trying, with a great effort, to speak in her usually decisive manner, "I have brought you another trial, 'The Weakness of Men.'"

"The men this time," cried he, with a cynical laugh. "That is the way with your sex. If you cannot have an argument among yourselves, you turn on the poor men."

"You are very polite and witty, Mr. Burton," angrily ejaculated Ellen. He did not heed her answer, but glancing curiously over the manuscript, gave it back to her, saying, "Miss Gray, there is not an atom of originality in that."

"And if it possessed *any*, I don't believe you would acknowledge it," cried Ellen.

"Thank you, madam," returned he, with a bow, and turning his back to her, commenced arranging his papers. Ellen stood for some moments perfectly still, and then in a voice of suppressed anger, said:

"Mr. Burton, if this is your usual treatment of ladies, *I* shall never trouble you again."

"I sincerely beg your pardon, Miss Gray, "but my head is so distracted that really,"—

"It is very well to beg a lady's, pardon," interrupted Ellen, "after you have insulted her so rudely. Good morning, sir." And drawing her shawl around her, she left the

room. As she hurried home, her thoughts were in a perfect whirl; she was puzzled to define the peculiar feeling with which Mr. Burton inspired her; never had she met a man before, who she felt was so thoroughly her master. The idea, that he whom she had seen but twice, could have such an influence over her, as to make her forget herself sufficiently as to get in a temper, was indeed very vexatious. "It is singular, thought she, "that I dislike him with such a right good-will, and yet respect him in spite of myself. Oh, pshaw! it is perfectly ridiculous to think so much of an entire stranger," and with a jerk of the head she tried to dismiss him from her mind, but she could not; she reviewed his words, his looks, his actions till, out of temper with everything and everybody, she arrived at home.

Ellen was one who, possessing a quick temper, had so perfectly subdued it, that her most intimate friends looked upon her as a paragon of good-natured, bright amiability. She was the one who was sent for when the little children were ill, for with her firm will and cheerful words she would coax them into taking a gallon, if it were necessary, of the most distasteful medicine. She was the one to whom all the young girls confided their most solemn secrets (namely, love secrets), and although Ellen, in conversation, would laugh at the sensational love of novels, she could be very interested and useful in the more sensible love affairs of every-day life. Although she possessed such good qualities, nearly all the gentlemen of her acquaintance were somewhat afraid of her, being, in fact, in awe of her sharp rap, and her sound, good common-sense: so it was that Ellen was an old maid.

Two days after her scene with the editor, she entered the parlor, and was very much embarrassed and annoyed to find Mr. Burton comfortably seated in an arm-chair talking to Fred, who introduced them to each other; a cold bow passed between them, and Ellen felt thankful that the twilight hid her very red cheeks. In a short while she found his eyes bent upon her in a peculiar, questioning gaze, and in spite of herself she laughed; after that the ice seemed broken. They conversed a long time together, and she had to acknowledge to herself that he was quite a fascinating man; he was so frank, his conversation so easy, and his reasoning powers so strong. Once or twice the thought would come, "He is trying to bend my mind in unison with his, but I shall not let him." However, the next moment she found she was assenting to the very things she before objected to.

After the first visit, Mr. Burton dropped in many an evening, and numberless were the word-battles he and Ellen had together, she trying in vain to keep her original thoughts, while he, with a few words, was quietly upsetting all her former theories. She had not quite given up all idea of writing, for she worked alone and earnestly, determined that, the next article she gave Mr. Burton, he would be obliged to say it was good.

In the midst of her literary labors Tot, who did not take the scarlet-fever, as she had feared he would, fell a victim to the whooping-cough, and after a week's illness died, leaving the bright home of the Haltons in darkness. How the dear little fellow's death affected Ellen, only those who knew her strong, loving character could comprehend. She mourned him long, long after when to all apearances she was the same cheerful Ellen; and indeed, in her greatest sorrow, she did not forget she had to sustain her sister and Fred. Molly bore her loss with the bravery of a true mother, who, knowing her darling is happy, would fain be content; only at times would this sentence arise from her sad heart: "My sunbeam has left me." These words were constantly in Ellen's mind, and under the impulse of them, three or four months after Tot's death, she wrote an exquisite poem, and disguising her hand, sent it to the *Weekly Argus*. The next week she had the pleasure of reading it, with the following notice: "The above beautiful poem inscribed to 'Tot,' and overflowing with love and sentiment, was sent to our office with the initials K. R. We would be happy to become acquainted with the author, and would be more than pleased to receive further contributions from the same talented pen."

That same evening Mr. Burton paid them a visit, and in earnest and glowing words, spoke of the writer of the poem as a noble

woman. "How do you know it is a woman?" asked Ellen, while she tried with useless strength to still her excitement.

"I know it is," replied Mr. Burton, "because none but a woman could write with such delicacy of feeling. And further let me tell you, my dear friends, so certain am I that the writer of that poem is a true woman, I have made up my mind that she, and no other, shall be my wife."

"Do you know her?" exclaimed Molly and Fred in a breath. "If you do, Mr. Burton, please bring her to us that we may thank her for the pleasure she has given us."

"When she is my betrothed, I shall introduce her," replied he gravely.

In a little while after, he took his departure, leaving Ellen in a great state of excitement, between the fear that he knew she was the writer, and the fear that he did not.

Two days afterward, Mr. Burton entered the sitting-room, where Ellen was busily engaged in sewing.

"Good-morning, Miss Ellen," he had gradually dropped the Miss Gray; "I hope you are well."

"Very well, thank you, I will call Molly," replied she, gathering up her sewing in an agitated way.

"Miss Ellen, I have not asked for Mrs. Halton. I would be pleased to have a chat with you," said he quietly.

"As our chats generally do not terminate very pleasantly, I think it would be useless to try and entertain ourselves."

"In that case, Miss Ellen, we can sit and look at each other," said he, looking steadily at her. She laughed nervously, and turning very red, gazed out of the window.

"Ellen," said he, in a low, steady voice, "do you remember what I said about the writer of that poem? I said she, and no other, should be my wife, so I have come to-day to ask you to be my wife."

There was silence for a long time. Ellen seemed to have a hard struggle inwardly, and at length she spoke very quietly, although her lips trembled:

"You have evidently taken it for granted that I will be your wife?"

"No," replied he gravely,—"but I have taken it for granted that you love me."

"I do not," was on the tip of Ellen's tongue, but her spirit of truth would not allow her to utter it; so compressing her lips tightly together, she sat in rigid silence.

"Ellen, is it necessary that I should tell you? Are you waiting for that declaration, you strong, wilful woman? are you waiting for me to tell you that I will marry you whether you will or not?"

"It is not true," exclaimed Ellen. "I shall never marry you. You are a tyrant, you, want to subdue my will, but you never shall."

There was a pause during which Ellen looked very much as though she would like to cry. At length Mr. Burton spoke, while a peculiar smile played round the corner of his lips, "Then, Ellen, you have no ambition to become my assistant editor?"

In spite of the excitement of the moment, Ellen's thoughts flew back to her first meeting with Mr. Burton, and the thought that she had conquered him instead of his conquering her, was too much for her gravity, and she laughed heartily. Before she was scarcely aware of it, he had the audacity to kiss her, and her engagement was ratified. In a few months they were married, very much to Fred's and Molly's gratification, and that was "How She Became an Editress."

APRIL.

April, a child, half tears, half smiles,
Trips full of little playful wiles;
And, laughing 'neath her rainbow hood,
Seeks the wild violets of the wood.

THE CONVERSION OF PLACIDUS.*

BY J. RYAN.

I.

Brave was he as Afric's lion,
Chaste as snow on Apennine;
Gentle as a loving maid,
True to friend as Spanish blade,
Pride of soldier and of cit;
Not a one more fam'd than he,
Then on honor's couch did sit
Of the sons of Italy:
Needed he but light divine,
To be perfect upon earth;
For he knelt at pagan shrine--
Worshipp'd gods of human birth—
Worshipp'd lifeless things of clay,
For the God of night and day.

II.

See him now, on fiery steed,
Prancing over vale and mead!
Joy is sparkling in his face,
For he hies him to the chase—
To the chase, his chiefest pleasure
In the hours of rest and leisure.
Spurring in his track amain,
Onward ride a gallant train;
On they ride, nor slack a rein
Till the Sabine hills they gain;
There it is they're sure to meet
With the red-deer large and fleet!

III.

Bounds each manly heart with joy,
Pleasure dances in each eye;
For before them on the crags
Browse a herd of antler'd stags,
Which in sudden, swift dismay
O'er the hill-side rush away,
As they see with startled eye
Men and dogs a-toward them fly.

IV.

Placidus with hunter's ken
Sees a tow'ring "stag of ten,"†
Largest he had ever seen
On the breast of Mount Sabine:
And at once with eager cry
Dashes on o'er rock and crag;
Swift as meteor thro' the sky
In full chase that noble stag.

V.

Great the joy that lovers feel
In the first hour of their bliss;
When the love that they reveal
Is cemented by a kiss—
Or the mother, undefil'd,
For her first begotten child—
Or the exile, when his eye,
After years of suffering,
Doth his native land espy
O'er the ocean's sapphire ring!

VI.

But a hunter's joy I ween
Is far greater than the three,
As he rides along the green;
Dashing over vale and lea
On a gallant fiery steed,
With the quarry full in view,
And the echoes from the mead
Answ'ring back each wild halloo.
O! the madd'ning joy that leaps
Through his hardy, well-knit frame,
As with lightning speed he sweeps
After the alluring game!

VII.

Over rock and frowning steep,
Thund'ring on the vales below;
Splashing through the rivers deep;
Stag and hunter onward go.
Onward, like the rushing wind
Leaves he all the rest behind;
And alone, with wild hallooes
The fleet antler'd deer pursues.

* *Vide* Rev. A. J. O'Reilly's "Martyrs of the Coliseum."

† A stag having ten branches on his antlers.

VIII.

Now the sun's broad golden face
From the West beholds their race,
As they headlong rush unseen
Through a narrow wild ravine;
Here the stag is brought to bay,
And the hunter's gladden'd eye
Spans th' intervening way,
Ere he lets his javelin fly.
But, O wond'rous, awful sight!
'Tween the stag's broad antlers shone
A most dazzling radiant light,
Brighter than the noon-day sun.
And the thrice-bless'd holy sign
Of the Crucifixion lay
In that mystic light divine;
And a voice these words did say:—

IX.

"Placidus, why follow Me?
I'm the Christ, unknown to thee
Thou servest. For, behold! thy deeds
Of benevolence and love
To the poor have gone above
'Fore the Giver of all meeds.
Now, thy deeds were not in vain—
For the good to me are dear;
And the devil and his train
Must not have their homage here.
So this figure I have ta'en
Of the deer that roams the lea,
Placidus, to speak to thee,
And bring thee into my domain."

X.

In confusion and dismay
With his eyes upon the Light,
Sprang he to the rugged way,
From his steed in sore affright.
And he said, "Oh, what art thou
That hast spoken to me now?
Reveal thyself." And again
Spake the voice in dulcet strain—

XI.

"I am Jesus Christ, who made
Sky and earth, and all thereon,
Sun and moon, and light and shade,
Birds and fishes, beast and man,
Out of nothing. I am He
Who so lov'd the human race;
That I came on earth to free—
Snatch them from the fiend's embrace.
Took their nature, for them died—
On the Cross was crucified—
Was buried: on the third day rose
From the grave triumphantly:
Open'd Heaven's gates to those
Who are faithful unto Me.
Go, the Christian's pastor seek!
Hie to Rome without delay!
He'll baptize thee, and will speak
Of the God thou wilt obey."

XII.

Vanish'd then the vision bright,
But the last ray of the Light
Enter'd deep into his core;
Clear'd away the pagan night—
Fill'd his soul with such delight
As it ne'er had known before.
Prone upon the ground he lies,
Pouring out a fervent pray'r
To the God of earth and skies
Who had spoken to him there.
When he rose the dewy earth
Was enshrouded deep in gloom;
Saving the cicala's mirth,
All was silent as the tomb.

XIII.

Rous'd he then his noble steed,
That a-near him sleeping lay:
Want of rest it had indeed—
Hard it toil'd the livelong day.
Yet with swift alacrity
Rose it from the rocky way,
And express'd its love and glee
In a shrilly-sounding neigh:
And answering echo made reply
To the hound's rejoicing cry.
Ne'er before did Placidus
See the faithful noble twain,
So much love for him express.
Did the fact pervade their brain,
That their master was no more
That which he had been before?

XIV.

Mounted he and homeward rode
With the meekness of a child,
To his peaceful grand abode
Through the mountain passes wild.
Through the places where the morn
Shone upon his pagan brow,
Twinkling stars, that night adorn,
See him ride a Christian now.
Speeds he down the mountain's side
With the ardor of a Paul;
Ready now to suffer all,
For his Lord the Crucified.

FAMOUS MEMORIES OF THE MONTH.

EDMUND BURKE AND LEXINGTON—A CENTENNIAL MEMORY.—GRATTEN AND DECLARATION OF IRISH RIGHTS—BRIAN BORU AND THE BATTLE OF CLONTARF.—PROTESTANT.

On the nineteenth of April we celebrate the centennial of the battle of Lexington and Concord which concentrated the gallantry of the colonists, and opened the war of the Revolution beyond the power of honorable retreat. The day is associated with other memories, some of them somewhat directly leading to the American cause, others consecrated also to liberty, and taking courage and inspiration from the stand made, like the attack on Ticonderoga, "in the name of the great Jehovah and the Continental Congress."

If the voice of Edmund Burke made the nineteenth of April famous, the blood of Lexington and Concord made it immortal.

If the former failed to stay the thunders opening over the head of England, the latter gave the first light by which the clouds were dispelled from that of America.

Upon the ears of British Ministers the eloquence of the one, as the valor of the others, broke with an indignant vehemence and a scornful warning, worthy alike to denounce and defy a despotism, or to indicate the transfiguration of a colony into a republic.

On the nineteenth of April, 1774—one hundred and one years ago—Burke delivered his famous speech on American taxation in the British Commons. On that day twelvemonth the Americans took up the argument at the point of the bayonet. Truly Burke has said, "Terror is not always the effect of force, and an armament is not a victory." Lexington proves the first; the war succeeding it illustrated the latter to the English.

Burke's speech on the occasion has probably never been surpassed, if equalled, as a sustained effort. It is an unbroken stream, now rolling sonorously along, now descending with the force of unity over mighty chasms—now doubly concentrated in the space allowed it—now expanding from the gorge, ever beautiful and undivided. For effulgent energy and pictorial sarcasm, the speech was admitted to be unequalled at the time. He shook out every plea of the Minister; he paraded the stupid policy that kept the tax on tea, by the importation of which in America the East Indies were to be prevented from crushing England with their burden; he stigmatized the government as being without system, and as inventing occasionally "some miserable tale for the day, in order meanly to sneak out of difficulties into which they had proudly strutted." He reminded Ministers that the previous year they were on the verge of bankruptcy, when, by the operations of the injudicious tax, ten million pounds of tea were rotting in the warehouses, the sale of which would have prevented the distress. Exposing the policy, he condemned the tax on other grounds, as "a tax of disputation, a tax of war and rebellion, a tax for anything but benefit to the imposers or satisfaction to the subject."

"What a man is this!" exclaimed Lord Townshend. "How could he acquire such transcendent powers?" And an American in the gallery said to an English friend: "You have a most wonderful man here; he understands more of America than the rest of your house put together."

A year had passed. Burke made another speech in favor of America; and while that voluminous moralist, Sam Johnson, was replying to him in a pamphlet of ponderous puerilities, entitled "Taxation No Tyranny," the colonial policy of Lord North had driven the "provincials to the casting of bullets, to the silent collecting and accumulating of military stores, and such other treasonable practices."

The government officials had scented out a store of artillery and ammunition at Concord; and eight hundred men, led by Major Pitcairn, were despatched with great secrecy

to destroy it. But the ears of rebellion, like the Indian's, are tenacious, anticipative, sympathetic, and hear footsteps through miles of earth. There is an attraction of repulsion that brings the stealthiest steps and dullest ears of enemies together. As the royalists approached Lexington on the morning of April 19, 1775, some seventy armed provincials stood in their path. Pitcairn valiantly charged the little band, which retreated, leaving eight dead—the first heroes and martyrs of the War of Independence—on the field. Concord was reached by the royalists; but Concord had no peace for them. The alarm spreading, their work of demolition was interrupted. There were dead *people* in Lexington; their blood was on the hands in Concord. The indignant militia assembled, the army of Pitcairn was baffled, beaten, routed! and only saved from utter extermination by the arrival of Lord Percy with two companies of artillery, sixteen of infantry, and a corps of marines. Even with this formidable reinforcement, the army barely effected a retreat to Charlestown, leaving, in killed, wounded, and prisoners, in the hands of the victorious people, two hundred and seventy-three. The "rebels" lost ninety men.

A nation without valor has no history. Literature may be the heart, science the head, and art the eye of a country; but valor is its strong right arm. As it protects the others, it inspires them! As it inspires them, it gives them actual being. Their being is its history. It makes a history they love to chronicle. It makes a peace that gives them life. Thus, the memories it has created should be ever present to us all. Not to cherish them, is to be a Vandal. To forget them, is to be a suicide.

To Irish history the day is a necessity also. And on the records of eloquence it is marked with another name not less remarkable, and around which more imaginative splendors radiate than that of Edmund Burke.

GRATTAN AND DECLARATION OF IRISH RIGHTS.

On the 19th April, 1780—the fifth anniversary of Lexington and Concord, and when the war they inaugurated did not present the most flattering prospects to the American cause—Henry Grattan made his celebrated "Declaration of Irish Rights." It was, and is, famous in many respects. Famous for the infamous centuries of wrong it compressed into that day's glowing agony. Famous for the words which gave these wrongs an appalling inhumanity, and for the eloquence with which the Rights were invoked. Famous for the fresh blood it throbbed into Irish politics. And famous, above all, for the success which it initiated. It broke the clouds and let in a comparative burst of sunshine on the land. Any light would be sunshine to a people groping for centuries, now in uncertain gloom, now in unmistakable darkness. Backed by the arms of the Volunteers, the independence of the Irish Parliament was guaranteed, such as the British could guarantee, in 1782. The glory of it was Grattan's. But it was an illusion, like the Fata Morgana. In 1800 it was not. It was granted through fear, exercised with questionable faith, and revoked with unquestionable treachery.

If it was an illusion to Ireland, it was of tangible and paramount benefit to America. The Colonists had, from various causes, grown comparatively lethargic. The position of affairs in America at the close of 1799 is thus clearly set forth: "Causes which had previously excited their energy, had, in a great measure, lost their influence. In the beginning of the war enthusiasm for liberty made them indifferent as to the most valuable property, and fearless of the greatest dangers. Their successes had gained them allies, and their allies had inspired confidence. The brisk circulation of a large quantity of paper money had caused both activity and decision. Every fear of a happy termination of the contest was, by these means, banished, and every past misfortune unlamented. But the failure of each succeeding scheme of coöperation with the French produced despondency amongst the troops; the depreciation of the paper money created stagnation in the pursuits of commerce, and it was for a time doubtful whether the Americans were to be independent citizens or conquered subjects."

It was at this gloomy crisis in America that Grattan concentrated his energies in the cause of a free Irish Legislature. His course

with from eighty thousand to one hundred thousand admirably armed and equipped volunteers to sustain it, greatly increased the difficulties of England, and not only won the revolution of '82 in Ireland, but contributed in no slight degree to bring about the Treaty of '83 and the recognition of American Independence—a fact to which important reference is made in the life of John Adams.

In America, Ireland, and England, then, the date of this day is an important index. It initiated revolutions in the two former against the latter. That of America was a war—that of Ireland, a parade. The war in America lasted over seven years. The parade of the Volunteers in Ireland gained a free Parliament. The result of the latter was a concession which lasted eighteen years. The result of the former,—Independence, and a Republic which "still lives."

Who will say it was not worth the blood?

BRIAN BORU AND THE BATTLE OF CLONTARF, 1014.

The "Chronicles" of Marianus Scotus says: "Brian, King of Hibernia, slain on Good Friday the ninth of the Calends of May (23d April) with his mind and his hands toward God." The death of this great ruler who was styled the "Irish Alfred," the "Solomon of the West," and other appreciative titles of distinction, took place at the famous battle of Clontarf, at which the power of the Danes in Ireland and the designs of the Norsemen on that country were broken forever. The death of the statesman King, and his son and grandson on the same day and field, also prevented the perpetuation of the great principle of unity upon which he intended to have reformed and controlled the old Irish Monarchy. The memory of this eventful day never loses interest for the race of which Brian is justly esteemed one of the greatest heroes and wisest rulers; and to Christians of every race it must be of peculiar significance as actually relating to the last fight between Christianity and paganism for foothold in a land so eminently distinguished in the annals of the former.

The day of battle seems to have been formally agreed on between the Irish and Danish leaders: the latter, however, rather coercing the former to the choice. Brian did not wish to go to battle in the last week of Lent, but Brodar, one of the Norse leaders, having been assured victory by a pagan oracle if he fought on Friday, influenced the impatience of the invaders to be led to the conflict. "And it so happened," says Mr. McGee, "that of all Fridays in the year, it fell on the Friday before Easter: that awful anniversary when the altars of the Church are veiled throughout Christendom, and the dark stone is rolled to the door of the mystic Sepulchre." The account of the battle is from the condensed version of the same writer.

"The forces on both sides could not have fallen short of twenty thousand men. Under Carl Canuteson fought 'the ten hundred in armor,' as they are called in the Irish Annals, or 'the fourteen hundred,' as they are called in northern chronicles; under Broder, the Manxmen and the Danes of Anglesea and Wales; under Sigurd, the men of Orkney and its dependencies; under Maelmurra, of Leinster, his own tribe, and their kinsmen of Offally and Cullen—the modern Kildare and Wicklow; under Brian's son, Morrogh, were the tribes of Munster; under the command of Malachy, those of Meath; under the lord of Hy-Many, the men of Connaught; and the Stewart of Marr had also his command. The engagement was to commence with the morning, so that, as soon as it was day, Brian, crucifix in hand, harangued his army. 'On this day Christ died for *you!*' was the spirit-stirring appeal of the venerable Christian king. At the entreaty of his friends, after this review, he retired to his tent, which stood at some distance, and was guarded by three of his aids. Here, he alternately prostrated himself before the crucifix, or looked out from the tent door upon the dreadful scene that lay beyond. The sun rose to the zenith and took his way towards the west, but still the roar of the battle did not abate. Sometimes as their right hand swelled with the sword hilts, well-known warriors might be seen falling back to bathe them in a neighboring spring, and then rushing again into the mêlée. The line of the engagement extended from the salmon-weir towards Howth, not less than a couple of miles, so that it was impossible to take in at a glance the probabilities of victory.

Once during the heat of the day one of his servants said to Brian, 'A vast multitude are moving towards us.' 'What sort of people are they?' inquired Brian. 'They are green naked people,' said the attendant. 'Oh!' replied the king, 'they are the Danes in armor!' The utmost fury was displayed on all sides. Sigurd, Earl of Orkney, fell by Thurlogh, grandson of Brian; and Anrud, one of the captains of the men in armor, by the hand of his father, Morrogh; but both father and son perished in the dreadful conflict: Maelmurra, of Leinster, with his lords, fell on one side, and Conaing, nephew of Brian, O'Kelly, O'Heyne, and the Stewart of Marr, on the other. Hardly a nobly-born man escaped, or sought to escape. The ten hundred in armor, and three thousand others of the enemy, with about an equal number of the men of Ireland, lay dead upon the field. One division of the enemy were, towards sunset, retreating to their ships, when Brodar, the Viking, perceiving the tent of Brian standing apart, without a guard, and the aged king on his knees before the crucifix, rushed in, cut him down with a single blow, and then continued his flight. But he was overtaken by the guard, and despatched by the most cruel death they could devise. Thus, on the field of battle, in the act of prayer, on the day of our Lord's Crucifixion, fell the Christian king in the cause of native land and Holy Cross. Many elegies have been dedicated to his memory, and not the least noble of these strains belong to his enemies. In death as in life he was still Brian 'of the tributes.'"

The deceased hero took his place at once in history, national and foreign. On hearing of his death, Maelmurra, Archbishop of Armagh, came with his clergy to Swords, in Meath, and conducted the body to Armagh, where, with his son and nephew and the Lord of Decies, he was solemnly interred "in a new tomb." The fame of the event went out through all nations. The chronicles of Wales, of Scotland, and of Man; the annals of Ademar and Morianus; the Sagas of Denmark and the Isles, all record the event. In "The Orcades" of Thormodus Torfæus, a wail over the defeat of the Islesmen is heard, which they call

"Orkney's woe and Randver's bane."

The Norse settlers in Caithness saw terrific visions of Valhalla "the day after the battle." In the Niala Saga a Norwegian prince is introduced as asking after his men, and the answer is, "They were all killed." Malcolm of Scotland rejoiced in the defeat and death of his dangerous and implacable neighbor. "Brian's battle," as it is called in the Sagas, was, in short, such a defeat as prevented any general northern combination for the subsequent invasion of Ireland. Not that the country was entirely free from their attacks till the end of the eleventh century, but, from the day of Clontarf forward, the long-cherished Northern idea of a conquest of Ireland seems to have been gloomily abandoned by that indomitable people.

"PROTESTANT."

With the month of April is associated the derivation and dissemination in a formal and official manner of the designation of *Protestant*. The Emperor Charles the Fifth called a diet at Spires in 1529, to request aid from the German princes against the Turks, and to devise means for allaying the disputes growing out of Luther's rebellion against Catholicism. The diet condemned the reformers, and issued a decree in support of the doctrines of the ancient Church. Against this decree six Lutheran princes and the deputies of thirteen towns of the empire formally *protested* on April 17th, 1530. From this act the designation *Protestant*, which then was given to the followers of Luther, is derived. The Calvinists were subsequently included, and the title became general for all the sects outside of the original Christian Church. The six protesting princes were John and George, the electors of Saxony and Brandenburg; Ernest and Francis, the two Dukes of Lunenburg; the landgrave of Hesse; and the Prince of Anhalt.

LITERARY ODDITIES.

Sometimes patience, industry, and enthusiasm are strangely directed—we might be led to say misapplied, if we were not about to direct attention to an effort by one of the fair sex. The effort is a curiosity certainly, and may have pleasurably filled up many hours and even days or weeks; and it would scarcely be gallant to term that occupation a waste of time which resulted in winning at all events our acknowledgment of a lady's patience and ingenuity. Mrs. H. A. Dening, of San Francisco, California, the lady in question, after much perseverance and assiduous reading has succeeded in compiling the following poem made up of lines complete in themselves from several English and American poets. It is intimated that the selection of the thirty-eight lines was made within the reading of a whole year. The entire writings of some of the poets were searched without finding a single compact line that could be combined with a line from the writings of another, so as to make sense; and enable the industrious compiler to manufacture one poem out of a library of poets.

LIFE.

1. Why all this toil for triumph of an hour?
2. Life's a short summer, man a flower.

3. By turn we catch the vital breath, and die—
4. The table and the tomb, alas! so nigh.

5. To be is better far than not to be,
6. Though all man's life may seem a tragedy.

7. But light cares speak when mighty griefs are dumb;
8. The bottom is but shallow whence they come.

9. Your fate is but the common fate of all;
10. Unmingled joys, here, to no man befall.

11. Nature to each allots his proper sphere.
12. Fortune makes folly her peculiar care.

13. Custom does often reason overrule,
14. And throw a cruel sunshine on a fool.

15. Live well, how long or short, permit to heaven.
16. They who forgive most, shall be most forgiven

17. Sin may be clasped so close we cannot see its face—
18. Vile intercourse, where virtue has not place.

19. Then keep each passion down, however dear.
20. Thou pendulum, betwixt a smile and tear.

21. Her sensual snares let faithless pleasures lay,
22. With craft and skill, to ruin and betray.

23. Soar not too high to fall, but stoop to rise:
24. We masters grow of all that we despise.

25. Oh, then, renounce that impious self-esteem;
26. Riches have wings, and grandeur is a dream.

27. Think not ambition wise because 'tis brave;
28. The path of glory leads but to the grave.

29. What is ambition? 'Tis a glorious cheat;
30. Only destructive to the brave and great.

31. What's all the gaudy glitter of a crown?
32. The way to bliss lies not on beds of down.

33. How long we live, not years, but actions tell:
34. The man lives twice who lives the first life well.

35. Make then, whilst ye may, your God your friend,
36. Whom Christians worship, yet not comprehend.

37. The trust that's given, guard; and to yourself be just,
38. For, live how we can, yet die we must.

1. Dr. Edward Young. 2. Dr. Samuel Johnson. 3. Alexander Pope. 4. Mathew Prior. 5. Sewell. 6. Edmund Spencer. 7. Samuel Daniel. 8. Sir Walter Raleigh. 9. Henry W. Longfellow. 10. Robert Southwell. 11. William Congreve. 12. Charles Churchill. 13. Earl of Rochester. 14. John Armstrong. 15. John Milton. 16. James Philip Bailey. 17. Richard Chenevix Trench. 18. William Somerville. 19. James Thomson. 20. Lord Byron. 21. Tobias G. Smollet. 22. George Crabbe. 23. Philip Massinger. 24. Abram Cowley. 25. William Beattie. 26. William Cowper. 27. Sir William Davenant. 28. Thomas Gray. 29. Nathaniel P. Willis. 30. Joseph Addison. 31. John Dryden. 32. Francis Quarles. 33. Watkins. 34. Robert Herrick. 35. William Mason. 36. Aaron Hill. 37. Richard H. Dana. 38. William Shakespeare.

Some other ingenious person has cleverly put together more than half a hundred of the similes which are in "everybody's mouth," and in such capital contrast, too, as will aid the memory to retain the suggestive rigmarole. We may call it

A SONG OF SIMILES.

As wet as a fish—as dry as a bone,
As live as a bird—as dead as a stone;
As plump as a partridge—as poor as a rat,
As strong as a horse—as weak as a cat;
As hard as a flint—as soft as a mole,
As white as a lily—as black as a coal;
As plain as a pikestaff—as rough as a bear,
As tight as a drum—as free as the air;
As heavy as lead—as light as a feather,
As steady as time—as uncertain as weather;
As hot as an oven—as cold as a frog,
As gay as a lark—as sick as a dog;
As slow as a tortoise—as swift as the wind,
As true as the Gospel—as false as mankind;

As thin as a herring—as fat as a pig,
As proud as a peacock—as blithe as a grig;
As savage as a tiger—as mild as a dove,
As stiff as a poker—as limp as a glove;
As blind as a bat—as deaf as a post,
As cool as a cucumber—as warm as toast;
As flat as a flounder—as round as a ball,
As blunt as a hammer—as sharp as an awl;
As red as a ferret—as safe as the stocks,
As bold as a thief—as sly as a fox;
As straight as an arrow—as crook'd as a bow,
As yellow as saffron—as black as a sloe;
As brittle as glass—as tough as a gristle,
As neat as my nail—as clean as a whistle;
As good as a feast—as bad as a witch,
As light as is day—as dark as is pitch.

"SING A SONG OF SIX-PENCE."

Every one remembers from childhood this romantic ditty, and has vivid memories of the king and his pie of blackbirds, the queen and her feast of bread and honey, and the maid in the garden hanging out the clothes. But not until now probably did they know the great secret of the nursery rhyme. Mr. Tyler, in his "Primitive Culture," discloses it for us by his ingenious interpretation of myths. He says: "Obviously, the four and twenty blackbirds are four and twenty hours, and the pie that holds them is the underlying earth, covered with the overarching sky. How true a touch of nature it is, that when the pie is opened—that is, when the day breaks—the birds begin to sing! The king is the sun, and his counting out his money is pouring out the sunshine. The queen is the moon, and her transparent honey the moonlight. The maid is the rosy-fingered dawn, who rises before the sun, her master, and hangs out the clouds across the sky. The particular blackbird, which so tragically ends the tale by snipping off her nose, is the hour of sunrise."

THE DION BOUCICAULT TESTIMONIML.

THE DRAMA OF IRELAND VS. THE "IRISH DRAMA."

ON the 6th of March a number of the leading Irish-American residents of New York distinguished themselves by a performance at Wallack's Theatre, which was grateful in design, graceful in execution, and was received, as it deserved, with enthusiastic éclat. As the performance was designed by, and intended to reach in effect, a greater audience than could be held within the walls of any theatre, we regard it as a pleasing duty to give it more than a passing note. The occasion was the presentation of a testimonial from the citizens indicated, on the part of a large portion of the community, to Dion Boucicault the dramatist and actor.

Presentations and testimonials are not of such rare occurrence as to warrant surprise; but they are generally of a social or political character, and do not call for any more long-lived enthusiasm or remark than that inspired by the effervescing champagne upon which the honors of the occasion are pleasantly floated. That to which we now

refer, however, was a novelty, embodying, as it did, an outspoken and popular recognition of intellect and love of country persistently devoted to the gradual development of a new type of stage character from actual life, and to the extinction of an old one which has disgraced the stage and disgusted audiences under the title of "The Irish Drama." For this great effort and a commensurate achievement Mr. Boucicault deserves the applause of all theatre-goers and patrons of the drama, as well as the thankful testimony of the descendants and representatives of a race so long caricatured upon the stage.

The "Irish drama," so called, has had little relation in any form to or with Ireland. It generally emanated from English writers who knew nothing, and did not care to know anything, of the characteristics of the Irish life they pretended to depict. The title, "Irish Drama," was a misnomer, for the national designation of a drama is not defined by the characters introduced, but by the nationality of the dramatist. *Othello* and *Julius Cæsar* do not belong to the Venetian or Roman, but to the English drama; Schiller's *Marie Stuart* and *Wilhelm Tell* are not known as Scottish or Swiss, but as German, dramas. Nor can we class Bird's *Broker of Bogota*, Howard Payne's *Brutus*, or Boker's *Calaynos*, as South American, Roman, or Spanish, but as members of the American drama. The "Irish Drama" should not have been confounded with the drama of Ireland, which is rich in exemplars of power, pathos, humor, sentiment, and wit. Some two years ago the present writer at a social and intellectual gathering of distinction took occasion, in an impromptu manner, to draw attention to the great debt due by English literature to Irish dramatists; and to the fact that, distinguished as Ireland has been in her orators and poets, she is greater in her dramatists. The proposition seemed to be received with doubt, which, however, was changed into approval upon reference to the great number and excellence of the dramatists who have emanated from Ireland. The names of Sir John Denham, Thomas Southern, Susannah Centlivre, William Congreve, George Farquhar, Sir Richard Steele, Arthur Murphy, Charles Macklin, Richard Brinsley Sheridan, John O'Keeffe, Isaac Bickerstaffe, Andrew Cherry, Oliver Goldsmith, Hugh Kelly, Rev. Charles R. Maturin, John Banim, Richard Lalor Shiel, Gerald Griffin, James Sheridan Knowles, Sterling Coyne, James Kenny, John Brougham, Dion Boucicault, and others will recall to the lover of the drama some of the most successful themes connected with the history of the stage. Every dramatist named has written something that "still lives;" and from the era of the impassioned grandeur of Southern's *Oronooko* and the heart-touching pathos of his *Isabella* to these days of the magnetically attractive *Shaughraun*, perhaps not a lustrum has passed without witnessing some successful production from the pen of an Irish dramatist.

In the long line of illustrious instructors and amusement-makers suggested by the names given above, there is not one who has had such contemporaneous success; and few who will move into the future with so strong a claim showing he deserved it, as Dion Boucicault. While he rivals Lope de Vega and Calderon de la Barca in his industry, counting his dramas by the hundred, he sustains himself against some of the most prominent and gifted of his fellow-countrymen in buoyant force, irresistible humor, and natural pathos. In addition to these gifts and sympathies springing directly from nature, he possesses a cultivated practical capacity for developing stage resources and creating stage effects, which places him ahead of any of his contemporaries. This is the greatest element of dramatic success. It appeals to the manager, and makes an opportunity for representation, without which slumbering dramatic ambition will go to sleep. Stage representation is of vital necessity to dramatic talent; and without a knowledge of the mechanism, so to speak, of the stage, the best writing is often—indeed, generally—unable to command attention. Hence the combination of gifts that constitute dramatic talent, is rare. It has often been remarked that many eminent poets have failed in their attempts at dramatic writing. Fielding and Smollet are instanced as unsuccessful aspirants in comedy, and Byron and Scott as wanting in the qualities requi-

site for the tragic drama. Many others might be added. Mr. Boucicault has that special and "potent faculty" to which Campbell alludes when writing on the subject. "It is evident," he says, "that Melpomene demands on the stage something, and a good deal more, than even poetical talent, rare as that is. She requires a potent and peculiar faculty for the invention of incident adapted to theatric effect; a faculty which may often exist in those who have been bred to the stage, but which, generally speaking, has seldom been shown by any poets who were not professional players. There are exceptions to the remark, but there are not many. If Shakespeare had not been a player, he would not have been the dramatist that he is."

Some rare and striking exceptions there are, among whom Dryden, Southern, Goldsmith, Banim, Sheil, Bulwer, and our American dramatist, Boker, may be specially indicated: but the great majority both of successful dramatists, and dramatists who deserved success, from Shakespeare to Sheridan and from Knowles to Augustin Daly, have been connected with the stage as actors, managers or *attachés* in some form or another.

Of French descent on his father's side and Irish on that of his mother, who was a Miss Darley, Dion Boucicault was born in Dublin on the 26th December, 1822. It would seem that his appearance in this world indicated his future career, for the date of his birth is that to which theatre-goers in the old country look forward with great anxiety as the "Boxing-Night," upon which the novelties so long in preparation for the Christmas holidays are produced to crowded houses. As the boy was intended for the profession of civil engineering, he was educated in England under the care of Dr. Dionysius Lardner and the tuition of Brunel. While winning credit as a mathematician in his early teens, the youth secretly cultivated, even from an earlier period, a devoted passion for the stage. His first dramatic effort was made while yet a boy at school; where he wrote the little drama afterwards so popular, called *The old Guard*.

He has often spoken of the first performance of this effort. "It took place," said he, "in our school bedroom one summer evening just before the holidays. It was still daylight, and my audience was composed of about sixty boys, all in their night-shirts. The stage was made by a large doorway which connected the two dormitories. I played 'Havresac;' my costume was an old flannel drapery gown, belonging to the French teacher, who assisted on the occasion, and whose applause I still remember with intense satisfaction. The play was a hit; the boys revered me ever afterwards, and then for the first time I formed the resolve to become a dramatist."

Some three years afterwards he was launched in his profession of civil engineer. To him, however, it was an unbearable drudgery, against which his aspirations developed into rebellion. Disregarding advice and impatient of control, he broke away from his profession and into the precarious prospect of literary pursuits. His *London Assurance* was produced at Covent Garden on the 4th March, 1841, while the author was not yet nineteen years old. It had a most remarkable success, and continues to hold the stage. From that time to this Mr. Boucicault has written over four hundred plays, and a recent writer gives some interesting statistics relating to the most popular of them. He says:—

The names of the most successful are as follows: and to each is appended the number of times it has been performed: "The Colleen Bawn," 3,100 times; "Arrah-na-Pogue," 2,400; "London Assurance," 2,900; "Rip Van Winkle," 1,400; "Old Heads and Young Hearts," 1,250; "The Octoroon," 1,800; "The Corsican Brothers," 2,200; "Don Cæsar de Bazan," 1,700; "Used Up," 1,350; "The Willow Copse," 1,110; "The Streets of New York," 2,860; "Led Astray," 498. These are the leading ones. Others have had a run of from 100 to 1,000 nights each. The otal number of all the performances must have been nearly 50,000. Assuming that the receipts of each performance averaged $500, the money paid by the public to witness these works would amount to twenty-five millions of dollars. The profits of "London Assurance," when first produced at Covent Garden Theatre, as appears from the records of the management, were $120.000. The profits of "The Colleen Bawn" were $200,000 in one year; the profits of "Arrah-na-Pogue," $180,000. The gross receipts of "Led Astray" amounted to $154,000,

of which $80,000 were profit. On these four pieces the theatres cleared upward of $600,000.

The testimonial presented on the night of the 6th March was, as the inscription stated, "From the Irish-American residents of New York, in recognition of the services his literary and artistic work have been to Ireland and the Irish people." It was eminently deserved and most gracefully bestowed. The testimonial chosen by the committee was the sculptor Rogers' new statuette of the great dramatist in his latest success. Conn the Shaughraun is represented as seated on the stump of a tree instructing his dog Tatters how to go through the manual of arms. Tatters shoulders the bow of Conn's fiddle, which instrument the amusing instructor holds in his left hand. Seated on his haunches, the dog listens with comic gravity to his master. The artist has happily caught Boucicault's expression; and the whole is spirited, characteristic, and effective. The statuette stood on a simple but tasteful base of Irish bog-oak, into which was laid a silver plate bearing the inscription.

The presentation took place after the second act of *The Shaughraun* and on the stage, where the testimonial had already been placed on a pedestal. It was, until the moment of offering, appropriately covered by a green flag bearing the harp.

When the applause which greeted the appearance of the committee had subsided, Justice Brady of the Supreme Court advanced toward Mr. Boucicault, who, to use the words of the *Herald*, "in his red coat and wonderful boots, looked remarkably picturesque." Mr. Boucicault was evidently touched by this practical expression of sympathy on the part of his fellow-countrymen, though he tried hard, and succeeded very well, to look as "cool as a cucumber."

Advancing some steps in front of the gentlemen of the committee, addressing first the audience and then Mr. Boucicault, Judge Brady said:—

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN—The incidents of the evening are to be varied by a plot in which the gentlemen you see here and myself are the representative figures. We have a short engagement to play. I have, indeed, a piece to speak, and on its delivery I shall follow the glorious example of distinguished actors and actresses and see to it that I tear it not in tatters. You will doubtless well understand me when I say that in this establishment, at least for the present, "Tatters" does all the tearing! Mr. Boucicault, to hold, as it were, the mirror up to nature as an actor, is an intellectual achievement of which the artist may well be proud. We who are not of the profession know little of its inner life, its trials, vicissitudes, and rugged paths, yet we cannot but feel its triumphs when, after a finished performance, moved by exalted sentiment and noble deeds, we turn back to real scenes with higher aims and holier purposes. To hold, as 't were, the mirror up to nature, not only as an actor, but as a successful author, is to combine two brilliant elements of strength, and to command the attention and admiration, not only of those who enjoy at "home, sweet home," the treasures of intellect which dramatic literature reveals, but of those who seek the play to see them illustrated by the mimic art. This is to win double laurels—to pluck from Fame two garlands, either of which might shed sufficient glory for one man. It is not designed to-night, however, to signalize the general excellence of your varied compositions, but to express a thankful consciousness that you have elevated the Irish drama by a just appreciation and portraiture of the attributes and peculiarities to which it relates. In the character of the Shaughraun, for example, you have given us a true type of a class of the Irish peasantry, in disposition cheerful, buoyant, generous, enthusiastic, sympathetic, and compassionate, and who, though in rags, possesses a nature at once patriotic, chivalrous, and loving, eager to battle for the right, and ready in wit and strategy for fun or for emergency, with his heart full of faith, yet open to joy or sorrow as the sunshine or shadow may fall on his own path or that of his friends—one who illustrates the aphorism contained in the poet's lines:—

> The rank is but the guinea's stamp,
> The man's the gowd for a' that.

We ask your acceptance of this testimonial, slight though it be, as an acknowledgment of our obligations to you. It is one in which people of this land, from Boston to Savannah and from New York to San Francisco, have, by letter and by telegram, begged to unite.

We hope that you may live long to enjoy the honors you have so deservedly won.

MR. BOUCICAULT'S RESPONSE.

Standing before you, sir, I feel very like Conn in the presence of the priest, when he is asked, "Well, haven't you a word to say for yourself?" and he replies, "Divil a one, your riverence!" I had prepared some to return my thanks to you,

Judge Brady, and to these gentlemen you so eloquently represent, and to you, ladies and gentlemen, who have come so kindly to adorn this occasion with your presence; but I confess I did not expect to feel called upon to extend my gratitude from Boston to Savannah, and to cover with my acknowledgments all the ground between New York and San Francisco. This, sir, is the greatest honor of my life except one, and that was conferred upon me once, fifty years ago, when, upon entering the world, I found myself to be an Irishman. But as I had done nothing to deserve that compliment, I cannot claim credit for a work of which I was not the author. You offer me the most honorable distinction to which any artist can aspire, and that is the assurance of his fellow-citizens that they perceive in his works, together with something that is sweet, something also that is good. When the mere pleasure of witnessing a performance has passed away, has evaporated, as I may say, if there be a sweet residuum left in the mind, believe me you will find it to be composed of pure, imperishable truth. I have endeavored to tell the truth about my country. I mean about what is beautiful and good, and innocent in that land; I have drawn a portrait of one you love, and I know right well how much of the feeling you exhibit here to-night is due to the artist who stands before you, and how much more is due to the tender interest you take in the subject he has chosen to illustrate. For among the various European nations that so largely contribute to form the American family, there are Swedes, Germans, French, Spaniards, Scotch, Italians—all are represented; but there is one more favored here than all the rest—one endeared to you by a hundred ingratiating faults, a thousand redeeming weaknesses—one, who, lying on the breast of this land, looks back to the old country, and her adopted mother is not jealous of that love. On the contrary, her great sympathizing heart beats in unison with the same emotions, for the American heart is strung with chords torn from the Irish harp, and when I touched those chords, your feelings flowed out to me; not so much to the skill of the poet, but to the instrument on which he played and to the song he sung. Oh! let me disclaim any pretension as an actor to excel others in the delineation of the Irish character. It is the Irish character as misrepresented by the English dramatist that I convict as a libel. If others have only had this libel as material wherewith to win your approbation as comedian, so much the more credit is due to them for having made so much out of so little. I accept your generous encouragement of my efforts to do good rather than the good I have done, and I wish I could find better language in which to clothe my thanks. But when I try, my voice sounds false in my own ears, because it fails to express what is in my heart. I thank you for myself. I thank you for those who are dearer than myself—the sharers of my pride. Don't measure my gratitude by the poverty of my thanks. Let each of you think what he would have said in my place, and give me credit for saying that. Believe me that I will keep the memory of this night in my heart as green as the emblem of my country. God bless her!

On the conclusion of Mr. Boucicault's speech, during which he was loudly applauded, he advanced and warmly shook Judge Brady by the hand. He paid the same tribute to the gentlemen of the committee.

After the play the dramatist was received at a banquet given at Delmonico's. Mr. Algernon S. Sullivan presided, and General T. W. Sweeny, U. S. A., occupied the Vice-chair. The chairman made an address of welcome, to which Mr. Boucicault replied. Excellent speeches and remarks were made by ex-Mayor Hall, Mr. John McKeon, Mr. Wallack, Mr. Lyddy, Mr. Montague, Mr. O'Gorman, Mr. John Gilbert, Major Haverty, Mr. John McCullough, Dr. Constantine MacGuire, Mr. Arthur Leary, and others. Mr. Hall was peculiarly happy in toasting the Master of *Tatters*, "who gave a fortune to Charles Kean, in his best part, *Louis XI;* to Jefferson in *Rip Van Winkle;* and fortune (such as fame bestows) to "Old Placide" in Napoleon's *Old Guard*. He could have extended the list of reputations made or spread on his dramas. Blake owed him *Jesse Rural;* Charlotte Cushman, *Lady Gay Spanker;* Gustavus V. Brooke, the *Corsican Brothers;* the elder Wallack, *Don Cæsar de Bazan;* Hudson, *the Knight of Arva;* Couldock, *the Willow Copse;* Charles Mathews, *Sir Charles Coldstream*. Mr. Hall paid a tribute to the dramatist's comedies of modern life; showed how he roamed the world for character, giving us "Mexico in *Jezabel*, India in *Jessie Brown*, Italy in *Sixtus V*, Switzerland in *Pauvrette*, Provincial New York in *Rip*, and Slave Louisiana in *The Octoroon;*" and extolled him as master of a dominion upon which "the footlights never set."

THE SUMMER OF MY HEART IS FLED.

I.

The summer of my heart is fled,
Its sun is gone to rest;
And sends but lonesome shadows from
The hills that guard the West;
My eyes are weak for drought of light—
My very pride is bowed—
My step is like some ghostly thing's
That wears too close a shroud.

II.

Behind the hills of Memory
I, too, would, like the sun,
Fain glide and gild the friendly side
That tends my death-couch on;
But I have far outlived my bliss,
In being ever blest
Beneath the genial summer of
The sun that's in the West.

JOHN SAVAGE.

TEMPERANCE FOUNTAIN AT THE CENTENNIAL.

It appears that when the authorities of the Centennial Exposition agreed that citizens of other countries residing here, or distinctive portions of our population, might add interest to the exhibition by having their ideas represented, the Catholic Temperance Societies were the first to respond. Their contribution is to be a fountain now in progress of construction; and if the execution equals the design, it will be one of the grandest and most illustrative monuments, in a temperance, religious, and patriotic sense. The design is a fountain, grand, beautiful, and colossal. The central figure represents Moses striking the rock; the staff resting in his hand touches a fissure whence issues a stream of water, that, flowing into a hundred different channels, entirely encircles the rugged pedestal, and falls into a gracefully constructed basin underneath. Around this superb central statue are grouped four other figures, as follows: Archbishop Carroll, who was commissioned with Franklin at the opening of the Revolution; Commodore John—"Saucy Jack"—Barry, the father of our American navy; Charles Carroll, of Carrollton, Md., one of the Signers; and Father Mathew, the highest name in the cause of temperance either in Europe or in America. Archbishop Carroll follows the earlier portraiture. His dress is the priestly robe. From his drapery is suspended a cross. He is represented as stepping forwards, his head inclined as if in meditation. Nothing could exceed the generous nobleness and sweetness of the face of this gentle patriot priest of the Revolution. Barry is the bluff, hearty, noble sailor-hero, the man of courage and action. Charles Carroll, an exceedingly accurate delineation both in face and figure, modelled from the original painting in old Independence Hall, is a standing statue of great dignity and simplicity of character. Theobald Mathew is represented as giving the medal of the pledge in the work of his great mission. From the official notes of the designer we learn that the sculptor, Herman Kirn, is now executing the work at Carlsruhe. The dimensions are as follows:—Central figure, Moses, 15 feet high; rock work supporting the same, 15 feet high; four figures, Charles Carroll, of Carrollton, John Barry, Archbishop Carroll and Theobald Mathew, each 9 feet high; pedestals of each figure, 9 feet high; diameter of fountain, 90 feet, diameter of pavement, 100 feet; height of central structure, 35 feet; height of the four outside structures, 21 feet. The material of the whole structure will be Tyrolese marble.

MISCELLANY.

The Vatican Basilica.

"What wondrous monument—
What pile is this?"—*Chatterton.*

Of Rome's patriarchal churches, though second in rank, the first in grandeur is the Vatican Basilica. This shrine, as is well known, preserves the relics of Christianity's pioneers, and is dedicated to the Prince of the Apostles.

When viewed from a Latian or Sabine mountain, even at a distance of about twenty miles, St Peter's cross-surmounted dome may be seen towering, in isolated majesty, above the City of the Seven Hills. The Believer and the Infidel, the Christian and the Jew, gaze upon it, if not with equal respect, at least with equal admiration: for the baptized may well feel within so sacred a place the presence of the Deity; while Hebrews must acknowledge that a nobler substitute for Jerusalem's fallen temple has never yet been raised to the God of Israel.

Such alien critics as Gibbon, De La Lande, Forsythe, and Byron, have been enthusiastic in praise of Rome's Vatican Basilica. Even the sceptic Dupaty avowed that a visit to St. Peter's Church sufficed to fix his thoughts on God and eternity.

According to the account of it by Richard Lassells (A. D. 1679), "You will wonder, perchance, when you shall hear that this church is the eighth wonder of the world; that the pyramids of Egypt, the walls of Babylon, the Pharos, the Colosseum, etc., were but mere heaps of rubbish compared to this fabric; that it hath put all antiquity to the blush, and all posterity to a nonplus; that its several parts are all incomparable masterpieces; its pictures all originals; its statues perfect models; that the prime architects of the world—Sangello, Bramante, Raphael, Michael Angelo, Fontana, Maderno, and Hermini—have brought it to that perfection that the whole Church itself is nothing but the quintessence of merit and wealth, strained into a religious design of making a handsome house to God."

Since Mr. Lassells' pilgrimage, nearly two centuries have elapsed; and, considering the adjuncts and improvements made to the edifice by munificent Pontiffs, Childe Harold's address may not be deemed an exaggeration:

"Oh, Thou, of temples old, or altars new,
Standest alone, with nothing like to thee—
Worthiest of God, the Holy and the True,
Since Zion's desolation, when that He
Forsook his former city, what could be
Of earthly structure to his honor piled
Of a sublimer aspect? Majesty,
Power, glory, strength, and beauty—all are aisled
In this eternal ark of worship undefiled."

The exterior illumination of St. Peter's Church is an electrifying spectacle on festive occasions. The cupola is twice metamorphosed, as it were, into a hemisphere of light. The earliest illumination at nightfall displays the building's architectural outline to great advantage. For this purpose are prepared 4,400 lamps of a cylindrical form. The task of the lamplighters is apparently not without peril. It is alarming to witness them at work, grasping ropes suspended high in the air, swinging to and fro, from architrave to pediment, from frieze to cornice, and from capital to pillar, to arrange their lanterns in symmetrical order.

An hour later, a thousand larger lamps are enkindled simultaneously. To accomplish the changes with all possible speed, at proper distances, on the cupola, three hundred and sixty men are suspended with ready-lighted though concealed torches. At a third signal from the belfry, the cross on the apex of the dome suddenly glitters into flame; the rest of the enormous fabric then seems to ignite, and to burst forth into a splendid conflagration.

A flood of vivid light soon spreads itself over surrounding objects. At a distance, not unlike an aërial phenomenon, spangled with stars, the fiery dome seems to be agitated by a mysterious hand, and to hang suspended from the vast canopy for heaven.

The Vatican home of Christ's Vicar upon earth suggests some discursive, and not uninteresting, reflections, did time and space now permit to turn over the wide pages of its history.

Chattard confesses that his (three octavo volumes) description of the Vatican cost him sixteen years' labor. This will, perhaps, not astonish when one reflects that, besides the Basilica, fifteenfold larger than Solomon's temple, he had also two church-like chapels, twenty-two court-yards, twelve assembly halls, 11,000 chambers, several galleries, twenty-two immense staircases, not to mention other minor avenues, to measure and survey.

To form an adequate idea of the Vatican's extent and size, an observer should survey its churches, chapels, piazzas, colonnades, galleries, libraries, museums, offices, and gardens. Let him

also bear in mind that the site of all these irregular buildings is said to cover a space as large in circumference as the old city of Turin.

The Brain Bourse.

The scale on most of the English magazines a few years ago was a guinea a page. That was Thackeray's scale on the *Cornhill*. But the rate has been reduced in the course of the past three or four years. It is now seldom more than ten shillings and sixpence a page where the pages equal those of the *Gentleman's Magazine*. *All the Year Round* pays ten shillings and sixpence a column. The pay of *Chambers'* is fifteen shillings a page. Hepworth Dixon can demand twenty-five guineas for a dozen pages. The highest sums that have been paid for magazine contributions in our time were those paid by the *Edinburgh Review* to Macaulay. He often drew two hundred and two hundred and fifty pounds for his contributions. The tradition runs that Brougham once asked Jeffrey for one thousand pounds upon a promise to work off the debt in a year, and did it, writing the whole of one number of the *Edinburgh Review*. This story of Brougham's writing the whole of an *Edinburgh Review* is told of several writers. Shirley Brooks, it is said, wrote the whole of one week's *Punch;* Christopher North wrote the whole of one *Blackwood;* Gilbert à Beckett wrote all the articles in one day's *Times*. But Brougham's capacity for work was equal to an *Edinburgh Review*, and the anecdote is characteristic. The rule of pay for contributions to the *Edinburgh* and *Quarterly Reviews* is no longer what it was in the days of Brougham and Macaulay. A man of special note in literature may have almost anything he likes to ask. Thackeray's salary as editor of the *Cornhill* was two thousand pounds a year, and Charles Reade recently refused to take a magazine in hand for less than three thousand pounds. Yet, when Jeffrey was retiring from the chair of the old buff and blue (*The Edinburgh*), Messrs. Longman hesitated to fall in with Moore's terms of one thousand pounds a year, although for one thousand pounds a year Moore was willing to give up the greater part of his time to the conduct of the magazine. Jeffrey's salary had been seven hundred pounds a year, and the editorship of the *Edinburgh Review* was then, but that is a long time ago, the blue ribbon of literature. The editor of the *Echo* has not less than seven hundred pounds a year to-day. The newspaper press, however, in the time of Jeffrey, hardly had an existence. The *Times* was little more than a sheet of advertisements, market reports, police news and scraps of scandal. Its articles were simply paragraphs like the "Notes" of the *Pall Mall Gazette* of to-day. Barnes, the editor of the *Times*, was the only man with any pretences to scholarship upon the London press, and even Barnes did not relish the idea of being known as editor of the *Times* out of Printing-house Square. His salary was one thousand pounds a year. But when Mr. Barnes retired from his post in 1830, the proprietor tried to tempt Southey from his books and the lakes by an offer of three thousand pounds a year and a share in the profits of the *Times*. And those were the terms upon which the appointment was offered to Thomas Moore. The editorship of the *Courier*, an evening newspaper like the *Globe*, was one thousand pounds a year, and that was Douglas Jerrold's salary as editor of *Lloyd's Newspaper*. It was looked upon then as a fancy salary. It is now the standard upon most of the London morning newspapers; the evening papers, with the exception of the *Pall Mall Gazette*, paying about two-thirds of that amount. The salary of the editor of the *Globe* five years ago was six hundred pounds a year, and that is the salary of the editors upon most of the provincial morning papers, although in three or four cases at Edinburgh, Glasgow, Birmingham, Manchester, and Leeds, the rate is equal to that of the London morning newspapers.

The Antiquity of the Bagpipes.

Sir Robert Prescott Stewart, the eloquent professor of music in the University of Dublin, whose lectures from time to time have attracted all the intelligence and fashion of that music-loving capital, in a recent address alluded to the bagpipe, and gave some interesting facts in reference thereto. It was, he said, both anciently and widely known; that it was alluded to in the writings of Aristides, Quintilianus, and was known in Ireland (A. D. 618); also in Giraldus Cambrensis and Chaucer; Shakespeare, Boccaccio, James VI of Scotland, Montfauçon, and others; and was found on a coin of the Emperor Nero. The instrument was probably introduced from Denmark to the Hebrides. The Scottish pipe possessed a limited scale, the evil effect of which was observable in several Scottish airs. To illustrate the peculiarity of the Irish bagpipe, the following music was given:—"The Blackbird," a plaintive air, without drones or tenors; "The Humors of Ballynahinch," with drone; and, as an example of rapid articulation, "Shane O'Dheering Lanagh," and "Paddy O'Carrol," with drones and tenor harmonies; examples of the imitation of pipe music in the works of J. S. Bach, Handel, Spohr, Mendelssohn, Gounod and Meyerbeer.

Catholic Statistics for 1875.

We gather from the "Catholic Directory for 1875, published in London," some interesting details concerning the Roman Catholic community in Great Britain. Dividing England and Wales into 13 dioceses and Scotland into three districts (the faithful in those parts being still under "Vicars Apostolic"), it shows that there are now in the former no less than 1,728 priests serving 1,041 churches, chapels, and missionary stations; and in the latter 238 more clergy, serving 227 such chapels. Both these calculations include such clergy as are invalided or retired, but exclude private and domestic chapels. There are in Great Britain 21 archbishops and bishops, one archbishop and two bishops being retired, while two others are bishops "auxiliary." The diocese of Westminster has the largest number of clergy, though it is exceeded by those of Southwark and Liverpool in the number of churches and chapels. The smallest diocese appears to be Northampton, with 37 clergy and 40 churches. In Clifton diocese, where the churches are given as 38, the clergy are as many as 71. Another part of the book gives a full account of the Papal Court officers of the Pope's household, the Sacred College of Cardinals, and lists of the Roman Catholic hierarchy throughout the world. There are six cardinal bishops, 37 cardinal priests—many of whom, however, are bishops or even archbishops—and seven cardinal deacons, at the head of whom is the name of James Antonelli, first deacon, Secretary of State. The members of the Sacred College are divided into 21 different "Congregations" for ordinary or special purposes, such as the "Inquisition or Holy Office," the "Propaganda," the "Index," the "Congregation of Sacred Rites," etc. There are 20 vacancies at present in the Sacred College, the full number of 70 being rarely filled up. Of the fifty cardinals for 1875, eight only were created by the late Pope Gregory XVI; the rest owe their hats to Pope Pius. During the present Pontificate 104 cardinals have died, of whom no less than 50 were created by the Pope, Pius IX. There are nine Patriarchates, of which the greater are of Constantinople, Alexandria, Antioch, and Jerusalem; and twelve patriarchs: seven of the Latin Rite and five of the Oriental Rite. The Patriarchal Sees of the Latin Rite are Constantinople, Alexandria, Jerusalem, the West Indies, Lisbon, and Venice; and those of the Oriental Rite are Antioch, Babylon and Cilicia. To these are added lists of other subordinate Rites—the Coptic, the Greek, and Syriac, each with subdivisions; and also of sundry "Apostolic Delegations and Vicariates" in all the four quarters of the globe, as well as in Oceanica. In order to get some idea of the extent of the Roman Catholic Episcopate, it may be added that the "patriarchs, archbishops and bishops present at the Council at any time between December 8, 1869, and July 18, 1870, were in all 704. The number included 13 archbishops and bishops *in Partibus Infidelium*." There are, it appears, 34 Catholic peers: Duke, one—the Duke of Norfolk; Marquises, two—the Marquis of Bute and the Marquis of Ripon. Earls, seven: the Earls of Denbigh, Westmeath, Fingall, Granard, Kenmare, Oxford, and Gainsborough. Countess in her own right, one—the Princess Giustiniani, Countess of Newburgh; Viscounts, four—Viscounts Gormanstown, Netterville, Taaffe, and Southwell. Barons, nineteen—Lords Beaumont, Houston, Vaux of Harrowden, Petre, Arundell of Wardour, Dormer, Stafford, Clifford, Herries, Lovat, Trimleston, Louth, Ffrench, Bellew, De Freyne, Howard of Glossop, Acton, O'Hagan, and Emly. The oldest peers are Lords Gormanstown and Trimleston, who are each 78; the youngest, Lord de Freyne, who is 17. There are 46 Catholic baronets, of whom the oldest is Sir Bourchier Pilk Wrey, who is 86; and the youngest, Sir Arthur Rambold, 4. There are 7 Catholic Privy Councillors and 51 Catholic Members of Parliament. The total number of Catholic patriarchs, primates, archbishops, and bishops was, on the 25th of February, 1874, 1081. There are 50 cardinals, of whom 8 were created by Pope Gregory XVI, and 42 by the present Pope. There are 125 Catholic archbishops and bishops in the British Empire. In England and Scotland there are 21 archbishops and bishops, 1966 priests and 1,268 chapels. This is an enormous increase on past years.

The Gaelic Language.

Professor John S. Blackie has been long laboring to procure the funds necessary to endow a chair of the Gaelic language in connection with the University of Edinburgh. From an address delivered by him at the opening meeting of the University Celtic Society, it appears that the Professor is sanguine he will be adequately supported in his project. Gaelic has never ceased to be cultivated by a pretty wide circle of Scotch literary men. It is hoped Professor Blackie will succeed in his design, and that when a chair of Gaelic has been established in Edinburgh University, the example will be followed by the other learned bodies of Scotland. Gaelic does not receive half the attention it merits. An Irish journal, discussing the question of dead languages, says: "There are four dead languages of high literary and historical importance in the world, viz., the Provençal, the Latin, the Hebrew, and Sanscrit. It is our private opinion that the Gaelic, which is a living language, is older than any of these; but the great

scholars of Germany—such as Bopp and Grimm—are opposed to us, and we shrink from the censure of preferring Ireland to truth. The Irish alphabet consists of sixteen letters, the precise number which Cadmus brought into Greece. These sixteen letters, invented by Phenius Farsa, are enough for us; they are not enough for any other language on earth. By dotting our letters, one sometimes serves the purpose of two. Wanting this invention, which was not suitable to their languages, the Greeks, the Hebrews, the Latins have been obliged to invent different letters. Does not this prove that we are older than they—that we were the schoolmasters of those nations? 'It was not the Greeks,' says Aristotle, 'who gave philosophy to the Gauls; it was the Gauls who gave philosophy to the Greeks.' These reasons persuade us that Gaelic is the oldest of the Indo-European languages; but the kings of philology—the Grimms and Bopps—are opposed to this view, and we are often swayed by their great authority. Opinion is often stronger than truth on subjects of this nature. As to Chinese, the case is different. No stone tools, such as savages use, have ever been found in China. This is not the case in Ireland; a stone age existed in Erin. The Chinese can translate the names of their mountains and rivers. Their language seems to have been written as soon as it was spoken, which is a miracle in itself. It belongs to an entirely different category from that of the Irish. We believe, with the Jesuits, that it is the oldest of all spoken tongues."

Another Irish journal recording the effort of Professor Blackie to establish Gaelic in the Scotch university, says:—"In Ireland, Irish is the language which finds the very smallest number of learners. The courses in the university are scarcely followed by more than half-a-dozen persons at a time. The Celtic Professorships in the Queen's Colleges have been all allowed to remain unfilled after the death or resignation of their first holders, owing to the almost complete absence of students. We believe that the only regular schools of Irish which do any work are those in connection with Maynooth College, and one or two other Roman Catholic institutions. In the Dublin Mechanics' Institute an Irish class has recently been added to the other courses; but without prizes, access to text-books and dictionaries—all of which are very costly—and without endowment of any kind, the students will have a very up-hill struggle to make. There are and have been in Ireland for a long time past several societies having for their object the investigation of Irish history, antiquities, and literature. These are highly useful in their sphere. They have done much to rescue old tracts from the danger of utterly perishing. But their action is essentially limited. It does not comprehend in its scope the encouragement of the study of Celtic as a language."

English Republicanism.

Charles Bradlaugh, the spokesman of Republican opinion in England, in a recent address at Chicago referred at length to a speech of Premier Disraeli at Manchester, England, in which he said were several issues:—the disestablishing of the Church of England, the disestablishing of the House of Lords, and, as Disraeli claimed, the disestablishment of the throne itself. He showed by figures how the present form of government existed in England and the financial state of affairs. The increase of taxation in 160 years was from less than £6,000,000 to £76,000,000; during the present reign, from £49,000,000 it had increased to £76,000,000. Seventy years ago the landed proprietors of England and Wales received £22,500,000; to-day, for the same property, they receive more than £100,000,000 sterling. On the £22,000,000 a year they paid then £2,000,000 and upwards of land tax, and on the £100,000,000 they paid less than £1,000,000 of land tax. Two hundred years ago, land in England paid two-fifths of all the taxes, and to-day it pays less than one-seventy-sixth part of it. The national debt had increased from £36,000,000 to £800,000,000. This, he said, was a mortage on the work of the people yet unborn, and none of it for liberty, honor, or glory. The real question in England, however, was the landed proprietors. Less than 200 families owned one-half of England, half of Ireland, and three-fourths of Scotland. The Duke of Sutherland alone owned a great part of Scotland, and other nobles had a life interest in 11,000,000 acres of land in England capable of cultivation, which was devoted to deer-parks for these landed aristocrats. If they asked him what had all that to do with the republican movement, he would say that land was the territorial aristocracy. It owned the House of Lords; it stopped every measure of redemption; it had locked up the school-doors by its opposition to education. It prevented the masses of the people from becoming instructed, by the taxes it kept upon knowledge. This was the power which sheltered itself by the throne. After alluding to the popular gatherings in Northumberland, Yorkshire, Durham, as indicative of progressive political opinion in favor of republicanism, he said he did not mean to convey the idea, that it was coming immediately: the people were not yet ready; they were not yet properly up to it.

In speaking of the possibility of establishing a republic in England, he held that it was possible, and that it could be accomplished openly. A movement made lawfully could be made openly,

and an open movement would have the advantage, and would be successful, and without force. He insisted that the movement could be made lawful, and then explained the laws of England. He denied that the monarchy of England was hereditary, and so long as their Constitution existed they could dethrone the Queen by a vote of Parliament, and thereby prevent the Prince of Wales ascending the throne. He went on to show that, if the act of succession was repealed, the House of Brunswick had no more right to the throne than any other family of equal ability and virtue. Parliament could take them off the throne, and therefore it was not hereditary.

He spoke of our own government, and asserted that, so long as slavery existed in America, we had no republic; and that where the people paid as much attention to politics as they did to business, then a republican form of government could be successful.

Oliver Cromwell's Head.

Oliver Cromwell died at White Hall Palace, September 3, 1658. He had been long suffering from an ague, and although plenty of Peruvian bark was then stored in London, yet the doctors then knew not its value, though the Jesuit Fathers did. While ill, he was so depressed he would allow no barber near him. His beard grew all over his face. After his death Richard Cromwell succeeded as Lord Protector, and had his father's body embalmed and laid in state at Somerset House. It was buried with more than regal honors in Henry VII's chapel, Westminster Abbey. When Charles II was brought from France and placed upon the throne, the bodies of Cromwell, Ireton, his son-in-law, and Bradshaw, the president of the Parliament that passed sentence of death on Charles I, were taken out of their graves, carried in carts to the "Red Lion," in Holborn, and subsequently hanged at Tyburn until sunset, and then taken down and *beheaded*. The bodies were then buried in a pit beneath the gallows in Tyburn, and their heads were stuck on iron stakes on the top of Westminster Hall, where sentinels walked their nightly rounds. Cromwell's head being embalmed remained exposed to the atmosphere for twenty-five years. One stormy night it was blown down, and was picked up by the sentry, who, hiding it under his coat, took it and hid it away. Inquiries were constantly made concerning the absent head. The sentry, on his death-bed, revealed the secret to his family, who sold the head to one of the Cambridgeshire Russells; and in the same box, in which it still remains, it descended to a certain Sam Russell, who sold it to a James Cox, the owner of a noted museum. When Cox sold out his museum he got £230, for the head of Cromwell. The parties who bought the head exhibited it in Bond street for half a crown admission. This was about 1740. The head came at last into the possession of the nieces of the last showman. After his death, these young ladies parted with it to Mr. Wilkinson, their medical attendant. And the head of Cromwell yet remains in possession of Mr. Horace Wilkinson, Seven Oaks, Kent. The head was a low, broad forehead, large orbits to the eyes, a high septum to the nose, and high cheek-bones. The head measures unusually long from the temple across the cranium to the back. Several teeth are yet in the mouth, and some hair remains. It is said to be the only *head* that ever was embalmed in England. The whole appearance of it is now leather-color. The *Hour* advises that this ghastly relic, which has been made a show of by three enterprising caterers at half a crown "admission," and of the genuineness of which it says there is no doubt, should be placed in the chapel of Henry VII at Westminster, where his body lay until it was removed to be hung in chains. An Irish exchange suggests that it would be much more just as well as desirous and useful, to send what may have been once the brains-carrier of this murderous usurper and cruel persecutor over to Ireland, as a memento of what it has suffered, as a lesson of the sad effects of disunion, and as a warning to quarrelsome politicians to keep from fighting among themselves.

Cost of War.

The cost of War is something enormous, and when the amount of taxation to the living is contemplated in addition to the loss of the killed, kings and statesmen should ponder well before plunging peoples and nations into the dire exigencies of arbitrament by the sword. A statist in Paris has summed up the pecuniary results to France of the late war with Germany as follows: War indemnity, 5,000,000,000 francs; interest on the same for two years, 300,000,000 francs; the keep of the German troops, 273,637,000 francs; requisition, 227,581,000 francs; value of objects taken without requisitions, 254,172,000 francs; war contributions levied on Paris, 200,000,000 francs; and so on till the account forms a total of 6,673,811,000 francs (1,334,562,500 dollars in gold. This sum is exclusive of pensions to the army, the damage done to material, and the expenses of reorganization, which swell the total to 13,000,000,000 francs (2,600,000,000 dollars). The average value of a day's work in France is one franc and a quarter; and this it would take one million of men thirty years to work out.

Mr. David A. Wells has furnished the Cobden Club of England with an essay upon the expenses, income, and taxes of the United States. From

which we take the following statement of the cost of the rebellion. The whole cost of the war to the Northern and Southern States from 1861 to 1866 is estimated as follows: Lives, 1,000,000; property, by destruction, waste, etc., $9,000,000,000. The gross expenditures of the United States from June 1861 to July 1866, $5,792,257,000. Of this the actual war expenses were about $5,342,237,000. The expenses of States, counties, cities, and towns in the Northern States, not represented by funded debts, have been estimated at $500,000,000. The increase of State debts on the war account was $123,000,000, The increase of city, town, and county debts is estimated at $200,000,000. Total war expenses of the loyal States and the National Government, $6,165,237,000. The estimated direct expenditures of the Confederate States on account of the war were $2,000,000,000. Aggregate estimated expenses of the war to the country North and South, $8,165,237,000. The total receipts from all sources during the second year of the war were less than $42,000,000. The expenditures were $60,000,000 per month—at the rate of $700,000,000, a year.

Naturalization in Massachusetts.

The Boston Correspondent of the New York *Sunday Citizen* gives an important illustration of the old "Know-Nothing" party spirit existing in the Senate of the General Council of the state of Massachusetts. He writes:—Mr. Richard Britton was elected Senator from the Sixth Middlesex District at the last election. His opponent, finding out that he was of foreign birth, took exception to the form of his father's naturalization papers, and petitioned to have his seat declared vacant and himself declared legally elected Senator. The matter was referred to the Committee on Elections, who reported in favor of the petitioner, and declared Mr. Britton's seat vacant. The report to accept passed a first reading, but upon the second reading, Dr. Loring, of Salem, made a decided stand against the report of the committee, and an amendment proposed by him, declaring Mr. Britton duly elected, was adopted by the Senate. The point relied upon by the petitioner was that Mr. Britton's father was not legally naturalized, and himself, never having been naturalized, was not a citizen, consequently not eligible to a seat in the Senate. It seems that the elder Mr. Britton took out his primary papers in the police court of Lynn, Mass., and his final certificate in the United States Court, Richard Britton being then a child. He has held many offices in the town in which he resides, and it must have been some trouble to unearth the *primary* papers of his father after so many years. The most singular part of the affair is, that all the Democratic Senators, including many who are of foreign birth or parentage, voted against Mr. Britton's right to a seat; while the Republicans who are pretty well tinctured with Know-Nothingism, voted for the liberal construction. The mouse in the straw is, that Mr. Britton voted for Dawes, and, if he was unseated, a question might possibly arise upon the validity of Mr. Dawes' election, which would perhaps unseat *him*. The Senate of Massachusetts has, by this vote, ratified the decision of Chief-Justice Shaw, that a police court *having no clerk* was, for the purpose of naturalization, a Court of Record, and primary papers issued by such courts are valid.

The Doctors of the Church.

In reply to the oft-repeated inquiry as to "who *were* the Doctors of the Church?" we give the list. Pope Benedict XIV said: "There are Doctors in the Church, and Doctors of the Church. The former are many, the latter very few. So copious has been upon them the outpouring of the spirit of wisdom and understanding, so eminent their erudition, so signal and universal the services they have rendered to the Church, that she salutes them in her Liturgy with these words: O Doctor optime, Ecclesiæ sanctæ lumen, 'O excellent doctor, Light of the Holy Church.'" In 18 centuries this title had only been conferred upon 17; and by decree of Pius IX, March 23, 1871, St. Alphonsus Maria de Liguori, Bishop of St. Agatha, in the kingdom of Naples, and founder of the Congregation of the Most Holy Redeemer, and of the cloistered nuns of the same name, was placed in the same rank in the church's Liturgy. The Church's Doctors, arranged according to the date of their deaths, are as follows:—

A. D.
368.—St. Hilary, Bp. of Poitiers.
373.—St. Athanasius, Patriarch of Alexandria.
379.—St. Basil, Archbishop of Cæsarea.
389.—St. Gregory Nazianzen, Patriarch of Constantinople.
397.—St. Ambrose, Archbishop of Milan.
407.—St. John Chrysostom, Patriarch of Constantinople.
420.—St. Jerome, Priest.
430.—St. Augustine, Bishop of Hippo.
450.—St. Peter Chrysologus, Archbishop of Ravenna.
460.—St. Leo, Pope.
604.—St. Gregory, Pope.
660.—St. Isidore, Archbishop of Seville.
1072.—St. Peter Damian, Cardinal-Bishop of Ostia.
1109.—St. Anselm, Archbishop of Canterbury.
1153.—St. Bernard, Abbot of Citeaux.
1274.—St. Thomas Aquinas, O. S. D.
1274.—St. Bonaventure, Cardinal-Archbishop of Albano.
1787.—St. Alphonsus de Liguori, Bishop of St. Agatha.

Washington's Day at Manhattan College.

Bright skies and genial weather favored the celebration of the anniversary of Washington's birthday, which, as time passes, becomes, in the eyes of the people, one of their most cherished national holidays. In the account of the general and special observances of the day in New York City, and the neighboring counties, the press notices with commendation the manner in which the higher students of Manhattan College commemorated the occasion. And as it is wise and proper to encourage all such celebrations by our colleges and educational institutions—laying, as they do, the foundation of good, because intelligent, citizenship, we take pleasure in noting the fact. The *Herald*, of the 23d February, says:

The day was celebrated with great *éclat* by the De La Salle Club in Manhattan College. A most respectable and fashionable audience crowded the large library hall, which was tastefully fitted up for the occasion. A varied and attractive programme, consisting of music, singing, and oratory, was carried out most successfully, and the young performers and speakers frequently evoked the warmest plaudits of the audience. Mr. P. Carr delivered an able and eloquent address on "Party Strife," Mr. J. Rigney on the late Bishop Bacon, Mr. F. J. O'Neill on "Our Military Presidents," Mr. M. Devlin on "Facts and Fallacies," Mr. F. J. Walsh, on "Washington," and Messrs. Sheridan, Brennan, Reilly, and McCabe displayed their histrionic powers in an admirable selection from Chateaubriand's "Martyrs." The music, supplied by the college band and orchestra, was superb. Mr. John Savage closed the proceedings in an eloquent address, in which he congratulated the members of the club on their success, eulogized the venerable De La Salle as the founder of primary schools, the organizer of educators, and Washington as the champion of freedom, and Father of his Country, whose virtues and labors created a glorious field of occupation for the devoted followers of De La Salle.—The *Tablet* adds: In none of our Catholic colleges is Washington's Birthday commemorated with more enthusiasm than in Manhattan. Among those occupying the front seats on Sunday evening were Reverend Brother Humphrey, Director of Manhattan College; Brother Anthony, Sub-director; Brother Isaac John, Brother Teliow, Rector of the Catholic Protectory; Father Griffin, Father Power, Mr. John Savage, ex-Congressman Haskin, Mr. Welch, Dr. O'Leary, Professor Mulrenan, Mr. Murphy, and Mr. Loughran.

The Irish Peasantry.

A writer of the London *Times*, in an article on "Ireland and her Scenery," pays the following tribute to the virtues of the Irish peasantry:—"The scenery of Ireland is, of course, the object which will scarcely leave time to observe or study the social phenomena of the land and the people. Yet some of these are upon the surface, and it is unnecessary to say that they suggest problems on which Englishmen may well reflect. The differences of faith and race in the island are striking; yet we are by no means sure they bear out the theories which have been too commonly held on the subject. Certain it is, at least, that Catholic Wexford discloses as fair a scene of prosperity as Protestant Fermanagh or even Down; and Anglicized Tipperary and Westmeath have been far more disturbed and disgraced by crime than Celtic Kerry, Donegal, or Galway. We shall not dogmatize from these facts; but they fairly open a train of inquiry which may make us sceptical as to what has passed as current truths of Irish history. A stranger in Ireland cannot fail to note the deep religious turn of the great mass of the people. He will see, too, that this national trait is independent of distinctions of creed; and he will observe with wonder how the Roman Catholic Church stands, throned in the pomp of the Middle Ages, amid a struggling peasantry. Not less singular is the tone of melancholy which characterizes the popular worship in all Celtic parts of the island, and which seems to pervade the Celtic nature; the ancient temples of the aboriginal race are generally found where nature wears her saddest and most funeral look; and Irish piety and tradition spring, it has been said, from a fountain of tears. How far this melancholy tone causes the vague cravings, the imaginative dwelling on an unreal past, which have marked Irish political movements, we shall not seek to guess or determine. The high breeding of the Irish peasantry cannot fail to please even a chance visitor; and the purity of their domestic life, and the lasting strength of their family ties, can never fail to attract attention."

Discovery of Ancient Art.

The *Pall Mall Gazette* says of a painting of Orpheus lately unearthed at Pompeii: "A painting, or anything else, loses more than half its value if it is carried off from the place for which it is meant. In a museum it is simply a specimen; in its own place it is a part of a whole. For objects which, for any cause, cannot be left on the spots where they are found, the museum which is forming in Pompeii itself, not that at Naples, is clearly the right place. For the rest, the simple course is that which is now followed—that of roofing-in the buildings where perishable objects, like paintings, are found. Leda showing her children to Tyndarus is worth ten times as much in her own place, on the wall where she was first painted, as if she had been carried off to keep company with Briseis and Iphigenia among a crowd of other objects which were never meant to be seen all together."

CURRENT PUBLICATIONS.

The Vatican decrees in their bearing on Civil Allegiance. By Henry Edward, Archbishop of Westminster. Catholic Publication Society.

In the articles on "Gladstone and Civil Allegiance of Catholics" in the MANHATTAN, we reprinted Archbishop Manning's prompt and powerful letters, written on the 8th and 10th of November respectively, refuting the ex-Premier's statement that the Vatican Decrees changed the obligations of civil allegiance in the first place; in the second, defending the loyalty of Catholic Englishmen; and in the third, declaring that the loyalty of the civil allegiance of said English Catholics was not in spite of, but because of, the teachings of the Catholic Church. In the work before us the powerful pen of Archbishop Manning elaborates the positions taken in these letters. Having implied in his first letter that he was prepared to justify the assertions they made, he keeps his word. Lest it might be thought that he obtrudes himself too often in the course of his argument, the Archbishop reminds his readers that Mr. Gladstone has compelled this necessity in three ways. 1. He made him the representative of the Catholic doctrine since 1870, as Bishop Doyle was, he says, in better days. 2. He has quoted his writings four times with censure. 3. He has appealed to him as the "Head of the Papal Church in England." In meeting the points of Mr. Gladstone, and justifying the positions asserted in the letters alluded to, Archbishop Manning proves in this able work:

1. That the Vatican Decrees have in no jot or tittle changed either the obligations or the conditions of civil allegiance.

2. That the relations of the Catholic Church to the civil powers of the world have been immutably fixed from the beginning, inasmuch as they arise out of the divine constitution of the Church, and out of the civil society of the natural order.

3. That any collisions now existing have been brought on by changes, not on the part of the Catholic Church, much less of the Vatican Council, but on the part of the civil powers, and that by reason of a systematic conspiracy against the Holy See.

4. That by these changes and collisions the civil powers of Europe are destroying their own stability.

5. That the motive of the Vatican Council in defining the infallibility of the Roman Pontiff was not any temporal policy, nor was it for any temporal end; but that it defined that truth in the face of all temporal dangers, in order to guard the divine deposit of Christianity, and to vindicate the divine certainty of faith.

Outside of the bitter stupidity which evoked it, this book by Archbishop Manning is exceedingly interesting to historical students, while its vigorous simplicity of style makes its learning, facts, and arguments intelligible and comprehensible to all. Elsewhere in this number, the intellectual characteristics and capacity of the writer are ably treated.

The True and False Infallibility of the Popes. By Dr. Joseph Fessler, late Bishop of St. Polten in Austria. Catholic Publication Society. 1875.

The author of this work was Secretary General to the Vatican Council in the year 1870, and worn out with the fatigues of the office, died two years afterwards. The work which is translated from the third edition, is now for the first time accessible in an English form. It was written in reply to a pamphlet issued in 1871 by Dr. Schulte, a Westphalian, who for a long time enjoyed a well-earned reputation as a canonist; but who for some years had developed a tendency to unsound doctrines. Falling from grace he dropped into the arms of the Prussian government, who revived him in a chair at the University of Bonn. His pamphlet was regarded by the anti-papal party as a great achievement. Bishop Fessler was incited by the dangerous clamor thus raised to write his now famous book, in which, to use the words of M. Cosquin, introducing a French translation—the able prelate follows, step by step, chapter by chapter, the reasoning of Dr. Schulte, pointing out the unfair treatment which the instruction given by the Council meets with at his hands, explaining at the same time the true doctrine, re-establishing the true import of the facts adduced, and cautioning his readers against false interpretations of them. When, with a somewhat slow, perhaps, but sure progress, he has arrived at the end of his elucidations, he draws his inevitable conclusions, and of this whole work of Dr. Schulte there remains nothing. In addition to his reply, Bishop Fessler, in behalf of those of his readers

who might possibly have been perplexed regarding certain acts and declarations of Popes quoted by Dr. Schulte, although those acts and declarations do not constitute an object of Catholic faith, indicates in some brief remarks at the conclusion the principal points of view from which a right appreciation of those acts, etc., may best be obtained. Such, adds the French translator, in the abstract, is the work of Mgr. Fessler in which he refuted by anticipation the theories put forth with so much assurance by Bismarck in the Prussian Upper House on the 10th March, 1873.

Tendencies of Modern Thought.

This is an address delivered before the Xavier Union by Cornelius O'Leary, M. D., Ph. D., and is an interesting scientific and lucidly expressed review of and inquiry into the themes with which the names of Huxley, Tyndall, Owen, Comte, and other Positivists, illusionists, diffusionists, and confusionists are associated. Dr. O'Leary reminds us of the ominous sounds and so-called scientific jargon with which our ears are assailed. Our brains echo to "protoplasm, cell evolution, sensigenous molecules, localized function, correlation of forces, and other combinations of strong-minded and strong-winded phraseology. He thinks they have disturbed the equipoise of many minds and shocked the orthodoxy of more. The tendency of modern scientific thought is in his belief towards the double negation of the spirituality of the soul and the existence of God as Creator and Conservator. Within the confined limits of a lecture the author traces the influences such tendencies must have on public morals and faith. The lecture will amply repay a careful perusal.

The Month of Saint Joseph; or, Exercises for each day of the month of March. By Rt. Rev. M. de Langalerie, Bishop of Belley. New York: D. & J. Sadlier & Co.

The title indicates the character of this well-printed little volume, which, however, must be read to be fully appreciated. Illustrating themes suggested by the life and domestic relations of St. Joseph, the author inculcates holy sentiments, generous resolutions, and love of God and of their neighbors in the minds and hearts of readers. It reached us too late for notice in the March number; but, although specially intended for devotions in that month, it can be read with benefit any time.

Pamphlets Received:—

A very timely and, it would seem to us, indispensable publication is the little pamphlet containing Instructions on the Jubilee, and prayers recommended to be said in the Station Churches; to which are prefixed the Encyclical of Pius IX and the Pastoral of Archbishop Bayley. Baltimore: Murphy & Co. New York: P. J. Kenedy, Barclay Street.

Northern Nebraska as a Home for Emigrants. Containing a general description of the State, sketches of Northern Nebraska Counties, and answers to correspondence of intending emigrants. By John O'Neill. Sioux City: *Times* Print, Iowa.

The Genius of Democracy; or, The Fall of Babylon. By A. C. Harkness. Barclay & Co. Phila.

The Constitutional Amendments and the Charitable Institutions. Official opinion of Hon. E. Delafield Smith, Counsel to the Corporation, N. Y.

Advance pages of the People's Common-Sense Medical Adviser. By R. V. Pierce, M. D., Buffalo, N. Y.

OLD BOOKS FOR BOYS.

At the request of those interested we beg to call the attention of the public to a way of conferring a lasting benefit on a large class of future citizens. There are over fourteen hundred boys of all ages in the New York Catholic Protectory. According to their years the time is divided between education, recreation, and industrial pursuits. It is a great duty to supply a larger class of these boys with useful and instructive reading-matter, and the means are not on hand to keep the supply up to the demand. In behalf of this large family passing from boyhood into youth and some to manhood, we suggest to our readers that quite a library might soon be accumulated if they would contribute a few old books each, with which their grown-up families have no further use. Nearly every single reader of the MANHATTAN could spare a volume, and we feel certain no such reader would delay a minute in contributing if he or she would reflect and in thought realize how much benefit a thrown-aside book, a gone-through school History, or an out-of-date superseded collection of prose or poetic extracts, or even an antediluvian Natural History, would confer on young and hungry intellects. The pleasing occupation and moral training furnished by reading when other recreations are not desirable, must not be overlooked either, in connection with the subject. Our publishers and booksellers could coöperate in a most effective manner.

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MANHATTAN

AND

DE LA SALLE MONTHLY.

NEW SERIES, VOL. I.—MAY, 1875.—No. 5.

MAY-DAY OF THE POETS.

Hail! Sacred thou to sacred joy,
To mirth and wine, sweet first of May!
To sports, which no grave cares alloy
The sprightly dance, the festive play!
—*From the Latin of Geo. Buchanan.*

Merry time it is in May;
The foules syngeth her lay:
The Knighttes loveth the tornay;
Maydens so dauncen and thay play.
—*Beginning of 14th Century.*

The expression of enjoyment and almost reckless delight, natural to the season passing from the bonds of winter and rough weather to the freedom of spring in its most delightful development, is of ancient date. But, indeed, the sympathy of mankind with nature is without date; it is born with time itself, coeval with creation and as strong to-day as it ever was. The form of its expression may vary; but the feeling cannot be hid, or changed or repressed. The desire to possess an early bunch of violets in the city is an expression of fealty to nature and of a love and sympathy with it, which would, if possible, imitate the frenzy of the past and rush with glee to the fields and woods "a-Maying.

The glory of bursting nature, and its effect on the spirit of man, has found but concentrated expression in the delight, enthusiasm and bounding freshness with which the poets have heralded in, sung to, or recorded the beauty and pleasures of the month of May. Mankind thrills with delight and joy at this season. His being, in the reinvigorating influences of the spring, is thankful, and sympathizes with and echoes, if it cannot express, the lyrical love of nature which the more gifted of his race seek to put in songful form. This throbbing and thrilling joyfulness is but a yearning of the universal heart to be in accord with and share the harmony of the song of nature, as exemplified in the mysterious but palpable development of buds and leaves and flowers and fruits.

The Rev. Mr. Maurice has shown the Maypole festival to have come to us from ancient India and Egypt, and says: "I have little doubt that May-Day or at least the day on which the sun entered Taurus, has been immemorially kept as a sacred festival, from the creation of the earth and man, originally intended as a memorial of that auspicious period and that momentous event." Major Archer, in his *Travels in Upper India* (1833), shows that the custom survived to our own time. He arrived at an Indian village a few hours after the May ceremonies were over, but found the Maypole there. "The occa

sion," he says, "was one of festivity, for all had strings of flowers about their heads, and they spoke of the matter as one of great pleasure and amusement. There can be no doubt but that the May-day customs combine a legacy of the ancient pagan worship of the East with the purer and more poetical outpouring of civilization under the beauty, freshness, and natural impulses of the spring season."

The Romans held the Floralia, which commenced on the 28th April and lasted a few days. Ostensibly the festival was to beg a blessing on the grass, trees, and flowers, but it seems to have been of doubtful origin. This doubt evidently was held at the time of the *Ludi Florales*, for Ovid, in describing his attendance, also calls on Flora to declare who she was; and in reply the poet makes her out a mythological commission.

"Fair Flora! now attend thy sportful feast,
Of which some days I with design have past;—
A part in April and a part in May
Thou claim'st, and both command my tuneful lay.

"And as the confines of two months are thine,
To sing of both the double task be mine.
Circus and stage are open now and free—
Goddess! again thy feast my theme must be.
Since new opinions oft delusive are.
Do thou, O Flora, who thou art declare;
Why should thy poet on conjectures dwell?
Thy name and attributes thou best canst tell.
Thus I.—To which she ready answer made,
And rosy sweets attended what she said:
Though, now corrupted, Flora be my name.
From the Greek Chloris that corruption came:—
In fields where happy mortals whilom stray'd,
Chloris my name. I was a rural maid;
To praise herself a modest maid will shun,
But yet a God was by my beauty won."

Flora then relates that Zephyr became enamoured of her as Boreas had been; that she was wedded to the former who assigned her the dominion over spring; and that she strews the earth with flowers, and is the presiding deity over gardens. In this mythological and allegorical form Flora was worshipped by the Romans, and the May-day festivals have in part come to us as continuations of the ceremonies, rejoicings, and offerings in her honor.

May-day was the great rural festival in the "old countries:" and we in the climate of New York, which leaps from winter into summer, skipping over, or but getting a slight glance at the end of spring, can scarcely realize the enthusiasm of the poets and descriptive writers in their charming frenzies over this season. We might exclaim with Thomson:

"Come, gentle Spring, ethereal mildness, come!"

but no amount of poetic or sympathetic entreaty is of avail. We might as well call spirits from the vasty deep. They will not come, neither will the "gentle Spring," or the "ethereal mildness." No, we have not unfrequently to bear the "winter and rough weather" far into April. As we write (April 13th), anticipative of the floral festival, it is snowing and nothing is to be seen but snow—after a thaw, be it said, of several days, and a couple full of spring freshness and hope. But we in New York cannot realize the spring of the poets—it is something for us "to read about;" and of the joyous springtide, the merry May was the most ecstatic. All humanity seemed moving with uncontrollable delight at the fresh effulgence of nature. The enthusiasm was not confined to any class. Like the display of nature itself, the expression of glee and gratification was universal; the king not less than the cotter, the prince than the ploughman, the town mercer than the rosy milkmaid, enjoying and creating enjoyment on the May-day.

It was still the custom as late as the sixteenth century for the population at large, especially the middle and humbler ranks, to go a-Maying at a very early hour of the morning—to gather flowers, and especially the hawthorn, thick with its beautiful and odorous blossoms which, being thoroughly identified with the day, was called "the May." They returned to their homes by sunrise, and according to the degrees of their ability, were accompanied by rural music of horns and tabors or other instruments. Natural glee and merriment, however, always gave the sunrise welcome, as the parties engaged in "bringing home the May," as the ceremony was called, distributed the blossoms, and decorated every door and window in the neighborhood with them. Every village had its May-Queen, the

fairest of the fair being only worthy of such a title to grace such an occasion; and lads and lasses danced and sang and enjoyed themselves in honor of the rejuvenescence of nature with a spirit which was not the least illustration of its force and simplicity.

Chaucer, who is the poet of all the fine old customs of his day in court and country, shows the general jocund nature of the occasion; the birds carolling joyously their songs of welcome to the month, and the court going forth to gather the May blossoms and weave them into garlands—

"Thus sange they alle the service of the feste,
And that was done right early, to my dome.*
And forth goeth all the court, both moste and leste,
To feche the floures freshe, and braunche and blome,
And namely † hawthorn brought both page and grome,
With freshe garlandes party blew and white;
And than rejoysen in their grete delight,
Eck eche at other threw the floures bright,
The primrose, the violete, and the gold."‡
—*Court of Love.*

Kings and queens, and princes and great folk were wont in the olden time, as indicated, to follow the healthy customs of the people, and leaving their palaces to go a-Maying at early morn, and bring home the May. In the *Knightes Tale* the same poet gives us an illustration when

"Arcite, that is in the court ryal,
With Theseus, his squyer principal,
Is risen, and loketh on the merry day.
And for to doon his observance to May,
Remembryng of the poynt of his desire,
He on his courser, sterting as the fire,
Is riden into feeldes him to pleye
Out of the court," §

and into the groves to make him a garland of "woodewynde or hawthorn leaves."

An old chronicler quoted by Hone, relates some interesting reminiscences of the day. "In the month of May," he says, "namely on May-day in the morning, every man, except impediment, would walke into the sweet meddowes and green woods, there to rejoyce there spirits with the beauty and savour of sweet flowers, and with the harmonie of birds, praising God in their kinde. And for example these of Edward Hall hath noted, that King Henry the eighth, as in the third of his reigne, and divers other years, so namely in the seventh of his reigne, on May-day in the morning, with Queene Katherine his wife, accompanied with many lords and ladies rode a Maying from Greenwich to the high-ground of Shooters-hill; when as they passed by the way, they espyed a company of tall yeomen, clothed all in greene, with greene hoods, and with bowes and arrowes, to the number of 200. One, being their Chieftaine, was called Robin Hood, who required the King and all his company to stay and see his men shoot: whereunto the King granting, Robin Hood whistled, and all the 200 archers shot off, loosing all at once; and when he whistled againe, they likewise shot againe: their arrows whistled by craft of the head, so that the noise was strange and loud, which greatly delighted the King, Queene, and their company.

"Moreover, this Robin Hood desired the King and Queene, with their retinue, to enter the greene wood, where, in arbours made of boughes, and deckt with flowers, they were set and served plentifully with venison and wine, by Robin Hood and his meyny, to their great contentment, and had other pageants and pastimes; as yee may read in my said author.

"I find also, that in the Month of May, the citizens of London (of all estates) lightly in every parish, or sometimes two or three parishes joyning together, had their several Mayings, and did fetch in May-poles, with divers warlike shewes, with good archers, morrice-dancers, and other devises for pastime all the day long; and towards the evening, they had stage plaies, and bonefires in the streets.

"Of the Mayings we read in the reign of Henry the sixth, that the aldermen and sheriffes of London, being on May-day at the bishop of London's wood in the parish of Stebun heath, and having there a worshipfull dinner for themselves and other commers, Lydgate the poet, that was a monk of Bury, sent to them by a pursivant a joyfull commendation of that season, containing sixteene staves in meeter royall, beginning thus:—

* As I judge. † Especially. ‡ Marigold.
§ See also Dryden's modernized version.

"Mighty Flora, goddesse of fresh flowers which clothed hath the soyle in lusty green,
Made buds to spring, with her sweet showers by influence of the sunne shine,
To doe pleasance of intent full cleane, unto the states which now sit here,
Hath Ver downe sent her own daughter deare,
Making the vertue, that dured in the root,
Called the vertue, the vertue vegetable, for to transcend, most wholesome and most soote,
Into the top, this season so agreeable: the bawmy liquor is so commendable,
That it rejoyceth with his fresh moisture, man, beast, and fowle, and every creature."

Spencer, in his *Shepherds Calender*, has preserved a pleasant picture of the happy people of his time going out for the May:

"Liker this morrow, no longer ago,
I saw a shole of shepherds out go
With singing, and shouting, and jolly cheer;
Before them yode a lusty Tabrere,
That to the many a horn-pipe play'd,
Where to they dancen each one to his maid.
To see these folks make such jouissance,
Made my heart after the pipe to dance.
Then to the green wood they speeden them all,
To fetchen home May with their musical:
And home they bring him in a royal throne
Crowned as king; and his Queen attone
Was Lady Flora, on whom did attend
A fair flock of fairies, and a fresh bend
Of lovely nymphs—O that I were there
To helpen the ladies their May-bush to bear!"

Browne in his *Britannia's Pastorals* gives us a glimpse of the May-Queen in her floral arbor, the surroundings of the May-court, and the favors bestowed:—

"As I have seene the Lady of the May
Set in an arbour on a holiday
Built by the May-pole where the jocund swains
Dance with the maidens to the bag-pipe's strains,
When envious night commands them to be gone,
Call for the merry youngsters one by one,
And for their well performance some disposes,
To this a garland interwove with roses;
To that a carved hooke, or well wrought scrip;
Gracing another with her cherry lip:
To one her garter, to another then
A handkercheife cast o're and o're again;
And none returneth empty, that hath spent
His paynes to fill their rural merriment."

Herrick, whose muse like Chaucer's at an earlier period sought inspiration in, and identified herself with, the popular holiday feasts, customs, and joyances of the time, has left us some charming stanzas illustrative of the feelings and fashions incited by May-day:—

"Rise and put on your foliage, and be seene
To come forth like the Spring-time, fresh and greene
And sweet as Flora. Take no care
For jewels for your gowne or haire;
Feare not, the leaves will strew
Gemms in abundance upon you;
Besides, the childhood of the day has kept
Against you come, some orient pearls unwept.
Come and receive them while the light
Hangs on the dew-locks of the night;
And Titan on the eastern hill
Retires himselfe, or else stands still
Till you come forth.

"Come, my Corinna, come; and coming, marke
How each field turns a street, each street a parke
Made green, and trimm'd with trees; see how
Devotion gives each house a bough,
Or branch; each porch, each doore, ere this,
An arke, or tabernacle is,
Made up of white-thorn neatly interwove;
As if here were those cooler shades of love.
Can such delights be in the street,
And open fields, and we not see't?
Come, we'll abroad, and let's obay
The proclamation of the May:
And sin no more as we have done, by staying;
But, my Corinna, come, let's goe a Maying.

"Come, let us goe, while we are in our prime,
And take the harmless follie of the time.
We shall grow old apace and die
Before we know our liberty.
Our life is short, and our dayes run
As fast away as do's the sunne;
And as a vapor, or a drop of raine
Once lost, can ne'er be found againe;
So when or you or I are made
A fable, song, or fleeting shade;
All love, all liking, all delight
Lies drown'd with us in endless night.
Then, while time serves, and we are but decaying,
Come, my Corinna, come, let's goe a Maying."

Not content, as Chambers says, with a garlanding of their brows, of their doors and windows, these merry people of the old days had in every town, or considerable district of a town, and in every village, a fixed pole, as high as the mast of a vessel of a hundred tons, on which each May morning they suspended wreaths of flowers, and round which they danced in rings pretty nearly the whole day. The May-pole, as it was called, had its

place equally with the parish church or the parish stocks; or, if anywhere one was wanting, the people selected a suitable tree, fashioned it, brought it in procession triumphantly, and erected it in the proper place, there from year to year to remain. The Puritans—those most respectable people, always so unpleasantly shown to be the enemies of mirth and good-humor—caused May-poles to be uprooted, and a stop put to all their jollities. *

On the very first May-day afterwards in 1661 a great May-pole was erected with ceremony and acclamation in London. An account of this May-pole raising in all its details is on record. It was a stately cedar in two pieces 134 feet high. Prince James Duke of York, Lord High Admiral of England, superintended its elevation. The pieces were brought in procession, and when joined and hooped with iron bands, three crowns and the king's arms richly gilded were placed on the head of it. "A large top like a balcony was about the middle of it." "This being done, the trumpets did sound, and in four hours' space it was advanced upright, after which being established fast in the ground six drums did beat, and the trumpets did sound; again great shouts and acclamations the people give, that it did ring throughout all the strand." Many historical and practical notices of this May-pole which stood "where Catherine street descends into the strand," are to be found in literature. The last poet said to have mentioned it was Pope, who, in describing an assemblage, says:

> "Amidst the area wide they took their stand,
> Where the tall May-pole once o'erlook'd the strand."

May-poles were everywhere reërected with becoming celebrations of mirth, all the more enthusiastic from the coercion which had prevented the old customs during the Cromwellian reign of Puritanism. But neither the Puritanism which led to Cromwell's success, nor the sentiments which checked the harmless demonstrations made in honor of May-day and the recognition of nature's promise, affected the great poetic spirit whose name is the glory of the period. From the May and the customs associated with it, John Milton has drawn some exquisitely beautiful thoughts which are among his best-known fancies. How charming his *Song on May Morning*:—

> "Now the bright morning star, day's harbinger
> Comes dancing from the east, and leads with her
> The flow'ry May, who from her green lap throws
> The yellow cowslip, and the pale primrose.
> Hail, bounteous May! that dost inspire
> Mirth and youth and warm desire;
> Woods and groves are of thy dressing,
> Hill and dale both boast thy blessing!
> Thus we salute thee with our early song
> And welcome thee, and wish thee long."

With dainty and yet subtle conceit he hails heart-easing Mirth as the healthy offspring of

> "The frolic wind that breathes the spring,
> Zephyr with Aurora playing
> As he met her once a-Maying;"

And with seasonable felicity pictures the

> "Buds of violet blue
> And fresh-blown roses washed in dew."

In his sonnet to the Nightingale he says:

> "Thou with fresh hope the lover's heart dost fill,
> While the jolly hours lead on propitious May.

Milton doubtless uses the word propitious in the sense of hope and promise given by the customs and love-making of the occasion, and not to the realization of lovers' hopes in the month of May, for, strange as it may seem, notwithstanding the love themes it inspires and the love-radiance surrounding the May, it has for ages been deemed unlucky to enter into the marriage state in that month of loveliness.

The allusion to the roses "washed in dew" calls to mind the virtue attached in former times to the May-dew. Pepys has an entry in his diary stating that his wife was away to Woolwich "in order a little ayre, and to lie there to night, and so *to gather May-dew to-morrow morning*, which Mrs. Turner hath taught her is the only one thing in the world to wash her face with." The custom of gathering the May-dew and washing in it was prevalent, also standing under the hawthorn while the dew is being shaken from it on May-morning. The virtue in which the May-dew was esteemed may be judged from the fact that, in order to be up and away early to the fields to gather its charmed drops,

* Chambers' *Book of Days.*

many persons used to stay up all night on the last of April: and for lovers to gather the dew from the flowers before sunrise on this festival, was regarded as instituting a powerful bond between them. The May-dew has not lost its virtue in our own day, and Samuel Lover has worked the poetical idea into one of his pretty and popular songs:—

THE MAY-DEW.

"Come with me, love, I'm seeking
A spell in the young year's flowers,
The magical May-dew is weeping
Its charm o'er the summer bow'rs;
Its pearls are more precious than those they find
In jewell'd India's sea;
For the dew-drops, love, might serve to bind
Thy heart forever to me!
Oh come with me, love, I'm seeking
A spell in the young year's flowers;
The magical May-dew is weeping
Its charm o'er the summer bow'rs.

"Haste, or the spell will be missing,
We seek in the May-dew now;
For soon the warm sun will be kissing
The bright drops from blossom and bough:
And the charm is so tender the May-dew sheds
O'er the wild flowers' delicate dyes,
That e'en at the touch of the sunbeam, 'tis said,
The mystical influence flies.
Oh come with me, love, I'm seeking
A spell in the young year's flowers;
The magical May-dew is weeping
Its charm o'er the summer bow'rs."

Early in this century Washington Irving recorded, in his "Sketch-Book," the pleasurable feelings experienced on having seen a May-pole in his first visit to England. I shall never forget the delight I felt on first seeing a May-pole. It was on the banks of the Dee, close by the picturesque old bridge that stretches across the river from the quaint little city of Chester. I had already been carried back into former days by the Antiquities of that venerable place; the examination of which is equal to turning over the pages of a black-letter volume, or gazing on the pictures in Froissart. The May-pole on the margin of that poetic stream completed the illusion. My fancy adorned it with wreaths of flowers, and peopled the green banks with all the dancing revelry of May-day. The mere sight of this May-pole gave a glow to my feelings, and spread a charm over the country for the rest of the day; and as I traversed a part of the fair plains of Cheshire, and the beautiful borders of Wales, and looked from among swelling hills down a long green valley, through which 'the Deva wound its wizard stream,' my imagination turned all into a perfect Arcadia. One can readily imagine what a gay scene it must have been in jolly old London, when the doors were decorated with flowering branches, when every hat was decked with hawthorn; and Robin Hood, Friar Tuck, Maid Marian, the Morris dancers, and all the other fantastic masks and revellers were performing their antics about the May pole in every part of the city. On this occasion we are told Robin Hood presided as Lord of the May:—

'With coat of Lincoln green, and mantle too,
And horn of ivory mouth, and buckle bright,
And arrows winged with peacock feathers light,
And trusty bow well gathered of the yew;'

whilst near him, crowned as Lady of the May, Maid Marian

'With eyes of blue
Shining through dusk hair, like the stars of night
And habited in pretty forest plight—
His green-wood beauty sits, young as the dew.

"And there too in a subsequent stage of the pageant, were

'The archer-men in green, with belt and bow,
Feasting on pleasant river-fowl, and swan,
With Robin at their head, and Marian.'"

In Ireland, May-day was associated with some ancient and curious customs of equally pagan origin as the *Floralia*. The lighting of the fires at this period in Ireland is of very remote date, and seems to show the Eastern origin of the inhabitants. In the reign of Tuathal Tectmar (The Welcome) 79 A. D., we learn of the institution of some rites and feasts—or more probably of their revival. At the general Convention and Fair there held annually at Uisneach, in West Meath, animals were sacrificed to Beal, invoking his protection for the fruits of the earth. To add to the solemnity of the festival, two fires were lighted in every district in Ireland between which a pair of each kind of cattle in said district was driven, to preserve them against the distempers of the year. "The day fixed upon for the ceremony," says Mac Geoghegan, "agrees with our first day of May,

which was, and is still called by the Irish 'Lha Beul-tinne,' which signifies the day of Beals-fire." O'Mahony thinks it would appear that Bel—the Belus of the Latins and Baal of the Hebrews—was the Jupiter of the Irish gods. Under his name they seem to have adored the sun. From the ceremonies observed with regard to the extinguishing and relighting of the private fires at this festival, it is probable that the ancient Irish were fire-worshippers.

The "bel-tane," which was peculiar to the old Celtic populations, was kept up amongst the peasantry of Ireland, of the Isle of Man, and of the Scottish Highlands, till within the recollection of living people. It is not unusual to see the fires lighted now among the former, but the period is changed from May to St. John's eve—24th June.

A writer in Hone's *Every Day Book* (1827) gives an idea of some customs pertaining in Ireland (Dublin) at that time. It was usual for boys and young men to go out of town in the morning and cut a May-bush—generally a whitethorn. Returning they plant it, and collect money from the people in the neighborhood, with which they purchase candles and decorate it with them. Turf and a tar barrel are also bought. In previous times a horse's skull and other bones were deemed necessary to the popular rite; and these were dragged by boys from Kilmainham where they were obtained at the tanneries. This practice gave rise to a popular form of threat, "I will drag you like a horse's head to the bonefire." At dusk the candles on the May-bush are lighted, and giving three cheers the boys dance around it and circulate such beverage as they are able to procure. After an hour or so the turf and bones are ignited, and when the candles are burned out, the bush is thrown into the flames, and the dancing continues while the fire lasts. The same writer alludes to the more rural and poetical celebration at Finglas, a village before alluded to, some three miles from Dublin on the then main northern road. May-day was there kept up in the old style, and was the only place in the neighborhood of the Irish Capital at the time when it was so honored. Visitors from different parts came to dance around the May-pole, which was garlanded with flowers. The King and Queen were chosen from the best of the dancers, and were installed on festooned chairs. When the dancing was over they were carried to a neighboring inn, where the party was regaled—if not with "pheasant and river fowl," like Robin Hood and Marian—with something equally healthy in the shape of roast beef, ham, cakes, whiskey-punch, ale, and porter. The frolic concluded with a dance indoors. An old song alludes to the custom and the locality:—

> "Ye lads and lasses, all to-day
> To Finglas let us haste away;
> With hearts so light and dresses gay,
> To dance around the May-pole."

General Vallancey mentions a custom which he himself witnessed in the County of Waterford:—"On the first day of May, annually, a number of youths, of both sexes, go round the parish to every couple married within the year, and oblige them to give a ball. This is ornamented with gold or silver coin. I have been assured they sometimes expended three guineas" (over fifteen dollars, specie) "on this ornament. The balls are suspended by a thread, in two hoops placed at right angles, decorated with festoons of flowers. The hoops are fastened to the end of a long pole, and carried about in great solemnity, attended with singing, music, and dancing."

In the north of Ireland, in former times, a large gathering of young men who called themselves May-boys took place. Above their other dress they wore white linen shirts, which were covered with a profusion of ribbons of all colors, formed into fantastic knots with streamers. One of the party was called King and the other Queen; they were crowned with coronals of the most beautiful flowers of the season, and were attended by pages who held up their trains. When met and, to use a modern phrase, "organized," their first act was to dance to music around the May-pole which had been planted on the evening previous. They there made their rounds, dancing a short jig before the houses of the most respectable inhabitants, and received a voluntary offering—a sum rarely less than five shillings (about a dollar and a quarter, specie). In the course of this festive peregrination the King always presented a

rich garland of flowers to some handsome young woman, who was called "the Queen of May" for the year up to next May-day.*

One of the most popular and beautiful of Irish legends is associated with May-day at Killarney—that of the O'Donoghue of the Lakes. The story, which may be found at length in Isaac Wild's work on Killarney, and Derrick's letters on the same (1760), in brief is this:—In the largest of the islands in Lough Lene there lived, many hundred years ago, a prince named O'Donoghue, who was lord of the lake, the surrounding shore, and a large district of the neighboring country. He was distinguished for great munificence, humanity, and wisdom, and by "his profound knowledge in all the secret powers of nature, he wrought wonders as miraculous as any tradition has recorded of saints by the aid of angels, or of sorcerers by the aid of demons." Among other gifts he possessed the secret of eternal youth. Having continued a long time on the surface of the earth without growing old, he took leave of his friends at Ross Castle, rose from the floor, passed through the window, and moved for some distance horizontally over the lake. Descending, the waters opened, and receiving, closed over him. He, however, returned again, and many times; not in the night as ghosts do revisiting the glimpses of the moon, but as one not dead—at the joyous May-day while the sun is radiant and the air alive with pleasant perfume. His visits are hailed with delight; and his absence, which sometimes is prolonged for three or four years, is lamented as an augury of bad times. Derrick had the account of one of these beautiful visits—the O'Donoghue attended by a numerous retinue scattering flowers, and moving together over the surface of the water—from an eye-witness; and adds: "The account is confirmed in time, place, and circumstances, by many more spectators from the side of the lake, who are all ready to swear, and not improbably to suffer death, in support of their testimony." Among the traditions of the lake is one of a beautiful young girl of the house of Cluain-Fineen, who, believing herself in love with the prince, threw herself into the lake on a May-morning in search of the object of her affections. On this romantic theme Thomas Moore founded his song of "O'Donoghue's Mistress."

O'DONOHUE'S MISTRESS.

"Of all the fair months, that round the sun
In light-link'd dance their circles run,
Sweet May, shine thou for me;
For still, when thy earliest beams arise,
That youth, who beneath the blue lake lies,
Sweet May, returns to me.

"Of all the bright haunts, where daylight leaves
Its lingering smile on golden eves,
Fair lake, thou'rt dearest to me;
For when the last April sun grows dim
Thy Naiads prepare his steed for him
Who dwells, bright lake, in thee.

"Of all the proud steeds that ever bore
Young plumèd chiefs on sea or shore,
White steed, most joy to thee!
Who still, with the first young glance of spring,
From under that glorious lake dost bring
My love, my chief, to me.

"While, white as the sail some bark unfurls,
When newly launch'd, thy long mane curls,
Fair steed, as white and free;
And spirits, from all the lake's deep bowers,
Glide o'er the blue wave scattering flowers,
Around my love and thee.

"Of all the sweet deaths that maidens die,
Whose lovers beneath the cold wave lie,
Most sweet that death will be,
Which, under the next May evening's light,
When thou and thy steed are lost to sight,
Dear love, I'll die for thee."

A little more than a decade ago a writer in Chambers' "Book of Days," in speaking of the May-pole, says: "Now alas! in the course of the more gradual change of manners, the May-pole has again vanished. They must now be pretty old people who remember ever seeing one." We do not consider ourselves yet in the "sear and yellow leaf," nor yet have counted one half-century and consequently may not come under the definition of "pretty old," but we have seen the May-pole. We have seen it on the green at Harold's Cross near Dublin; and among the most vivid of our youthful memories is the procession of garlanded girls and boys, the comical attempts of the young men to climb the pole which was greased, the hunt after the pig with

* See McSkimmin's Hist. of Carrickfergus.

the shaved tail, the leaping in sacks, and the donkey race in which no one rode his own beast, and the last was the winner. Later still, about thirty years ago, we have seen the May-pole at Finglas, and participated in all the enthusiasm and merriment of the May-day festival there.

Up to the period of the Reformation the Robin-Hood games were enacted with great vivacity at various places in Scotland at May-day, and in connection with them the burlesque of the *Abbot* of *Inobedience*, or *Unreason;* and also a representation of the May-Queen.

Chambers says the enthroning of the May-Queen in England has been longer obsolete than even the May-poles—but it still survives in France. "The only relic of the custom now surviving in England is to be found among the children of a few outlying places, who, on May-day, go about with a finely-dressed doll, which they call the *Lady of the May*, and with a few small semblances of May-pole modestly present their objects to the gentle folk they meet as a claim for half-pence."

In some parts of France, before the Revolution the May-day was celebrated by exhibitions, at which the successors of William of Guienne and Abelard contended for the golden violet. The origin of these miniature Olympics is traced back to the year 1323, when seven persons of rank invited all the Troubadours of Provence to assemble at Toulouse the first of May in the year following. Verses were then recited ; and amid much glee, excitement, and *éclat*, Arnauld Vidal de Castelraudori, contemporary with De Guileville and Jean de Meung, bore off the first prize.

Every succeeding year was distinguished by similar competitions, and so profitable did the attending concourse of people become to the good burgesses of Toulouse, that at a later period the "Jeux Floraux," as they were called, were conducted at the public expense, and the prizes provided from the city coffers.

In 1540 Clémence Isaure, a lady of rank and patroness of *belles-lettres*, bequeathed the great bulk of her fortune for the purpose of perpetuating this custom—by providing golden and silver flowers of different design and value as rewards for the successful. It may be imagined with what enthusiasm the French people attended these lively meetings, when the gay sons of the South repeated their glowing praises of love, beauty, and knightly worth, in the soft numbers of the *langue d'oc*.

In 1694 *les Jeux Floraux* were continued by order of the Grand Monarque, when forty members (being the same number as that of the Académie Française) were elected into an Academy for the purpose of having the fêtes conducted with more splendor and regularity. The Academician's office was to preside at the feasts, decide who were the victors, and distribute the rewards.

In France, especially in the south, the children celebrate the coming of May, in a very pretty and picturesque manner. Because the month of May is the month of spring, the month of flowers, the month consecrated to the Virgin, the young girls of each *quartier* unite to celebrate its return. They choose a pretty child and dress her in white and flowers, crown her and seat her on a throne of foliage; she is denominated "May, the Virgin of May, the Virgin of lovely days, flowers and green branches."

"Under the gothic arch of an old parish porch," says a writer, recalling a scene of her youth, "a narow step was raised covered with palms. A living being or a statue—I could not discern at the distance—dressed in a white robe, crowned with flowers, was seated upon it; in her right hand she held a leafy branch; a canopy above her head was formed of garlands of box, and ample draperies which fell on each side encircled her in their snowy folds. No doubt, the novelty of the sight caused my childish imagination much surprise, my eyes were captivated, and I scarcely listened to my mother, who gave me my ideas on this local custom; ideas the simple and sweet poetry of which I prefer to accept instead of discussing their original value."

Contributions are taken from the passers-by "For the May," and the offerings are used afterwards for some joyous festivity.

We agree with Washington Irving, when he says he values "every custom that tends to infuse poetical feeling into the people, and to sweeten and soften the rudeness of rustic manners, without destroying their

simplicity. Indeed it is to the decline of this happy simplicity that the decline of the custom may be traced; and the rural dance on the green and the homely May-day pageant have gradually disappeared, in proportion as the peasantry have become expensive and artificial in their pleasures, and too knowing for simple enjoyment. Some attempts, indeed, have been made of late years, by men of both taste and learning, to rally back the popular feeling to these standards of simplicity, but the time has gone by; the feeling has become chilled by habits of gain and traffic, the country apes the manners of the town, and little is heard of May-day at present, except from the lamentations of authors, who sigh after it from among the brick walls of the city."

So passes away many a good old custom, the retaining of which would not injure, but on the contrary would benefit and improve, man. The so-called progress of civilization, with its more than seven-league-boot strides, is putting many of the joyous customs of the youth of the century, far into antiquity. The anticipations which preceded them; the self-denials necessary to prepare for them; the intoxicating realization thus heightened, are not of this day. Everything is too easy of acquirement. We know too much, are too cunning to anticipate anything, and too prosaic to be surprised. We are too much occupied to take any trouble to prepare for a festival; and too much oppressed with *ennui* to enjoy it when it comes. We no longer seek the May-dew before sunrise. Catarrhs, bronchial affections and pneumonia, "are very prevalent." We scorn to look for flowers and May blossoms in the woods, when we can exercise our commercial spirit of enterprise and barter for them in the street.

But one thing passes not away, nor will it ever pass away: and that is the frenzy which seizes man at the spring of the year. He is a piece of nature, notwithstanding his artificial surroundings, and he feels it. His accord with rejuvenating nature thrills him even as the sap runs up the trunks and branches of trees and bursts into leaves and flowers. An almost unspeakable but irresistible desire for expansive enjoyment seizes man, springing from his sentiment of hope at the resurrection of all nature from the tomb of winter. The rock of snow and ice has been rolled away from the tomb, and the Lord of life is abroad blessing nature. In this glorious thrill which pervades all creation, it is consolatory for us to imagine that in it we behold an involuntary and irrepressible thanksgiving from man to God for the blessings bestowed, and the promise of comfort and enjoyment conveyed by the rehabilitation of nature in all her opening beauty and developing fascination. In such a spirit of thankful bliss and welcoming appreciation we can go a-Maying, even without seeking the woods.

ECUMENICAL COUNCILS.

There have been twenty Ecumenical Councils of the bishops and prelates of Christendom held, as follows: 1. At Nice in 325, which condemned the heresy of Arius. 2. At Constantinople in 381, which condemned the heresy of Macedonius. 3. At Ephesus in 431, which condemned the heresy of Nestorius. 4. At Chalcedon in 451, which condemned the heresy of Eutyches. 5. At Constantinople in 553. 6. At Constantinople in 682, which condemned the Monothelite heresy. 7. At Nice in 757, which condemned the Iconoclast heresy. 8. At Constantinople in 869, which deposed the schismatic prelate, Phetius, and restored Ignatius to his see. 9. At the Lateran, Rome, in 1118, which abolished the investiture with ring and crosier. 10. At the Lateran, Rome, 1139, which condemned the heresies of Peter of Bruss, and Arnold of Brescia. 11. At the Lateran, Rome, in 1179, which condemned the heresies of the Waldenses and the Albigenses. 12. At the Lateran, Rome, in 1215, for general legislation. 13. At Lyons in 1245, which decreed a general crusade. 14. At Lyons in 1274, which decreed the double procession of the Holy Ghost. 15. At Vienna in 1311, which abolished the order of Knights Templars and condemned several heresies. 16. At Constance in 1417. 17. At Florence in 1434, in which the act of reconciliation of the Greeks of the Byzantine empire was signed. 18. At the Lateran, Rome, 1512, for the reëstablishment of discipline. 19. At Trent from 1545 to 1563, which was convened for the work of a general reformation, and to define the position of the Church as regarded the heresies of the times. 20. At Rome which was convened in Dec., 1869, and adjourned in July, 1870, signalized by the declaration of the dogma of Infallibility.

PRIEZ POUR LE MALHEUREUX.*

By JOHN SAVAGE.

I.

Ah! once an aged friend I had,
When I was very young:
His head was white, his mouth was sad,
He spoke a foreign tongue:
Whose waning eye and withered cheek
Said, "Here misfortune grew;"
And his words were—when'er he'd speak—
"*Priez pour le Malheureux.*"

II.

I wistful wondered what they meant,
And viewed his weary look,
As by his bending breast I leant
Beside a babbling brook;
A holy well they said it was—
An old cross stood there, too,
And heard, with many a tearful pause,
"*Priez pour le Malheureux.*"

III.

The tears would often, streaming down
His cheeks, my young heart melt;
And then he'd look a kindly frown
To check the grief I felt.
But thoughts that would no quiet keep
My yearning heart-strings drew—
'Tis sad to see an old man weep:
"*Priez pour le Malheureux.*"

IV.

Days swelled to months, which bloomed in years,
Years pass'd, too, swiftly o'er;
And still the brook, the cross and tear
Were blended as before.
He was the same, though graver grown,
And I, as childhood flew,
The better learnt to feel his moan:
"*Priez pour le Malheureux.*"

V.

Oh! wonder-building days of joy,
Through which the child is led,
Which seem ne'er coming to the boy
Till they are felt and fled;
Ye now are here—my feelings start
With prayers my childhood knew;
Thank God I've not outgrown my heart!
"*Priez pour le Malheureux.*"

VI.

And thus he grew down to the grave,
And I grew stout of limb:
Like shoots that grow trees, ere they have
To be cut down like him.
He fell back into nature's womb
As into cowslips dew,
And lonely I sobbed o'er his tomb:
"*Priez pour le Malheureux.*"

VII.

The old man gone, I daily trod
The wild but hallow'd spot,
Where oft he had commun'd with God,
To soothe his weary lot;
And while through summer sung the birds,
And nature heavenly grew,
I carved upon the cross his words:
"*Priez pour le Malheureux.*"

VII.

My hope-entrancing boyhood sped,
The boy a student grown,
The meaning of the words I read
I'd carved upon the stone:
Oh, pray for the unfortunate!
Now seemed my sense to view,
Why cried my friend importunate:
"*Priez pour le Malheureux*"!

IX.

Now fancy told me sorrows keen
Had crush'd, not killed, his truth;
That Fate had set its "might have been"
On life, and love, and youth—
Had worn the cheek and dimmed the eye,
Had spoke the words I knew,
And led him from his home to die:
"*Priez pour le Malheureux.*"

X.

So early planted were these words
That made my old friend's pall,
Their comfort-giving Christian chords
From mem'ry ne'er shall fall.
Though at man's branded brow he hurl'd
Spleen's barbèd shafts; to you
I cry—Arise above the world hair!
"*Priez pour le Malheureux.*"

* "Pray for the unfortunate."

HEROISM.

BY HON. ROBERT COCHRAN.

NO. I.—THE TRUE AND THE FALSE—LESSONS FROM HISTORY—THE PATRIOTISM OF THE POOR.

The folly of devoting the energies of life to the pursuit of fame is illustrated in every page of history. Of the thronging millions of active, thinking, working, and aspiring men who have enacted their parts upon this stage of existence, how very few retain a place even in the mind of the most laborious student of traditions! The most minute chronicle of the race will not give us even one name in a generation. As we turn each page, in every veracious history we pass almost from one era to another. Unknown and unsung remain all the great struggles, hopes, exultations, and defeats of laborious or speculative men—the toils intended to rear a monument for the worker more enduring than brass—the thoughts which filled human hearts with the assurance of undying fame. So swiftly, in that brief record, the years fly by us, that the little mounds and memorials, painfully set up by hopeful enthusiasts in all the ages, are as undistinguished as the dust upon a revolving sphere. Even among the names of men preserved to us by the embalming of history, not many are really great.

The characters mainly recorded in historical annals are not the heroic, the leading, teaching self-devoting friends, lovers, and champions of mankind. The office of history has not been to preserve the record of those deeds and qualities which ennoble, advance, and cheer the race. Its archives are stored, not with the rich spoils of genius and endeavor, but with the flimsy tinsel of ambitious pomp, or the bloody trophies of gigantic crime. The elements of the race, precipitated in the crucible of history, have not the pure metallic lustre of our better nature, but are black with all essential wickedness. It is a poor assayer.

The lover of his kind hopes and well believes that beneath the mountains where the ages of the past are piled—layer upon layer of successive strata—are embedded rich mines of purest gold, bright with the glory of the best and highest human experience; and he knows that the river of Time issuing from those mountains has borne on its hurrying tide many shining fragments of those hidden riches, and rolls towards the ocean over golden sands. But history, in gathering for posterity the deposits of that stream, has been more sedulous to preserve the dross, the worthless mica, or the ruder iron, than the gleaming particles of the sovereign metal. Historians are the panders of potentates, not the lovers of people. Enamoured of the air of courts, they give us but the courtier's views of life and men. The names they have rescued from oblivion are not always nor often those whom the world would "not willingly let die." The passions and contentions of kings, the selfish policy of struggling states, the combinations and concealments of diplomacy, the marchings and countermarchings of armies—arrayed, not for the vindication of human rights, nor the redress of human wrongs, but to humor the caprice and promote the ambition of selfish, corrupt, cruel, and heartless princes, the claimants of a "divine right" to be pampered without toil, to thrive and take no thought, to oppress, harass, encumber and afflict mankind:—such are the themes of its stories.

The true men of the world; those who have lived lives of unselfish effort for the advancement, education, and development of their race; those who have deserved the name of heroes, are not mentioned in the reports of the historian, except so far as their fortunes have become involved in, or incidental to, the career of their more august Majesties of the pomp and the purple.

The great of history are seldom heroic. Its panorama, as it passes before our studious and saddened gaze, presents too uniformly the pageant of petty princes, governors, of ungoverned passions, misleading leaders, bad men and mean men tricked out in the meretricious glitter of ceremonial trappings, and offending humanity, while they make

angels weep, with the spectacle of reckless egotism, and the baseness of imperial pride. Historians have reënacted the absurdity of the ancient Egyptians. With wonderful and weary toil they have reared upon the plains of the past, where once flourished all that is beautiful, noble, refined, and elegant in life, huge monuments and pyramids, the sole purpose of which is to preserve the mummies of departed kings, while all around the splendid but senseless tombs stretches a desert of shifting and desolating sand,—overwhelming all the old-world glories, more worthy of monumental commemoration.

The race at large has as much occasion as individuals to complain of their biographers. The inevitable biographer is one of the bitterest penalties of greatness. More biting sarcasm is written in epitaphs than in epigrams. There is more perversion and violation of truth in memoirs than in romances. If biography is fiction without its consistency or attractiveness, history is the travesty of a larger life, the life of nations.

Biography, as generally written, is a posthumous pillory in which unhappy great men are set up by injudicious friends. History has carried the tyranny of monarchs beyond their days and empires, by making them the *exemplars*, who were but the scandal of their kind. To be prominent is not always to be great, since the great in story are not the great in heart. Our race is better, and has been always better, nobler, greater than those with whom its chronicles are busy. The history of *man* has never yet been written. The history of rulers, dynasties, governments, and states has been fully detailed, and its benefit as a teacher of politics and a guide of administrations, cannot be overestimated. In this department of science—and it is by no means an inferior one—history may be truly called "Providence teaching by example." But in a higher and wider sense, the real life of *every true man* is Providence teaching by example.

I have read in one issue of a morning newspaper more acts of true heroism than I can find in the whole authentic history of England. The community is startled by tidings of a great disaster upon the water or upon the land. Some noble steamer moving upon the solitary sea, like a conqueror of the elements, subduing the waves of the ocean with its heavy hands, blazoning its regal progress in ruddy flame upon the stormy sky, is stayed in its proud career by the crushing mountain of ice—or its fiery servant has risen against it in mutiny. Strong but helpless men, delicate women and sweet babes pass together from the glories of life to the chills of death. The sea upon which they rode but now with careless sovereignty, covers them with its remorseless waves. But not without many acts of fortitude, self-denial, and chivalrous sacrifice, do the doomed band go down. Even in the crisis of fate, and while the ruthless ocean glories in its might, soul asserts its diviner majesty, and by displays of heroic courage, patience, and dignity says to the terrible, triumphant, dark-rolling sea, "I am greater than thou! More truly than thou am I the minor of the Almighty."

Not in history, but in some transient chronicle of the day, I read the story of those nameless heroes, who, when the frigate, *The Royal George*, was foundering in the Channel, formed themselves in order under arms on either side the gangway, while the women and children were passed between them into the boats, and when the boats were filled and the last woman safe, went down into the sea as they stood in their ranks. The waves rose above the heroic head of every man on board. The sea received no nobler guests into its bosom since its waters parted before the hosts to Moses. The more modern heroes passed through its waves to a better land of promise! And yet who knows their names? Live they in record for the good and admiration of other times? Who, in the next generation, will report the heroic deed? Upon what column will their memory be perpetuated? What chapel in the Pantheon of Glory will commemorate their death-defying fortitude? What memorial have they? None—save that which the angels keep!

And the other day at Lawrence, they were, not men, but little children—not tried heroes, but factory boys, who, when lying crushed and suffocating beneath the burning timbers of the mill, urged their rescuers to save, first, others for whom there was more hope—and sublimely died, without complaint or fear!—It was no classic general or

king,—no grand centurion or patrician leader, but a poor unknown mechanic, who, while acting as engineer on one of our railroads, and seeing a collision imminent, thrust his arm into the socket to which he could not move the brake on his engine, and thus stopped the motion of the train, and crushed his bones to powder! Not more nobly did Horatius "keep the bridge in the brave days of old." Not more heroic was the storied act of Curtius Martius, when he rode into the gulf opened in the earth for Rome's destruction, and saved his country by the voluntary tribute of his life. Even while I write, I am thrilled with the narrative of a fire in the city on the night before, at which were performed by volunteers greater acts of dauntless heroism and splendid self-devotion, than those which have made the name of Spartan deathless.

Through flame and smoke and falling rafters, over floors trembling beneath their feet, and at windows all ablaze with lurid death, men—but one hour before diligent in the office or the warehouse, or swinging the hammer in the shop—bear in their strong, willing arms the senseless forms of friendless women, and the children of the poorest poor; while an obscure boy of tender years, suffering himself a horror fiercer than the fabled vulture gnawing the vitals of the heroic youth of whom the world has been proud for centuries, will not leave the flames until he bears upon his bosom the little girl who has fainted at his side! To-day these heroes are lost again among the undistinguishable throng of men; but they have their record,—a record which no time, no fire, can destroy; upon which will fall no shadow of oblivion while the stars shine in their majestic circles, while the years roll their awful floods to the eternal ocean!

It may be safely affirmed that all the great revolutions and advances of the world have been accomplished mainly by the efforts and zeal of obscure enthusiasts and unstoried heroes. Generals cannot do the work of armies—kings are not kingdoms—the destiny of a nation never depended upon the few men whose names are prominent in its traditions. The character of the common people, of the mass, determines the character and policy of the kingdom. The difference between the French and English revolutions was the result, not of the various characters of their leaders, but of the differing genius of the people.

For this reason it is as impossible for some countries to be free or invincible, as it is for others to be conquered or enslaved.

At Thermopylæ, three hundred Spartans withstood for three days the Persian myriads of Xerxes, and all but one of their number died upon that famous field. Of those three hundred, history has preserved the name of Leonidas alone. In that band every soldier was as great a hero as his leader, every heart beat high with noble resolution, each arm was clothed with the glory of invincibility. The Roman Eagles were carried throughout the world, not by imperial Cæsars, but by the valor of the Roman people. The splendor of the Blenheim victory, while it haloed the brow of Marlborough, was reflected from the shining swords of his unyielding battalions. The sun of Austerlitz gleamed not alone upon the exulting genius of Napoleon, but illustrated a field crimson with heroic blood.

The hopes of the world to-day rest not upon the caprices of its rulers, but upon the instincts of its masses. The magnificent Republics of antiquity were not undermined by the ambition or perfidy of their patricians, but by the luxury and effeminacy of their plebeian classes. Popular magnanimity is the parent of national greatness—overthrow and defeat are the offspring of public degeneracy. The preservation of our independence and respectability as a nation is not dependent, fortunately, upon the wisdom or discretion of our governors and politicians, but upon the virtue, intelligence, and decency of our citizens. The People is the Jove from whose head sprang the armed Minerva of Liberty; and the loyalty of the *popular* heart is the impenetrable ægis, which alone can render her secure in every conflict.

The traits which constitute *personal* greatness, and assure eminence to their possessor, are *intellectual;* but heroism grows out of the *affections.* Hence, while the distinction of the individual is usually proportioned to his intellect, the greatness of a people is determined by their heroic qualities. The multitude may be heroic, but are incapable of

the ephemera of the sunbeam. This capacity is as universal as it is infinite. There is no exclusiver aristocracy of the heart. The same man may have an *intellect* that crawls with the worm upon the earth, and a *heart* that can accompany an angel with equal flight from star to star.

All men are able to be heroic; and there is given us no *waste* ability. The possession of power involves a corresponding duty. Every capacity is balanced by as large a responsibility. The duty to be heroic, to lead heroic lives, is as urgent, as imperative, and inflexible to-day, as at any other period of the world's history.

It is a mistake to suppose that only a few prominent eras have called for the exhibition of heroism; that it is something of the past, having reference to certain unusual and extreme crises in the development of our race; that it is the splendid quality of a splendid epoch, a part of the grand and imposing pageantry of periods of struggle and excitement; an exceptional and not an every-day virtue; the court dress, and not the domestic habit of humanity. At the suggestion of the heroic, our thoughts refer to some fancied heroic age, and our imaginations glow with pictures of the chivalry and the holy passion of the knights and martyrs; we see glorious tournaments where heroes are at play, the gleaming armor and the uplifted lance—the crash of horse with horse, of knight with knight—the victor and the vanquished, and the crowning smiles of beauty; or our ears catch again the echoes of that noble fight upon the plains of Palestine, waged with battle-axe and scimetar around the sepulchre of the Prince of Peace; or we recall with pious reverence the sacrifice of saints, the amphitheatre resounding with the shouts of insulting heathendom and the groans of dying Christians; the loathsome prison and the vaulting flames, and, over all triumphant, the holy lover of the Truth. Or, again, we delight our fancies with glowing images of classic times, and revive the artistic pleasure of contemplating the wonderful pediments and friezes of the Parthenon, vivid with the lofty action of all heroic histories.

But the experience of man in one era was not intended merely for his amusement or complacent admiration in another. The Fates have not ordained alternations of effort and repose in the human history. The progress of the race is not only a march but a struggle, all the way from the flaming walls of Eden to the pearly gates of the New Jerusalem. In this struggle we cannot afford to throw away any of our arms. At every step there are difficulties to overcome; errors, oppressions, wrongs, to be opposed and righted. Heroism will become an ornamental quality, or useful only to color the pictures of the past, when there shall be no more full-armed injustice to confront us in the lists of life; when false religions shall no more celebrate their insulting rites about the Holy Sepulchre; when Truth shall need no more martyrs; when Humanity shall have no claims to champion, no injuries to redress.

No times will ever be so tame as to make heroes out of place; no spheres so humble or confined as not to permit and enjoin the exercise of all heroic virtues.

Which is the heroic age?—It were offensive to say that it is of the past—for that age which is not heroic is necessarily degenerate. Men may never again have precisely the same occasions to employ this noble virtue as in former days, but its illustration is confined to no peculiar experience or employment.

Heroism, in its original and narrower sense, is the spirit of enterprise and contempt of danger. In its wider meaning, it embraces all forms of magnanimity. He is heroic truly who is actuated by motives of unselfish origin, who aspires to something better than the gratification of the moment or the individual. Every recognition of the claims of a higher life, every sacrifice of body and sense to soul and spirit, every projection of our lives beyond the plane of our egotism, is heroic, whether it be illustrated in the battle or the business, in the tourney or the temper, at the stake or in the study.

Wherever there is contest, whether with circumstances, the natures of others, or our own, there is scope for the exercise of heroic traits. No life is so calm and peaceful, so free from assault and opposition, as to be exempted from the practice of warlike acts. Without that Abyssinian Valley, where young Rasselas was happy, there is no Arcadia of Repose.

The weapons of our wars have changed with the objects of the struggles, and are now more subtle and powerful as the strifes are more momentous, and the results more decisive.

RURAL LIFE AND SUPERSTITIONS IN WESTERN FRANCE.

No. 2.—THE WORKERS IN THE WOODS OF BRITTANY—MICHELLE, BRUNO, AND LOUISON—ANTOINE THE POACHER—THE SPECTRE-HUNTSMAN—A TRAP TO CATCH A FORESTER—THE POACHER'S CAPTURE.

Les Boisiers is a charming narrative of peasant life. The scene is in the extensive forest of Gavre, a tract in south Brittany enclosed between the rivers Don and Isac, two of the principal tributaries of the Vilaine. M. Souvestre accompanied an Alsacian named Moser, who had just been appointed head-forester in that district. The experience and shrewdness of Moser recommended him to the Administration of Woods and Waters as one likely to check various abuses which negligence had fostered. Moser was a character. He was not cunning, in the mean sense of the world, but he was extremely wary, inured to stratagems, difficult to deceive, and implicitly devoted to the Forest Code, which he looked upon as the most sacred of human institutions. Beguiling the way by tales of adventures with poachers and outlaws, of many a patient ambuscade and fierce contest, the forester and his companion reached at sunset the village of Blain, on the edge of the forest of Gavre. Awakened at daybreak by the sound of a horn, M. Souvestre saw from his window the village cow-herd collecting the cattle to drive them to the forest, where an ancient charter secured them right of pasture. Eager to follow in the same direction, he hastened down-stairs and found Moser on foot, waiting the arrival of his keepers, whom he had summoned, and breakfasting on a glass of wine and a bit of brown bread. M. Souvestre had commenced a like frugal repast, when a peasant entered the humble tavern, in which, for want of a better, he had taken up his quarters. On perceiving the strangers, the new-comer paused at the threshold, seemed to hesitate, but finally approached the hostess, and silently handed her a little gourd. She took it without remark, and turned away to fill it with brandy.

"The peasant waited," says Souvestre, "resting his back against the table which served as a bar, and his two hands on his holly stick. He was tall and thin, stooped a little, but was of robust appearance. His dress consisted of a threadbare jacket of green cloth, of trousers of coarse material, and of shoes with wooden soles; slung across his body was a linen pouch, which had much the form of a game-bag. After a careless glance round the room, and without appearing to observe us particularly, he began whistling and poking the point of his stick into the hard earthen floor. When the tavern-keeper gave him back his gourd, filled with brandy, he did not pay, but made a gesture, to which the woman replied by a nod, and he left the place.

"'Do you know that man?' said I to Moser, who, like myself, had walked to the door to gaze after the peasant. Moser made a negative sign, and descended the two doorsteps, in order to see what direction the man in the green jacket took.

"'He goes towards the forest,' he remarked.

"'Whither should he go?' I replied; 'the forest is here the common field in which all seek their harvest.'

"'Yes, but all do not gather in the same sort of crop.'

"'I certainly observed something unusual in the appearance of yonder silent visitor.'

"'Did you notice that he has not the

customary wooden shoes, but galoshes, more convenient for walking, and which leave the same mark? The other peasants go bare-legged, while he wears leathern gaiters to protect him from the thorns of the thicket; their jackets are blue or brown; his is green, to blend the better with the color of the leaves. His linen game-bag might pass for a bread-wallet, but for the stains of blood; and his hands would be those of a laborer, were they not blackened with gunpowder.'

"'So you think we have just seen a poacher?'

"'Of the worst sort; and I am much mistaken if it be not he who for the last ten years has been stripping this forest of game, and who has been particularly pointed out to the Administration.'

"'You call him——?'

"'Antoine—better known as *Bon-Affût*.'*

"The tavern-keeper, who was busy with her bottles, started and turned round.

"'I have hit the mark, you see,' said Moser, observing the movement; 'the vagabond has a running account at the White-Horse, and will pay for his brandy in game.'

"Our hostess began one of those wordy protestations which peasant women take for reasoning, when the arrival of a young *boisière* fortunately interrupted her.

"This name of *boisier* (*woodman*, or, more exactly, a worker in wood) properly belongs to cutters of hoops and vine-props, to makers of wooden shoes and spoons, to turners of bowls and spinning-wheels, to charcoal-burners and lath-splitters—a nomadic population which inhabits huts of branches in the forest glades, flits when the timber is felled, and settles again where the axe is sounding. But the same name is commonly applied to all who live by forest-produce, even though they do not themselves work in wood. It was the case with Michelle, who hawked about to village fairs the articles manufactured in the Gavre, and whose smiling manner, malicious address, and ready tongue bewitched her customers, till they could hardly distinguish beech from birch. With three horses, bearing empty panniers, she was on her way to the encampment of the wood-workers to replenish her store."

* *Affût* is the cover or lurking-place where the hunter lies in wait for his game.

This was exactly the road M. Souvestre desired to take, so he left Moser, who was about to make the tour of the forest with his keepers, and accompanied Michelle, who willingly gave him a place on the pack-saddle of one of her horses. Michelle was a strapping and comely damsel of twenty, black-eyed and fresh-colored, who had learned, during the six years that had elapsed since her uncle first sent her out with wooden wares, to defend both her interests and her person, and to take her own part vigorously against all comers. Riding through the forest, they fell in with Bruno the *Honey-Hunter*.

"This was a young lad in the full flush of early manhood, and whose tattered garments revealed rather than concealed the beauty of his form. His curling hair was covered by a straw hat with a ragged brim; a cloth jacket, too narrow for the wearer, displayed the contour of his bust and his well-turned arms; through the rents in his linen trousers were visible nervous legs, which would have enchanted a sculptor. Strength was the predominant characteristic of his whole person; but it was the supple and graceful strength of youth. He reminded me of one of those trees with a delicate bark, rich foliage, and bold branches, which spring up, of a single shoot, in generous soils. Slung over his shoulder by a leathern strap, he carried a wooden vessel, with a movable cover.

"'Well! have the bees worked for you?' said Michelle, in a familiar tone, authorized by her superiority of age and fortune.

"'God's flies always work for Christians,' replied Bruno, showing us his tub full of fresh honeycomb.

"I questioned Bruno about bees' nests, and learned there were many hundreds of them in the forest. He knew them nearly all, but the majority were out of reach, and to get the honey it would have been necessary to cut down the tree, like the honey-hunters of the New World. Bruno's pursuit was consequently not very lucrative, and he was fain to unite with it the search after squirrel nests, which he stripped of the beech-mast, chestnuts, and walnuts, accumulated by the little animals for their winter store. He sold twigs to the cage-makers, holly-tree bark to the makers of birdlime, and in winter time

took into the village waterfowl, which he caught in traps. These contraband occupations had not enriched him, but they seemed to make him happy. Tolerated by the keepers, whom his complaisance and good-humor had propitiated, his life in the forest was as free as that of the fisherman on the waters.

"Like Michelle, Bruno intended calling at the farm of the Magdalen, where dwelt Louison, a young girl of fifteen, *petite*, pale and somewhat fragile, not regularly pretty, but whose sweet smile and wondering blue eyes at once captivated the beholder. Nearly fifteen years previously, Antoine, surnamed Bon-Affût, had brought her to the farm, wrapped in his goat-skin coat. He had found her, he said, in the forest; but the infant was in good case, and many thought that he had received her from the mother. The farmer, who had dealings with the poacher, took charge of the child at his request, and brought her up—indulgently, as was needful, for Louison was not very strong, nor apt at rustic toils. In her early childhood, Bruno had been her playmate; once he had rescued her from drowning; his choicest honeycomb and finest nuts were still for her; and Michelle, who, by stealth, looked tenderly on the handsome bee-hunter, detested Louison, and twitted Bruno with his affection for the red-haired, freckled foundling, as she called the gentle little girl, with reference to her rich auburn locks and to the brown spots that dappled her delicately white complexion."

After a volley of sarcasms directed at the poor vestments and quiet mien of Louison, Michelle continued her journey. M. Souvestre made a halt at the farm, which excited his curiosity by its singular position in the heart of the great forest. Whilst rambling over it, Louroux, the farmer, had continually to warn him against ambushed perils, rendered indispensable by the number of four-footed destructives that the woods harbored. Here was a pitfall for wolves, concealed under grass; there, in a ditch, bordering a wheat-field, and slightly covered with branches, scythe-blades were fixed, intended to rip up the wild boars that infest the Gavre. These last snares, the most dangerous of all, were also the most numerous, but they were insufficient to protect the crops from the voracity of the grunters. When the corn began to ripen, all the men on the farm went out into the fields in carts, armed with guns, to await and repel the wild boars. The wolves were troublesome only in winter, when they came in bands and besieged the cow-houses. Two years before, said the farmer, they would have devoured Louison, had not Antoine come to her rescue. Just as Louroux had related this incident, they caught sight of the poacher and the young girl, talking confidentially at the corner of a glade.

"Antoine was seated at Louison's feet, his elbows resting on her knees, off which he ate a piece of black bread. His head was turned towards her, and his eyes gazed into hers. It seemed that for him the table transformed the frugal repast into a banquet, for every line of his rude countenance appeared to smile. The young girl had doubtless been telling of the humiliation she had had to endure from Michelle, for she now and then wiped away a tear with the corner of her apron, and her voice was broken by little sobs. But the poacher's words had already restored cheerfulness to her childish physiognomy, on which smiles were beaming through her final tears, like the sun through a summer shower. The poacher had unconsciously raised his voice, and I thought I distinguished words of a well-known dialect.

"'It sounds as though they were talking Breton?' said I, in a low voice.

"'So they are!' replied Louroux, in the same tone; 'Bon-Affût is born towards the woods of Camore, and when he came here, now fifteen years ago, he had great difficulty in learning to speak like other folk. So he taught the jargon of the low country to his darling Louison, who, in her turn, taught it to Bruno; and when the three are together, it is a jabber such as the saints themselves could not understand. Only listen whether that resembles a language intended for men and women to speak.'

"Notwithstanding the farmer's opinion, I perfectly understood the dialogue.

"'Make yourself easy,' said Antoine caressingly, 'I tell you that you shall dance at the first festival, and shall be the finest of all who are there.'

"'Cloth and linen are very dear,' objected the little girl, who now wept with only one eye.

"'But roebuck sells well,' replied the poacher, 'and no later than to-morrow there shall be one at the farm. As usual, father Louroux will manage to send it to Nantes.'

"'And if the keepers watch to-night?' said Louison, now quite consoled.

"'They will not watch,' replied Bon-Affût —'I have a sure means of sending them to their hay-loft.'

"The dead branches, crackling under our feet, betrayed our approach; by a hasty gesture the poacher enjoined the child to secrecy, and then rose to receive us."

The poacher'sdistrust of the companion of the new forester, M. Souvestre took care to dissipate by mentioning, in the course of conversation, the casual nature of his acquaintance with Moser, and the motives of his excursion into the forest; so that, when he inquired of the farmer the best road to the huts of the *boisiers*, Bon-Affût said he was going that way himself, and would guide him.

"As we advanced into the forest, its aspect grew more and more wild, until at last all trace of man's hand disappeared. Around us was a chaos of trees of all sizes—a battle of vegetation in which the weak writhed at the feet of the strong, strangled in its folds or fading in its shadow. Here and there great beeches, overthrown by time, rested their crumbling skeletons against the robust trunks of their successors; climbing shrubs, seeking the sun, coiled their garlands round the loftiest summits, springing from one to the other and forming a thousand floating bridges on which the squirrel swung. The floor of the forest, upset in ancient days by some terrible convulsion, was furrowed by ravines, on whose brink impended masses of rock, overgrown with ragged briars. At intervals there occurred an opening in this wilderness of stones and verdure, and ponds appeared, all studded with water-lilies. Flocks of wood-pigeons flew over them; the kingfisher flashed his brilliant colors along the beds of rushes; and the heron, motionless on the dry branches of the willow, stooped his head towards the still waters, like some intent and patient angler.

"In the very heart of this solitude we reached an open space in whose centre shone a pool of water, so limpid that each tint and form of the clouds was reflected on its surface. Here the poacher slackened his pace, casting well-pleased glances around him, like a proprietor who enters his domain. He began to reply to the music of the birds, by notes so marvellously imitated that the deluded songsters descended from branch to branch, and stopped within a few paces of us, turning their heads on one side the better to listen. The squirrels came forward at his cry; the water-hens swam out of the tufts of reeds to pick up the seeds he scattered on the little lake; some rabbits that were playing beneath a tuft of heaths stood still, and looked impudently at us. The poacher smiled at my astonishment.

"'They are my friends and neighbors,' said he; 'we have long lived together without strife or lawsuit, and as few persons come this way, they have not learned to be distrustful.'

"'Then you never set snares for them?'

"'Never; it would be betraying their confidence! But I do not see the *Verdaude;* she is usually more alert.'

"He approached the pool, and began to hiss in a particular manner; soon a similar hissing answered him, and the triangular head of an enormous adder reared itself amongst the reeds. Involuntarily, I made a movement backwards.

"'No fear,' said Bon-Affût quietly, 'she is an old comrade; see, she recognizes me!'

"The adder had left the bed of rushes, and swam towards us with head erect, darting out her forked tongue with slight hissings. The long folds of her greenish body, veined with dark marks, left a furrow upon the still waters in her rear. Darting on shore, and coiling herself up, she reached as high as the poacher's waist. He held out his arm; she wound round it and attained his bosom, into which she glided.

"'*Monsieur* is surprised at my confidence,' said Bon-Affût, who observed my expression of uneasiness and disgust; 'but the creature is harmless—it is only a water-snake. When a man passes long weeks alone in the woods, he becomes less particular in respect to his society: he is happy to find some living

thing which knows him. And when I cannot go to the farm to talk to Louison, and Bruno is away, I sometimes get down-hearted; then I come here for recreation, and God's creatures keep me company.'"

At some distance beyond the Pool of the Green Snake, the pedestrians encountered Bruno, peeling branches for the basket-makers. Ambiguous phrases were exchanged between him and the poacher, who looked uneasily at some recent foot-prints, and, giving M. Souvestre directions how to reach the huts of the *boisiers*, abruptly wished him good-day. In the principal encampment of the wood-workers was a large hut, serving as a tavern, where Souvestre found Moser and two of his keepers at supper. He joined them. Presently Michelle came in, out of breath and somewhat discomposed. Bruno was the cause of her alarm. She had met him in the forest, and he told her he had just seen, near *Dead-Man's* thicket, the *mau-piqueur*, or spectre-huntsman, beating the cover. This news caused a general sensation. Michelle was overwhelmed with questions. Bruno had seen him, she declared, as plainly as she saw her interrogators; he was leading his black dog by a chain, and seemed in quest of the tracks of game. At first the bee-hunter had taken him for a keeper, but when the *herald of sadness* turned towards him, he beheld his eyes distilling flames, and heard him utter the terrible words:—

> "Fauves par les passées,
> Gibiers par les foulées,
> Place aux âmes damnées!"

Then he disappeared amongst the trees, and the leaves shrivelled up on his passage.

"At this wild tale the women ceased to spin, the men stared at each other, even the two keepers seemed scared. Moser demanded an explanation. In forest-belief, he was told, the appearance of the *mau-piqueur* foreboded *the great hunt after the wicked*. The Alsacian stood aghast at finding that there lived baptized men capable of believing such absurdities. His incredulity scandalized all present. All, including the keepers, deposed to having heard, at one time or other, the horn of the evil huntsman.

"'So you admit to have heard a horn in the forest without seeking the hunters?' said Moser to his men.

"'They would have courted death had they sought them,' said the old *boisier* who had already spoken; 'the appearance of the *mau-piqueur* is always a bad sign, but whoever meets his hunt may prepare his coffin, for his hours are numbered.'

"'I will run the risk,' said Moser, 'and the devil burn me if I don't force your goblins to show me their licenses.'

"All present exclaimed against this irreverence; the old man shook his head.'

"'It is not good to jest with the dead,' he said. 'God has made a division; he has given the day to man, and the night to evil spirits. It is too proud a heart that revolts against his will, and you will be spared this trial, if you have a good patron in heaven.'

"'I hope, on the contrary, that it will be granted me,' said Moser. 'During fifteen years that I have walked the forests, all the the poachers I have met have been of this world; I should be well pleased to meet some of the other; but you will find that the hunt has been put off, and that the devil considers us too sober and vigilant for the *mau-piqueur* to wind his horn.'

"None replied; there was a pause. Profound silence prevailed around the hut, scarcely broken by the rustle of the wind and the murmur of the waters. Suddenly the sound of a horn arose, increased, resounded through the alleys of the forest, and ended, with a clamorous burst, at the very door of the cabin. The effect was tremendous. With one accord men and women started to their feet. Moser looked at me with surprise. There was a brief silence. Then the winding of the horn was repeated, in livelier notes, and nearer at hand.

"'Tis he! 'tis he!' murmured every one.

"The forester was on his feet.

"'It is evident,' he said, with an irritable impatience, 'that some one amuses himself at our expense; we shall see who laughs last.' And turning to his two companions, 'Come!' said he, 'the *mau-piqueur* seems rather hoarse—we will try to clear his voice for him.'

"The keepers, who had risen, looked uneasily at each other. The horn continued

to resound with increased loudness; the *boisiers*, assembled round the chimney, conversed in a low voice. Moser waited near the door, and saw to the lock of his gun. At last his men joined him, but with evident unwillingness. The Alsacian asked them if they were afraid.

"'There is no shame in fearing what one cannot comprehend,' said the elder man surlily; 'and, for my part, I do not know what we have to do in the forest at this time of night.'

"'Your duty!' replied Moser harshly: 'do you know the object of the stupid joke by which they try to frighten us?—are you sure it is not the stratagem of some marauder who is poaching the cover? The forest is confided to our care, we must watch over it like our child. Do you want to be taken for cowards? Come, forward, I say, and look to your guns.'

"The keepers made no reply, and we walked out into the forest, following the horn, whose sound became each moment more distinct. The airs it played did not resemble those now in use in the hunting-field; they were prolonged and plaintive calls, interrupted by furious flourishes, recalling by their antique rhythm the hunting calls of old France. The *mau-piqueur* appeared coming to meet us by a path parallel to that we were following. Soon the horn was blown upon our right hand, and so near that we seemed separated from it only by a few bushes. Moser turned abruptly to that side; but at the same moment the blast was heard on our left. Surprised, the forester hurried in that direction; the horn was forthwith winded to our right, more violently than ever. This time Moser stood still, quite confounded, and asked the keepers if there were echoes in the forest. Both replied by a negative, and made us observe that the sound had again changed its place, and was now behind us. The Alsacian was about to turn back, when we heard it in our front, where it for some time continued, but with intermittences that led us astray. Sometimes the nocturnal bugler seemed close to us, at others lost in the depths of the forest. The two keepers followed us, their hard breathing betraying their alarm. When at last we paused in the centre of a wild opening, they gazed about with a terror which they no longer attempted to conceal.

"'It is a wilful running into the jaws of destruction!' said the elder man, in a troubled voice: 'the forester must be convinced by this time that they are not men with whom we have to deal, and reason bids us return to the huts.'

"Moser replied not. His body bent forward, his ear open to every sound, he seemed studying with particular attention the *hallalis* of the *mau-piqueur*. At last he drew himself up and turned towards us.

"'I have hit it,' said he, quickly; 'the distant sounds are clearer and stronger than those close at hand; it is neither the same instrument nor the same musician: evidently there are two horns, and they have been making fools of us for the last hour.'

"Probable as this explanation was, it did not satisfy our companions, who positively refused to explore one side of the forest whilst Moser and I searched the other. The Alsacian was obliged to take them with him in one direction, whilst I took the opposite route by myself. One of the keepers gave me his gun, and I entered a narrow glade leading to the most solitary part of the forest."

M. Souvestre fell in with Bruno, horn in hand, and made him prisoner, but released and remained with him. A shot was heard. Bon-Affût joined them, with a fresh-killed roebuck. On learning that the keepers—whom he had thought to deter by enacting, in concert with Bruno, the part of the *mau-piqueur*—were seeking poachers in the forest, he knew that the report of his gun would attract them, and hurried off, accompanied by Bruno and M. Souvestre, who had lost his way, and who, amused by the adventure, sympathized at least as much with the pursued as with the pursuers. They fell in with Moser and his men, but Bon-Affût escaped unseen.

Just then a fire broke out amongst the brushwood on the edge of the forest, and threatened to extend to the lofty trees, but was extinguished by the exertions of the *boisiers*, who mustered in force with axes and buckets. Various incidents occurred, enabling Moser to prove to the peasants that the *mau-piqueur* had been personated—this

time, at least—by Bruno and Bon-Affût. Angry at the deception practised on them, and at the damage done by the fire—which of course was imputed, although unjustly, to the poachers—the *boisiers* willingly offered assistance to capture them. Michelle came up. She had seen the two offenders following a path leading to the farm of the Magdalen; she had called to them, but instead of replying, they plunged into the thicket. This sufficed.

The first tint of dawn found Moser and a party of peasants at the farm, which they had already thoroughly searched. The farmer had attempted to take things with a high hand, and protested against the violation of his domicile, but quickly changed his note when the resolute forester informed him that he would have to answer a charge of complicity in poaching and fire-raising in the royal forest. Lights had been found burning in the house, and Bruno seated in the chimney-corner. Louison was afoot; and from her restlessness, and certain of her movements, M. Souvestre felt convinced Bon-Affût was hidden near at hand. Michelle, who had accompanied the party to the farm, and, as usual, had hastened to fix a quarrel on Louison, entertained the same conviction; and, in presence of the forester, offered to wager that the little shepherdess could find the poacher if she chose.

"Moser," says M. Souvestre, "who had hitherto paid slight attention to the quarrel of the two young girls, suddenly became attentive. He questioned Louison, using every means to entrap her; but the little *pastoure* avoided his snares with a natural ingenuity and address which astounded me. Meanwhile the *boisiers* came in; they had explored all the paths and seen no one. The forester could not conceal his vexation. Besides the necessity of justifying the confidence of the Administration, to which he had promised a speedy reform of the abuses that ruined the forest, his self-love was interested not to fail before so many witnesses, and to signalize his arrival in the Gavre by an important capture. After giving orders again to beat the neighborhood of the farm, he lighted his German pipe, and seated himself at the house-door, as if resolved there to await the result of the fresh researches.

"I perceived, however, that Moser continued to watch all Louison's movements. Day had broken, and the cowherd's horn sounded far off in the forest; the little shepherdess turned the cattle out of the stables, and set off with them towards the pasture. Moser suffered her to depart apparently unheeded; but scarcely had she entered the path leading to the grazing ground, when I saw him quickly extinguish his pipe and take up his gun. I asked him what he was about to do; he put his finger on his lips, pointed to the shepherdess, and glided into the field she was skirting. I joined him, without understanding his project, and we followed Louison on the contrary side of the hedge. The little girl walked singing along, neither hurrying nor looking behind her, apparently solely occupied with the straw she was plaiting. Thus she reached the pasture, ascended a small mound that overlooked it, and seated herself under a clump of ash trees. For the first time she then cast her eyes around her, but vaguely, and as if noticing nothing. Louison continued singing; but gradually her voice grew louder, and its modulations resounded afar.

"'In what barbarous tongue does she sing?' said Moser, who in vain endeavored to understand the words.

"I signed to him to be silent, for I had recognized the rude Celtic accent. The *pastoure* sang the old *guerz* or ballad of Jean Devereux, mingling with it warnings addressed to an invisible auditor.

"'Bretons, be all upon your guard; yonder dwells *Jean la Prise*, with his soldiers in his castle, like a snail in his shell.'

"Here the voice slightly altered its inflection, and substituted for the traditional words this rapid warning:

"'*All the band of woodcutters is here; the safest for you is to return at once to the forest, to the cover near the Pool of the Green Snake.*'

"Then the original song was resumed:

"'All that was old and all that was new they had plundered throughout the land;—from the churches the silver crosses—the gilt cups from the burgher's table.'

"She raised her voice to add:

"'*There is no one to the right; follow the corn without raising your head, you will reach the little cluster of holly.*'

"I turned my eyes to the cornfield, and in a few seconds I saw the ocean of ears slightly open, and a furrow formed which seemed to move towards the forest. I stood up, in order to see better. Moser, who followed all my movements, observed the direction of my glance, perceived the motion in the corn, and uttered a joyful exclamation: he saw the whole thing. Opening the bushes behind which we were concealed, he ran across the pasture—reached the enclosure of the cornfield, there too high to leap—skirted it for a moment—and then, coming to an opening filled up with branches, sprang into it. I heard him utter a cry of pain, and saw him fall. He had come upon a scythe-blade hidden under the leaves, in readiness for the passage of the wild boars.

"The two keepers, who just then came up, and who, like myself, had seen the accident, hurried with me to the assistance of the Alsacian. He was covered with blood, but heeded not his wounds.

"'Quick, quick, after the poacher!' he faltered, pointing out the direction in which Bon-Affût was flying. After a momentary hesitation the keepers hurried in pursuit, whilst Moser propped himself against the bank and followed them with his eyes. In vain did I endeavor to ascertain whether he was dangerously hurt: mechanically stanching with his handkerchief the blood that flowed from his hands and breast, he seemed to think only of the poacher. When the latter found he was discovered, he no longer attempted to conceal himself in the corn, but ran across the furrows in the direction of the forest, pursued by the keepers. The interval between them increased every moment, and his escape appeared certain, when, at the last enclosure, he suddenly found himself face to face with a party of *boisiers*, who surrounded and seized him.

"On hearing the shouts which announced his capture, Moser made a gesture of triumph, and then, his strength completely exhausted, he sank down at the foot of the bank.

"A quarter of an hour later, all were assembled in front of Louroux' farmhouse. A cart was getting ready for the forester, whose wounds had been dressed. A few paces off, surrounded by a group of the woodcutters, stood Bon-Affût and Bruno. Their hands were bound, and they leaned against a low wall. Louison was seated a little farther off, sobbing, with her head upon her knees.

. . . . . .

"It was two days before I could get to Savenay; but then I went straight to the magistrate charged with the prosecution of Bruno and the poacher. My explanations sufficed to clear them of the charge of incendiarism, and to procure the young woodranger his liberty. As to his companion, he had too many old accounts to settle with the foresters for it to be possible for me to obtain his release before my departure; but fortunately I found at Savenay a college chum, by profession a lawyer, who promised to watch the proceedings and to assist him if necessary. Some time had elapsed since my excursion amongst the *boisiers*, when I learned that the Savenay man of law had succeeded in getting Bon-Affût out of prison after a few weeks' confinement, and had procured him employment on the domain of Carheil, where the ex-poacher had become a model game-keeper. At the same time I learned that Antoine was about to find himself once more associated with the honey-hunter, who had been engaged as planter and terrace-maker, and who was to join him after the August sap, with the *pastours* of the Magdalen, whom the dwellers in the forest already called by the name of Louison Bruno."

A NEW LITERARY DISEASE.

According to recent reports the London physicians have recognized a new ailment arising from study under unfavorable circumstances. It is called the "Museum Headache." The great reading-room of the British Museum is very crowded, very hot, and very poorly ventilated. Many literary and scientific men also work nearly all day in small unhealthy rooms in the Museum. Some of them have been forced to give up their work entirely on account of their health, being conscious that the ill-ventilated rooms had caused it.

FACTS AND FALLACIES.

By M. E. Devlin.

It seems folly to think in our day unless we conform our sentiments to modern thought; and if our theory be such that it require an extra effort to master its intricacies—if, in fine, we propose anything which does not directly appeal to the senses and admit of ready perception, we are considered antique in our manner of thinking; in other words, behind the age!

The time has now arrived when popular taste requires everything easy and pleasing; nothing that savors of abstruseness or difficulty meets appreciation, while, on the other hand, everything light, brilliant, and slightly sensational is absolutely swallowed by an indiscriminating public. What a state of society is this! It is only necessary to possess a fair knowledge of newspaper topics variegated with all the cant expressions of a light literature and a lighter conversation of the period, to be considered "smart," while it merely requires a fair degree of effrontery, a little time, and the plaudits of a few senseless flatterers to confirm us in our opinions that we are prodigies of acuteness and learning! Now, if ever a real misfortune befell a rational being; if ever the snares of the tempter may be said to be really indissoluble; if ever there be a time when a man is in a truly pitiable condition, it is, we think, when he flatters himself with the idea that he is doing right, when his actions belie the thought. It behooves us, then, to question the authority of those so-called principles which are aiming at the destruction, not of one creed, but of Christianity, and determine whether we are to remain in a state of society rapidly verging to materialism, and under our constant plea of "a young nation," have no pretensions to the philosophic or profound; or being content to rest upon the withering laurels of self-conceit, we are going to be swept into confusion and infidelity consequent upon a lack of knowledge to understand what is true.

That we are weak and vacillating is proved by the constant change observable in our very principles of rectitude, which in the course of a single year we adopt, modify, and reject. That we are becoming more superficial, is evident from the countless numbers of embryo professors who flood the country from the veterinary surgeon to the whiskered M. D., while our engineers inform us that the number of those thorough mechanics, from whose productions we were wont to be called "A Nation of Inventors," is now rapidly decreasing. But this is not all. Among a people so shallow in the principles of true education, a man possessed of great depths of discernment and love of research can exert a powerful influence on society, for it is only necessary nowadays that an assertion, however wild or extravagant it may be, possess an odor of learning and oppose the idea of "that final end" we dread so much, to find, we are sorry to say, a host of admirers and supporters.

Hence when men like Huxley, Tyndall, Herbert Spencer, and Draper, thoroughly apply themselves to science, it is not surprising, when they proclaim their blasphemous opinions concerning the self-sufficiency of matter, and designate the Book of Divine Revelations "an interesting fiction," the Redemption, "a mere myth," and all religion, "a beautiful but useless theory," that they meet with such feeble opposition from those whose sterility in matters of faith causes them to tremble at the first breath of opposition; and with such applause and admiration by those who would fain cool their burning consciences with such a "balm." Happily, however, being assisted by the terse, logical demonstrations of able Christian gentlemen,

we can perceive the falsity of Tyndallism, and, aided by the principles of sound logic, can prove it. We do not deny the beauty of Professor Tyndall's arguments, nor the subtlety and consummate skill with which a bad cause is defended; still it is evident amid all his seeming vigorous reasoning that his zeal has been misdirected; that in the investigation of the created he has lost sight of the Creator; and having never felt the warming influence and light of faith, has presumptuously depended upon his own intellectual capacity by admitting only what falls under his imperfect observation, and hence has ended like all his self-sufficient predecessors—in confusion.

For in denying the First Great Cause, the cause of all things, and recognizing instead a mere invariability of sequence, we behold an interminable succession of effects which, however enveloped in the tinsel of theory, is false in principle, since there can be no effect without a cause. It is thus by skilfully manipulating truth and falsity before the eyes of a dazzled community "possessing a plethora of knowledge with imbecility of judgment," that such men as Draper and Tyndall veil the hideousness of error in the robes of truth, and under the guise of "path-finders of true knowledge" become the heralders and promoters of frightful falsehood.

It is not surprising indeed that society, constantly drinking from a stream whose source is poisoned, and exposed to an influence so insinuating, should become inflated with the idea of its importance, and begin to discourse on topics becoming the ability of the theologian only; and that imitating their example, we should have unbearded school-boys trumping up theories of which they see merely the surface, when the blinded devotees of science fill our news-mediums with such false and dangerous matter. However, it is with feelings of surprise we notice how few of our eminent men seem prepared to grapple with a question upon whose issue so much depends; and it is with deep regret we feel obliged to conclude that the spirit of superficiality which so thoroughly saturates the community, has penetrated even to our midst: or else we are inviting danger by setting at naught a power which is aiming at the very foundation of religion and society. And should this be so? Should we allow that grand old faith, which is not the excrescence of a season, nor a mere puppet of pleasure, but the growth of centuries and the gift of the Creator, to become the scoff of revilers, through inability to make known its beautiful truths? Should we allow a gem of such peerless lustre to be classed in that category of bawbles which the dupes of a single idea consider as useless, when it is our duty to preserve its pristine purity and beauty? No, by no means. It should be ours, then, to instruct our fellow-men not possessing those noble attributes which lift a man nearer to his Creator, and prove to them the superiority of that faith which can soar beyond our narrow limits and find a cause in realms of spirituality, while they are groping in the darkness and confusion of deceitful sense. To attain this end, knowledge, deep knowledge, is necessary; and while we deprecate the insufficiency of this requisite among us whose honor it is to profess the great principles of Catholicity, it is with the utmost solicitude we call for thoroughness in the education of those whose duty it shall be to expound these principles to an age more replete, perhaps, with infidelity and scepticism than the present. It is to those who would fain become members of that body whose duties are so onerous, so important, and so holy, we would say that their lot should be one of toil; they should realize there is no position in the country where such real ability is required, and not to delude themselves with the idea that a little dogma, Church history, and a mere smattering of science suffice for the incumbent of a position upon whose maintenance and dignity society depends.

Nay, we owe to suffering humanity that our clergy be deep, thoroughly learned men. For we have faith, and hence can view undisturbed the quibblings of deluded scientists. But, alas, how many of our dissenting brethren occupy this enviable position? How many are there now dejected and sad, wavering whether to accept the plausible arguments of deceiving materialists, or retain the tenets of a creed which can afford them no consolation! How many are there, I say, who, could they once behold the truths of our holy religion illuminated by the aid of pure

science and practical illustration, would not joyously embrace and defend it? Look for a reply among those who through unusual grace have recognized the Creator in his Church: do we not blush for the apathy which deadens us when we behold the zeal and love which animate them? It is not only desirable, it is imperative, that the education of those intended for the Church be universal; for if our statesmen declare that the education of our lawyers should be so comprehensive, cannot we insist with stronger force of reason that the education of the theologian, the lawgiver of the Church, should be perfect?

This question, ladies and gentlemen, deserves grave consideration; and while reflecting on it during this holy time, we should remember that, to attain this end we are so earnestly advocating, a strong effort is necessary on our part. It should be ours to encourage and promote the interests of those struggling institutions upon whose maintenance the education of our clergy depends, for they deserve encouragement; and instead of increasing the flow of literary trash and arbitrary newspapers so popular nowadays, we should extend a helping hand to our own poor press, now gallantly struggling for existence amid the carpings of jealous and evil-minded enemies, and the meagre patronage of an unsympathizing community.

With such thoughts as these, kind friends, and a firm purpose for improvement in a bright future, let us observe with increased fervor the festivals of our holy religion, around whose advent so many chaste and dear remembrances cling; not as festivals of "a beautiful but useless creed," but as days on which we love to celebrate with heartfelt joy and gratitude the trials and triumphs of that holy Church, which, ever unshaken by the assaults of heresy and unstained by the breath of slander, shines to-day with increased lustre, and, while the billows of statecraft and persecution dash around her, stands firm as a rock of ocean beating back a thousand wild waves from the shore.

A REVERY.

By. E. V. Welch.

Oh! would that I were dreaming 'mid the mountains,
Lulled by music of the crystal-flowing fountains;
When the moon with silver light
Softly beams on loving eyes,
And the flashing stars are bright
In the dark cerulean skies—
Then my spirit in its flight would soar to realms above,
And revel with delight in the clear and silent night
With my lost love.

Oh! would that I were dreaming 'neath the daisies,
For I've seen enough of life in all its phases;
I would seek thee, brightest star,
Beaming in the golden west;
I would seek thee, near and far,
Till I clasped thee to my breast–
Then we'd roam the forest shade as we did in days of yore
When our loving vows were made, in the quiet mossy glade,
To part no more.

Oh! would that I were dreaming 'neath the willows,
Forgetful of life's dark and stormy billows,
For I'm weary of its pleasures,
I am tired of its toil;
Have laid my heart's best treasures
Beneath the cold, cold soil—
And beside that quiet mound, near the shady rippling stream,
In death's peaceful sleep profound, where rest alone is found,
I'd ever dream.

CARDINAL McCLOSKEY.

Quo minus petebat gloriam, eo magis illum sequebatur.—*Sallust.*

BY PROFESSOR MULRENAN.

The creation of an American cardinal inaugurates a new era in the destinies of the Catholic Church in the United States. It heralds the dawn of happier days, and augurs greater triumphs for the faith in the New World. It brings the young Church of this vast and mighty Republic into closer relations with the centre of Catholic unity, and makes her a participator in the glorious work of directing the highest interests of the Universal Church. It will give a fresh impulse to Catholic progress, fire with new zeal, sanctify with new piety, and inspire with higher courage the noble missionaries who are daily advancing the standard of the cross, and blessing and beautifying this free land with monuments of piety, temples of learning, and asylums of charity. The auspicious event has filled with joy every Catholic heart in the United States. Our early missionaries have not labored in vain; the Carrolls, Connollys, Egans, Dubois, Cheverus, Fenwicks, Englands, Kenricks, Flagets, Bosatis, Whitfields, Ecclestons, Quarters, Byrnes, Hugheses, and Purcells sowed the seeds of Catholicity in a fertile soil: the golden fruit of their immortal labors is visible to the whole civilized world. The clouds which hung round the path of many of those apostolic men have disappeared; the light which they saw faintly breaking over the face of the country has gradually grown brighter and brighter until it illumines our hills and valleys, our lakes and rivers, our prairies and mountain solitudes. The clouded morning has been followed by a glorious noon. The season of joy and gladness has succeeded the days of trial and suffering. Religion unfettered blesses society, and the shadow of the cross makes the wilderness blossom as the rose: "The winter is past, and the flowers appear in our land."

The creation of an American cardinal is a new landmark in the history of the Church in the States. The fact that the choice of the Holy Father is a prelate whose eminent piety, learning, pastoral vigilance, prudence, and zeal have endeared him to his own clergy and people and won the respect and admiration of his episcopal brethren, enhances the dignity—high and exalted as it is admitted by all Christendom to be. Meek and gentle, yet firm and prudent, modest and unassuming, yet learned and eloquent, Cardinal McCloskey as a student, as a priest, and as a prelate, has been a grand model—a noble type of that true ecclesiastical character which the Catholic Church alone—the mother of saints and heroes—can form and mould to perpetuate the standard set by her immaculate Founder: "Learn of me, for I am meek and humble." The happy choice, therefore, of the Holy Father has created the utmost enthusiasm throughout the length and breadth of the land—from Maine to California, and from the Atlantic to the Pacific. The press, with a few good-humored exceptions, has sounded the praises of the new cardinal, and eulogized the wisdom of Pio Nono in selecting for so exalted a dignity an American prelate whose Christian charity is the theme of general praise, and whose saintly life is the admiration of men of every religious denomination.

Cardinal McCloskey is a living witness of Catholic progress in the United States—the last connecting link between the present generation and the generation that has passed away; between the last years of the venerable Archbishop Carroll,—the Father and Founder of the Church in the Republic—and the first days of the new era so auspiciously inaugurated by the signal favor of the

Supreme Pontiff: a favor, an honor conferred for the first time in history upon an American prelate. Archbishop Carroll, over eighty years ago, expressed his fears of a schismatical separation from the centre of Catholic unity, and stated that it would be necessary to guard in future against such a calamity by sleepless vigilance. The union about which he was so anxious—the union which he maintained with chivalrous fidelity—has been gloriously preserved by his faithful successors in the episcopal office. The Fathers of the Seventh Provincial Council of Baltimore exhorted the clergy and laity of their dioceses to continue steadfast in their attachment to the chair of Peter, and stigmatized as a schismatic and prevaricator him who would attempt to establish any other chair in opposition to the Roman See, or independent of it. To-day the elevation of an American prelate to the sacred purple makes the union with the Holy See closer and stronger than ever—firmer than it was in 1791 when Archbishop Carroll, then Bishop, convoked his famous diocesan synod to discuss the mode of preserving the succession to the episcopacy of the United States, and deliberate upon other matters of vital importance to the growth and development of the infant Church, whose cradle he had watched, and whose future glory was the thought next his heart,—the inspiration of an episcopate which was one of wisdom, courage, and glory. Well might the illustrious Chevérus address him as the Elias of the New Law, the father of the clergy, the guide of the chariot of Israel in the New World. The happy influence of his genius upon the destinies of the American Church will be long widely felt, and after the lapse of a thousand years the name of Carroll will be still cherished and venerated by future generations—still enshrined in millions of true Catholic hearts.

But what connection, it may be asked, is there between Archbishop Carroll and the subject of this article? Is it not a remarkable coincidence that the first bishop and archbishop of the Catholic Church in the United States was the son of an Irish emigrant, and that the first American cardinal is the son of Irish parents? The primatial see of this Republic is called after the little town of Baltimore on the coast of Cork,—that historic Baltimore, celebrated in immortal verse by the stirring muse of Davis. The cathedral church of New York, the greatest diocese in the United States, was dedicated to the patron saint of Ireland at the suggestion and in accordance with the expressed wishes of Archbishop Carroll; and the new St. Patrick's Cathedral, when finished, will be the most magnificent temple ever raised to the glory of God on the Western Continent; a temple which—to borrow the words of Archbishop Hughes—will be worthy of God, worthy of the Catholic religion, and an honor to the empire city, Babylon though it be. These things have not happened by chance—the hand of Providence is visible in events so remarkable. Those who have been most instrumental in building up the Church in this country are the faithful Irish—always true to the ennobling traditions of their fathers.

The life of Cardinal McCloskey contains many instructive lessons for the rising generation. Even those of mature age can read his history with profit. When he was born in Brooklyn in 1810 of pious Irish parents, there was only one Catholic Church in the entire State of New York,—old St. Peter's in Barclay Street. The future cardinal was baptized by Father Kohlmann, then Vicar-General of New York. It was this good priest who laid the corner-stone of St. Patrick's Cathedral on the 8th of June, 1809, resisted an infamous order to reveal the secrets of the confessional, and won, by his learning, eloquence, and zeal, the friendship of De Witt Clinton. It was Father Kohlmann, who, accompanied by Father Fenwick, afterwards President of Georgetown College and second Bishop of Boston, visited the death-bed of the infidel philosopher, the unhappy Tom Paine. Young McCloskey was prepared for his first communion by Father Malon, who, after having passed through many varied and distracting scenes, abandoned the world and its temptations, and consecrated the closing years of his life to the service of God in the sacred ministry. His early friend and patron was Dr. Power, who in those days was a bright ornament of the Church in New York, an accomplished scholar, a brilliant speaker in the pulpit, a zealous and pious priest. To

this day Cardinal McCloskey speaks with affection and gratitude of his early counsellor, Dr. Power. The venerable form of Bishop Connolly, the first resident Bishop of New York, is still fresh in his memory. Bishop Connolly took such a deep interest in him that he promised to send him to the Propaganda, if he wished to become a priest. Kind and encouraging words of saintly bishops have often given shining lights to the Church. The youthful favorite of Bishop Connolly aspired to the exalted dignity of the priesthood, prosecuted with unusual applause his ecclesiastical studies in Mount St. Mary's, and was ordained priest in St. Patrick's Cathedral on the 12th of January, 1834, by Bishop Dubois, who has been called the father of the American Clergy. Bishop Dubois sent him to Rome to complete his ecclesiastical studies in the College of the Propaganda. Here he spent two years,—two years which he never regretted: here, too, he became acquainted with Cardinal Cullen and many other eminent ecclesiastics, whose friendship it was his privilege to deserve and enjoy. After returning to New York, he was appointed Pastor of St. Joseph's Church, where his eloquence, zeal, and unremitting labors soon won the love and increased the piety of his flock—so great is the influence of an able and devoted priest. While discharging his pastoral duties in this first scene of his missionary labors, he found time to promote other good works. With a courage and spirit of self-sacrifice worthy of his high object, he resolved to devote his energies to the erection of a noble asylum of charity, and soon St. Vincent's Hospital became a lasting monument of his labors and zeal. When the first ecclesiastical seminary and Catholic college in the state were opened by Bishop Hughes in 1841, Father McCloskey was appointed first president of both institutions. The seminary exists no longer, but St. John's College is still in a flourishing condition. Higher honors awaited him. The American Hildebrand, Bishop Hughes, recognized him, from their first acquaintance, as a man of superior merit, as a priest whom the happy union of piety and learning—the *ardere* and *lucere*—prominently marked out for promotion. The great bishop required an assistant, and he selected as the most fitting person for the office of coadjutor the scholarly president of his diocesan seminary. On the 10th of March, 1844, he was consecrated Bishop of Axiern, *in partibus*, and Coadjutor of New York, together with Bishop Byrne, first Bishop of Little Rock, and Bishop Quarter, first Bishop of Chicago, both his fellow-laborers in the vineyard.

The ceremony was the grandest and most imposing ever before witnessed in New York. An immense multitude crowded St. Patrick's Cathedral; six bishops and fifty priests were present; the consecrator, lofty and dignified as Simeon of old, was Bishop Hughes, assisted by Bishop Fenwick of Boston, and Bishop Whelan of Richmond; and the great pulpit orator of the day was Dr. Power, who made special mention of his young friend just crowned with one of the highest honors of the Church, and eulogized him in language as enthusiastic as it was graceful and eloquent. "I have known him from boyhood," said Dr. Power, "I have seen the youthful bud of genius unfold itself, and I have seen it also in full expansion, and I thank God I have been spared to behold it now blessing the House of the Lord." I believe Dr. Power himself was considered by Bishop England worthy of the mitre of New York. His praise was, therefore, the more valuable.

In 1847 the vast diocese of New York was divided, and Albany and Buffalo were erected into episcopal sees. Bishop McCloskey was transferred to Albany, and Bishop Timon was appointed first Bishop of Buffalo. The task of building-up the young diocese of Albany was a vast undertaking, but a task to which Bishop McCloskey was found equal. Priests were few—too few for the duties to be performed. The churches were few, and the material of which some of them were built was not very durable. Frame structures are more numerous in country districts than in towns and cities. Bishop McCloskey, however, soon clothed his diocese with beauty. He summoned to his assistance many religious orders, gathered around him a faithful and devoted clergy, erected churches and started missions wherever convenient and necessary, founded charitable asylums, and, by constantly increasing the number of educational institutions, afforded the young ample opportunities of receiving a pure Catholic education.

While performing the duties and upholding the dignity of a bishop, his labors were as severe as those of the humblest missionary. His motto was *semper paratus*—"always prepared"—always prepared to expound the word of God, to hear confessions, to visit the sick, to cheer his clergy in their difficulties and privations, to encourage and direct the pious efforts of the laity, and to aid in every good work.

The proudest monument of his zeal in that part of the State is the magnificent Cathedral of Albany,—a cathedral which will tell future generations in that most flourishing diocese what manner of man their first bishop was. On the 3d of January, 1864, the great Archbishop Hughes breathed his last. Bishop McCloskey knelt by the deathbed of his illustrious friend, reciting the prayers of the Church for a departing soul. He delivered his panegyric, and described with kindred eloquence his genius, courage, and immortal services to the Church in America. The unanimous voice of priests and people deemed Bishop McCloskey the most worthy successor of Archbishop Hughes; Rome indorsed their opinion, and yielded to their wishes, and his installation as Archbishop of New York took place in St. Patrick's Cathedral on the 6th of May, 1864. In the farewell address of his faithful clergy of Albany we read the following memorable words: "When you took possession of this see, there were but few churches and fewer priests. How great the change! Ever since, you have been all to us, our bishop, our father, our counsellor, our friend. Your noble cathedral, with its surrounding religious and literary institutions; the grand and beautiful churches erected under your patronage and with your assistance; the religious communities introduced and fostered by your care, and all now flourishing with academies and schools; your clergy numbering nearly one hundred, and, by their union and zeal, reflecting some of your own spirit:—all tell of your apostolic work here, and how difficult it is for us to say farewell." In language as encomiastic and sincere the Governor of the State and the citizens of Albany eulogized him for the noble qualities of head and heart which endeared him to all classes, Protestants and Catholics, rich and poor. From their address the selection of the following sentence is timely and opportune: "It is for us to recognize the successful mission of one whose influence in society has been exerted to soothe and tranquillize, to elevate and instruct." These words are certainly true of Archbishop McCloskey: he is by nature and disposition a peace-maker, blessing, instructing, and elevating society by his strong faith and shining virtues, calming, not raising, the tempest, purifying the current, not stopping it in its course, guiding men in the way of salvation, not only by word, but by example. Since he grasped the pastoral staff of this great diocese, the mitre of Hughes has lost none of its lustre on his brow. He has carried on the high work of the episcopal office with a wisdom, prudence, and success worthy of his illustrious predecessor.

Like him, he adapts the strictest rules of the Catholic religion to the circumstances in which his people are placed. To promote union among them, to make them coalesce as one Catholic flock, composed as they are of representatives from different nations; to infuse his own strong faith and zeal into them—this has been the great object of his episcopal administration. He is the leader of his flock in all good works, like the late Archbishop Kenrick of Baltimore, the most learned prelate America has ever seen. If altars are beautified; if public worship is carried out with due solemnity and splendor; if Catholic education is raised to a higher standard; if a premium is put upon priestly knowledge; if churches, schools, and charitable institutions are increasing; if Catholic unions, literary associations, and pious sodalities are multiplying; if the new Cathedral will be soon opened for public service; if good works of every kind abound, we owe these blessings in great measure to "the steady, silent, but efficient action of him who is at the helm"—we owe these blessings to a considerable extent to the zeal, piety, and administrative abilities of Cardinal McCloskey. True, he has and requires the hearty coöperation of his priests and people, but he is the beacon-light to which all look for guidance—the wise counsellor who must be consulted on every important undertaking on the part of the faithful—the master who

has but to say "no," and the work cannot be commenced.

It must not be inferred from this language that I am underrating the immortal services of Archbishop Hughes. That great prelate found the Catholics of New York few and divided: he left them strong and united. He found the trustee system sapping the very foundations of the young Church of this State: he arrested the bad influence of that system, and crushed it, I hope, forever. He found public education an engine of proselytism in this city: after a hard battle he solved the riddle of the sphinx—settled the vexed question by establishing Catholic schools at the expense of the parents of the children attending them—the only true and wise policy for Catholics in the United States. He found his exiled countrymen still suffering in mind and body from the effects of an infamous penal code: he infused his own indomitable spirit into them, caused them to stand erect, and assert their rights as freemen. He found Know-Nothingism threatening the peace of the city, and exposing to imminent danger the lives and properties of law-abiding citizens: he scotched the snake, if he did not kill the reptile.

He found the Catholic body poorly supplied with houses of worship, seats of learning, and asylums of Charity: he dedicated over a hundred churches to the glory of God, and gave an impulse to the cause of Charity and Catholic Education, which was felt in every diocese in the Union. He has stamped traditions on a hundred places in this diocese. He has left the impress of his mind and character on the history of the Church in America.

But, if he accomplished great things, he has left many things undone. Others must finish what he has commenced. Even Cardinal McCloskey cannot prevent the work from daily increasing. Great opportunities must be met with great sacrifices.

In mind and natural disposition the cardinal differs from Archbishop Hughes; but the inspiration of all the acts of both was the same; the object to which both consecrated their lives is the same,—the glory of God and the salvation of souls.

As a pulpit orator, Cardinal McCloskey has won a high reputation. He speaks with ease and force, and his manner is so gentle, graceful, and earnest, that he never experiences any difficulty in gaining complete dominion over the minds of his audience. In every assembly, in every congregation of the faithful, his words, like the notes of a silver bell, are distinctly heard. His language is so simple, chaste, and expressive, his delivery so graceful and impressive, that he is called by many eloquent critics the silver-tongued bishop. The deep feeling which animates and inspires his eloquence is the secret of his powers of persuasion. Though truth needs no flowers of rhetoric to make it more telling—though, simple and unadorned, it carries conviction home to every heart, yet the preacher is allowed to embellish and illustrate his subject by imagery supplied by art and nature, by sacred and profane literature. So exact and extensive is Cardinal McCloskey's erudition, so correct and delicate is his literary taste, so charming and earnest is his manner, that he can make any subject on which he speaks, interesting to his hearers. His sermons, instinct with the inspiration which "touched Isaiah's hallowed lips with fire," are eminently scriptural, and bear the impress of sincerity, earnestness, and truth—three prominent traits in his character. His funeral orations—especially those on Archbishop Hughes, Archbishop Spalding, Bishop Fitzpatrick, and Bishop Bacon—are models of graceful and commanding eloquence. Every sentence in his beautiful panegyric of Archbishop Hughes is so skilfully balanced, every period so well rounded, that the change of a single word would weaken the effect and mar the beauty and finish of the composition. A full appreciation of that excellence with which superior natures are gifted, is necessary to the eloquent eulogist; and the cardinal's admiration of the gigantic character of Archbishop Hughes was so sincere and enthusiastic that he could not fail of success in delivering a panegyric which will be read with fresh pleasure after the lapse of many centuries. It is his happiest, his highest, and most lasting oratorical effort.

He is a generous patron and firm supporter of Catholic education; and neither the burning sun of July, nor his many various and onerous duties ever prevent him from attending

the annual commencements of our colleges, convents, and principal schools. It is his special delight to cheer by his presence, and encourage by his well known voice and kindly words, the thousands of pupils who are the rising hope of his great diocese—for it is no exaggeration to say that New York is the wealthiest and most important diocese in the United States. A word in New York influences all the others—one throb of the big heart of the mighty metropolis is felt to the uttermost limits of the vast body politic. It has been fittingly selected as a cardinal's see. It is strange that the wits and humorists of the *Evening Post*—the organ of the noble and gifted Bryant—should offer any opposition to the dignity conferred upon Archbishop McCloskey. Five and twenty years ago, the American government requested the pope to create an American cardinal,—a request which would probably have been granted, had there been a place of cardinal-priest vacant at the time. At the close of the late civil war, an official intimation was conveyed to the Holy See that any additional honor conferred upon Archbishop Hughes would be pleasing to President Lincoln and his cabinet. I speak with the truth of history. Now, the question is—Did President Lincoln, his colleagues, and predecessors conspire against the Constitution, or did they act according to law and request the creation of an American cardinal to advance the interests of the Union? They were no conspirators—they were statesmen and patriots—they were guardians of the laws and the Constitution; and the request which, owing to circumstances, they could not obtain, is now graciously granted by the Holy Father.

The present government could not stultify itself by ignoring the policy of past administrations. The Representatives of this Republic are too liberal to imitate the stupid bigotry of Lord John Russell by enacting a penal law—by introducing an Ecclesiastical Titles Bill which should remain a dead letter here as in England. Cardinal McCloskey will not be subjected to the persecution which for a short time threatened Cardinal Wiseman. He will accept with gratitude the signal favor of Pio Nono. It is a compliment to himself and a reward of his piety and zeal—a compliment to the Catholics of the United States.

What a change in the comparatively brief period of 65 years!

When Cardinal McCloskey was born in 1810, the Catholics of the United States scarcely numbered one hundred and fifty thousand. He now rules a Church whose members number ten millions. In 1810, the number of Churches was eighty, of priests seventy, of dioceses six—two of which had no bishops, New York and New Orleans. The number of dioceses at present is nearly sixty, including ten metropolitan sees, the number of priests five thousand, and of churches and stations over six thousand. This is true spiritual progress. The Church which the cardinal rules is no fossil; to borrow the words of Archbishop Purcell, her "Bishops and Priests are live men, worthy of comparison with those of any other age or clime." Cardinal McCloskey has never been ambitious of high dignities; but—as Sallust said of Cato—the less he sought honors, the more they followed him. That he may enjoy health and length of days; that his youth may be renewed, like the eagle's; that he may live to witness greater triumphs of the young and flourishing Church of which he is head in this country, is the heart-felt prayer of his loyal clergy, of his devoted people, and of millions of Catholics, on both sides of the Atlantic. He has won his honors well—may he enjoy them long.

Sidney Smith, while preaching a charity sermon, frequently repeated the assertion, that of all nations Englishmen were most distinguished for generosity and love of their species. The collection happened to be inferior to his expectations, whereupon he said he had evidently made a great mistake—that his expression should have been that they were distinguished for the love of their specie.

THE BUNCH OF MAY-BLOSSOMS.

By Wm. Geoghegan.

Now, dearest mother, reach me down that lovely branch of May
A gentle neighbor pluck'd for me, and brought the other day.
Ah! the pleasant hawthorn trees that are blooming in the meadows.
I know when they are blooming by the fulness of their shadows;
When you prop me up with pillows to watch the dying day,
I know the hawthorn clump, although it lies so far away;
For there my Harry saw me first amongst a crowd of girls—
I held a bunch of May-blossoms as white and round as pearls;
But one of all the cluster with its white star yet was crown'd,
And he said it was a fair young bride, with all her bridemaids round.
All that day he linger'd by me, linger'd long beside our gate,
And till the stars peep'd through the elms I knew not it was late.

In the morning, through my lattice, I saw him sitting early
Beneath the ancient oak-tree, beside our field of barley;
It was a pleasant spot I ween—he came there day by day,
Until the reapers reap'd the corn and carried it away.

You remember, mother, when I told you all the words he said—
How you smiled and laid your dear hands in blessings on my head?
You knew my noble lover, though in truth I then did not—
Of all our village maidens I had still the happiest lot.
Handsome Harry, noble Harry!—or still some better name,
On the lips of young and old dwelt the fragrance of his fame.
Oh! my loving, lingering heart, how it dwells on all the past!
The future holds the promise of the pleasures that will last.
But I've something now to tell will make you weep, I fear,
For I was very wayward when he wed me, mother dear.

You have sorrow'd, meekest mother, over all my wilful ways,
When they dimm'd the lovely spring-time, and darken'd summer days;
Scornful glances, angry answers, a woman's love for sway,
Made me often seek to rule where I promised to obey.
And yet I loved him fondly; love is cruel, love is blind—
Breathes the words that deeply wound, darts the looks that are unkind;
And I think I see him now, with his dear eyes glancing down,
While the sunny smiles were chasing the shadow of a frown.

Oh! my angel, angel husband! oh! my lover gone forever!
How these bitter, bitter thoughts make my eyes run like a river!
I think how he would speak to me, and point me to that love
That stoop'd to breathe o'er hearts like mine the peace that reigns above;
For *his* love growing heavenwards, God sent an angel down,
Who came to crown him suddenly with his immortal crown.

Yes, he my young and beautiful—I saw him dead and cold;
I never thought that I could live and yet that sight behold:
The dreary days that follow'd, and the sad conflicting strife.
I overlived my sorrows and the emptiness of life—

Lived to see the green turf piled upon his young and faithful breast—
Lived to fathom that deep love where the weary are at rest;
Until a change came over me, a change more mighty far
Than if a dew-drop on the earth had risen to a star.

I have a loving heart, mother, and that you know right well,
But once it was content, nay, glad, on this cold earth to dwell.
That all must fade and perish here, I often did forget,
Till Death upon my idol's brow his clay-cold seal had set.
There, take that branch away, mother, and sit you down by me;
I'm not so full of self to-night, but what I think of thee.
I know there is a dreary thought that winds about your heart.
It is that from your only child you soon will have to part.
You need no voice of mine, mother, to point you to the skies;
From only thence comes down the light that fills those tender eyes.

We shall not die, you often say, but sleep a little while,
And then wake up in that bright world which sin cannot defile.
My human heart is weak and fond—so give me one last kiss;
Why will my soul still stoop below the fountain-head of bliss?
Good-night; it is your voice, mother, that sounds so far away;
What heights and depths the soul goes through in parting from its clay!
And see up there, how beautiful! Ah! well I know such light
Streams down alone from that fair world that knows no shade of night.
I'm growing very weary now; I think that I shall sleep,
But I shall wake again in heaven; then wherefore should you weep?
No; dry those tears, look up, be glad, and banish all your care.
Good-night, good-by; forget me not; you soon will meet me there!

LIFE NOTES FROM AN OLD PIANO.

By Gilbert Guest.

One pleasant afternoon while amusing myself playing snatches from the opera, studies, and reveries, a thought suddenly struck me, which was, Who had been the owner of the piano on which I played. It was one that I had hired a few months before. It was very old I felt certain, not only from its old-fashioned appearance, but from the worn-out tone of its notes, and I had taken it against my better judgment. I knew that it was not what I wanted, and yet, as I seated myself on the old stool which accompanied it, an irresistible something induced me to take it. So all that afternoon while engaged in playing, my fingers appeared as if trying to express something which my mind knew nothing of; or, to explain myself more plainly, my fingers seemed to be directed by another person: so, with a very uncomfortable sensation, I asked myself, Who had been the owner of that instrument? As I repeated the question, the piano stool gave me a sudden shock just as if it had been charged with an electric fluid; very much startled I jumped off of it, and leaning on one end of the piano, I eyed the stool interrogatively. Finding I could not solve the mystery, I buried my head in my hands, and after a few seconds becoming conscious of the presence of several persons, I raised my eyes and gazed in astonishment at the transformation scene. I was standing in a room, which I felt certain no sensible architect had designed; in fact, I had serious doubts as to any architect, sensible or not, having had any hand in the matter. It was a large three-cornered front room, the different parts of which looked as though they had been planned by different people to suit different ideas. A deep, curtained alcove

was placed between two bay windows of unequal size, and unlike in pattern. On the side facing the east was an immense fireplace, in which, instead of a glowing fire, were numerous flower-pots filled with flowering plants; on the right-hand side of the hearth, was a large niche containing a life-size statue; on the other, a French window.

As I stood and gazed around the odd-looking room, I was at a loss as to whether it was a parlor, a studio, or a lady's boudoir, for the occupations of the persons who occupied it, and its furniture, were as varied as was its architecture.

Snugly ensconced in the first bay window was a young man lounging in a comfortable arm-chair, placidly cutting his nails; before him just filling the embrasure was a desk, littered over with sheets of fool's-cap written and unwritten, scraps of newspapers and books of all sizes; the floor in his immediate vicinity was covered with illustrated papers and immense folios.

"He is evidently some young aspiring writer," thought I to myself as my eyes wandered on to the next bay window which presented a picture in itself. Sitting deep within it was a very pretty young lady attired in an old-fashioned costume of blue satin, busily engaged in powdering her front hair, with a large towel spread over her lap in order to protect her yellow satin petticoat.

A small three-legged table stood in front of her, on which were numerous little affairs of the toilette. With a looking-glass in one hand and a powder puff in the other, she carefully scrutinized her hair, and then taking a *soupcon* of rouge applied it gently to her blooming cheeks. A short distance from her, with his easel facing the light, was a young man, with a scarlet fez on his head, a lighted cigar in one hand and palette and brush in the other, nonchalantly criticising the different points of her dress.

"There, Carrie, the hair wants a little more white over the left ear."

"Why, Charles, you will make me ruin my hair; how shall I ever get it out?"

"Oh, it will wash out easily enough!"

"Wash out!" repeated she with a merry laugh; "a nice mess I would make of it. Harry, what are you doing? I want you to look at me."

It was the young writer whom she addressed, who, without raising his eyes, slowly replied:

"Excuse me, my dear Carrie, but it requires so much of an effort, and I am quite busily engaged, that—really—I cannot."

"Oh! you lazy fellow. But what are you doing?"

"Doing? why, paring my nails."

"Paring your nails!"

"Yes,—it is so suggestive."

"Suggestive of what? impoliteness?"

"No, dear; of thought."

"Ha, ha," laughed she, "that is decidedly original. But come here and tell me if I am not averitable Lady Jane Grey." With a heavy sigh he rose from his seat and slowly approached her, but at the sight of the picture and the fair original his enthusiasm was aroused, and he eagerly volunteered his advice. Unmindful of the gay group around the picture, were two persons in the middle of the room seated on a *tête-à-tête*, who were evidently lovers, so absorbed did they seem in themselves. Standing opposite to them, leaning with one arm on the mantle-piece and the other resting on his gun, was a tall, handsome young fellow attired in a much bespattered hunting-dress, who appeared lost in gloomy thought. But the most interesting group were near the French window. A fine Newfoundland dog lay stretched at the feet of an old man who, with very withered features, but singularly bright eyes, was eagerly writing down the air that a young girl who stood beside him, was humming softly. She was tall, slight, and delicate-looking, without one vestige of color in her beautiful face which had almost the pallor of death. In striking contrast to the whiteness of her complexion were her lips, which were intensely red; her eyes, which were large, were exceedingly brilliant, and her shining black hair was braided in a coronet above her thoughtful brow. Her face was exceedingly expressive. Her soft black dress and its neat ruffle of lace was in harmony with her face, which was almost sad in the intensity of its thought. She continued dreamily humming for a few seconds, and then repeating a few bars stopped abruptly: the old musician quickly raised his head and looked inquiringly at her. She slowly smoothed her brow, and

then placing her beautiful, delicate hand on the table, remained a short time absorbed in thought, and then suddenly awaking with a cry of pain, ran towards the piano and took her place before it. The old man and the dog followed her. Placing her hands irresolutely on the keys, she falteringly struck a few chords, and clasping her hands together, cried out passionately: "Oh, papa, I have forgotten it, I have forgotten it, my beautiful romance."

"Never mind, dear," replied he soothingly, "it will come back. You have been practising too much this morning; take a rest or you will be sick. Remember what the doctor says: you must either practise a little while at a time, give up music entirely, or lose your life, Clairiene."

"I would rather lose my life than give up. Oh! do not speak! It comes—I remember."

And striking the keys with great strength and fulness, she dashed off into a fantasie, which, though beautiful, was wild and weird enough to have been a devil's dance. It was strange playing: every nerve in my body thrilled as I listened and gazed on the young musician, who, with a bright unearthly light in her dark eyes, her red lips parted, her nostrils dilated, looked a wild Muse of music. Suddenly the volume of sound diminished, and the notes were played very softly, yet distinctly, and a sad, low, passionate minor "song without words" filled the room. The player's face wore a sweet, yet undescribably sad expression. The music grew fainter and fainter till it slowly died away, and the young musician, placing her hand on her heart, sat immovable while her face writhed in agony. Her father, with averted face, was weeping and did not notice her pain; but the young hunter, hastily crossing the room, gently passed his arm around her waist, and with humid eyes led or rather carried her to a lounge and gently laid her on it. Just as she fainted Carrie ran over to her, knelt beside her, and applied a scent bottle to her nose, but finding that it did not amount to anything, she began chafing her hands, talking rapidly at the same time:

"My poor darling sister! Oh! what shall we do if we lose her? Leonard, why do you not try your influence, why do you not make her love you?" He shook his head gloomily without answering, while Carrie, turning to Maud who, with her lover, was trying to comfort her father, asked her to go up stairs and get Clairiene's medicine.

"Carrie, dear, will you go for the doctor? she seems worse than ever. How terribly she must suffer, my poor darling. Leonard, does she not look lovely?" And so the tender-hearted girl worked earnestly, rubbing her hands, giving directions, unmindful of the tears that flowed unceasingly. She was rewarded in a short time by Clairiene opening her eyes and returning to consciousness.

"Was the pain worse, darling?" tenderly asked Carrie.

"Yes, it was very dreadful," simply replied she.

"Clair," cried Leonard, kneeling down beside her, "why will you wear your life away? You are killing us; you are killing me," he added in a lower tone.

"Leonard," replied she laying her hand on his shoulder and speaking as calmly as if talking to a brother, "you know my opinion on that subject, and, as you value my feelings, do not speak of it again."

With a sigh he arose from his recumbent position, and with grief too deep for words retired to the bay window. In about half an hour, when Clairiene had quite recovered, the doctor entered, and striding across the room without taking the slightest notice of any one save the fair girl on the sofa, felt her pulse, and after asking her a few questions, turning towards her father (who was questioning him with mute anxiety) burst forth with the unrestrained familiarity of an old friend.

"John, what have you been doing, how are my prescriptions obeyed? Are you not ashamed of your weakness? My heavens, are you not crazy? you know that child is killing herself! How often have I not told you all that heart disease is very treacherous: another attack like that one and she will die. John, I appeal to your heart—if your ambition has not run away with it—and to your common-sense—if you ever possessed any—to forbid Clairiene touching that piano for a month at least. She is like a confirmed drunkard who cannot take liquor with any reason, and who, therefore, is forbidden it entirely: so she must play but a short time at a while, instead

of devoting her whole day, and wearing out the little strength she has. She must stop. You must let me lock the piano, darling, won't you?"

Clairiene sat quite still listening to him, looking very much as though she was in a dream. When he had finished she wearily nodded assent, and kissing her with a loud report, he waved his arm triumphantly over his head, then giving her father a slap on the back, told him to get the key.

"Thank God," murmured the old man. "Here, James, lock it."

The doctor took the key, and with a bright smile illuminating his bluff old countenance, turned it with a harsh sound in its lock. With widely dilated eyes Clairiene watched him, regardless of the bright, happy faces around him, and as she heard the sound, she wildly cried out:

"Stop, doctor, you are locking my heart. Oh, let me play again, only a short while, and then I shall rest, I really shall. As you love me, dear old friend." She had risen and was leaning against him confidingly. There was something irresistibly winning in the sweet, supplicating way in which she looked at him. He passed his hand across his eyes before he spoke:

"As I love her," he muttered. "Great Heaven, what an appeal! As I love you, Clairiene, my darling," and clasping her tightly in his arms, he held her for a few seconds, and then loosing her, but still holding her, he continued: "How little do you imagine how much I love you. Have I not known you since you were born? Have I not carried you as a little baby many a time in these old arms? Have I not watched that unlucky genius growing in those dark eyes, and listened to your baby prattle till my weary heart grew young again, and now you ask me as I love you to let you do that which is killing you. Oh, Clairiene!"

"Only just a little while, dear doctor. Open my treasure and see how gay I will make you, and after to-day you may lock it."

Without a word he handed her the key, and then turning to her father, said:

"This is your fault, John; your cursed ambition blighted your own life and will be her death."

And as he left the room, Clairiene commenced to play a schottische so bright, so full of life, that her hearers could hardly contain themselves. Carrie, whose cheeks were still wet with the tears so recently shed, commenced keeping time with her pretty foot and head; and when Clairiene turned around and told them, in a voice as cheery as her music, to dance, she put her hand into Charles's, and they both went whirling round the room. Maud and her lover followed; and Harrie, being without a partner, seized the Newfoundland dog and dashed off. Her father was even smiling as he listened. The only one who appeared sad was Leonard.

She continued playing till she had tired out the dancers, and then wheeling around on her stool, asked them gayly how they liked it.

"Splendid, you dear creature," panted Carrie. "I pleased you, did I not?"

"Yes, indeed. Now I will give myself pleasure," said she, and then commenced one of her sad melodies. One by one the listeners stole from the room until Leonard was the only one remaining. Crossing over to her he laid his hand on her shoulder, and in a husky voice asked her to listen to him:

"Clair, I have now known you for more than three years, and, as I told you before, I love you devotedly. Is it possible there is no hope? There are your sisters, brother, and father, have you no love for them? You know how happy you would make them if you would marry me. You need not wait till you learn to love me—that will come after we are married. Oh, darling, do not break all our hearts. Say yes, and bid me rejoice."

He knelt beside her, and holding her hand gazed up into her eyes, with his face all handsome, and glowing with the fervor of his love. She remained still, calmly looking at him with out a blush dyeing her pale cheek.

"Listen to me, Leonard," replied she, gravely: "I do not think you understand me: indeed, I hardly understand myself; every person I see around me seems to have affection. Carrie and Maud are happy with their lovers, love seems necessary to their existence; you yearn for my love, and I have none to give you, for I love no one. I am sorry sometimes that I cannot return their devotedness with

more affection. I have a heart, I know, but it is a strange one; it cannot be touched by man, but it is touched, and deeply, by music. If you ask where my lover is, he is here:" as she spoke, she softly struck a minor chord. "In the few novels I have read the heroines always blush and tremble when their true love is near, so music has the same effect on me."

"But it will kill you."

"And would it not be sweet to die for my lover? Listen, it's because you do not understand music that I do not love you."

"You will make me hate it, for it is robbing me of you," cried he passionately.

"No, I will make you love it," and smiling sweetly on him, her fingers glided over the keys. It was not the strange music she usually played; on the contrary, it was simple enough to please a child, but so sweet and expressive as to satisfy the most earnest musician. When she had finished she looked up brightly and asked him if he liked it. Hardly able to answer, he bowed his head and huskily replied:

"I love it."

"Do you? Oh, I am so glad. I have converted you. I almost love you a little."

"Enough to kiss me, darling?" tremblingly asked he, kneeling beside.

She paused a moment, and then taking both his hands in hers, said very solemnly:

"Leonard, I know that you love me, therefore I shall tell you what is passing in my heart. The doctor said another attack would kill me. When I asked him to let me play to-day I felt it would be for the last time, so I gave them pleasure for a little while: they will remember it when I am gone. Tell them to call it the *Farewell Schottische*. I know that when I leave this piano I will never return to it. My heart begins to beat, it is the 'muffled drum' of death. I will soon go where music is supreme."

"Oh! you cannot go, you will not leave me desolate," cried Leonard, clasping her to his heart. "Oh! my God, spare her."

"Leonard," she gasped, "let me go; I want to give you a pleasure before I die. I will play for you an air which I have had for a long time in my brain; but no one has ever heard it. Oh! that pain. I thought of calling it 'My Dream.' Tell papa to call that piece he was arranging this morning, 'Adieu.'" She stopped for a few seconds, placed her hand on her heart, and then turning to him, said with sweet gravity, "I will kiss you, Leonard."

They kissed each other with solemnity, as those who know they are about to part forever do; and then with a bright scarlet bloom on her unusually pale cheeks, her whole soul beaming from her eyes, her red lips parted and her breath coming pantingly, she played such sweet, solemn music as one only hears once in a life-time,--such music that grieves while it comforts. Leonard listened to it with quiet sorrow, anxiously watching her beautiful face for the dread change that came too soon. With a low cry she threw up her hands and sank lifeless into his arms; he laid her on the sofa, and bent over the beautiful, still face, with anguish that was terrible to see.

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I leaned my head on my hands to weep unrestrainedly, but hearing a deep groan I looked up, and my astonishment may be well imagined when I found myself in my own little dingy room, and looking at the piano, I saw the keys move up and down and then subside into quiet; I looked in vain for Clairiene and Leonard, but they were not there. Was it only a creation of my imagination, a dream? No, I would not believe that—it was all so real, so life-like. Again the piano keys moved, and it was all made clear to me. The piano had told me the story by the movement of its keys. Let my readers believe what they will, I know that Clairiene did once exist, and that she gave up her life beside my old second-hand piano. I have learned to love it for her sake, and I always touch the keys with a feeling of reverence.

FAMOUS MEMORIES OF THE MONTH.

CAPTURE OF TICONDEROGA AND CROWN POINT. ETHAN ALLEN AND THE GREEN MOUNTAIN BOYS—THE BATTLE OF FONTENOY—O'CONNELL REFUSES THE OATH IN PARLIAMENT—WHITSUNTIDE OR PENTECOST.

In the spring of 1775 when war with the "mother country" was considerable, some hardy and bold spirits in Connecticut conceived a project with which to start; which would at once bring prestige and furnish military stores. This was the capture of the old forts of Ticonderoga and Crown Point, which had been associated with some famous demonstrations in the old French War, situated on Lake Champlain. They commanded the main route to Canada. This scheme, as Irving says, was set on foot in the purlieus, as it were, of the Connecticut legislature then in session. It did not openly sanction it; but favored it in secret and supplied means to further it. Sixteen men were enlisted by this means in Connecticut, still more in Massachusetts; but the largest number from the territory known as the "New Hampshire Grants," and at present forming the State of Vermont. The possession of this territory lying between the Connecticut River on the east, and Lake Champlain and the Hudson River on the west, had been in dispute for a long time between the provinces of New York and New Hampshire. George II had decided in favor of New York; but between one and two hundred townships had been granted by the Governor of New Hampshire; from which the name was derived. The efforts of New York to eject the settlers on those grants were resisted by the "Green Mountain Boys," as the self-defensive association was called. Resolute mountaineers they were, with Ethan Allen at their head. Born in Connecticut, 1737, he had been brought up in the mountains, and was well fitted by his stalworth presence, ready wit, physical dexterity, and personal courage, to become the chief of determined, strong-handed-fellows. He won great local distinction in this position, and with his lieutenants, Seth Warner and Remember Baker, were outlawed by the Legislature of New York, and rewards offered for their capture. He and his friends armed themselves, set New York at defiance, and issued retaliatory announcements.

While Allen was thus becoming what Washington Irving calls "a kind of Robin Hood among the mountains," the crisis completely changed the relative position of things. Boundary feuds were forgotten amid the great question of colonial rights. Ethan Allen at once stepped forward, a patriot, and volunteered with his Green Mountain Boys to serve in the popular cause. The frontier champion was admirably suited to the gallant enterprise.

The party, now two hundred and seventy strong, proceeded to Castleton within a few miles of the head of Lake Champlain. Here at a council of war, held on May 2d, Ethan Allen was chosen to lead the expedition, with James Easton and Seth Warner as second and third in command. He immediately despatched a force to Skenesborough (now Whitehall), and placed another on the lake, with orders to seize and bring all boats to Shoreham, opposite Ticonderoga. At this juncture Benedict Arnold, afterwards so famous and so infamous, arrived, and having a commission as Colonel from Massachusetts, aspired to the chief command. The Green Mountain Boys, however, would not have him—would follow no leader but Allen; and as they were largely in the majority, Arnold was obliged to acquiesce and serve as a volunteer.

On the night of May 9th Allen's party arrived at Shoreham. The party sent in quest of boats were not successful. A few boats were at hand, with which Allen commenced to

transport his men to Ticonderoga. It was slow work; the night wore away; day was about to break, and but eighty-three men, with Allen and Arnold, had crossed. Should they wait for the residue, day would dawn, the garrison wake, and their enterprise might fail. Allen drew up his men, addressed them in his own emphatic style, and announced his intention to make a dash at the fort, without waiting for more force. "It is a desperate attempt," said he, "and I ask no man to go against his will. I will take the lead, and be the first to advance. You that are willing to follow, poise your firelocks!" Not a firelock but was poised.

He led them in silence, but at a brisk pace, up the hill. Just as day dawned Allen arrived at a sallyport. A sentry having pulled trigger on him, and the piece fortunately missing fire, he retreated through a covered way: through which Allen and his men followed into the *parage*.

Here he formed his men so as to face the two barracks which faced each other. They then gave three echoing cheers which fell like a thunderbolt on the fort. Another sentry made a bayonet thrust at Easton, but was struck down by Allen and compelled to lead the way instantly to the quarters of the commandant, Captain Delaplace, who was yet in bed.

Allen thundered at the door, and demanded the surrender of the fort, or he would sacrifice the whole garrison. The commandant appeared at his door half-dressed, the frightened face of his pretty wife peering over his shoulder! In amaze and bewilderment at the form before him and the surroundings he exclaimed—"By whose authority do you act?" "In the name of the Great Jehovah, and the Continental Congress!" replied Allen with a flourish of his sword and an oath unnecessary to repeat.

The garrison, like the commander, had been roused from sleep, and were made prisoners as they rushed forth in startled confusion. A surrender accordingly was made. The captain, and forty-eight men composing the garrison, were sent as prisoners to Hartford, Connecticut; and the captors were rewarded for their enterprise, courage, and decision, by a great supply of military and naval stores.

"The sun seemed to rise that morning"—says Allen, in his excited romantic style—"with a superior lustre: and Ticonderoga and its dependencies smiled to its conquerors, who tossed about the flowing bowl, and wished success to Congress, and the liberty and freedom of America."

Colonel Seth Warner, who had brought over the remainder of the party from Shoreham, was now sent, with a detachment, against Crown Point, which surrendered on the 12th May. Here were taken upward of a hundred cannon.

And thus the 10th and 12th May are among the most famous memories of the revolutionary period; and introduced into permanent and popular history a remarkable character whose daring exploits and robust eccentricities will outlive his foibles and attempts in the field of theological inquiry.

In a rash attempt on Montreal which followed, Allen was captured; and his captivity led to his writing a volume, "which," says Duyckinck, installing our hero into the history of American literature, "contains as much of the essence of military revolutionary Whiggism and anti-Toryism as it is possible to convey in the same space."

"This work tells a sad story of the lack of gallantry and of the oppression of the British service at that time. A prisoner taken in war by the English seems to have been regarded as something between an enemy and a convict, not entitled to the honorable courtesy due to the one, and not exactly responsible to the gallows assigned for the other. The intermediate term was a rebel, and the respect for consanguinity which England should have shown in the struggle, was lost in the contempt of familiarity—as an old-fashioned father would whip his own children and reverence those of other persons. In this humor of his conquerors, Allen was taken from Montreal, confined hand and feet in irons, carried on board the *Gaspee* schooner-of-war, taken from Quebec to Liverpool, in a government vessel, suffering the accommodations of a slave ship, landed with indignity at Falmouth; was kept a prisoner and a show at Pendennis Castle; removed to the *Solebay* frigate, which putting into Cork, the stores which tenderhearted Irish friends sent him were confiscated for the use of the vessel; was brought

to the coast of America, and kept in various degrees of restraint, latterly under freedom of parole at New York, till the victory of Saratoga brought about his release in 1778. He published the narrative of his captivity in the following year.*

"A few sentences of this production will show the man in the author. It opens directly with the affairs of Ticonderoga:—'Ever since I arrived at the state of manhood, and acquainted myself with the general history of mankind, I have felt a sincere passion for liberty.' For a vivid picture of a personal encounter at a critical moment, witness his defence of himself against an Indian before Montreal, by seizing a British officer for a shield, and holding him before him:—

"'The officer I capitulated with, then directed me and my party to advance towards him, which was done; I handed him my sword, and in half a minute after, a savage, part of whose head was shaved, being almost naked and painted, with feathers intermixed with the hair of the other side of his head, came running to me with an incredible swiftness; he seemed to advance with more than mortal speed; as he approached near me, his hellish visage was beyond all description; snake's eyes appear innocent in comparison to his; his features extorted; malice, death, murder, and the wrath of devils and damned spirits are the emblems of his countenance; and in less than twelve feet of me, presented his firelock; at the instant of his present, I twitched the officer, to whom I gave my sword, between me and the savage; but he flew round with great fury, trying to single me out to shoot me without killing the officer; but by this time I was nearly as nimble as he, keeping the officer in such a position that his danger was my defence; but, in less than half a minute, I was attacked by just such another imp of hell. Then I made the officer fly around with incredible velocity for a few seconds of time, when I perceived a Canadian, who had lost one eye, as appeared afterwards, taking my part against the savages; and in an instant an Irishman came to my assistance with a fixed bayonet, and drove away the fiends, swearing by—— he would kill them. This tragic scene composed my mind. The escaping from so awful a death made even imprisonment happy.'

"His interview with Rivington, the pleasure-loving king's printer at New York, during his parole, is characteristic of both parties. Rivington had offended him by his allusions, and Allen swore 'he would lick him the very first opportunity he had.' The sequel is told by Rivington himself. 'I was sitting,' says he, 'after a good dinner, alone, with my bottle of Madeira before me, when I heard an unusual noise in the street, and a huzza from the boys. I was in the second story, and, stepping to the window, saw a tall figure in tarnished regimentals, with a large cocked hat and an enormous long sword, followed by a crowd of boys, who occasionally cheered him with huzzas, of which he seemed insensible. He came up to my door and stopped. I could see no more. My heart told me it was Ethan Allen. I shut my window and retired behind my table and my bottle. I was certain the hour of reckoning had come. There was no retreat. Mr. Staples, my clerk, came in paler than ever, and, clasping his hands, said, "Master, he has come!" "I know it." "He entered the store and asked 'If James Rivington lived there?' I answered, 'Yes, sir.' 'Is he at home?' 'I will go and see, sir," I said; and now, master, what is to be done? There he is in the store, and the boys peeping at him from the street." I had made up my mind. I looked at the Madeira—possibly took a glass. "Show him up," said I; "and if such Madeira cannot mollify him, he must be harder than adamant." There was a fearful moment of suspense. I heard him on the stairs, his long sword clanking at every step. In he stalked. "Is your name James Rivington?" "It is, sir, and no man could be more happy than I am to see Colonel Ethan Allen." "Sir, I have come——" "Not another word, my dear colonel, until you have taken a seat and a glass of old Madeira." "But, sir, I don't think it proper——" "Not another word, colonel. Taste this wine. I have had it in glass for ten years. Old wine, you know, unless it is originally sound, never improves by age." He took the glass, swallowed the wine, smacked his lips, and shook his head approvingly. "Sir, I come——" "Not another word until you have taken another glass, and then, my dear colonel, we will talk of old affairs, and I have some queer events to detail." In short, we finished two bottles

*Cyclopædia of American Literature; etc., etc. By Evert A. Duyckinck and George L. Duyckinck: New York. 1866. 2 Vols, with Supplement.

of Madeira, and parted as good friends as if we had never had cause to be otherwise.'"*

Ethan Allen died suddenly at the age of fifty at Burlington, Vermont, February 12th, 1789. He was of the material of which effective men and popular leaders are made. He had a rough eloquence that affected his followers not less than his example; and he was as proud of the one as of the other. His writings illustrate his vigor. "He wrote, as he acted:" says Duyckinck, "a word and a blow. For a certain quick, intense conception of things, the uninstructed *physique* of the mind, his narrative of his captivity is a model, like his own figure, of rude, burly strength." "His style," says one who knew him personally, "was a singular compound of local barbarisms, scriptural phrases, and oriental wildness; and though unclassic and ungrammatical, was highly animated and forcible." Washington, in one of his letters, says there was "an original something in him which commanded admiration."

BATTLE OF FONTENOY, MAY 11th, 1745.

Fontenoy, from which the battle takes its name, is a small village of Belgium, province of Hainault, five miles south-east of Tournay. In May, 1745, Louis XV, King of France, laid siege to the latter city with an army of 75,000 men, under the command of the celebrated Marshal Saxe. The allied forces, English, Dutch and Austrians, 55,000 strong, commanded by the Duke of Cumberland, marched to its relief. At the approach of the duke, Saxe and the king—leaving 18,000 to continue the siege, and 6,000 to guard the Scheldt—advanced a few miles from Tournay. When the Allies came up they found the French encamped on the gentle heights which rise from the right bank of the Scheldt, with that river and the village of St. Antoine on the right, Fontenoy and a narrow valley in their front, and the wood of Barri on their left. Fontenoy and St. Antoine were fortified and well garrisoned; strong redoubts were thrown up between these two villages, and there were abbatis on the left, in front of the wood of Barri; but the left centre was not guarded by anything save slight lines. Driving in the French pickets and outposts, the Allies advanced, but night fell, operations were suspended, and the troops lay on their arms till the following morning, May 11.

Early in the morning dispositions of the troops were made. The Dutch and Austrians were disposed to the enemy's left, opposite the right of the French, and destined to carry St. Antoine and its works. The English and Hanoverians were in the centre with their infantry in front and cavalry in rear, close by the wood of Barri. A brisk cannonade began about four in the morning, and by six the combatants were forcibly measuring each other's strength. The English and Hanoverians were to march up in three columns; the first column, composed of cavalry, was to march up the road of Mons, along the village of Veron; and the third to stretch into the plain between Fontenoy and St. Antoine. Cumberland, being informed that there was in front of the village of Veron a battery of cannon, with 500 or 600 men, ordered General Ingoldsby, with four battalions and three six-pounders, to dislodge them, whilst Prince Waldeck attacked the village of Fontenoy.

"The map contained in the memoirs of Maréchal Saxe," says Mitchel (History of Ireland, p. 64), "gives the disposition of the various corps on the French side; and we there find the place of the Irish Brigade marked on the left of the French line, but not the extreme left, and nearly opposite the salient point of the wood of Barri. The brigade was not at its full strength: and we know not on what authority Mr. Davis (in the note to his splendid ballad of Fontenoy) states that all the seven regiments were on the ground. There were probably four regiments, certainly three—Clare's, Dillon's, and Lally's—Lord Clare being in command. Neither Clare, nor Dillon, nor Lally, was Irish by birth, but all were sons of Limerick exiles. Of their troops ranked that day under the green flag, probably not one had fought at Limerick fifty-four years before. They were either the sons of the original 'wild-geese,' or Irishmen who had migrated since, to fly from the degradation of the penal laws, and seek revenge upon their country's enemies."

The intention of the Dutch having been

* De Puy's Ethan Allen, p. 263.

frustrated, and the English under Ingoldsby having been compelled to retire in dishonor, the Duke of Cumberland determined to make a fierce and final effort. He did, and was very nearly successful in driving the French into the Scheldt. Several recent writers give the number of Cumberland's column, under Lord John Hay, as six thousand, and perhaps have been led into this error by Davis, who, in his ballad, says: "Six thousand English veterans in stately column tread."

Mitchel, correcting Davis, says: "The Duke of Cumberland having made an entrance between the wood of Barri and Fontenoy, retired for a space and rearranged his English and Hanoverians in three thin columns which in the advance, under heavy fire on both sides, were gradually crowded into one column of great depth, full *sixteen* thousand strong. They had with them twelve field-pieces—six in front and six in the middle of their lines."

With fixed bayonets, and with great caution, the English column moved steadily forward. A ravine lay between them and the French. They descended into it amid a terrible fire from the French artillery. Although their ranks were mowed down on the right and left, they persisted. On they went with rapidly lessening numbers but undiminished courage. They surmounted the hill on the other side of the ravine, overcame all opposition, and got behind Fontenoy.

Perceiving the object of the English, Marshal Saxe flung troops after troops upon them. The French cavalry charged and re-charged—and were as often hurled back by the deadly bullets of the British. The advancing column seemed impenetrable, and masses of the French were broken to fragments on this apparently invincible front.

Saxe believed the battle to be lost, and sent twice to entreat the king to cross the Scheldt, and remove himself from danger: which the latter refused to do. While in this state of mortal anxiety, the Duke De Richelieu rode up with a suggestion, which it is said originated with Lally,—to open with a battery on the advancing column, and follow up with a simultaneous attack with all the reserves, including the household cavalry and the Irish Brigade, which was standing silent by the western point of the wood now abreast of the English column on its right flank. A French authority, the Marquis D'Argenson, who was present at the battle and immediately after wrote a narrative of it for the use of Voltaire, then "historiographer to the king," says: "This last decisive charge was determined upon in the very crisis of the day, in a conversation rapid and sharp as lightning, between Richelieu, galloping from rank to rank, and Lally, who was out of patience at the thought that the devoted ardor of the Irish Brigade was not to be made use of." The battery opened in front, and at the same moment the Irish had orders to assail the right flank of the English and go in with the bayonet. D'Argenson says: "These Irish troops were excellent, especially when opposed to the English and Hanoverians."

While these dispositions were being made like inspiration, the old Marshal Konigsegg was congratulating the Duke of Cumberland on his victory on the one hand, and the King of France was about to order a retreat. The monarch and the marshal were premature.

"Not yet, my Liege," Saxe interposed, "the Irish troops remain."

With the regiments of Normandy and Vaisseux supporting them, the Irish Brigade marched with fixed bayonets and without firing up to the British line.

As the Brigade advanced, the English column was halted on the slope of the hill, up which the Irish regiments dashed rapidly and in good order. They were led to immediate action to the ringing shout of, "*Cuimhnigidh ar Luimneac agus ar fheile na Sacsanach!*" (Remember Limerick and British faith.) The English column was now greatly thinned, the men wearied, and wherever they trod, obliged to fight over the mangled bodies of their dying comrades; while their new and bravest opponents were fresh and ferocious for the savage encounter. As soon as the Brigade advanced, the fire was dreadful and the slaughter terrific. A variety of circumstances combined to render its soldiers irresistible. The English gave but one volley—they were stunned by the shout, and crushed as by an avalanche by the furious charge of the Brigade.

"They broke," says Davis, "before the Irish bayonets, and tumbled down the far side of the hill, disorganized, hopeless, and falling by hundreds. The Irish troops did not pursue them far: the French cavalry and light troops pressed on till the relics of the column were succored by some English cavalry, and got within the batteries of their camp. The victory was bloody and complete. Louis is said to have ridden down to the Irish bivouac, and personally thanked them; and George II, on hearing it, uttered that memorable imprecation on the Penal Code, "Cursed be the laws which deprive me of such subjects." The one English volley, and the short struggle on the crest of the hill, cost the Irish dear. One fourth of the officers, including Colonel Dillon, were killed, and one-third of the men."

The battle of Fontenoy was one of the most fiercely contested conflicts recorded in military history. It is stated that one hundred thousand men fell on that day. The result was deemed magnificent. Tournay surrendered; Ghent, Oudenarde, Bruges, Dendermonde, Ostende, were captured without delay. Until the day of Waterloo, Fontenoy was unrivalled on the page of history. It delivered France, humbled England, and lowered Holland to the position of a second-rate power. "None of the French victories," adds Mr. Mitchel, "in that age caused in Paris such a tumult of joy and exultation. In England there were lamentation, and wrath, and courts-martial. In Ireland, as the news came in, first of the British defeat, and then, gradually, of the glorious achievements of the Brigade and the honors paid to the Irish soldiers, a sudden but silent flush of triumph and hope broke upon the oppressed race; and many a gloomy countenance brightened with a gleam of stern joy, in the thought that the long-mourned 'wild geese' would one day return with freedom and vengeance in the flash of the bayonets of Fontenoy."

The author of the "Irish at Home and Abroad" gives some interesting incidents illustrative of the action and characteristics of the Irish Brigade on that eventful day:—

"On the eve of the battle of Fontenoy, Lally, having gone on a reconnoitring party, discovered a road which led from St. Antoine to Fontenoy, and which had been erroneously considered impassable. He perceived that by this road the French army would, in the impending action, be inevitably turned. By Lally's advice, the end of it was seized upon, occupied, and fortified with three redoubts and sixteen pieces of cannon, a precaution to which was incontestably due the success of the action."

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"During that celebrated battle, the Irish Brigade contributed powerfully to the victory, piercing with the bayonet the flank of the terrible English column, while the Duc de Richelieu, with the household troops, attacked it in front. After the battle, Lally, who had been slightly wounded, was sitting on a drum, surrounded by a considerable number of mutilated soldiers of his own regiment, and having by his side several English officers, his prisoners, to whom he was tendering assistance and relief, when the Dauphin (the eldest son of the King of France) arrived at full gallop to announce to him the approbation and acknowledgments of the king.

"'Monseigneur,' said Lally to the Prince, 'these favors are like those of the Scriptures: they fall on the blind and the lame.'

"In saying these words, he pointed to his Lieutenant Colonel, who had received a stab of a bayonet in the eye, and his Aide-Major, through whose thigh a musket ball had passed.

"The king's appreciation of the service he had rendered, did not, however, termina e in mere words, for calling him to the head of the army, he created Lally a Brigadier-General on the field of battle."

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At Fontenoy some extraordinary wounds were inflicted. Captain Creagh (father or grandfather of the lady of Colonel Luke Allen, who lived in Dublin some six or eight and thirty years since) received a musket bullet in the breast, which shattered his Cross of St. Louis, and passed so completely through his body, that several pieces of the cross were extracted from the wound made in his back by the issue of the ball, and from which he recovered. He was afterwards presented to Louis XV, who said kindly: "The enemy marked you well, for they knew your value. So do I; and to render you less

an object for their shot for the future, I will give you a cross that they will not be able to perceive unless in close quarters."

This was the origin of the small cross that afterwards became uniform, except on state occasions.

O'CONNELL REFUSES THE PARLIAMENTARY OATH.

After the passage of the Emancipation Act O'Connell presented himself in the House of Commons for admission to his seat as member for Clare, and under the new oaths prescribed by the new act. It was on the fifteenth of May, 1829. As was usual, he was introduced by two members, Lords Ebrington and Duncannon, who accompanied him to the clerk's table to be sworn in. Sir Robert Peel, however, had taken a precaution by which to vent his splenetic humor on the great Irish Agitator. He had provided in the new law that members only elected after its commencement should be empowered to take the new oaths. The old ones were consequently offered to O'Connell, who had been elected before the passage of the act. One of these—the oath of supremacy—declared the Sovereign of England Head of the Church; and the other, that the sacrifice of the Mass is impious and idolatrous. O'Connell declined to take them. Having been accorded a hearing at the bar of the House, he claimed his right of admission, his right to sit and vote. A vote was held on his appeal, which resulted in disallowing his claim. The old oaths were again tendered to him. He read the form over carefully and with emphasis; and then raising his head, with that self-controlled audacity peculiar to him when hurling defiance, he paused, then slightly bowing, said: "I decline, Mr. Clerk, to take this oath. Because part of it I know to be false, another part I do not believe to be true." A new writ was issued for an election in Clare: and O'Connell was returned without opposition. On the dissolution of Parliament in the following year, and a new election, O'Connell left Clare, and achieved a victory over the Beresford interest in Waterford. The date of O'Connell's bold refusal to take the oath in the British Parliament was destined to be that on which the arch-agitator was to close his wonderful life. From the beginning of the year 1847 his health had been declining. Having made a brief stay in England, he set out for Rome on the 21st March, the hopes for his recovery being then of a very uncertain nature. In Paris, however, the king's physician considered his ultimate recovery as certain, by refraining from all political excitement and mental anxiety. On the 29th the route to Rome was pursued by the way of Orleans and Lyons. At the latter the treatment of eminent physicians promised every success. The rumors of a softening of the brain were contradicted. On the 5th May he embarked at Marseilles for Civita Vecchia; but, his illness returning with increased severity, he was forced to stop at Genoa where he expired on the night of the 15th May, the eighteenth anniversary of his defiant refusal to chain his conscience within the anti-Catholic Supremacy oath in the British Parliament.

WHITSUNTIDE, OR PENTECOST.

Whitsunday occurs this year on the 16th of May. Pentecost, which is a Greek word signifying the fiftieth, was the name anciently given to the Jewish "feast of *Weeks*," because it was celebrated seven weeks after the Passover, that is, on the fiftieth day after the sixteenth of the month Uisan, which was the second day of the Feast of the Passover. They offered at Pentecost the first-fruits of the wheat harvest, which at that time was completed. These first-fruits consisted in two loaves of leavened bread of two assarons* of meal, that is, each loaf of an assaron or three pints of meal. Besides which they presented at the temple seven lambs of that year, one calf and two rams, for a burnt-offering, two lambs for a peace-offering, and a goat for a sin-offering.

Pentecost was one of the three great festivals of the Jews, on which every male was obliged to appear before the Lord at the Tabernacle, and afterwards in the Temple when it was built. The modern Jews celebrate it during two days, which they keep festival like those of the Passover, resting from all labor and business, in the same

*Assaron signifies tenth. The Hebrew measure assaron called also Gomer or Omer, was the tenth part of an Ephi, the same in dry as the Battle was in liquid measure, almost the Roman Amphora which held about nine gallons. See Rev. Dr. Butler's Feasts, Fasts, etc.

manner as on the Sabbath, except that they make fires, dress victuals, and carry what they want from one place to another. The feast was instituted, first, to give God thanks for their land and its fruits, and in acknowledgment of his absolute dominion over their country and the world, their persons and their labors: and, second, to return God thanks for the law which he gave on Mount Sinai on this day. For this reason the Jews dress the synagogue and places appointed for the reading of the law, and even their houses, with green boughs, roses, and other flowers woven in crowns and garlands, and that in great quantities. Buxdorf relates several ceremonies and practices of the Jews at Pentecost, which are a commemoration of the giving of the law at this time. From this tradition both of ancient and modern Jews, the Fathers and other Christian writers usually assign this as a second motive of the Jewish Feast of Pentecost; and the Jews at this day usually call it the Feast of the Law.

The Christian Pentecost is celebrated seven weeks after the feast of Easter, and is one of the three principal festivals of the Christian year. On it is commemorated the wonderful descent of the Holy Ghost upon the apostles, the promulgation of the Gospel, and the establishment of the Church of Christ.

After the Ascension of our blessed Lord, the apostles withdrew together into a house at Jerusalem, which is said to have been that of Mary, the mother of John Mark, the disciple of our Lord, and was situate on Mount Sion. Here they waited for the coming of the Holy Ghost in continual prayer, as Christ had commanded them. St. Luke says they retired into an upper room. and the word which he uses in the *Acts of the Apostles*, signifies the highest room in the house. The roof of the houses in Palestine being flat, the highest room was often the most decent and the most spacious, as well as the most retired. The Jews had usually their private oratories in the upper parts of their houses, called *Alijoth*, for the more private exercise of their devotions. Thus Daniel had his *Alijoth*, which the *Septuagint* renders his upper chamber, whither he was wont to retire to pray. Such was that wherein St. Paul preached at Troas. And such probably was this where the apostles were met together. St. Luke, in his *Gospel*, writes, that the apostles were continually in "the Temple;" and, in the *Acts*, that they were "daily abiding in the Temple." By which we are to understand, not that they had any habitation in the Temple, but that they never failed to assist at the hours of public prayer, namely, at the morning and evening sacrifice, and at the third, sixth, and ninth hours. In a like sense Christ said of himself: "I taught always in the Temple," though he certainly had no dwelling there.

The apostles, having already chosen St Matthias in the place of the apostate Judas, had completed their number. With the rest of the disciples, especially the kinsmen of Jesus who believed in him, with Mary his mother and other devout women, to the number of above one hundred and twenty in all, they continued with one accord in prayer together. On the day of Pentecost, a Sunday, about nine o'clock of the morning on a sudden they heard a great noise, as if it were the rushing of a mighty wind which came from heaven, and which filled the whole house where they were assembled together. "And there appeared cloven tongues, as it were, of fire, and it sat upon every one of them that were present." And thus the apostles, by a supernatural infused gift of tongues, were fitted for the promulgation of the New Law in different languages.*

This wonderful miracle took place on the day of the great Jewish feast, "that, on the same day on which God had given the Old Law on Mount Sinai, an end might be put to it by the publication of the New Law of grace."

PINXTER CUSTOMS IN THE BY-GONE.

In the olden days in Albany the Pentecost or Pinxter festival had some peculiarities more honored in the breach than the observance, and only worth mentioning in order to show how we have improved. One who had seen the old time customs says: "At Pinxter all ages and conditions in the early times were wont to participate. In that of which I write, the better sort had repudiated the revels, which, to tell the truth, must have been worse conducted than in the days of

* Butler's *Feasts*, pp. 352-4, etc.

Mrs. Grant (author of *The American Lady* and *Letters from the Mountains*). Yet still many used to assemble to see the negro dance *To-To* footed to the sound of a hollow log with a drum-head drawn over one end—which instrument was said to be the true African banjo. The ball was invariably opened by the To-To king, whose dignity was elective, and for life. The last monarch of that dynasty was Charley, a *tall fellow* in every respect. Dressed in a red coat, with knee-breeches to match (what a curvature of shin!) with a cocked-hat upon his head, he used to lead her sable majesty of To-Todom (his spouse) with all the negro grace and gravity imaginable through the mystic measure.

"Like the dances of all barbarous nations, the To-To ended in a manner not then a fit spectacle for modest females. Nevertheless, from the country about, women used to assemble, and buxom girls, rosy as the *bloomies* which they bore in their hands, would crowd into the circle. And if the scene called forth a deeper red, and even, peradventure, caused some to turn their eyes earthward, they stood it out until the dance was ended.

"It was at my first and last visit to 'Pinxter Hill,' which occupied the ground between what was then called Lion Street (now Washington) and State Street continued, and which is now the site of the Capitol and the surrounding buildings."

A BIRTHDAY GREETING.

By JOHN O'KANE MURRAY.

Ma douce amie, I greet thee,
In this merry month of May,
So blooming, fair, and lovely—
Suited for thy own birthday.
May bright skies e'er shine o'er thee,
And choice blessings strew thy way;
Rejoice—may angels bless thee
Yearly on thy natal day.

During this gay month of flowers
Of the spotless "Queen of May,"
How sweet to think of those bright hours,
Ere shadows dim life's way!
Round thy path white lilies twine,
True emblems of that soul of thine,
Yearning to grow e'er more divine.

BALFE THE COMPOSER.

After wasting many months in indecision, the Balfe Memorial Committee have at length taken up a resolute attitude, and decided on appealing to the people of Ireland for funds to erect a statue in honor of their illustrious countryman.* A sum of £1,000 is asked for the purpose; and the committee intend to devote any surplus that may remain in their hands to the founding of a musical scholarship in Dublin. Their project has our warmest sympathy. It would be simply disgraceful if, while the Irish metropolis is studded with memorials of aliens, no monument were raised in commemoration of one of the city's own most gifted sons. The honor that Balfe's genius reflects on the land of his birth belongs specially to no party or sect, but is the common inheritance of all. There is no room for division or subdivision in the matter of the projected monument; it is one which the country should take up heartily; and it is hard to conceive any reason for the apathy which has been so far displayed without falling back on the old saw which tells us that "what is everybody's business is nobody's." Among a people of decided musical bent a generous emulation in paying regard to the memory of their great musician might naturally have been expected; and indeed, if the thousands who have a keen delight from music were to take up this statue project with any degree of warmth, as we conceive they have a right to do, they should of themselves be able to carry it quickly to a successful issue.

Balfe, by race, birth, rearing, character, and genius, was Irish all over, from the crown of his head to the sole of his foot; but it is not improbable, in truth, that Balfe is not now so well known as he should be in his native land. Forty years ago he had risen to fame. Most of his years were passed in exile. It may not be amiss at the present moment, therefore, if we endeavor to give, within the brief space we can spare for such a purpose, an outline of the career of the Irish musician in whose honor it is proposed to erect a statue.

* See MANHATTAN, Feb. p. 107.

Michael Balfe came of a race which was cradled among the Wicklow hills. He was born in Dublin in 1808. The blood of whole generations of bards must have run in his veins; for from infancy he showed a most marked capacity for music. The violin was put into his hands when he was barely able to hold it to his shoulder; but the elementary difficulties of the most difficult of musical instruments were soon surmounted by the child. At seven years of age he played in public one of Viotti's concertos for the violin —an amazing feat for his years. At nine he composed the ballad, "The Lover's Mistake," which was sung by Madame Vestris, and achieved immense popularity. No wonder he was looked on as a juvenile prodigy. He was but sixteen when he went to London to fill the post of conductor of the orchestra at Drury-lane theatre. No more striking proof of acknowledged capacity could well be given. Next year, 1825, he resigned that post in order to visit Italy, and devote himself more completely to the study of several branches of his art. During this visit he began his successful career as a composer by writing the music for the grand ballet, "La Peyrouse," which was brought out at the world-famed opera house of La Scala, at Milan. His industry must have been prodigious; for he had acquired a mastery of the violin, the piano-forte, the management of the voice, the intricacies of the science of harmony, and the French and Italian languages, besides storing his mind with a mass of general information; and all this at an age when most youths have hardly made choice of a profession.

In 1827 he went on the opera stage. Nature had not been as liberal of voice to him as of brain, and he had to struggle besides with a weak chest; but in spite of these obstacles he charmed all hearers by an uncommon purity of vocal delivery, and a power of expression as rare as it was enchanting. In 1829, while yet at the threshold of manhood, he was engaged to sing leading barytone parts at the Italian Opera, Paris; and was at once installed as a favorite with the

public of that gay capital. His success ran some risk of proving his ruin. Young, handsome, sprightly, witty, a composer of repute, a rare master of the violin, a capital pianist, and a charming vocalist, the doors of the lordliest *salons* in Paris were flung open to him, and for awhile he seemed in danger of losing himself in the vortex of pleasure. But the great Italian composer, Rossini, then settled in Paris, came to the rescue of the young man, and advised him to fly from the temptations to idleness which beset him on every side. Rossini was a man to whom Balfe could look up, and with whom he was a favorite. In a few moments he had made up his mind. "What shall I do?" he asked. "Go to Italy," was the reply of the *maestro*.

To Italy Balfe forthwith repaired again. We cannot refrain from an admiring glance at the spirit and resolution displayed by so young a man at a juncture so critical in his career. He applied himself anew to work and study with his former zeal, and even in the Land of Song was soon acknowledged a master of the divine art. Here he sat earnestly to work as a composer, and produced in 1830 his opera, "I Rivali;" another opera, "Un Avvertimento," in 1832; and yet another, "Enrico IV," in 1834.

1835 saw him again in London, where he sprung at once to the pinnacle of fame on the production of the first of his long series of English operas, "The Siege of Rochelle." Next year he had another great success with "The Maid of Artois," in which the famous Malibran sustained the leading female part. His fertility and industry were further established in 1837 by the production of "Catherine Grey;" while in 1838 he turned out "La Dame Voilée" and "Falstaff"—the latter for the Italian stage, and in which the great Lablache sustained the part of the fat knight. "Keolanthe" was brought out at the Lyceum under Balfe's own management in 1841; and "Le Puits d'Amour," written for the French opera stage, was produced in Paris in 1842. This last was very successful; but a greater hit was made by Balfe, not only in France, but in Germany, by his grand opera, "Les Quatre Fils d'Aymon," which continues popular among the Teutons to the present.

It must not be supposed that Balfe had nothing to do all these years but bowl along a level road. On the contrary, his was often, and indeed commonly, uphill work. Besides engaging in the compositions mentioned above, and innumerable others of a minor nature, he was extensively occupied in a variety of ways. Now he conducted a concert or sang at one; anon he appeared behind the footlights; then he sat in front of them, in the conductor's seat, and devoted patient hours of daylight to the rehearsal of his works; and again, night after night, wielded the bâton from the same elevation. Twice he essayed the management of the Lyceum Theatre, only to be driven back to his profession in discomfiture. Among other difficulties of his managerial position, he found it impossible to keep a good company together, when he had taken no small pains to collect his singers. Jealousies among them were the chief cause of his ill-success in both efforts. During his last management, the audience one night becoming impatient at an unaccountable delay, Balfe was compelled to come before them to make the following statement: "About two hours ago I received a note from Mr. John Barnett, stating that he could not allow his pupil, Miss Gould, to appear at this theatre any longer. She being the third who has thus left the establishment, I am really unable at this moment to substitute anything. This is the last night of the English opera house, or at least of it under my reign. I am already burdened with five or six hundred pounds' debt through it. I have done all in my power for the establishment. I brought out my opera of 'Keolanthe' gratis, for which Madame Vestris offered me three hundred guineas, and I had another opera by Mr. Macfarren ready cast and studied, but I was not able to produce it through the secession of Mr. Henry Phillips. I am exceedingly sorry, ladies and gentlemen, that I was ever such a fool as to become manager of an English theatre, and I solemnly promise you that I will never again appear before you in such a capacity."

Nor were his managerial troubles Balfe's only ones. Notwithstanding the favors shown him by the London public, the critics nibbled at him after their wont. Though ready enough in later years to take to their

country the credit of his established reputation, they were far from forward in helping him to build it up. We have before us as we write a volume of the most respectable musical journal London could boast of forty years ago. In it there is an elaborate review of "The Maid of Artois," which opens in this grudging manner: "If it be any gratification to Mr. Balfe to say that his opera evinces as much musical and dramatic talent as usually distinguishes the works of Donizetti, Vaccaj, Mercadante, and other popular imitators of the earlier writings of Rossini, we think we may compliment him to this extent. We should have been well pleased if the merits of his new production had justified a more sterling meed of praise." And after a severe analysis of the various numbers which make up the opera, and a scathing denunciation of Mr. Balfe's music in general, the review concludes dogmatically thus: "Let him forget Donizetti and Auber, follow the example of Barnett, and much may be expected of his future efforts." If the sagacious critic who penned that sentence be still among the living, it should occasion him some pain, we think, to reflect how little of Barnett's work survives, and how much of Balfe's.

In 1843 the Irish composer wrote his most popular opera, "The Bohemian Girl." Its fame extends all over the civilized world. It has been dressed in several languages, appearing as "La Zingara" on the Italian boards, and as "La Bohémienne" on the French. There is, we believe, even more than one German version. There is hardly a capital of Europe in which it has not been a welcome guest. In Vienna it has been performed in three theatres on the same evening. It is as popular in Berlin as in Dublin, in San Francisco as in Cork, in Melbourne as in London, where, on its first representation, it ran for upwards of a hundred nights —an unprecedented period for a single piece to occupy the stage thirty years ago. The success of this opera was far from tempting Balfe to idleness. In 1846 he gave "The Bondman" to the world; in 1847, "The Maid of Honor;" and in 1849, "The Enchantress."

For several years afterwards no manager cared to call for a new English opera, and Balfe's pen, though not allowed to rust, was no longer engaged on dramatic work. It was during this period he wrote, among other minor compositions, his admirable settings of songs by Tennyson and Longfellow. In 1857, however, the Pyne and Harrison Opera Company made a demand upon our composer, which was complied with by the production, within thirty days, of "The Rose of Castile." In rapid succession "Satanella," "The Puritan's Daughter," "Bianca," and "The Armorer of Nantes" followed, all written for the same company. On the break-up of the Pyne and Harrison speculation, Balfe was at leisure once more, and soon afterwards set to recasting "The Bohemian Girl" for the Parisian stage, which he did with an amount of care and thought not always to be recognized in his work. Likewise he labored long and lovingly on "The Knight of the Leopard"—the same which, in an Italian costume, was brought before the public for the first time only last year, under the title of "Il Talismano."

In this brief notice of a busy and bright career we have omitted mention of several of the less known dramatic efforts of Balfe. In all, he gave to the stage—English, Italian, and French—some six and twenty works. We cannot even glance at the mass of fugitive compositions he kept pouring out from his melodious brain as from a fountain. The strains of many of them are even now adding to the stock of human happiness in many lands and among various classes, from the mansion to the cottage. Neither can we take any note of Balfe's innumerable journeyings to and fro from city to city throughout his marvellously active life; nor have we space to descant on his genial nature, his generosity, his wit, his unvarying kindliness to all, his affection for wife, children, and grandchildren, his sustained cheerfulness under every trial, his patient bravery in overcoming obstacles, and the many other estimable points of a rarely estimable character; while, even if our space were unlimited, no further proof of his untiring industry need be offered than the record given above. In that record, hasty and cramped as it is, we believe there is enough to show that his career was one in which his countrymen may feel a becoming pride, and we think it is suggestive of cogent reasons why they should unite at once heartily in the work of doing honor to his memory.

SPRING.

BY E. V. WELCH.

The sun is bright, the skies are blue,
The trees put forth their tender leaves;
The grass is spangled o'er with dew,
And spring is wafted on the breeze.

The robins sing their cheerful songs,
They sing of hope and happy days;
Of joy that to the spring belongs,
Of callow young 'mid blossom sprays.

The graceful lily of the vale,
Robed in her modest garb of green,
Gives her sweet perfume to the gale,
And reigns and dies spring's fairy queen.

The gorgeous tulip rears its head,
And flirts coquettishly awhile:
The first cold blast its bloom is fled,
And leaves no trace of love, or smile.

The crocus greets the morning air,
And spreads its petals, one by one;
Like love's first dream all bright and fair,
To wither ere the day is done.

The budding leaves, the opening flowers,
The cheerful songs the birdies sing,
The sunshine, and the genial showers,
Are greetings sent to smiling spring.

The brooks that flow, the streams that leap,
The roaring cataracts that bring
Their tributes from the mountains' peak,
A welcome give to balmy spring.

Old tottering age views with delight
The graceful swallows on the wing;
And happy youth sees visions bright
In every phase of sunny spring.

MISCELLANY.

Journalism in America, France, and England.

In an age like the present, when the opinions, and even belief, of the masses are, to a great extent, formed, and are always more or less influenced by reading, especially the newspapers of the day, it is hardly possible to estimate the importance of the press, and its power of working good or evil to society. In monarchical countries the press is called "the fourth estate," as governing the people next to, or in common with "King, Lords, and Commons." In some respects the press, even in those countries, is more powerful than all the other "estates" combined; but in this land of ours, where almost every one reads the papers, and where very many read little or nothing else, the press wields, beyond all comparison, the mightiest power. An article in the *Gentleman's Magazine*, on "The £ s. d. of Literature," gives some utterances in favor of the French and American press over the English:—

"The American and French press is a personal press. The English press is an impersonal press. In France and America, Journalism is a profession, and is followed as a profession by men who put themselves in training for their work, as others put themselves in training for law, physic, or arms. In London, journalism is a pastime, except, perhaps, with a handful of men; and a large proportion of the work of a newspaper is done by men who are looking to anything but newspaper work for their success in life. And that makes all the difference in the world to the press and to journalism as a profession. In France and America the press is an independent power; and journalists, as a class, are the equals, socially and politically, of the members of the legislative assemblies—often their superiors; a man like M. Lemoine, at the head of the staff of the *Journal des Débats*, often possessing more power—more personal power—than the most eloquent member of the Assembly.

A journalist in England is a shadow—a man without a name—without a position in the world—standing outside every profession, without belonging to an independent order that he can take the slightest pride in—a supernumerary even in politics. The press in France is, next to the bar, the high-road to fame and fortune, to ministerial portfolios, to embassies, to prefectures, to seats in the Senate, to seats in the Cabinet. In England the press is the adjunct of every profession, and the avenue to nothing except a vice-consulship; and all that a particularly successful man upon the English press can look for is, the dull reversion of the editorship of the *London Gazette*, or one hundred pounds a year from the Civil List. Perhaps at the Newspaper-Press Fund dinner a duke or an earl may talk over a glass of claret about the power and influence of the press, and congratulate it upon its purity, independence, ability, and all that sort of thing; and when the editor of the *Times* is hand-in-glove with the ministers of the crown, is to be found all through the session in a privileged seat in the House of Commons, is to be met in the highest society of London, and prancing on a two hundred guinea cob in Rotten Row; when the editors of the *Daily News*, of the *Daily Telegraph*, of the *Advertiser*, and the *Echo*, are to be found at the Reform Club, it cannot be said that the press now is what it was a few years ago, when the editors of the *Times* did not belong to a single club in London; when Lord Lansdowne refused to propose Tom Barnes at the Athenæum; when Douglas Jerrold was hardly thought admissible at the Reform Club; when a distinguished Liberal statesman was blackballed at Brooks' because he was supposed to be 'one of those newspaper fellows;' and when Moore, with the *Times* on his knee, sat chatting in the long gallery of the Holland House, with one of the most distinguished members of the Whig party, over 'the great misfortune of the total severance that has taken place between those who conduct the press and the better ranks of society, as well as their separation even from literature, instead of forming, as in France, a distinguished branch of it.' At that time Albany Fonblanque was the only English journalist in society; and, although the drawing-rooms of Holland House and Kensington Gore were profusely sprinkled with *literati*, with poets, novelists, historians, critics, you might have searched all through the glittering hosts with a lantern to find a journalist."

Twelve Ways to commit Suicide.

The following twelve ways to commit suicide are enumerated in the American *Medical Journal*, and it is hoped that their perusal may serve as a caution in these matters:

1. Wearing of thin shoes and cotton stockings on damp nights and in cold, rainy weather. Wearing insufficient clothing, and especially upon the limbs and extremities.

2. Leading a life of enfeebling, stupid laziness, and keeping the mind in an unnatural state of excitement by reading trashy novels. Going to theatres, parties and balls in all sorts of weather, in the thinnest possible dress. Dancing till in a complete perspiration, and then going home without sufficient over-garments through the cold, damp air.

3. Sleeping on feather-beds, in seven-by-nine bedrooms, without ventilation at the top of the windows, and especially with two or more persons in the same small, unventilated bedroom.

4. Surfeiting on hot and very stimulating dinners. Eating in a hurry, without masticating your food, and eating heartily before going to bed every night, when the mind and body are exhausted by the toils of the day and the excitement of the evening.

5. Beginning in childhood on tea and coffee, and going from one step to another, through chewing and smoking tobacco and drinking intoxicating liquors, and physical and mental excesses of every description.

6. Marrying in haste and getting an uncongenial companion, and living the remainder of life in mental dissatisfaction. Cultivating jealousies and domestic broils, and being always in a mental ferment.

7. Keeping children quiet by giving paregoric and cordials, by teaching them to suck candy, and by supplying them with raisins, nuts, and rich cake. When they are sick, by humoring their whims, indulging their fancies, and pampering their appetites, with the mistaken notion of being extra kind to them.

8. Allowing the love of gain to absorb our minds, so as to leave no time to attend to our health. Following an unhealthy occupation because money can be made by it.

9. Tempting the appetite with bitters and niceties when the stomach says No, and by forcing food when nature does not demand and even rejects it. Gormandizing between meals.

10. Contriving to keep in a continual worry about something or nothing. Giving way to fits of anger.

11. Being irregular in all our habits of sleeping and eating, going to bed at midnight and getting up at noon. Eating too much, too many kinds of food, and that which is too highly seasoned.

12. Neglecting to take proper care of ourselves, and not applying early for medical advice when

disease first appears. Taking celebrated quack medicines to a degree of making a drug shop of the body.

Strange Scene in an English Court-Room.

An occurrence perhaps without a parallel was witnessed recently at the close of the Assizes at Chester, England, of which the *Manchester Guardian* gives the following account: Mary Lancaster, thirty-three, was indicted for the manslaughter of her husband, John Lancaster, at Birkenhead. He had long led the prisoner a wretched life, and on the 13th of September he came home drunk, and kicked over the meat which she was preparing for his dinner. He then thrashed her, and in a passion the prisoner threw at him a sharpening steel, and caused his death. The prisoner was a hard-working woman, and in spite of her husband's brutal treatment of her had done her best to make his home comfortable. The jury found the prisoner guilty. Mr. Justice Brett, addressing the prisoner, then said: "I believe that if I thought it right to act according to your own feelings, I should say nothing about this unhappy husband of yours. As far as I can see, you were a respectable, hard-working, well-behaved wife, and I feel bound to say a greater brute than your husband was, I have seldom heard of. There are circumstances in the depositions even worse than those which have been brought forward. They show that, even on the very last day you were together, you were doing all you could to make his home comfortable and to make him happy. With a brutality which made me shudder when I read it, he cast away that which you had prepared for him. He has been beating and ill-treating you for months, probably for years, and it is nothing but the tenderness and forgiveness of the woman and wife which prevented you from having him punished for crimes he committed against you time after time. It was only when he had driven you to desperation by ill-treating you the whole day, and I dare say was on the point of ill-treating you again, that you, in a moment of passion, took up a formidable weapon and threw it at him, I believe, without the intention of striking him. It did strike him, and you immediately ran for assistance and did all you could to save him. All the real right in this case was on your side—all the real wrong on your husband's; and God forbid that I should punish you. I will be no party to it. I will not even make this judgment complete. I will not allow it to be said by anybody that you are a convicted felon—[hear, hear]—for a conviction is not complete until a sentence is passed, and I mean to pass no sentence at all. [Loud cheering, which for some time the officials of the court vainly endeavored to suppress.] I shall merely ask you to enter into your own recognizance to come up for judgment if called upon, and nobody in the world will ever call upon you—God forbid they ever should." [Renewed cheering, during which the prisoner left the dock.]

New York Indian Names.

Ontario—"Ska no-da-ri-o," the Mohawk expression for "beautiful lake." This county, created in 1789, originally comprised all that part of the State west of a line passing north and south through Seneca Lake east of Geneva. It was called by settlers the "Genessee country." Tioga and Chemung, both meaning "a junction of waters," were originally applied to the Chemung River. The first word is Seneca, the second Delaware. Otsego is Oneida, but its meaning is obscure; some derive it from "ot" (water), and "sago" (welcome), applied, of course, to the lake. Saratoga—"Sah-hah-ka" (the side hill)—was originally applied very appropriately to the country between Saratoga and the Hudson River. Onondaga is a pure Indian word, and means a "swamp at the foot of a hill," applied to the salt lake. Schoharie is the Indian name of "drift wood," or "flood wood," applied to Schoharie Creek. Chenango—"O che-nang"—was the original name of the Chenango River. Oneida was the name of one of the tribes composing the Iroquois confederacy. The Indian form of the word is Ohoya, meaning "an upright stone," the emblem of stability. Cayuga—"Gwe-w-gweh" (lake at the mucky lands)—is appropriate, for the shores of Cayuga Lake are low and marshy towards the outlet. Genessee, or "Gen-nis-ho-yo" (beautiful valley), is derived from the river. Seneca is the name of an Iroquois tribe, but the word is of European origin. One of their chiefs told Mr. Schoolcraft that while the tribe lived on Lake Ontario there was a white man among them named Seneca. Who he was and where he came from, no one knew; but he was noted for bravery, wisdom, and strength, so that the expressions "as brave as Seneca," and "as good as Seneca," became common, and hence the name was applied to the tribe. Mr. Schoolcraft, however, is not satisfied with this derivation. Alleghany is derived from the ancient tribe of Alleghans, who are supposed to be the celebrated "mound-builders" of Western New York. Niagara means "portage," or "neck of land," alluding to the old Indian carrying place around the falls. Chautauqua, "Cha-da-queh," means either "a foggy place," or "the place where one had lost himself," in allusion to the mists which frequently rise from the surface of this mountain lake. Cattaraugus—"Gah-ta-ra-

ke-rus" (stinking shore or beach)—was originally applied to the shores of Lake Erie. Schenectady —"Schagh-nack-taa-la"—signifies "the place beyond the pine trees," applied to the early settlement on the Mohawk. Oswego—"Swa-gah" (a flowing)—is the Indian name of the river. Erie derives its name from the tribe of Indians which once dwelt on the banks of the lake, and were called by the French "Erige," or "Erie,"—the nation of the cat. Wyoming, which is taken from the beautiful valley of the same name, is the Delaware word for "large plains."

Literary Dash.

A great deal of brilliant work has been and is still done at a dash. Byron wrote "The Corsair" in ten days, at the rate of two hundred lines a day, and sent it to press as it was written, publishing it with hardly a correction. Lope de Vega wrote three hundred dramas for the stage in one hundred days, upon the principle upon which an athlete now and then walks one hundred miles in one hundred hours; and it has been reckoned that the average amount of his work was nine hundred lines a day. Voltaire wrote "Zaire" in three weeks, and "Olympie" in six days; Dryden wrote his "Ode to St. Cecilia" at a sitting. The finest of Elizabeth Barrett Browning's poems, "The Lady Geraldine's Courtship," was the work of twelve hours. It was written to complete the original two volumes of her poetry, and to send out with her proofs to America. But, as a rule, the best work is not to be done at a dash in this style. "What do you think of 'Olympie?'" Voltaire asked one of his friends after that work was published; "I wrote it in six days." "You should not have rested on the seventh day," was the answer, and the answer was wise as well as witty. Shakespeare was not one of those slap-dash workers, and Shakespeare, with his thirty-four plays, has conquered the world. Dickens, when he intended to write a Christmas story, shut himself up for six weeks, lived the life of a hermit, and came out looking as haggard as a murderer. Tom Moore, with all his effervescence and sparkle, thought it quick work if he added seventy lines to "Lalla Rookh" in a week, although living out of the world in a writing box in the country. Albany Fonblanque often wrote his articles in the London *Examiner* six times over before he thought them fit to go to press—and sometimes ten times over. Hepworth Dixon, it is said, wrote and re-wrote his "Two Queens" eight times. Kinglake's "Eothen" was re-written five or six times, and kept in his desk almost as long as Wordsworth kept "The White Doe of Rylstone," to be taken out for revision and correction almost every day. And that is the way in which good honest work—work that is to be read to-morrow and the day after to-morrow—must be written.

CURRENT PUBLICATIONS.

The Orphan's Friend, etc. By A. A. Lambing, late Chaplain of St. Paul's Roman Catholic Orphan Asylum, Pittsburg, Pa. New York: D. & J. Sadlier & Co. 1875.

The intention of the author of this volume is one which all persons who have observed the temptations to which youth—whether orphans or otherwise—are exposed, must highly appreciate. His labors are announced as a series of plain instructions for the use of orphans after leaving the Asylum, and for persons of the same class living in the world. It surely is a sweet and kind design to continue to the former the religious ministrations which have filled the young heart with purity and hope, and to extend over them into the ways of the world the elevating examples which were daily illustrated by the very lives of those who exercised parental care over them. As we glance through the Rev. Mr. Lambing's pages we are continually arrested by the judicious selection of his themes, and the happy manner of their treatment. We may instance the chapters on the 'Necessity for Instruction," "Pious Reading," "Fidelity," "Good and Bad Company," "The Value of a Good Name." Well adapted as they are for the purposes intended, they are equally valuable to orphans of a larger growth.

The Neptune Afloat. By Winnie Rover, author of The Neptune Outward Bound. New York: P. O'Shea. 1875.

This charming volume is the second of the series of "Steps through the World," the first of which met with a kind reception. This will be not less fortunate because it is well deserving of it. The plan of the work arrests attention at the very opening, and by simple management a great deal of interesting information is conveyed in a clear, lively, and picturesque style, well calculated to impress itself on the youthful mind. In this way the pleasant party of travellers are enabled to see life at Naples, the wonders of Vesuvius, Herculaneum and the surroundings, under every aspect

and to enter into not only the beautiful or antique in scenery and architecture, but into the manners, customs, and characteristics, the food, lives, and occupations of the inhabitants.

Criterion: or, How to detect Error and arrive at Truth. By Rev. J. Balmes. Translated by a Catholic Priest. New York: P. O'Shea. 1875.

Balmes was one of the foremost writers of the century. His work on Catholicity and Protestantism in Europe is well known and highly prized by a large class of students of history and philosophy. Any work from the same firm and graceful pen, guided by the same clear and grasping intellect, cannot fail of a certain welcome from an appreciative and, let us hope, a wide English-speaking circle. While this volume has gone through numerous editions in the Italian, French, and German languages, as well of course as in its native Spanish, it has not, we believe, found a voice in English until the publication of the present book. This fact must add to the interest felt in anything emanating from so able a thinker. While the "Criterion" is not announced as a special work on philosophy, logic, or ethics, it has some of the characteristics and much of the usefulness of a Christian treatise on each or all. Mainly intended to befriend those who for any cause, or many causes, were debarred from a regular course of philosophical studies, it deals with all cognate topics in a lucid manner. The author guides the mind in a clear, suggestive, and correct spirit through a progressive series of intellectual exercises calculated to develop, even in the scholastically unlettered, modes of application and logical turns of thought by which clearness of conception and strength of judgment may be arrived at. In this aspect, the suggestion of the translator may be accepted when he says the book might not be improperly called a practical philosophy for the people—for that very large class of men who cannot secure for themselves the advantages of a thorough collegiate education. We do not think, however, that even persons who have had such advantages could fail to derive an incentive to active and practical thought in the essays on History; on the philosophy of History; in that charming chapter on the intellect, the heart, and the imagination in their influences on our judgment, passions and modes of expression; on self-interest in deceiving; on the faculty of perception and on practical intellect. These essays are of necessity brief; suggestive and corrective, so to say, rather than exhaustive. We commend them as mental tonics strengthening the intellectual system, creating an appetite for knowledge, tending to develop healthful assimilation, and a freshness and vigor of practical judgment.

Lives of the Irish Saints. By Rev. John O'Hanlon. London: Burns, Oates & Co.

We have received part VIII of this elaborate work from the Catholic Publication Society. This brings the chronology down to January 30th. There is no diminution of painstaking erudition on the part of the accomplished author. He continues to ably sustain himself in the great work on which he is engaged. We reiterate the appreciation expressed in a former number of the MANHATTAN: and earnestly recommend this work to all students, collectors, and libraries, as containing a world of information not confined to the ecclesiastical history of Ireland, but to the mediæval and civil history of other countries as well, which have been indebted to Irish Saints and scholars for instruction and diffusion of Christianity.

The Crown of Mary; or, The Rosary, with illustrations, is another work by the same devoted Dominican Father. This treatise has peculiar attractions, and is illustrative of the Dominican Rosary which, as the author states, comes down to us from the thirteenth century. It was revealed to one of God's most illustrious Saints. It unites its millions of members in one great confraternity. The exercises are prefaced by an interesting notice of St. Dominic, of the Albigenses, and of the establishment and propagation of the Rosary. These pious, timely, and necessary treatises can be had at the City Office of the Protectory, 33 Warren St., New York.

How to Make the Mission; or, A Familiar Conversation between a Confessor and his Penitent on the Nature and Object of a Mission, and How to Make it profitably, is the title of a little work of great utility prepared by a Missionary of the Order of St. Dominic. It is at once simple and comprehensive, and calculated to give most suitable instruction to those preparing to make the Mission. To those who have been remiss in their duty, it will be a source of consolation.

Pamphlets Received:—

Brownson's Quarterly Review for April, 1875, containing vigorous and entertaining articles on Draper's "Conflict between Religion and Science," "Newman's Reply to Gladstone," and "Father Hill's Philosophy," with the conclusion of "Gregory the Seventh," etc. New York: Fr. Pustet.

A lecture on School Education and School Systems, delivered before the Catholic Central Association of Cleveland, Ohio. By Rt. Rev. B. J. McQuaid, D. D., Bishop of Rochester.

Ninetieth Anniversary dinner of the Friendly Sons of St. Patrick, at Delmonico's, March 17th, 1874. New York: Printed by order of the Society, 1875.

Haverty's Catalogue of books relating to Ireland and in the Irish language. 1875.

MANHATTAN

AND

DE LA SALLE MONTHLY.

NEW SERIES, VOL. I.—JUNE, 1875.—No. 6.

ASTOR LIBRARY

HEROISM.

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BY HON. ROBERT COCHRAN.

NO. 2.—THE REVOLUTIONS OF GUNPOWDER AND PRINTING—WAR, BARBARIC—BRAINS THE TRUE ARBITER—SELF-RESPECT, TRUE COURAGE, AND FAITH MORE EXACTING THAN AMBITION—THE HOME HEROISM OF WOMAN.

In the rude old days when Homer sang the earliest praise of chivalry, he was the hero whose muscular arm could hurl the mighty spear or the block of stone with the greatest force, and whose shield sustained most steadily the resounding blows. Men's aims, efforts, lives, and successes were then simply physical and material. The introduction of gunpowder wrought no greater change in the means and manner of conducting war than had already been effected in the motives and results of hostility. The spear, the shield, and the corselet of Achilles would then have been no more grotesquely out of place, than his barbaric character would have been unfitted to the times. He who was rightly regarded as a demigod when simple power was deified, would have appeared but a sorry hero beside the matchlock and the mortar. His muscular credentials would have been respected only in the councils of the mountain robber, or at the orgies of the street brawler and defier of the watch.

Worthy Don Quixote, the tristful hero of La Mancha, was as true and tender a knight-errant in soul and feeling, as chivalrous in his instincts and desires, devoted with the same gallant constancy and faith to his chosen Dulcinea, as any enthusiast who followed Richard or Godfrey to the Holy Wars. Sir Launcelot of the Lake, the ornament of King Arthur's Court, acted with no loftier chivalry nor spoke with sweeter courtesy. Yet he is impaled upon the ingenious satire of Cervantes as an object of laughter to all time, because his knightly valor and devotion were absurdly out of date; because, for lack of Paynim hosts upon the sacred soil of Palestine, his chivalry was fain to spend itself in inglorious combats with braggart windmills along the public roads, and to do homage to his sovereign Lady and the Queen of Beauty in the person of a scullion of Toboso. Sancho Panza, on the other hand, with his shrewd selfishness, quick intelligence, and restless cupidity, was the true man of that age and fairly represented its practical spirit. Three centuries before, the famous Don would have been the very light and mirror of all Knight-errantry, and Sancho would have been disgraced and unhorsed as deficient in all the "squirelike graces which are scattered up and down in the whole rabble of books of chivalry."

The instruments and the occasions of human conflict experienced a more decisive revolution when the invention of printing followed that of gunpower. The pen then

became more potent than the petard; the fulminations of the press more dreaded than the thunders of artillery; the canons of intellect more authoritative and impressive than cannon of iron or of brass. Every new discovery in science, physics, literature, or law adds to the armory of man, extends the arena of his conflict and the splendor of his trophies. New. and better weapons must supersede the old.

The arbitrament of war in this age is a scandal to its intelligence. Every appeal to arms is a return to barbarism. Fire and sword, as vindicators of right and redressers of wrong, are unworthy of our civilization. In a few years, the philanthropist may reasonably hope that a resort to these methods of persuasion will be abandoned forever; and the printed opinion, the spoken word, the enlightened public sense, the common interests of industry and commerce throughout the world will inaugurate a new and better era of human brotherhood, and will tolerate no conflicts but such as, by an honorable rivalry of heart and mind, shall advance and dignify the universal family. Then the only fire needed in our wars will burn upon the lips of eloquence—the only sword will flash in the trenchant wit and the resistless logic of the writer. And then heroism will not become useless or extinct, but will attain its highest and worthiest illustration.

The idea of the heroic is relative, and changes ever with the changing circumstances of history—but the qualities which constitute heroism are always the same, although the occasions of their exercise may be as various and diverse as the lives and fortunes of men. Enterprise, Courage, Self-reliance, Fortitude, and Faith—in what age, under what circumstances may they not be practised? When will they cease to constitute the eminent glory and crowning beauty of the human character?

Courage, while it is the most striking and essential element of heroism, is the test and touchstone of all manliness. It is not in any sense a derived, relative, or dependent quality, but one purely and necessarily *personal*. It is found, when it exists at all, in the very groundwork of the character. It redeems the lowest from vulgarity, and is essential to preserve the highest from contempt. It is at once the pedestal of greatness and the prop of self-respect. No education can impart, no association promote it. It is native, original, and characteristic in each individual. With his infinite and ceaselesss relations with men, nature, and circumstances—while he touches other beings at a thousand points every moment of his life—still, in all the universe, each man is *alone*—alone not only in the eye of Omniscience, but to his own consciousness. *Alone* in his thought, in his responsibility, in his life, in his joy and sorrow. Alone in the past, and *alone* he goes forth to meet his future! His identity is never lost or suspended for a moment in any contact or association. Meeting momently other natures, he coalesces, he unites with *none*. Pile many smooth round globes together in closest compass, and though they touch at every point, each remains a perfect sphere and is marked with a distinct identity even in the mass. The drop joins with other drops to form the wave or waterfall, and yet preserves its separate and defined formation. The smallest asteroid in the heavens, the faintest filmy nebula, has its innumerable relations of attraction or repulsion with all the worlds in space, and is necessary to maintain that balance of the system in which consists the harmony of the spheres; and yet it burns in an orbit as peculiar and inviolable as the gleaming pathway of a sun. The ponderous iron and the feathery snow-flake *crystallize* by one immutable law. The individual soul, the innate consciousness, is the crystal of every social being, and underlies all the circumstances and relations of life. In this crystal of the man, courage exists, and is the noble disposition to be true to himself as an individual, to yield to no man or thing the beginning of control or usurpation over that central nature.

The loyal man esteems it the greatest degradation that his nature should lose its equanimity under any pressure, and would deplore the lack of self-possession as the most terrible of afflictions. Therefore he is incapable of panic and scorns to yield to fear, whether an attack be made upon his life or his honor. His nerves may tremble with exquisite torture, his unruly blood gather about his heart and leave his lips white

and quivering, while in the citadel of his high spirit he is serenely defiant of the danger. Manhood lies not in the muscles, nor bravery in the brawn. The courage of the hero is not recklessness. It is not because he esteems life less than others that he faces all perils that assail him, but because he values his self-respect and self-dependence more than life, and regards death as an evil infinitely less than the loss of either. He asserts his rights and insists upon his opinions, at every hazard, not from selfishness or egotism, but because he cannot offend his own dignity by consenting to tyranny or dictation.

Where his nice sense of honor is not concerned, he is as weak and yielding as a child, as soft and gracious as a woman; but when servility becomes the price of ease, he is hard as granite, and as uncompromising as fate. He has no feeling but infinite contempt for the craven who, under the smart of physical or spiritual correction, repeats this coward's recantation of his manhood: "Sir, I am a peaceable, tame, and quiet man, and can dissemble any injury whatsoever. I have a wife and children to maintain and bring up, so that, give me leave to tell you by way of hint, since it is not my part to command, that I will upon no account draw my sword either against peasant or against knight; and that from this time forward I forgive all injuries any one has done, or shall do me, whether he be high or low, rich or poor, gentle or simple, without excepting any state or condition whatever."

There is nothing so unlovely, hopeless, and abject as cowardice. No generous feeling or noble thought can live in its poisonous shade. The coward is at once cruel and abject, obsequious and malicious, a flattering foe and a faithless friend. No grace, no genius, can redeem him from the scorn of others or the bitterness of self-disgust. For that sin, even pity has no palliation, charity no cloak.

As courage is the deep consciousness and pride of personal power, self-reliance is its best and most familiar manifestation. When men fight in a troop, they may be in doubt how much of their valor is original and how much *communicated;* but when one stands alone, and has nothing to rest upon save the strength of his own nature, his courage becomes as conspicuous to himself as to the world.

It must be admitted that in these self-reliant heroes there is a certain self-conscious pride amounting almost to haughtiness, which mars somewhat the effect of their nobleness; but we must remember that pride is born with princes. In reading the Scottish Chronicles, I have been more delighted with one fine act of old King Malcolm, than with all the famous exploits of Bruce and Wallace. "The king having learned," says the chronicle, "that one of his courtiers had conspired to murder him during a chase, took no notice of it so as to punish the traitor by law; but being one day a-hunting, he singled out the fellow and taking him to a remote place from the rest of the company, said: 'Here is a convenient time and place for thee to do that like a bold man that thou designedst to do basely and cowardly. Draw thy sword then, and if thou *canst* kill me, being alone thou art out of danger of punishment, because there is nobody to accuse thee;' which words being spoken with an undaunted courage, struck such terror into the intended assassin, that he fell down at the king's feet and humbly begged his pardon; which the king granting him, he became a very serviceable and faithful subject to the king the whole term of his future life."

The magnificent courage of Bonaparte was not so conspicuous when he quelled the Sections, when he charged at the head of the Old Guard at Lodi, or when he received the laurels of Arcola or Marengo, as when upon his return to France after his escape from Elba, in the dark days of his fortune, he left all his few followers, and alone, with folded arms and quiet step, walked down to and into the midst of the royal army sent by the king to apprehend him as a fugitive. As he approached, many weapons heavy with death were pointed at the heart of the superb hero, and frowns darkened every brow as his eyes swept their ranks. A moment later, he was in their arms; the threatening weapons fell at his feet, proud smiles replaced the doubtful frowns, and shouts of welcome filled the air. The French that day would have been untrue to their chivalrous character, if they had not called on their hero to lead them back to Paris, crowned with the honors of his sublimest victory.

Courage is the most splendid, attractive,

and imposing of manly virtues. No drooping plume or hovering banner throws so rare a grace over the heroic presence; no roll of drum or blast of trumpet so stirs the blood and thrills the heart. And yet it is not in any respect a showy or holiday quality. It is felt and displayed without reference to place or position. The man of true courage is always and everywhere loyal to his own nature, and would recognize its claims as readily on a desert island, or if he stood the last inhabitant upon the earth, as when the eyes of all men were upon him. His self-respect is more exacting than his ambition. The poise of his nature upon the diamond pivot of his honor yields a higher joy than the applause and homage of the world. Should he forfeit or dethrone his honorable self-respect at the persuasion of fame, wealth, love or ease, there is no possibility of hope or happiness for him through all his days. The crystal broken, the pure white rays will enter his soul no more, forever.

But courage is not the only distinguishing quality of the hero. In the mystery of existence, *to suffer* is as inevitable and may be as honorable as to do. If his career were all splendid action, we should miss the sweetest and noblest aspects of his nature. In life, as in the physical world, the solemn night yields not in beauty to the glowing day. The urgent sun, diffusing life and heat and gladness, excites the teeming germ to growth, and dyes the petals of the opening flower—but, with his fervent rays, veils and excludes the gentle glimmer of the stars that wait to crown the hour of darkness with benignant light.

All heroic lives cannot be brilliant and victorious. While one acts in conspicuous elevation, and displays his glittering courage in manful effort and applauded deeds, a thousand, in obscurity and pain, illustrate the harder virtue of endurance. The impetuous valor that leads the charge is not more heroic than the flinty fortitude that receives the fire of the assault upon an unshrinking breast.

The true hero is equally grand in triumph and defeat. His Persian and African victories conferred no greater honor upon Belisarius, than the dignity with which he endured beggary, blindness, and disgrace. The splendid deed has no higher glory than the noble sorrow.

> "When true courage is of force bereft
> Patience the only fortitude is left."
>
> *Dryden.*

The hero is no more remarkable for the quality of his courage and the fortitude with which he endures the hardships incident to all human experience, than for the better virtue of an earnest faith. The high-toned nature rejoices in the strength of its *convictions*. It is one of its necessities to *believe* in something with entire trust; to realize and be loyal to a better and a higher life in the future. Some place of *rest*, some firm rock of reliance, is the sovereign need of his aspiring heart. Nothing so repels him as the coldness of the sceptic. No sorrow seems to him so great as the hopeless doubting of the infidel, who finds no sure foundation on earth or in the heavens, but is driven about in tempests over dark waters, like a bird beaten by the storm far out to sea, and finds no rest in all the weary waste—while the faithful soul sits contented upon its sheltered nest, folds its peaceful wings upon a quiet breast, and sings its song of thankfulness and joy. Heroes are always loyal to their convictions. They are subject to their beliefs, even unto death. It is impossible that they should disavow them to avoid torture or destruction. They have no alternative but to suffer and die, when either is necessary to maintain their faith. The endurance of the suffering is no more heroic than the earnestness of the conviction. The Martyrs of the early Church are glorified rather by their noble confidence in the truth than by their brave endurance of the torture and the flame. The endurance of the test was a necessary consequence of the steadfast belief. That faith is spurious and unworthy of the name which admits of "fear for the terror by night, or for the arrow that flieth by day." There is no *faith* to which a man does not hold his life and fortune subject. To the faithful, death is among the least of evils; and they feel a proud exultation when, by the loss of life, they may give themselves and the world assurance of their calm fidelity. To them, death can come in no more glorious form than when he brings the crown of martyr-

Even in this prosaic day, the world seems full of heroic action. The representative man of this age has rather the measure and power of the Olympian Jove, than of the antique hero of Homeric song. The elements are submissive to his will, and labor in his service. The lightnings, streaming from the portentous clouds, he takes in his fearless hand, and imparting to them a new life and meaning, sends them through the darker clouds of ignorance and error, while their deep reverberations in the human heart echo and survive their loudest thunders in the sky. He counts and weighs the stars of heaven, and throwing over them the reins of his controlling knowledge, is drawn upon the pathless sea from zone to zone in a chariot more sublime than that which Neptune, "sovereign of the boundless deep," o'er his subject billows drove, and again,

"The sea cleaves wide for joy
The whales leave their caverns and gambol on all sides
Around him, not unconscious of their king."

He treads upon the mountain tops, with a pride as high; and in the deepest mines compels from reluctant nature her most hoarded secret. Like an eagle he floats along the upper air, and like a Nereid dives to the crystal chambers of the sea. Upon the highest pinacle of polar ice, and upon the blushing coral of the torrid clime, he plants the standard of appropriation and inscribes his lordly name. In every form, in every attitude he asserts heroic attributes. As the Farmer, he evokes from the most stubborn soil the Angel of Fertility, and wrestles with it till it blesses him with harvest. As the Mechanic, he strikes, like Thor in Valhalla, a blow that at once fashions a chain for all the powers of nature, and unrivets the fetter of the captive in his cell—sends the quiver of an earthquake under the thrones of kings and the prisons of their slaves. As the Physician, he is more knightly than St. George, and contends with one fiercer than the Dragon. Undismayed by the "pestilence that walketh in darkness and the destruction that wasteth at noon-day," he stands "between the living and the dead, and the plague is stayed." As the Speaker and the Advocate, his voice shakes the hearts and bends the wills of men like the wind among the pines.

As the Priest, he bears aloft the Sacred Cross, in the grand procession of the years, invests the waste places of the earth with vernal bloom, and in the heart of sorrow plants the rose of joy.

BALLOONING IN FRANCE.

The longest balloon voyage ever made has recently been accomplished by some members of the French Aërial Navigation Society, who have resolved to undertake a series of eight ascents for the purpose of spectroscopic and electrical observations. The balloon, which was called the Zenith, contained five passengers, and started from Paris, descending near Bordeaux in 23 hours. Several valuable discoveries were made during the trip. The aëronauts met with currents of air in different directions when sailing over the Landes. In the higher regions a hot wind directed them to the ocean, and lower down, at 100 metres (about 300 feet) from the earth, a cool breeze took them inland. During the night, a clear moon enabled them to see the earth, and about 5 A. M. the moon was encircled by a splendid cruciform halo. The balloon crossed the river Gironde in 35 minutes, and four pigeons were despatched, none of which, however, had reached home when the note of the voyage was made. It is said an attempt will be made to cross the Atlantic in the coming autumn.

SLEEP AND BRAIN-WORK.

It is a religious duty, says Dr. Prime, to sleep, and to sleep enough, and he who does not, may be sure he is breaking the Sixth Commandment, which requireth all lawful endeavors to preserve our own life as well as the lives of others. There is scarcely a better health meter for men who think much, than this. Hard mental work is beginning to kill when it interferes with sleep, and he who plies his brain with ever so much energy eight or ten hours a day, prays and plays five or six, and sleeps seven or eight, will never die of overwork. But he must make a business of it. Brain-work, food, exercise in the open air, culture of the soul, social relaxation and sleep,—these are the constituents of good living, and they will be attended by health, wealth, usefulness and happiness.

THE FIRST VIOLET.

To Mrs. E. Kingman, Strawberry Knoll, Washington, D. C.

O gentle mistress of fair Strawberry Knoll!—
  Where oft the nation's wisest I have met;
In sunny days, and nights when soul on soul
  Reflected thought I never can forget;
Whose worth, and wisdom's moulding wit and ways
  Illume the heart with fadeless radiance yet:—
Thee must I thank for every thought that plays
  Round spring and zephyr's first-born violet.

Fancy exhales like light from out its leaves
And round its purple crown a halo weaves
Of thronging fealties and sweet caresses
From poet hearts, that, in their deep recesses
Struggling through centuries to voice and sing
Life's resurrection in accord with spring,
Burst into harmonies of song to cheer
The bounteous promise of the budding year.

The lone precursor in the wilderness
  Of desolation by the ice-king wrought,
Preaching the advent of the sun to bless
  Each living thing with color, light and thought:
Moving the heart to take heart against gloom,
As moved by Nature it awoke in bloom:
Beaming humility while beauty dowers
This bright-eyed herald of a world of flowers.

Its very whisper vibrates through the soul,
  And e'en assuages the wild winds of March
That bellow furiously, and rend and roll
  The scatt'ring clouds through heav'ns echoing arch.

The azure envoy from the earth's domain,
  And of the wealth that in great Nature lies;
The pledge of myriad beauties in its train,
  Symbol of spring-like youth that never dies!

Hence 'tis the flower must beloved of Love,
  In days romantic the Bard's golden prize:
Days that still live whene'er our path above
  The spring of love beams out from violet eyes.

O modest, tender, fragrant violet
In friendship's pure and jewell'd memory set!

That with the hue of heaven peeps from earth,
And sprite-like mounts the shoulders of the spring,
And coyly smiles, secure, as winter's dearth
Before thy presence is evanishing.

Thou art the subtle spirit that instils
The infant sense with joy's awakening scope:
With what delighted crowing childhood fills
The air with joy, as on some southern slope
Basking in sunlight, while the lingering snow
Shrinks in the gullies, groups of children sport!
Discovering thee, they shout! and all aglow
Astonished gaze as in some fairy court.

The youth whose heart is budding into pain
With untold yearning for a maiden's smile,
Finds in thy silent eloquence a strain
To touch her thought, that may his hope beguile.

And lovers crowned with Love's accepted fear
With eager courtesy thy blossoms seize,
To shrine them on the bosoms that will cheer
Their life-long homage and anxieties.

The man in whom love's alchemy distils
A gallant faith, through thee renews his truth;
And age anointed by thy mem'ry thrills
With all the trembling rapture of its youth.

Thou art, of all the voices of the leaves,
The meekest yet most potent in the land;
From thee mankind but gentlest thought receives,
Thy tones of peace all hearts can understand.

To merrie England true as royal Rose,
As Thistle true to Scotia's banks and braes,
To Ireland welcome as the gem that grows
On em'rald mounds where sport the elves and fays.

As true to Italy as art and vine,
Or *Fleur-de-lis* to gallant, frugal France;
Or shrubs that smile on Alps and Apennine,
Or bless the eye where Rhines and Danubes dance.
True is it truly of the good most true!
The fairest ensign of the faithful soul
Where'er it be, than all the plants that grew
Through Time's protectorate from pole to pole.

It symbols not the sadd'ning strife of man,
By hills made local, or streams wash'd apart,
It speaks of Love,—God's time-renewing plan—
And binds the faithful universal heart.

Then this sweet fragrant blossom let me bless,
This tiny shred of Nature's ecstasy!
And with thy name enrich the songful dress
Imagination took from it and thee.

JOHN SAVAGE.

BATTLE OF BUNKER HILL.

OFFICIAL ACCOUNT BY PROVINCIAL CONGRESS.

The Centennial of the Battle of Bunker Hill must naturally evoke all that is patriotic and thankful in the American heart. The first desperately contested conflict of the revolutionary war, it was productive of imperishable results. Although the Americans were driven from their position, the British derived no confidence from the result of the fight. It was claimed that, considering the numbers engaged, the battle outranked either that of Fontenoy or Minden. It might rather be placed in the category with the first battle of Bull Run in which the so-called defeated derived strength by the necessities it developed, and the so-called conquerors were powerless to turn victory into benefit. Neither parties were fit to immediately renew the combat. And so it was after Bunker Hill, although Colonel Prescott was anxious, if fifteen hundred men were furnished to him, to drive the British from it on the night of the battle or perish in the attempt. General Artemas Ward decided against so hazardous an enterprise. On the other hand, the British general, Howe, having been advised by General Clinton to follow up the success by an immediate attack on Cambridge, did not deem such a movement advisable. All the authorities show that "similar apprehensions were entertained on both sides respecting a renewal of the attack: the Americans at Winter and Prospect hills lay on their arms, while the British, reinforced by additional troops from Boston, threw up during the night a line of breastwork, on the northern side of Bunker Hill. Both sides, however, felt indisposed to renew the action. The loss of the peninsula damped the ardor of the Americans, and the loss of men depressed the spirit of the British."*

The historian who, more than all others, has made the movements round Boston and Bunker Hill the theme of most patient analysis, and who had the advantage of consulting a large mass of private papers as well as all the printed collections referring to them, shows us that as it was difficult in a military point of view to assign a just motive to either party for this battle, so for some time it was difficult to find any on the American side willing to assume the responsibility of having taken the lead in it. It resulted, however in proving the character of the Americans as soldiers, and establishing the fact of open war with Great Britain. In a speech in the House of Commons, Oct. 30, 1775, Governor Johnstone paid a remarkable tribute to American bravery under cover of a compliment to the British constitution. "To a mind," he said, "who loves to contemplate the glorious spirit of freedom, no spectacle can be more affecting than the action at Bunker Hill. To see an irregular peasantry, commanded by a physician,† inferior in number, opposed by every circumstance of cannon and bombs that could terrify timid minds, calmly wait the attack of the gallant Howe, leading the best troops in the world, with an excellent train of artillery, and twice repulsing those very troops, who had often chased the chosen battalions of France, and at last retiring for want of ammunition, but in so respectable a manner they were not even pursued,—who can reflect on such scenes, and not adore the constitution of

* Frothingham. *Hist. of The Siege of Boston.*

† This was an error. Dr. Warren was not in command. He had recently been elected Major-General, but had not received his commission. When he arrived on the heights Putnam offered him the command at the fence. He declined and asked where he could be of most service as a volunteer. "Where will the attack be hottest?" Putnam pointing to the redoubt, said: "That is the enemy's object; if that can be maintained the day is ours." Warren entered the redoubt. Here Colonel Prescott tendered him the command. Again he declined, saying: "I have come to serve only as a volunteer, and shall be happy to learn from a soldier of your experience;" and as a volunteer with a musket he served.

government which could breed such men?" Webster states on authority that when Washington heard of the battle and of the causes which led the Americans to retire, he asked if the militia of New England stood the fire of British regulars: and being told they did and reserved their own until the enemy were within eight rods and then discharged it with fearful effect, exclaimed "The liberties of the country are safe."

Positively Bunker Hill had all the moral effect of a victory under the name of a defeat. Yet, owing to various causes, it was at first regarded with disappointment, and contemporary accounts of it are rather in the tone of apology than of exultation. "No one for years came forward to claim the honor of having directed it; no notice was taken of its returning anniversary; and no narrative did justice to the regiments that were engaged, or to the officers who were in command. The bravery, however, of those who fought it was so resolute, and their self-devotion was so lofty, as at once to elicit from all quarters the most glowing commendation, and to become the theme of the poet and the orator; and as time rolled on, its connection with the great movement of the age appeared in its true light. Hence the Battle of Bunker Hill now stands as the grand opening scene in the drama of the American Revolution."*

Charming, vivid, and picturesque accounts of the battle and its surroundings may be found in many standard and popular writers. The theme has attractive inducements; but while refreshing our sentiments over the one-hundredth anniversary of the grand and desperate scene we are patriotically drawn to the original account of the fight, prepared by order of the provincial Congress of Massachusetts, not more by its perspicuity, than in appreciation of the prompt commonsense foresight which caused its promulgation. While going to war, these earnest patriots had a mind to business; and although "rebels," as General Gage gazetted them, they had that "decent respect for the opinion of mankind" which characterizes practical men, and was still more fully illustrated in the Declaration of the following year.

*Frothingham. Chap. VI.

On July the 6th, 1775, the Committee of Safety having considered the advantages the enemy would derive from General Gage's misrepresentation of the battle "unless counteracted by the truth of that day's transactions being fairly and honestly represented to our friends and others in Great Britain," passed the following resolution:—

Resolved, That it be humbly recommended to the honorable Congress, now sitting at Watertown, to appoint a committee to draw up and transmit to Great Britain, as soon as possible, a fair, honest, and impartial account of the late battle of Charlestown, on the 17th ultimo, so that our friends, and others in that part of the world, may not be, in any degree, imposed upon by General Gage's misrepresentations of that day's transactions; and that there also be a standing committee for that purpose.

In compliance with this recommendation, the Provincial Congress, July 7, ordered the committee of safety to be a committee for this purpose, and also to be a standing committe for like purposes. This committee (11th) "being exceedingly crowded with business," requested "Rev. Dr. Cooper, Rev. Mr. Gardner, and the Rev. Mr. Peter Thatcher," to draw up a true state of this action, as soon as might be, and lay it before them. The following account was accordingly prepared:—

In obedience to the order of the Congress, this committee have inquired into the premises, and, upon the best information obtained, find that the commanders of the New England army had, about the 14th ult., received advice that General Gage had issued orders for a party of the troops under his command to post themselves on Bunker's Hill, a promontory just at the entrance of the peninsula at Charlestown, which orders were soon to be executed. Upon which it was determined, with the advice of this committee, to send a party, who might erect some fortifications upon the said hill, and defeat this design of our enemies. Accordingly, on the 16th ult., orders were issued, that a detachment of 1000 men should that evening march to Charlestown, and intrench upon that hill. Just before nine o'clock they left Cambridge, and proceeded to Breed's Hill, situated on the farther part of the peninsula next to Boston, for, by some mistake, this hill was marked out for the intrenchment instead of the other. Many things being necessary to be done preparatory to the intrenchments being thrown up, (which could not be done

before, lest the enemy should discover and defeat the design), it was nearly twelve o'clock before the works were entered upon. They were then carried on with the utmost diligence and alacrity, so that by the dawn of the day they had thrown up a small redoubt about eight rods square. At this time a heavy fire began from the enemy's ships, a number of floating batteries, and from a fortification of the enemy's upon Copp's Hill in Boston, directly opposite to our little redoubt. An incessant shower of shot and bombs was rained by these upon our works, by which only one man fell. The provincials continued to labor indefatigably till they had thrown up a small breastwork, extending from the east side of the redoubt to the bottom of the hill, but were prevented completing it by the intolerable fire of the enemy.

Between twelve and one o'clock a number of boats and barges, filled with the regular troops from Boston, were observed approaching towards Charlestown; these troops landed at a place called Moreton's Point, situated a little to the eastward of our works. This brigade formed upon their landing, and stood thus formed till a second detachment arrived from Boston to join them; having sent out large flank guards, they began a very slow march towards our lines. At this instant smoke and flames were seen to arise from the town of Charlestown, which had been set on fire by the enemy, that the smoke might cover their attack upon our lines, and perhaps with a design to rout or destroy one or two regiments of provincials who had been posted in that town. If either of these was their design, they were disappointed, for the wind shifting on a sudden carried the smoke another way, and the regiments were already removed. The provincials, within their intrenchments, impatiently waited the attack of the enemy, and reserved their fire till they came within ten or twelve rods, and then began a furious discharge of small arms. This fire arrested the enemy, which they for some time returned, without advancing a step, and then retreated in disorder, and with great precipitation, to the place of landing, and some of them sought refuge even within their boats. Here the officers were observed, by the spectators on the opposite shore, to run down to them, using the most passionate gestures, and pushing the men forward with their swords. At length they were rallied, and marched up, with apparent reluctance, towards the intrenchment; the Americans again reserved their fire until the enemy came within five or six rods, and a second time put the regulars to flight, who ran in great confusion towards their boats. Similar and superior exertions were now necessarily made by the officers, which, notwithstanding the men discovered an almost insuperable reluctance to fighting in this cause, were again successful. They once more, and having brought some cann in such a manner as to rake the insid breastwork from one end of it to the provincials retreated within their little f ministerial army now made a decisive eff fire from the ships and batteries, as well the cannon in the front of their army, was r The officers, in the rear of their army, wer ed to goad forward the men with renew tions, and they attacked the redoubt on t at once. The breastwork on the outsi fort was abandoned; the ammunition of th cials was expended, and few of their a fixed with bayonets. Can it then be that the word was given by the command party to retreat? But this he delayed redoubt was half filled with regulars, an vincials had kept the enemy at bay s confronting them with the butt ends of t kets. The retreat of this little handful of t would have been effectually cut off, h happened that the flanking party of th which was to have come upon the ba redoubt, was checked by a party of the pr who fought with the utmost bravery, them from advancing farther than the b engagement of these two parties was with the utmost vigor; and it mus knowledged that this party of the n troops evidenced a courage worthy a bet All their efforts, however, were insufficie pel the provincials to retreat till their n had left the hill. Perceiving this was d then gave ground, but with more regul could be expected of troops who had been under discipline, and many of w never before seen an engagement.

In this retreat the Americans had to the neck which joins the peninsula of Ch to the main land. This neck was comm the *Glasgow* man-of-war, and two floati ies, placed in such a manner as that raked every part of it. The incessant fi across this neck had, from the beginning gagement, prevented any considerable ments from getting to the provincials on and it was feared it would cut off their re they retired over it with little or no loss.

With a ridiculous parade of triumph t terial troops again took possession of the had served them as a retreat in flight battle of Concord. It was expected would prosecute the supposed advantage gained by marching immediately to C which was distant but two miles, and w not then in a state of defence. This they do. The wonder excited by such conc

ceased, when, by the best accounts from Boston, we are told that, of 3000 men who marched out upon this expedition, no less than 1500 (92 of which were commissioned officers) were killed or wounded; and about 1200 of them either killed or mortally wounded. Such a slaughter was, perhaps, nevér before made upon British troops in the space of about an hour, during which the heat of the engagement lasted, by about 1500 men, which were the most that were any time engaged on the American side.

The loss of the New England army amounted, according to an exact return, to 145 killed and missing, and 304 wounded; thirty of the first were wounded and taken prisoners by the enemy. Among the dead was Major-General Joseph Warren, a man whose memory will be endeared to his countrymen, and to the worthy in every part and age of the world, so long as virtue and valor shall be esteemed among mankind. The heroic Colonel Gardner, of Cambridge, has since died of his wounds; and the brave Lieutenant-Colonel Parker, of Chelmsford, who was wounded and taken prisoner, perished in Boston jail. These three, with Major Moore and Major M'Clary, who nobly struggled in the cause of their country, were the only officers of distinction which we lost. Some officers of great worth, though inferior in rank, were killed, whom we deeply lament. But the officers and soldiers in general, who were wounded, are in a fair way of recovery. The town of Charlestown, the buildings of which were, in general, large and elegant, and which contained effects belonging to the unhappy sufferers in Boston, to a very great amount, was entirely destroyed, and its chimneys and cellars now present a prospect to the Americans, exciting an indignation in their bosoms which nothing can appease but the sacrifice of those miscreants who have introduced horror, desolation, and havoc, into these once happy abodes of liberty, peace, and plenty.

Though the officers and soldiers of the ministerial army meanly exult in having gained this ground, yet they cannot but attest to the bravery of our troops, and acknowledge that the battles of Fontenoy and Minden according to the numbers engaged and the time the engagement continued, were not to be compared with this; and, indeed, the laurels of Minden were totally blasted in the battle of Charlestown. The ground purchased thus dearly by the British troops affords them no advantage against the American army, now strongly intrenched on a neighboring eminence. The Continental troops, nobly animated from the justice of their cause, sternly urge to decide the contest by the sword; but we wish for no further effusion of blood, if the freedom and peace of America can be secured without it: but if it must be otherwise, we are determined to struggle. We disdain life without liberty.

Oh, Britons! be wise for yourselves, before it is too late, and secure a commercial intercourse with the American colonies before it is forever lost; disarm your ministerial assassins, put an end to this unrighteous and unnatural war, and suffer not any rapacious despots to amuse you with the unprofitable ideas of your right to tax and officer the colonies, till the most profitable and advantageous trade you have is irrecoverably lost. Be wise for yourselves, and the Americans will contribute to, and rejoice in, your prosperity.

J. PALMER, per order.

NEVER TOO OLD TO STUDY.

Cato, at eighty years of age, commenced to study the Greek language. Socrates, at an extreme old age, learned to play on musical instruments. Plutarch, when between seventy and eighty, commenced the study of Latin. Dr. Johnson applied himself to the Dutch language but a few years before his death. Ludovico Monaldesco, at the great age of one hundred and fifteen, wrote the memoirs of his own time. Ogilby, the translator of Homer and Virgil, was unacquainted with Latin and Greek till he was past fifty. O'Brien, the author of the Gaelic Dictionary, was fifty when he applied himself to the study of the Irish language. Franklin did not fully commence his philosophical pursuits till he had reached his fiftieth year. Dryden, in his sixty-eighth year, commenced the translation of the *Iliad*. Boccaccio was thirty-five years of age when he commenced his studies in polite literature; yet he became one of the greatest masters of the Tuscan dialects, Dante and Petrarch being the other two. Sir Henry Spelman neglected the sciences in his youth, but commenced the study of them when he was between fifty and sixty years of age. After this time he became a most learned antiquarian and lawyer.

MONTE CASSINO.

THE LITERARY MONKS WHO HAVE PRESERVED LITERATURE.

There is much that is fascinating in the pictures of the mediæval Italian monk as he is represented by the old chroniclers, haggard with constant fastings and midnight vigils, toiling year after year in making priceless copies of still more precious manuscripts, self-forgetful in his devotion to knowledge and desire to impart it as to his religion—in a dark age the light of the world. The old fire which glowed in the breast of Benedict and the Angelic Doctor is not yet extinguished. Here and there it burns as brightly as ever. If one climbs to-day

"That mountain on whose slope Cassino stands,"

and penetrates within the walls of the grand old monastery of Monte Cassino, he will find monks of the true mediæval spirit, children worthy of their spiritual father, St. Benedict, —monks who are laboring, as their brethren have done for thirteen centuries before them, for the intellectual life of their fellows. This monastery, which is the cradle of monachism, has a history unsurpassed in interest by any other similar institution. Since the middle of the fifteenth century it has given to the Roman Church twenty-four popes and nearly ten thousand bishops. To the monks of Cassino and their affiliated communities we owe the works of Homer, Tacitus, Cicero, Terence, Horace, Seneca, Virgil and Lucan. It was by their transcriptions of the manuscripts of these authors, which their library contained, that they have been preserved to us. Possibly in future ages the course of the monks with reference to the great questions of the nineteenth century may seem not less worthy of honor than this of giving to Homer and Virgil a new life. During the dark days of the Bourbon rule in Naples, when the whole clergy of the kingdom yielded to the despotism, the monks of Cassino alone maintained a noble independence. So, too, they occupy similar advanced ground in respect to the relations of science and religion.

The community, numbering about twenty members in holy orders, occupies itself principally in teaching. But their love for learning is by no means satisfied with this. In emulation of their brethren whose cells they inhabit, they are unlocking for us the treasures of their library, the archives of which are probably the richest in the world. Nine years ago they completed a fac-simile of their splendid manuscript of Dante in a large folio volume, which was edited and printed by their own unassisted labor. This was intended as "an offering to the kingdom of Italy in its new capital." Their latest literary work is a catalogue of the manuscripts in their library. Of this work, the first volume of which has just been received at the Boston Public Library, the *Athenæum* says: "It will be a long time before England, with all her resources of wealth and knowledge, will be able to produce a book of such a nature and upon such a scale as that commenced by a comparatively small band of zealous monks in a kingdom which offers them infinitely fewer advantages and opportunities than we have at home." This catalogue, which gives chromo-lithographic specimens of the writing, initials, colored rubrics and ornamentation of the various manuscripts, as well as detailed descriptions and copious extracts, will be completed in five volumes. Of its size and thoroughness it is sufficient to say that 800 pages are devoted to forty-four manuscripts. The whole work is under the immediate supervision of Father Tosti, one of the most learned and enlightened of Italians, a man with whom to converse is to lose all sense of time, for he is as indignant over a story which Boccaccio tells of the neglected condition of the monastery library in his day, as though it were the idle tale of a newspaper correspondent. In the preface Tosti gives a short account of "the history of his convent, and the gradual formation and acquisition of the library," and closes with mentioning a few of the *clarissimi viri* who in his day have visited it. Among

other names is that of Longfellow, to which is attached this note, with which the preface closes:

"*Hæc carmina in tabulario, sua manu exarata, reliquit:*

'Lives of great men all remind us
We can make our lives sublime,
And departing leave behind us'
Footprints on the sands of time.'"

Two or three centuries hence pilgrims to this shrine of ancient and modern learning may look at the yellow and time-worn leaf on which these lines are written, with the same interest with which the original of Petrarch's sonnets are now deciphered.

Longfellow has also commemorated his visit to the famous monastery in a characteristic poem, which, as it was designed to perpetuate the poet's appreciation, we may take the liberty of reproducing:—

MONTE CASSINO.

Beautiful valley, through whose verdant meads,
Unheard the Garigliano glides along—
The Liris, nurse of rushes and of reeds,
The river taciturn of classic song!

The Land of Labor, and the Land of Rest,
Where mediæval towns are white on all
The hill-sides, and where every mountain crest
Is an Etrurian or a Roman wall!

There is Alagna, where Pope Boniface
Was dragged with contumely from his throne.
Sciarra Colonna, was that day's disgrace
The Pontiff's only, or in part thine own?

There is Ceprano, where a renegade
Was each Apulian, as great Dante saith,
When Manfred, by his men at arms betrayed,
Spurred on to Benevento and to death.

There is Aoquinum, the old Volscian town
Where Juvenal was born, whose lurid light
Still hovers o'er his birthplace like the crown
Of splendor over cities seen at night.

Doubled the splendor is, that in its streets
The Angelic Doctor as a school-boy played,
And dreamed, perhaps, the dreams that he repeats
In ponderous folios for scholastics made.

And there, uplifted like a passing cloud
That pauses on a mountain summit high,
Monte Cassino's convent rears its proud
And venerable walls against the sky.

Well I remember how on foot I climbed
The stony pathway leading to its gate:
Above, the convent bells for vespers chimed;
Below, the darkening town grew desolate.

Well I remember the low arch and dark,
The court-yard with its well, the terrace wide,
From which, far down, diminished to a park,
The valley veiled in mist was dim descried.

The day was dying, and with feeble hands
Caressed the mountain-tops; the vales between
Darkened; the river in the meadow lands
Sheathed itself as a sword and was not seen.

The silence of the place was like a sleep,
So full of rest it seemed; each passing tread
Was a reverberation from the deep
Recesses of the ages that are dead.

For, more than thirteen centuries ago
Benedict, fleeing from the gates of Rome,
A youth disgusted with its vice and woe,
Sought in these mountain solitudes a home.

He founded here his Convent and his Rule
Of prayer and work, and counted work as prayer;
His pen became a clarion, and his school
Flamed like a beacon in the midnight air.

What though Boccaccio, in his reckless way
Mocking the lazy brotherhood, deplores
The illuminated manuscripts that lay
Torn and neglected on the dusty floors?

Boccaccio was a novelist, a child
Of fancy and of fiction at the best:
This the urbane librarian said, and smiles
Incredulous, as at some idle jest.

Upon such themes as these with one young friar
I sat conversing late into the night,
Till in its cavernous chimney the wood fire
Had burnt its heart out like an anchorite.

And then translated, in my convent cell,
Myself, yet not myself, in dreams I lay;
And as a monk who hears the matin bell,
Started from sleep: already it was day.

From the high window I beheld the scene
On which Saint Benedict so oft had gazed—
The mountains and the valley in the sheen
Of the bright sun—and stood as one amazed.

Gray mists were rolling, rising, vanishing,
The high lands glistened with their jewelled crowns;
Far off the mellow bells began to ring
For matins in the half-awakened towns.

The conflict of the Present and the Past,
The ideal and the actual in our life,
As on a field of battle held me fast,
Where this world and the next world were at strife.

For, as the valley from its sleep awoke,
I saw the iron horses of the steam
Toss to the morning air their plumes of smoke,
And woke as one awaketh from a dream.

500 dollars a month. Still the definite idea of the colonists either had not developed itself, or was not offensively declared by the leaders. As Irving says, "Many still clung to the idea, that in all these proceedings they were merely opposing the measures of the ministry, and not the authority of the Crown; and thus the army before Boston was designated as the Continental Army, in contradistinction to that under General Gage, which was called the ministerial army."

On the motion of Mr. Johnson, of Maryland, Washington was unanimously chosen commander-in-chief. On the next day when he had taken his seat in Congress, the president formally announced the fact to him. He rose in his place, expressed his sense of the honor conferred as well as his devotion to the cause, and added these simple, manly and memorable sentences:—"But lest some unlucky event should happen unfavorable to my reputation, I beg it may be remembered by every gentleman in the room, that I this day declare, with the utmost sincerity, I do not think myself equal to the command I am honored with. As to pay, I beg leave to assure the Congress that, as no pecuniary consideration could have tempted me to accept this arduous employment, at the expense of my domestic ease and happiness, I do not wish to make any profit of it. I will keep an exact account of my expenses. Those, I doubt not, they will discharge, and that is all I desire."

In the sudden change thus compelled on his life, Washington's chief concern was on account of his wife. He assures her solemnly that, so far from seeking the appointment, he used every means to avoid it, as well from unwillingness to part with her, as from a consciousness of its being a trust above his capacity. "I should enjoy," he writes to her, "more real happiness in one month with you at home than I have the most distant prospect of finding abroad, if my stay were to be seven times seven years. But as it has been a kind of destiny that has thrown me upon this service, I shall hope that my undertaking it is designed to answer some good purpose."

Well might Adams declare there was something charming in the conduct of Washington at this epoch:—"A gentleman of one of the first fortunes upon the continent, leaving his delicious retirement, his family and friends, sacrificing his ease, and hazarding all, in the cause of his country."

DEATH OF LORD EDWARD FITZGERALD, JUNE 3d, 1798.

One of the most prominent and attractive characters in the Irish drama of '98 was Lord Edward Fitzgerald, whom Margaret Fuller well calls "the noblest and loveliest of modern Preux." He was not quite thirty-five years old when the scenes were enacted which will carry his name forever into the history of patriotism and the romance of politics. The blood of two ducal houses coursed in the veins of this Irish republican. He was the fifth son of Augustus Frederick first Duke of Leinster, and his mother was a daughter of the Duke of Richmond. From youth he had a predilection for military affairs, and in one of his letters when quite a boy, he tells his mother that he was busily engaged in erecting a fortification in the orangery. "When it is finished," he writes, "I intend to put the cannons of both our ships upon it and then to fire away."

Soon his boy-glory was transferred into actual service; and long before he was a man we find him reaping military honors in America. On a retreat near Charleston when the 19th King's regiment were frightened by Col. Lee, young Fitzgerald covered the movement of the British colonel, saved the baggage, and kept the American soldiers in check until he cut off their approach by breaking up a wooden bridge over a creek which separated them. For this act of bravery and self-possession he was made Aide-de-camp to Lord Rawdon. General Doyle said of him during this period: "Danger enhanced the value of the enterprise in the eyes of this young creature;" but his romantic sense of duty and the pursuit of difficulties did not save him from rebuke from his superiors. Although wounded at Eutaw Springs, his ailings did not prevent him from offering his services to Colonel Washington, who was also wounded, and a prisoner. "It is not a little striking," says Moore, "that there should have been engaged at this time, on opposite sides in America, two noble youths, Lafayette and Lord Edward Fitz-

gerald, whose political principles afterwards so entirely coincided; and that while one of them was fated soon to become the victim of an unsuccessful assertion of these principles, it has been the far brighter destiny of the other to contribute, more than once, splendidly to their triumph." Returning home, he was in a month panting for action. He entered Parliament in 1783, but found it stupid work. He again visited America, explored the then wilds in the neighborhood of Machinaw, was made a citizen of the Bear tribe of Indians by Joseph Brandt, went down the Mississippi to New Orleans in a canoe and returned to Europe at the beginning of 1790. His experiences in America made him quickly impressionable to the circumstances which greeted his return to Europe. He found—in his own words—"republicanism in the forest." Reëntering Parliament, his uncle, the Duke of Richmond, besought him to quit the opposition and vote for the government. This the nephew promptly refused, and the relatives parted in anger. In 1792, Fitzgerald went to France, renounced his title at a public meeting, and drank to "the speedy abolition of all hereditary titles and feudal distinctions." In France he married the beautiful Pamela, whose fate adds an additional and sorrowful interest to the romance surrounding her husband.

Always siding with the opposition, it is no wonder that Fitzgerald's experiences in France and more especially the state of Irish affairs, should warm his intellect to the heat of the revolutionary movements of the period. He joined the United Irishmen, became one of the executive directory, received the chief direction of its military affairs, went to Switzerland with Arthur O'Connor, where, on the French frontier, he had a satisfactory interview with Hoche, determined eventually on rising in March, '98, and said confidently that "without risking a general engagement he would be able to get possession of Dublin."

He was opposed to French aid—did not expect it, and believed in preparing the country for an immediate rising, on which he would depend. He gave a document to Reynolds, estimating a total of 279,896 armed nationalists in the country. Reynolds, the Arnold of Ireland, betrayed the movement. The delegates were arrested at Oliver Bond's house: this was quickly followed by the seizure of Emmet and Mac Nevin, and, of course, the plan of insurrection was exploded; and what followed in the North and in Wexford and Wicklow were detached, though gallant efforts of the national party.

Lord Edward's family pressed on him the necessity of flight. Lord Clare begged his step-father, for God's sake, to get him out of the country—offering that the ports should be thrown open to him.

The safety of Lord Edward was a secondary thought; the government feared his prestige with the people, and would rather permit his escape than his arrest, if he had been less defiant. He, however, was immovable, preferring to throw himself yet on the country. One thousand pounds was offered for his apprehension, and the emissaries of the government were on his track. After evading them for some time, by the devotion of his friends, he was finally surprised and captured after a desperate resistance, on the 19th May, at the house of a merchant where he had been secreted.

He was conveyed to Newgate prison and died of his wounds, June 3d.

Well might we say of Fitzgerald that the nobility of his soul put the coronet out of sight. Of a chivalric and heroic line, in him all the best qualities of his race seemed to culminate. He possessed all the qualities to make a popular, if not a great leader. To him, as we have seen, danger had no threats. Difficulty to him was not. His enthusiasm, springing from the fountains of a pure heart, lit up his purposes with an almost ecstatic frenzy. He was thoroughly possessed with the truth of his cause, and through the clouds which surrounded it, beheld it alone, clear, distinct, and beautiful. To his comprehension, all that was necessary to attain it was courage. He never knew fear, and thus counted not the contingencies which hang on earthly troubles. He never weighed danger against duty, deeming, as he did, that "the good to be attained was greater than the danger. The good is the reawakening and elevation of the people against which his personal danger was not to be reckoned, but for which it might rather be most advantageously incurred."

The contemporaries of Fitzgerald viewed

each other in varying with flowers of affection the garland woven to his memory. His enemies even aspire to recount his good qualities. Famous men have added to their fame by loving him, and obscure men who beheld him have edged themselves into history by telling how he looked.

He envied no one and was loved by all. His generosity of temper only equalled his obstinacy in what he deemed right. If his mind was not severe or deep, it was just and lively; and if he was not politic, he was honest. Such was Edward Fitzgerald; free not only from a vice, but, as a distinguished contemporary claimed, from a defect.

BENBURB, 1646, AND OWEN ROE O'NEILL.

The great Battle of Benburb was fought between the Catholic Confederates under Owen Roe O'Neill, and the "Parliamentarians" under Munroe.

Benburb is on the Tyrone side of the Blackwater, near Battleford Bridge, and about two miles distant from the battle-field of the Yellow Ford. The battle of Benburb, famous in Irish history, was fought on Friday, the 5th of June, 1646, that is, 48 years after that of the Yellow Ford. It is described by various Irish and Anglo-Irish historians, as Borlase, Cox, Carte, Leland, Warner, MacGeoghegan, and Taaffe; in the *Desiderata Curiosa Hibernica*, by Richard Belling, and by Colonel Henry MacTully O'Neill, an officer who was engaged in all the campaigns of Owen Roe O'Neill; in Stuart's *Armagh*, and in Italian in the memoirs of the Nuncio Rinuccini, published in 1844. The following account is mainly condensed from that given in the Annotations to the Four Masters by Dr. MacDermott and Connellan.*

The commander-in-chief of the Irish Confederates in Ulster, in the war subsequent to the great insurrection of 1641, was the celebrated Owen Roe O'Neill; he was the son of Art, son of Ferdorcha, called Matthew, Baron of Dungannon, son of Con Bacach O'Neill, Earl of Tyrone; his father, Art O'Neill, was brother of Hugh, the famous Earl of Tyrone, though some accounts make Owen Roe the grand-nephew of Hugh the Earl. He was called by the Irish, Owen Roe, or Red Owen, from the color of his hair; when a young man, he served some years in Catalonia, in Spain, and was designated by the Spaniards, Don Eugenio Rufo. He served many years in the Spanish and Imperial Austrian army, with great reputation, according to Carte and Leland; he held the rank of colonel, and being appointed governor of Arras, was particularly distinguished for his defence of that town, when besieged by the French in 1640.

From his great military reputation and abilities, Owen Roe was invited over from Flanders, in 1641, to take the command of the Irish Confederates, in Ulster, and having embarked at Dunkirk, he landed at Doe castle, in Donegal, on the 13th of July, 1642, accompanied by some officers and old soldiers, amounting in all to 100 men, with a supply of arms and ammunition; soon after, in a meeting of the chiefs of Ulster at Kinnard, now Caledon in Tyrone, he was chosen commander-in-chief of the Northern Irish.

He organized his forces with great system, and kept up strict discipline.

John Baptist Rinuccini, Archbishop of Fermo in the marshes of Ancona, had been sent by Pope Innocent X, as nuncio to the confederated Catholics of Ireland. He brought with him "2,000 muskets, 2,000 cartouche belts, 4,000 swords, 2,000 pike-heads, 400 brace of pistols, 20,000 pounds of powder, with match, shot and other stores," and 36,000 dollars from Father Luke Wadding. Discovering the abilities of Owen Roe, the nuncio sent him the chief part of these supplies, with words of encouragement inciting him to action. O'Neill needed little spur. He chafed under a comparative idleness of three years, and was delighted with the prospect of striking terror to the foe and strengthening timid friends by assured victory—to "open the eyes alike of Puritan rebels, English loyalists, and half-hearted confederates." Early in June, 1646, he is on the march from the Leinster border to attack the parliamentarian general. Under him served several Ulster chiefs; notably the O'Neills and O'Reillys.

According to Carte, Leland, and others, O'Neill's forces at Benburb were 5,000 foot and 500 horse, while the British troops,

*Annals of Ireland, translated from the original Irish of the Four Masters by Owen Connellan, Esq., with Annotations by Philip MacDermott, Esq., M. D.: and the translator. Dublin. 1846

under Monroe, amounted to 6,000 foot and 800 horse, who were much better armed and accoutred than the Irish; besides, the British had 7 pieces of artillery, while it is not mentioned that O'Neill had any cannon; the British were far superior to him in musketeers, and it appears O'Neill's forces consisted chiefly of swordsmen and pikemen. The British troops consisted chiefly of Scots, with some English regiments; those forces were called Parliamentarians, and afterwards Cromwellians; they were mostly republicans in rebellion against Charles I in England, and they were joined by many Irish allies.

There was another great party in Ireland at that time called Royalists, who supported the cause of King Charles, and were commanded by the Duke of Ormond, but they were not engaged on either side at Benburb. The Irish of Ulster, under O'Neill, rose to recover their confiscated lands and national independence. The English and Scotch forces at Benburb, and their Irish allies, of the British settlers in Ulster, were commanded by the Scotch general, Robert Monroe, and his brother George; Hugh Montgomery, called Lord Montgomery of the Ardes, in the county of Down, afterwards Earl of Mount Alexander, and his relative, Colonel Sir James Montgomery; Colonel Lord Edward Conway, of Killntagh, in the county of Antrim, of the family of Seymour Conway, Earls of Hertford; Sir Henry Blayney, Baron Blayney of Monaghan; Colonel Cunningham, etc.

General Monroe was encamped on the borders of Antrim and Armagh, and having heard that O'Neill had advanced to the borders of Tyrone, he marched forward, and arrived at the city of Armagh, with all his forces, at midnight on Thursday, the 4th of June. Monroe had ordered his brother George to proceed with his corps from Coleraine, with all expedition, to meet him at Glasslough in Monaghan, about two or three miles from Benburb, where O'Neill was encamped. George Monroe, with 500 foot and a troop of horse, marched from Coleraine, along the western shore of Lough Neagh, towards Dungannon, but O'Neill, aware of this movement, despatched Colonels Bryan, MacMahon, and Patrick MacNeney, with some horse and foot forces, against him. They encountered George Monroe near Dungannon, defeated his forces, and checked his advance. General Robert Monroe on the morning of Friday, the 5th of June, marched at the head of his forces from Armagh towards the river Blackwater, intending to proceed to Glasslough, to meet the troops of his brother George. O'Neill, having advice of their march, drew out all his horse, says Carte, to the top of the hill of Benburb, where the battle was afterwards fought, and there took a full view of Monroe's forces, as they passed along the road on the other side of the Blackwater.

The responsibility of the occasion seems to have inspired the Irish with heroic solemnity; as the account of the preparation in camp on the 5th June indicates. "The whole army," says the nuncio, "having confessed, and the general, with the other officers, having received the holy communion with the greatest piety, made a profession of faith, and the chaplain deputed by the nuncio for the spiritual care of the army, after a brief exhortation, gave them his blessing. On the other hand, the Scots were inflamed with fierce animosity against their foe, and an ardent desire for battle."

Monroe's troops, finding a ford on the river at Kinnard, now called Caledon, crossed over, and advanced towards O'Neill's camp. As they came forward, they were intercepted by Colonel Richard O'Ferrall, who was posted on a defile about two miles from the camp, to oppose their progress; but Colonel Cunningham, with the cannon and 500 musketeers, having opened a fire, compelled O'Ferrall and his men, after a short rencontre, to retreat towards the camp.

O'Neill was encamped in a strong position between two hills, his rear secured by a wood, his left by a bog, and his right by the river Blackwater; in his front were hillocks, rough ground, bushes, and brushwood. Carte and Stuart state that the wary O'Neill amused his enemy for four hours with little skirmishes, and delusive firing, until he had got the sun on his back, which before had been favorable to his opponents. As it began to descend in the rear of the Irish, it shed a dazzling glare on their enemies. Monroe stood still all that time, in order of battle, within musket shot of the Irish, says

Carte. About 4 o'clock in the evening, the forces under MacMahon and MacNeney, who had gone against George Monroe, were perceived at a short distance, advancing towards both armies, and Monroe, thinking they were the troops of his brother George, was pleasurably excited. He soon found, to his consternation, that they joined O'Neill, and he appeared to waver, and prepare for a retreat. O'Neill, with the promptitude of an experienced commander, seized the auspicious moment for attack, and, according to the *Desiderata Curiosa*, he addressed a short harangue to his forces, exhorting them to fight for their religion, their country, and their king; his friend, Colonel Philip O'Reilly, stood by his side at the time on the hill. O'Neill, keeping Rory Maguire's regiment in reserve, ordered his men to advance, and they came forward rapidly from the hill; Carte says that O'Neill ordered his men not to fire until they were within pike's length of the enemy, and then to fall on with sword and pike in hand, which would give the victory to the strongest men. The Irish rushed onward with great impetuosity, and hewed to pieces and piked the enemies' infantry on all sides, and having broken their ranks, they threw them into disorder, and pursued them with dreadful carnage. O'Neill's horse, after a short resistance, routed their cavalry, in all directions, with immense slaughter. Belling and O'Neill state, in the *Desiderata Curiosa*, that the close battle continued two hours, and that Monroe's forces were routed about two hours before night. Lord Blaney's English regiment made a determined defence, but they were cut to pieces, and he was himself slain. Monroe fled without his coat, hat or wig, and saved his life only by the fleetness of his horse; he never halted till he arrived at Lisnagarvy, now called Lisburn, about ten miles from the field of battle. Colonel James Montgomery's regiment retreated with some regularity, but the rest of the British troops fled in total disorder. Lord Conway, accompanied by Captain Burke and about 40 horsemen, escaped to Newry, having two horses killed under him in his flight. Great numbers were slaughtered in the pursuit, and it is stated in Stuart that Heber MacMahon, Bishop of Clogher, who was in O'Neill's camp, addressed the army and entreated them with great humanity to spare the flying soldiers, and give them quarter. Lord Montgomery, together with 21 officers and 150 soldiers, were made prisoners; and it is stated by Lodge and others, that Lord Montgomery was confined for some time in O'Reilly's castle of Cloughoughter, near Cavan. Almost all the accounts agree as to the numbers slain, which they make 3,243, who fell on the field of battle, but great numbers were killed during the pursuit that evening and the following day, and many were drowned in their flight across the Blackwater. It is stated, in the *Desiderata*, that 4,000 of the British forces were slain in this battle. O'Neill lost at Benburb only the very small number of 70 men killed, and 200 wounded; on the side of O'Neill the officers killed were Colonel Manus O'Donnell, the son of Niall Gary, and the cornet, or standard-bearer, of Colonel Miles O'Reilly's cavalry; Colonels Phelim MacTuahal O'Neill and Richard O'Ferrall were wounded. The day after the battle O'Neill ordered the bodies of Lord Blaney and Captain Hamilton to be buried with due ceremonies in the church of Benburb. By this great victory the Irish got immense booty, consisting of all the arms and ammunition of the enemy, with their 7 pieces of artillery, a vast quantity of provisions, enough to supply the entire army for two months, 1500 draft-horses, all the tents and baggage, and 32 colors.

O'Neill continued to carry on the war til 1649, when Cromwell arrived in Ireland, bu while making preparations to meet that fierc invader, he fell sick and died, and after hi death the Irish had no commander able t cope with Cromwell. O'Neill is traditionall said to have taken some disease in his limb which after some time caused his death, i consequence of having danced in a pair o poisoned boots presented to him by a lad of the Coote family, at a ball in Derry, t which he was invited by the Cromwellia general, Sir Charles Coote, in 1649; but it stated in the *Desiderata Curiosa*, that he w poisoned by a pair of russet boots presente to him by one of the Plunketts of Louth, wh boasted that he did the English a goo service in despatching O'Neill out of t world. O Neill fell sick at Derry, and it

stated by Matthew O'Conor, in his *History of the Irish Catholics*, that the poisoned boots produced a defluxion in his knees, and that he was obliged to be carried in a litter. Owen Roe came to Cavan, in October, 1649, and spent some time with his relative, Colonel Philip O'Reilly of Ballinacargy Castle, and was also a short time at another castle of the O'Reillys at Drumholme, near Ballyhays, but he was afterwards removed to Cloughoughter, a strong castle of the O'Reillys situated in an island in Loughoughter, between Cavan and Killeshandra, as a place of greater safety from the Cromwellians. He died here soon after, on St. Leonard's day, the 6th of November, 1649, about the 50th year of his age.

Owen Roe O'Neill was a man of graceful person, agreeable and mild manners, but of great strength of mind and determined bravery; cool, cautious, and calculating; quick in taking advantage of favorable accidents, and mistakes of his opponents; of consummate skill in the arrangements for battle, seldom risking an engagement except under advantageous circumstances, and of a genius admirably adapted for defensive and protracted warfare. Hence he has been designated the Irish Fabius. He was a man of great prudence, reserve, sobriety, and knowledge of the world, of patriotic spirit, honest in purpose, and of the highest honor and humanity in his transactions with the enemy.

For a period of seven years, from 1642 to 1649, as commander-in-chief of the confederated Irish of Ulster, and in coöperation with the old Anglo-Irish of the Pale, Owen Roe defeated the British forces in more than 40 engagements, overran various parts of Ulster and Leinster, and took most of the strong castles and fortified towns of the old English Pale, as those of Trim, Athboy, Longford, Kells, Swords, Portlester and Athlone; also Naas, Athy, Woodstock, Rheban, Dunamase, and Maryborough, in Kildare and Queen's county, with Birr in the King's county, Nenagh in Tipperary, and other strong places in Leinster and Munster, together with almost all the strong towns and castles in Ulster.

THE LEXINGTON OF THE SEAS.

In Frothingham's admirable History of the Siege of Boston, we find an epitomization of the earliest measures undertaken by the onists towards the daring venture of fitt out armed vessels to meet the British on sea. "In June, 1775, the Provincial Mas chusetts Congress was occupied with long a earnest debates in relation to the expedien of fitting out armed vessels. It was ev dently regarded as a daring act to defy th proud navy of England. Contests, however had already occurred on the sea. On the 5tl of May, Captain Linzee, of the *Falcon*, captured two provincial sloops at Bedford. He intended to send them to Martha's Vineyard, and freight sheep to Boston. But the Bedford people fitted out two sloops, with thirty men, and retook the captured vessels, with fifteen men on board. In the action three of the *Falcon's* crew were wounded, one of them mortally. Thirteen prisoners were sent to Cambridge. On the 11th, an action occurred off Machias, where Jeremiah O'Brien captured the *Margaretta*, after a severe combat. He brought his prisoners to Watertown. Cooper calls this action the Lexington of the seas. The plantation committee immediately appointed O'Brien to command the *Liberty*, when he made other prizes. Admiral Graves had ordered the British cruisers to capture every provision vessel, and several had been seized. On the 7th of June the Provincial Congress first acted on the subject of a navy. It is curious to notice the caution with which it moved. It appointed a committee 'to consider the expediency of establishing a number of small armed vessels, to cruise on our sea-coasts, for the protection of our trade, and the annoyance of our enemies: and that the members be enjoined by order of Congress, to observe secrecy in the matter.' On the 8th, this committee was ordered to sit forthwith. On the 10th, an addition was made to it. On the 11th, in a proposed address to the Continental Congress, it apprised that body of the proposition under discussion to fit out armed vessels. The committee reported on the 12th. On the 13th, the report was considered, and postponed till three o'clock, when the committees of safety and supplies were notified. A very long debate on the report then took place, and the further consideration of it postponed until the following Friday. The battle of Bunker Hill prevented further proceeding.

hing beyond building a few boats appears nave been done until after this period,—ong them, barges called 'fire-boats.'"

THE CRUISE OF THE ALABAMA.

The *Alabama* has made a great noise in the orld, as well before as since the assem-ling of the high joint commission in Wash-ıgton, the award of the Geneva tribunal, and Caleb Cushing's vigorous book on the latte r. Imitating at least two of the great commanders of antiquity, and a vast number of better and more modern fighters, the commander of the *Alabama*, Captain Semmes, has published a full and true account of his torchlight procession over the ocean. By the lurid glare of his outrages he hopes to light him-self into history: and he will not be disap-pointed. It cannot be denied that the rela-tions of disasters are strangely attractive; and the cruise of the *Alabama*, however odious, has a picturesque sensationalism which throws a sort of romantic light on the rebel at sea. While illustrating the date of the *Alabama's* destruction, it is a fitting occasion to present the facts of her career; and we epitomize them from Semmes's book, that the merit of his conqueror, Captain Winslow, may be fairly appreciated.

After putting himself in communication with the rebel authorities in Montgomery, Alabama, Semmes was in Washington as late as March 4, 1861. Called to New Orleans, he took command of the *Sumter*, and escaped the blockading squadron on the 30th of July. After cruising for five months in the Gulf of Mexico, among the West India islands, and on the South American coast, Semmes took the *Sumter* across the Atlantic, and succeeded in having her repaired in the Government docks at Cadiz. Making for Gibraltar, he was there blockaded by the *Tuscarora* and *Kearsarge*, and abandoned his vessel. In his six months' cruise of the *Sumter* she captured eighteen vessels; two of which were retaken, two ransomed, seven burned, and seven—sent into the port of Cienfuegos in violation of a Spanish degree of neutrality —were released by the Captain General of Cuba.

Semmes next proceeded to England to take command of the "290," which was built by a member of the British Parliament, and whose escape—when legal proofs of her character were at last admitted by the Brit-ish Government—was aided by British offi-cials. Ostensibly going on a trial trip, the "290" left port, looking like a floating par-terre with the number of English beauties and fine dresses aboard. When out of reach of arrest, a tugboat steams alongside; the fine ladies are transferred to her deck, they smile *adieux*, wave their scarfs, and Semmes, bearing English colors, goes on his way re-joicing to Porto Praya, a neutral harbor in the Portuguese Island of Terceira; whither an English vessel, freighted with English guns, ball and powder, quickly followed. Having transferred this armament to his ves-sel, Semmes put to sea August 24, 1862, and when a league from shore hoisted the rebel flag for the first time and renamed his craft the *Alabama*. Of his crew, Semmes himself says they were "the most reckless from the groggeries of Liverpool, who thought they were shipping on a sort of privateer, where they would have a jolly good time and plen-ty of license,"—"a rough lot," he says again, "the boys especially picked up in the streets of Liverpool; most incorrigible young rascals." He regrets that modern seamen have so degenerated as to think of wages, and while commenting on their desire for pay, he exhibits his own desire to cut them down. Indeed, the captain exhibits him-self quite as "cute" as any "Yankee."

Now the *Alabama* and its cargo of "incor-rigible rascals" was fairly afloat. Striking westward across the Atlantic, she met, on the 5th of September, the *Ocmulgee*, a whaler, valued at $50,000. Hoisting English colors, the whaler ran up the Starry Flag in answer. Getting within boarding distance a boat was at once sent to the *Ocmulgee*, the English giving place to the rebel flag as the boarding officer gained the deck of the prize. "She was, of course," says Semmes, "taken possession of, her crew brought on board the *Alabama* and placed in irons. The next morning a sail hove in sight, so the prize was fired, and the *Alabama* started in chase, having taken from the prize thirty-six prisoners, besides stores, rigging, etc." With few exceptions this is a fair sample of the *modus operandi* pursued by Semmes.

In September he made ten captures, and

eleven in the following month. Towards the close of October he was within 200 miles of New York, which he dearly desired to give a taste of his quality, but being short of coal he sped for the West India Islands. He had barely got into the harbor of Fort de France when the U. S. steamer *San Jacinto* appeared —which was not watchful enough for the wary pirate who slipped out during the night. During November he made three captures, and but two in December; one of which, however, was the California steamer *Ariel*, having on board besides the crew 120 U. S. Marines and some 500 passengers. She was, fortunately, bound to and not from Aspinwall, so the visions of booty indulged in by the "rascals" disappeared like the foam that flashed around the propeller that carried them after it. This prize was like the elephant won at the raffle. Semmes did not know what to do with her. He could not burn her, having no accommodations for the passengers. After keeping her some days he was in danger of exchanging places with his prize and becoming a prisoner. While chasing a vessel, some of his machinery gave way. Fearful lest the *Ariel* might discover it and take him in tow, he proposed to ransom his prize for $261,000, which the Captain of the *Ariel*—ignorant of the state of his captor—readily agreed to, giving a bond and leaving for his destination.

Early in January, 1863, Semmes went on a raid against the expedition destined for Galveston. On the 11th he was 30 miles off Galveston, intending to shirk by day and attack by night. He, however, was discovered, and the *Hatteras*, a slow steamer came out. Semmes seduced her still farther out, and after a short action of ten minutes the *Hatteras*, disabled and fired in two places, surrendered. She went down, the *Alabama* assisting to save the crew.

During January and February, cruising among the West India Islands and on the middle Atlantic, Semmes only made four captures. Setting southward he crossed the equator on the 31st March, and cruised off Brazil and La Plata until the end of June, during which time he made nineteen prizes, one of which, the *Sea Lark*, he estimated at $550,000—the richest of all his booty. He now headed for the Cape of Good Hope, which he made by the end of July, capturing two vessels on the route. August and September went by disadvantageously, when he bent his course for the Indian Seas. He was equally unlucky in October, but November and December brought him three prizes each.

Disgusted with the Indian Ocean, the new year found him returning to the Cape of Good Hope, but with the exception of one prize in January, the first quarter of the year 1864 went over without results. The year opened badly for him, and led to some excited language on his part. On arriving at the Cape, he found that the English Government had ordered the delivery of the *Conrad* to the American Consul for her owners. She was a prize of Semmes's, laden with wool, without discharging which he put a crew and armament on board, and called her the *Tuscaloosa*. The American Consul claimed her; the Cape authorities recognized her as a Confederate cruiser; the Home Government ordered her rendition, and Semmes, like the "fine Arkansas gentleman" we have read about,

> "Swore worse than forty-seven pirates,
> And fiercely combed his hair."

Towards the close of March (25th) Semmes set out with his "rough lot" for Europe. On April 22d he made a capture, and on the 27th of the same month took his last prize, the *Tycoon*, bound from New York to San Francisco. Before he reached Cherbourg he overhauled nineteen other vessels, but none proved to be American.

After a seventy days' passage from Cape Town, Semmes arrived at Cherbourg on the 11th of June. Having been notified to leave the port by the French Government, at the instance of Mr. Dayton, the American Ambassador, the *Alabama* took in coal, underwent some refitting, and put out to sea about 9 A. M. Sunday, the 12th of June. Mr. Dayton had also telegraphed the *Kearsarge* and *St. Louis* to repair to Cherbourg and catch the pirate. The *Kearsarge* had that honor—fought and destroyed the famous Captain and his crew—the particulars of which battle need not be detailed.

Semmes made sixty-three captures in all while he had the *Alabama*, and he burned all

with the exception of nine. Their total value, at the estimate of their captor, was about $4,750,000, a sum which is not only doubted, but denied. His captures, however— not taking their actual value, but their fate into account—were sufficiently harassing to shake mercantile faith in the security of American bottoms. It is estimated that in one year 450,000 tons of American shipping passed into British hands—no small inducement, surely, to keep a pirate gnawing at our commercial vitals.

MERCHANT AID TO REVOLUTION.

Five years after the battle of Bunker Hill, and on its anniversary, a number of prominent citizens of Philadelphia came to the rescue of the revolutionary cause, by a timely contribution of money, when almost mutinous disorder prevailed in the army. The occasion was extraordinary, and cannot be overlooked at this period of patriotic revival consequent on the centennial celebrations of the deeds which inaugurated the War of American Independence. Empowered by act of Congress in the summer of 1775, the Irish colonists of Pennsylvania raised several regiments of infantry and cavalry: which aggregately were known as the Pennsylvania Line. At the same congress some Irish-Americans were commissioned colonels, whose names became famous among the heroes of the period and remain prominent in the rolls of history. They were Anthony Wayne, William Irvin, William Thompson, (rifles) Walter Stewart, Stephen Moylan (dragoons), and Richard Butler. When the Connecticut Militia mutinied in 1779 this "Pennsylvania Line" was called out to quell them. In 1780, the army was in a fearful state of discontent arising from the want of money, want of clothes, want of supplies. Murmurous warnings were heard, and it was feared that they would not fight any longer. Even Wayne, whose "madness" in action gave him magnetic control over his followers in the fight, lost influence over them. At this juncture the merchants of Philadelphia made a grand effort to supply the wants of the soldiers, but for which it has been alleged the army would have fallen to pieces. On the 17th June, 1780, these merchants signed the following paper:

"Whereas, in the present situation of public affairs in the United States, the greatest and the most vigorous exertions are required for the successful management of the just and necessary war in which they are engaged with Great Britain; We, the subscribers, deeply impressed with the sentiments that on such an occasion should govern us in the prosecution of a war, on the event of which our own freedom, and that of our posterity, and the freedom and independence of the United States are all involved, hereby severally pledge our property, specified and mentioned after our names, in order to support the credit of a bank to be established for furnishing a supply of provisions for the armies of the United States; and do hereby severally promise and engage to execute to the directors of the said bank, bond of the form hereunto annexed.

"Witness our hands this 17th day of June, in the year of our Lord, 1780."

The names of the Irish patriots who subscribed nearly half a million of dollars for this purpose are as follows:*

B. McClenehan	$10,000	John Patton.....	$2,000
J. M. Nesbit & Co..	5,000	Benj. Fuller.....	2,000
Rich'd Peters.....	5,000	G. Meade & Co. ...	2,000
Sam'l Meredith	5,000	Jno. Donaldson	2,000
Jas. Meese	5,000	Henry Hill	5,000
Thos. Barclay	5,000	Kean & Nicols	4,000
Hugh Sheil.....	5,000	Jas. Caldwell	2,000
John Dunlap	4,000	Sam'l Caldwell.....	1,000
John Nixon.....	5,000	John Shea	1,000
Geo. Campbell	2,000	Sharp Delaney.....	1,000
John Mease	4,000	Tench Francis	5,000
Brenner, Murray & Co..	6,000	Total	$442,500

By this timely expedient the war was enabled to go forward, and Washington found himself free to execute his final plans.

VERMONT CLAIMS THE FIRST BLOOD OF THE REVOLUTION.

A correspondent, who declares himself "a debtor of the MANHATTAN for much instruction in the historical department of Famous Memories of the Month," which he says "are read aloud for the family and for the purpose of leading to book reference and useful discussion," encloses us a slip which he would "like to see preserved among our revolutionary documents." It claims that the first blood of the revolution was shed in Vermont, and is taken from the *Sentinel*, Keene, New Hampshire, to which journal it

* Many interesting facts relating to these gentlemen and their associates may be found in a memoir of "The Friendly Sons of St. Patrick" of Philadelphia, of which Washington became a *naturalized* member; prepared by Samuel Hood, Esq., a lawyer of that city.

was furnished by a writer dating from Walpole in that state. The extract is as follows:—

"We seem just now to be in a centennial period, and since the glorious deeds of our forefathers have been duly celebrated at Lexington and Concord, it may be well to refer to a centennial anniversary period, previously past, viz., the 13th ult. True, King George's "red-coats" first met the patriotic yeomanry, and the blood of the royalist and the colonist was first spilled in a fight at Lexington; but it was at the Court-house in Westminster, Vt., where the first blood was spilled in open resistance by the colonists to the encroachments of the crown on the liberties of the people, and became the first beacon light of the Revolution. This collision occurred between Tories and Whigs near midnight, Monday, March 13, 1775. Crowded in the narrow passages of the lower story of the building, on the stairs, and among the benches of the court-room, the hostile parties amid total darkness sustained for a time a hand-to-hand conflict. But the strife was of short duration. The shouts of the sheriff and his men soon announced that their deadly weapons and superior numbers had given them the victory. Some of the Whigs escaped by a side passage, ten were wounded, two mortally, and several were made prisoners. Of the sheriff's posse, two received slight flesh wounds. So great was the indignation aroused among the people in the surrounding country, that at noon of the next day 400 persons had assembled in the village of Westminster, one-half of whom were from New Hampshire. One company, from Walpole, was commanded by Capt. (afterward Colonel) Benjamin Bellows, of Revolutionary distinction; Capt. Stephen Sargeant brought his company from Rockingham; Guilford furnished an organized band, and the Westminster Militia were in full force under their old leader, Azariah Wright. The Whig prisoners were released and the Tory judges placed in arrest, and held in confinement in the very court-room, the scene of the encounter the night before. Many curious visitors to see how judges and justices appeared in prison, were admitted by four or five at a time. Passions ran high, exasperation was rank, and inhuman suggestions almost prevailed. To the presence of Capt. Bellows the officers of the court owed the security which they enjoyed amid this maelstrom of passion. Firm in the cause of the people, he did not forget what was due to justice.

In the old burial-ground in Westminster stands an unpretending stone bearing the following inscription:—

"In memory of William French, Son to Mr. Nathaniel French, who was shot at Westminster March Ye 13th, 1775, by the hands of cruel Ministerial tools of George Ye 3rd, in the court-house at 11 o'clock at night in the 22nd year of his age.

"Here William French his Body lies
For Murder his Blood for Vengence cries,
King George the third his tory crew
that with a bawl his head Shot threw,
For Liberty and his Country's Good
he lost his Life his Dearest blood."

William French was the proto-martyr to the Revolution and American Liberty.

Salt Lake Gradually Enlarging.

The Utah *Mining Journal* has some very remarkable statements in regard to the level of the great Salt Lake. The valley was settled in 1847. The level of the lake is now twelve or fourteen feet higher than it was then. From 1847 to 1852 there was no noticeable change. From 1852 to 1856 there was a rise of about six feet above the lowest level of the first-mentioned year. From 1856 to 1861 a gradual subsidence took place, until, in the fall of 1861, the level was two feet below the lowest mark of 1852, and the lake was contracted to about three-fourths of its area in that year. But from the spring of 1861 to 1868 there went on a steady rise; the lake extended to one and a half of its area in 1861, and its surface stood twelve feet above the earlier level. Since that time the rise and fall have been about equal, the tendency being on the whole to gain, the fluctuations not exceeding two feet. As to the prospect for the future, it is stated that the humidity of the atmosphere annually increases as the area of cultivation becomes greater, and, as a consequence, the evaporation becomes less. On the other hand, the mountain streams are steadily enlarging. Thousands of acres of farming, meadow, and pasture lands have been submerged along the eastern and northern shores of the lake, and many square miles of valuable lands still occupied by the farmers will be completely inundated should the waters rise but a few inches above the level of the past five years, unless protected by levees. A monument has been recently placed near the shore of the lake to indicate the fluctuations of its level. This will be watched with great interest for the next few years.

LEGEND OF MUCROSS ABBEY.

BY D. J. NORRIS.

I.

M'Carthy More in slumber soft reclined upon the plain
Where orient splendors sparkled o'er the bosom of Loch Lene,
Whose lucent wavelets smiled and played among the mystic isles,
As if to court such beauty with their music and their wiles.

II.

In field or foray, chase or hall, in temple or at shrine
M'Carthy More was fairest prince of all his royal line;
Gentle in peace, but ne'er—so fierce was he in hate or war—
A foeman's blade triumphant gleamed above M'Carthy More!

III.

Long nursed within the chieftain's breast one cherished hope was kept,
One noble scheme, oft brooded o'er the while his clansmen slept:
And that to raise in Irrelagh high o'er Killarney's flood
A mighty fane to glorify his own and Ireland's God.

IV.

Long pondered he till into shape the wistful thought had grown
Within his mind, from dome to aisle, each figured pillar stone,
Each quaint device, each symbol rare, each relic undefiled,
To deck the sacred image of the Mother and the Child.*

V.

'Twas built in thought: but ah! what site should hold the temple grand?
What spot was meet for such a fane in Kerry's beauteous land?
Home of wild beauty, lake and mount, of valley, stream and flood,
What scene was thine to consecrate to holiness—to God!

VI.

Still slept the prince, when lo! was heard a soft and mystic strain,
So sweet, it seemed to breathe a hallowed bliss upon the plain,
And a voice, intoned like angels—cadent joy in every tone—
In wondrous sweetness whispered like a heavenly benison—

VII.

"Chieftain, thy work I bless: herein within thy kingdom rare
Carrig na ceoil † looks down upon Killarney's waters fair;
Go! build thy temple on the rock as Peter did; 'twill stand
'Til He whose name you glorify shall sanctify the land."

VIII.

Uprose the Prince M'Carthy More—the vision passed away—
And all perplexed, his troops he called from revel, field and play—
"Know ye this place—*Carrig na ceoil*—within our hill-bound home?"
He cried; all thoughtfully they stood, but silent as the tomb.

* A miraculous statue of the Holy Virgin, which brought great crowds to the Monastery at the time.
† *Carrig na ceoil*, i. e., "The Rock of the Music"—at present Mucross Abbey, which overlooks the Lakes of Kil

IX.

"Know not? then, *Connachts*, search our land from Bantry to Cape Clear,
From Dingle round to Mangerton; while such a site is here
Upon none else we'll kneel to praise and pray to Him above
Save this—the heaven-directed rock of harmony and love!"

X.

They went and came—in vain they sought—dark grew the chieftain's brow—
Was it a dream? oh! for one word with that fair vision now!
When lo! the while he thought a flood of witching music came,
Now loud, now faint, forth from the rock that bore Irrelagh's name!

XI.

His people knelt around the rock, the chieftain at their head,
And, full of awe, in faith and hope and love to him, they prayed;
And soon high o'er Irrelagh's crest a gorgeous temple stood
Whose towers for ages flung their shades athwart Killarney's flood.

* * * * * * * *

XII.

Long after years a ruthless horde crossed o'er the foam-lipped main,
Unloved of God, they levelled fair Irrelagh's holy fane;
And, ivy-clad, its ruins sad now mourn by Lough Lene's shore
Above the sainted ashes of the great M'Carthy More.

THE COMING HOME.

By MARY J. HOFFMAN.

CHAPTER I.

Going home! There is, as a general thing, a deep unutterable joy in the very thought. After long absence, and the seeing many strange sights and faces, after laboring, hoping, fearing, the day draws near when we find the summing up of life's joys in the one overpowering realization that we are again to see home, the fond memories of which we have cherished with such jealous care. But it was not with such feelings that Mrs. Martin gathered her four fatherless children around her, and prepared, after an absence of twenty odd years, to return to the home of her early youth. She knew full well that changes had come over it; her father and mother were gone, and of the old home circle, only one brother, several years older than herself, remained on the old homestead. He had written to her to come, and he and his wife would make her and her fatherless children welcome. This brother and sister-in-law had no children of their own, and it would be supposed their hearts would naturally warm to the little ones coming to them. But from the fact that they had none of their own, the relatives on both sides had imposed on them their surplus numbers. One of her brothers, dying, had left five children which they had brought up; hardly were these settled and off their hands when her sister-in-law's step-mother died, and her aged father and three more children came upon them. Her brother and his wife winced a little under this second infliction, but, nevertheless, bore themselves kindly to the old man as long as he lived, and reared the children as well as they could, though she heard they had a world of trouble with the eldest, a wilful, stubborn girl; but the two younger, a boy and girl, grew up and were great comfort to them. The eldest had been for three years in a home of her

own, the boy was just married, the other girl soon to be, and lo and behold! another family was ready to claim their charity. No wonder her brother, with his words of welcome, wrote other words that stung into her very heart, and made her going home so bitter. He said years were now upon him and his wife, that though having no children they had reared a large family, and flattered themselves they might have a little rest, but it seemed that there was no rest for them this side of the grave, they must still slave, and share and spend for others; still she and hers would be welcome, for if she and hers did not come upon them, some other brother or sister on one side or the other would be sure to die and leave them maybe a still greater burden; so they would accept the burden as it was, and try to be grateful it was no heavier. She would not come into their home, but they would give her a house a little distance from them, and by taking in sewing she could do a great deal to provide for herself and children, and what she lacked they would make up for her. This was the letter he wrote, and it was on this letter that she and her little ones were going to him.

And only a few years before with what bright prospects she left that home! She was the wife of one that, with his religious belief so at variance with her family's, they were all so proud of. He was a successful young merchant, fine in looks, polished in manners, and genial of heart. Olive had done so well; every one said it; every one thought it. In their warm approval of her choice they hardly minded his being a Catholic. Her father, then an aged, feeble man, had been a revolutionary soldier, and remembered that Lafayette, who came with men and money to help his struggling country to attain its freedom, was a Catholic. And from the time Edward Martin began to pay attention to his daughter, it was noticed the old gentleman took to dwelling more rapturously than ever on the bravery, disinterestedness, and general excellence of his favorite hero. Lafayette, in his estimation, was, next to Washington, the greatest general the world ever saw. He knew but little of the conquerors of ancient or modern times, and he did not care to know about them. He knew of Washington and Lafayette, and knowing them, he knew enough. Who were like them? who could compare to them? His first son—he had three or four daughters before him—he called after Lafayette, his second after Washington; so it seemed that though in speaking of them he always named Washington first, Lafayette held the warmest place in his heart. His daughter Olive was about to marry a man whose faith was the same as Lafayette's: of course, under the circumstances, his faith formed no objection to the match; it went on, and they were married too by the priest, and the whole family went with them to the nearest Catholic church sixteen miles—I am writing of the long ago when churches were like angel's visits, few and far between—and on their return followed the wedding, grand for those days as became the bride of such a gentleman as Edward Martin; then came the parting. Several years passed most happily: Olive Martin learned to love the faith of her husband, and became an earnest, zealous Catholic. Her parents heard of it without dismay; in fact, they thought it very becoming. It did not look to them just the right thing for the husband to believe one way and the wife another. They had known a great deal of home trouble to follow where the husband was a Universalist or Methodist, and the wife a rigid Presbyterian. As long as Edward would not be a Universalist with Olive, it was better for Olive to turn Catholic with him. This is what they wrote back to her on her informing them of the change in her religious belief. But happiness is never lasting in this life; over their home the dark clouds gathered. Sickness came into the family, their three eldest children died, and soon after—she could never tell how it came, she knew Edward was strictly upright, diligent and careful—but he failed; everything was swept from them. He struggled and battled on as well as he could, and she, like a good, faithful wife, shared his sorrows, and soothed and comforted him under them. To lighten his burden, she took in boarders, and if he had lived, all might have gone on well, but his health failed, and after a lingering illness he died, leaving her wholly unprovided for in a worldly sense. To quiet his mind and

comfort his poor heart, she to the last kept up a brave spirit before him; but now that he was gone, she sunk down helpless and almost hopeless. She hardly knew which way to turn or what to do. In her husband's sickness, to get him medicine and little comforts he needed, she had sold article after article of her furniture and household things, till now she had no conveniences for taking boarders. She tried to get sewing, but failed to get enough, or was unable to do enough at it to support herself and her four children; more and more of her scanty store went, till in her agony and fear she wrote to her brother and laid her destitution before him. He wrote to her, as I have stated, and sent her means to come to him; and with that letter, comforting her in one way and grieving her in another, she started for her childhood's home.

It was in the afternoon of a day in the latter part of summer that Mr. Lester, a middle-sized man, with deeply-lined face and steel-colored hair, stood on the porch of the little tavern in the village of Elma, anxiously watching the travellers as they alighted from the great lumbering stage. His countenance had not a hard, but a trouble-worn look. He was naturally tight and grasping, but he was also kind and feeling, and these contradictory points in his character shone forth in the readiness with which he responded to the calls made upon his charity and the struggle it cost him to open his purse-strings to meet them. He had to do it; he could not help it. He could not see suffering without trying to relieve it; but at the same time it was hard for him to know that his means were thereby lessened, or what in his estimation was about the same, were thereby kept from increasing. He and his wife might now be perfectly independent, and for the rest of their lives be living at their ease only for the many he had had to do for. This thought worried and fretted him as he watched the alighting of the travellers. All at once a flush swept over his face, and he hastily started forward. A tall, slender woman past middle age dressed in mourning, with three little girls, the eldest not more than ten and a little boy some three years old, were just helped out of the stage. Mr. Lester descended the steps of the porch and reached forth his hand. The woman looking after the children, and speaking to the driver about her trunk, did not see him.

"Olive," he exclaimed in an amazed voice, "don't you know me?" She quickly turned, her eyes filled, and extending her hand, she sobbed rather than said, "Gilbert." (This was the way the father's ambitious Gilbert Motier La Fayette was shortened just as George Washington was simplified into George.) He seized her hand, and the two gazed into each other's faces. They saw great changes, but they made no comment upon them, only she asked:

"How did you know me?"

"I saw you were in black, and then as you pushed away your veil I saw a great look of mother round your mouth, and something too in your eyes like her. You are amazingly like her, I declare." She tried to speak, but only tears filled her eyes. Somewhat embarrassed with the crowd around them, and not wishing to see his sister give way to her feelings in so public a place, he hastened to say: "Come in and take a cup of tea, it will do you good, and by that time I'll have your trunk in the wagon, and we'll start for home. Amy, I know, will be looking for us."

He took up the youngest, the little boy, in his arms, and giving his hand to one of the little girls, he led the way into the dining room. His orders there given, he found time to notice the children. Their shy, timid ways and black dresses touched the soft spot in his heart. He did not say anything expressive of his sympathy, for there were strangers still around them, but satisfied himself by saying:

"Olive, see that the little ones have plenty of milk and sugar in their tea. I know that's what they like."

His voice was husky, and as he turned to leave the room, he rubbed his eyes, hoping aloud there would soon be rain to lay the dust so it would not choke and blind one so. When, the lunch over, he brought them to his wagon and helped them in, he called the little girls by endearing names and insisted on holding the little boy in his arms while driving, and the little boy looking up wonderingly into his wrinkled, weather-beaten face, leaned his curly head confidingly against

his chest, and made no sign of displeasure at the arrangement. This greatly won his uncle's favor, and he almost regretted he was not to have them right in his own house. They were going to be there for the present till he could get some things to enable them to go to housekeeping in the little old wood-colored house he intended for them.

"The widow Cleveland's," he said: "you remember her, Olive? She too used to take in sewing, and got all she could do."

"Yes, I remember her well. But you recollect she was not a widow when I left home. Her husband was then living."

"Yes, I know, and a dreadful shiftless man he was, too. I never thought she had much of a loss when he died."

"But he had a small farm, I believe?"

"Yes, thirty-six acres, and she kept it, which he would'nt have done if he had lived, till her youngest daughter married and moved West."

"Who did she marry?"

"Deacon Webster's second son, Henry. You remember him?"

"I remember the Deacon had three or four boys, but I don't remember their names."

"Well, Henry was the red-headed one, and grew up a short, thick-set fellow."

"Was he a farmer?"

"No, a shoemaker, same as his father. Ed and George are on farms and are doing well."

"Who did they marry?"

"Ed married old Jones's daughter Charlotte, and George, Elder Chapman's daughter Jane."

"Are they Baptists like their father?"

"No, not they. They don't belong to any church, and laugh a good deal at their father's and the Elder's straitlaced, old-fashioned notions."

"Is the Elder still living?"

"No, he is dead. Been dead eight or ten years. They have now got an Elder Wood, but I believe they don't like him. Amy at least don't. She says he can't compare with the old Elder."

"I suppose she got used to Elder Chapman's way of preaching, and can't get used to the other one."

"My opinion is that no one could. He is too worldly, too filled with the idea that tinsel and flourish is to take the place of real solid argument."

"You think him proud, I should judge by that?"

"I dont know what he has to be proud about. It ain't smartness, I know that; and for a wonder so does Amy." A frown contracted his brows, and he began to busy himself with the horses. Amy being a Baptist, while he was a Universalist, was a source of great annoyance to him. He couldn't take her views, and she wouldn't take his. He did not want to cross her in her religious belief, but he could not see how she could be satisfied with the Baptists' rendering of the Blessed Book. 'Tis true he didn't know much about them, but the little he did know made him think there was only a very narrow line between them and the Presbyterians, and the foreordination of both was utterly repugnant to his feelings. He liked to take a broader view of these things, and in Universalism he fancied he could do it. Amy could not; hence followed little family discussions, or, more correctly speaking, family bickerings, that left each more incensed than ever against the religious belief of the other. On one point, and one alone, did they agree—and this was a signal relief to Mr. Lester's aggrieved feelings while it only added bitterness to Mrs. Lester's: this was a cordial dislike to Elder Wood and his proud pompous ways. Now, however, he did not care to dwell upon his pulpit failures, and turning his attention to the children, he asked their names, ages, etc. He said nothing about their father's losing his property, and kept as far as possible from the changes that had come over his own family: the death of his father and mother and brother George, the leaving home of the other children, and the ones that had come upon him and his wife to do for. He thought he would have time enough to go over all that when both of them would be more calm to bear it. He was unconscious of the great changes that had come over his own personal appearance; he knew, of course, that he did not look as he did when Olive last saw him; he was then only a little past thirty and in the prime of manhood, now he was over fifty, and felt at times stiff and lame enough to warrant it

over sixty. His dark hair was fast becoming white, his eyes were dim, his cheeks fallen in, but his hearing was good, his appetite excellent, and his crave and greed to get along as keen and active as it ever was in his life; so that although he spoke of the years that were on him, he did not in reality feel their full weight, nor was aware of the marks they had left upon him. But he was amazed and grieved at the changes in his sister, and his amazement and grief showed itself in his delicate avoidance of any subject that could possibly call up painful memories or useless regrets.

Mrs. Martin noted the changes in her brother, and, painfully aware of those in herself, made no allusion to them. While attending to his remarks, and finding her curiosity awakened for her old associates, she could not help wondering how her sister-in-law would receive her and her children. She knew her well when a girl, and therefore was not ignorant of the fact that she possessed an anxious, worrying temper, and was as eager to get along as her brother. Gilbert assigning another home for her, and that home the little old house of Widow Cleveland, she suspected was Amy's doings; but then she must not blame her too much; she might under the circumstances have done the same. Amy, with her fretful temper and grasping disposition, had had a hard time of it. George's children coming upon them and after them her stepmother, and now she and her children. But if it was hard on Amy, it was doubly hard on her. It was bitter, oh, so bitter! Her leaving home was so glad and joyous, and this was her coming back to it, feeling herself an intruder, and uncertain of her reception; her father and mother, who would have been true to her, and the more she needed their kindness, the more fervent in tendering it, gone! She could have wrung her hands and wept, but she contented herself with inquiries about the old neighbors, and by this means retained a tolerable degree of composure.

"Are the Actons on the old place?" she asked, forcing back the gathering tears.

"No; they sold out to Herne and moved to Middleton."

"I suppose old Mr. Herne is dead?"

"Yes, he died a good while ago. It is his son Erastus that lives there now."

"Who lives on Acton's place?"

"No one. Erastus moved the buildings up to his place. He has made great improvements. With his big white house and its two or three wings, his carriage-house and three or four barns, it almost looks like a little village right about him."

"He has prospered, it seems."

"Yes, he has got along amazingly.

"He married one of Amy's sisters, I believe?"

"Yes, her sister Eunice; and she has been a good, thrifty wife, and helped him nobly."

"Does he still carry on the farm, or let it out?"

"Let it out! Bless you, he wouldn't think of letting it out. He would be afraid he wouldn't get his full share. As well off as he is, he and Eunice still slave as if the poorhouse was yawning to receive them. They have two grown-up sons and three daughters; the sons help the father, and the daughters and mother do the work in the house, so they keep no help."

"Do these sons and daughters feel as poor as their parents?"

"No, they know right well their prosperity, and at times grumble terribly, because they are not allowed to spend faster than their parents with all their thrift can accumulate."

"Children are sometimes very thoughtless," Mrs. Martin quietly observed, by way of saying something.

"Of course they are," was promptly responded.

"And by their thoughtlessness grieve and afflict their parents."

"Well, yes, Olive, as a general thing, but Erastus and Eunice don't let it trouble them overmuch. They have the reins in their hands, and they are going to keep them. The boys, Nathan and Harris, sometimes come to me with their complaints."

"As their uncle, I suppose they feel free to open their sorrows to you?"

"Yes, and I tell them they must be patient; their father and mother can't take their farms, buildings, and bank-stock with them into the next world. They and their sisters will have them all when they go, but till then they will have to wait, and it is well they have to, for by that time, it is to be hoped, they'll know enough to take care of

it." With the account of this rather doubtful comforting his remarks closed.

They had now left the broad turnpike for a narrow side-road, and Mrs. Martin's cheek grew paler. She knew she was nearing her early home. A little more, and the old farm-house with its cluster of outbuildings would be before her. Not another question could she ask, not another word speak. Her lips became tightly compressed, and her hands involuntarily clasped each other. She leaned forward, and with a strange, wistful look in her eye, turned her gaze on the old familiar marks, the little creek crossing the road, and over which was a rustic bridge; the pasture with its sleek-coated cows, and flock of gentle, timid sheep, the strip of wood that cast such a grateful shade over the dusty road, the orchard with its red, green, and golden treasures. There they all were just as they were daguerrotyped on her memory; and there at the break in the road rose the dear, dear buildings her childhood knew so well. They were changed, greatly changed, renovated, remodelled, but they stood in their old places, and in hushed, stilled excitement she hardly minded the change. Her breath came quick and short, great tears rolled down her cheeks. They came nearer and still nearer, at last the horses passed through the wide gateway up the gravelled path to the front porch. No father and mother stood there to meet and welcome her and her fatherless ones. As Mr. Lester helped them out of the wagon, in a kind and softened voice he said:

"I guess Amy has one of her bad headaches, and can't come out, but go in, Olive, you and the children. You'll find her in the back kitchen. There's where she likes to be when she don't feel exactly right."

Exactly right! She knew full well what that meant, and with a fainting heart and faltering step, she passed round to the back door, while her brother proceeded to the barn with his team.

(To be continued.)

DISAPPOINTMENT.

BY DR. JAMES PECH OF NEW COLLEGE, OXFORD.

———μηδέν' ὀλβίζειν πρὶν ἄν
τέρμα τοῦ βίου περάσῃ, μεδὲν ἀλγεινὸν παθόν.

SOPHOCLES.

Yes—Disappointment is the lot of man,
Terrestrial—fallen man. Forbid it, Heaven!
That we should murmur at thy fixed decrees,
Thy judgments call in question. What! shall man,
Shall man, a worm, then attempt to fathom
The hidden things of God! of that great God,
Before whose throne the mighty angels bow,
And humbly veil their faces and adore?
Is this for dust and ashes? this for man,
The creature of to-day—to-morrow gone,
And gone forever? like the shadow he
Of yonder cloud, that passes o'er our heads
And vanishes—like the flower of the field,
Which just comes up—is then cut down—and dies.

Losses are the just messengers of Heaven,
Sent down to earth, to tell us what we are.
Pilgrims and sojourners on earth are we,
As all our fathers were: yet, strange to tell,
We make this world our home—our resting-place
We take up here, neglecting thus to seek
That land above, where rest alone is found.

There is a land which Disappointment ne'er
Can enter—there is a land beyond the skies
Where sorrow never comes—where the wicked
Cease from troubling—the weary are at rest.
There the afflicted sons of earth may find
A hiding-place—a refuge from the storm.
Whoso seeks that blessed land, indeed
Shall surely find it: for thus saith the Lord,
The High and Lofty One of Israel spake,
I am GOD—I change not: behold I give
The captive liberty, the mourner peace:—
Come unto Me, ye heavy-laden, come,
And I will give you rest—ye sons of men,
Fix then on ME your everlasting all!

THE AMERICAN CARDINAL.

IMPOSING THE BERRETTA.

Tuesday, the 27th of April, 1875, is henceforth a date of unusual historical significance, not only to the Catholics of New York, or of the United States, who were especially honored; but to the Republic at large of which the Catholic population is such a vast, proud, industrious, intelligent, heroic, and devoted element. On that day an event transpired in New York which must leave an ineffaceable impression on the heads and hearts of those who had the privilege of witnessing it; and which, through history and tradition, will pass into American annals and the annals of the Universal Church as one of the most gorgeous and beautiful scenes which may appeal to the genius of American art and poetry in the future. The investiture of an American Cardinal and *in* America was an occurrence, the significance of which cannot be estimated by contrast or comparison, as it was without precedent or parallel. We know, however, the event marks not only the marvellous growth and irreproachable standing of the Catholic Church in the Republic, but also marks, by its absence, the decrease, if not the complete departure from public influence, of a base, cowardly, and un-American policy, which, under the garb of anti-Catholicism, was gnawing at the very heart of our Republican system. The respect and even enthusiasm, felt and expressed all over the States, by press and people outside of the Catholic communion, in reference to the Cardinalate, and the venerated and illustrious American chosen to support its first honors in the Republic, nobly indicates the expanding spirit of toleration which has developed within the last quarter of a century. Hence the occasion is notably one of pride and self-gratulation not only to American citizens as Catholics, but to Catholics as Americans.

The subject is fruitfully suggestive and must carry to every rational mind a variety of thoughts tending to confer general gratification. The creation of an American Cardin is a crowning glory to the Catholic Church America; it is received by its episcopat clergy and laity as a reward of merit for tl dangers defied, the struggles undergone, tl sacrifices made, the martyrdoms embrace the self-denials endured, the triumphs achie ed and the impregnable foundations laid the wide, laborious, and exhausting Americ mission. To thinking people outside of th Church, taking pride in the moral growth the United States, the bestowal of the Ca dinalate should be, as it were, a tide-mar indicating how high had risen and ho widely had spread the currents of moral straint, domestic purity, enthusiastic di cipline, and healthy physical and materi success within our boundaries under tl guiding atmosphere of an irresistible Chri tian civilization. To these considerati the life, character, accomplishments, purit and patriotism of Cardinal McCloskey as American are additional guarantees to son —while they are certainly no derogation the eyes of any—for an "unsectional administration of whatever duties his ne and august office may impose.

As the Cardinalate is not confined to Ne York; as the cardinal, while a New Yorker, an American in the widest and best sens as those who witnessed the grand ceremo in the Cathedral of St. Patrick's were only, to say, the representatives of millions; as tl scene was exceptional, historical, emotion and impressive beyond anything that h taken place here; we deem it a duty to pr sent our readers at a distance, and to pla on permanent record for all, some account an occasion which marks an era; and scene which positively appealed more to tl imagination than to the reality of lif and seemed, while chronicling the growth Christian morals in a New World, to be s splendid pageant of mediæval glory in the Ol

In presenting this record we have further deemed it a duty, not so much to portray our own feelings or impressions, as to draw upon the varied ability representing the leading daily journals of New York; so that in case of future reference, the student who may have occasion to consult our pages will find not only a vivid and faithful picture, but also a positive illustration of that impartiality, toleration, and American love for the beautiful, the good, and true, to which we have above alluded, and which has rarely if ever been so admirably exhibited as on this occasion. But the occasion was grand, and called forth and received a grand response.

The *Sun*, having alluded to cardinals as holding "the rank of princes," Article XIII of the Constitution,* was quoted by a correspondent, and the query made if Cardinal McCloskey had not lost his citizenship, etc., to which the Editor of the *Sun* replied:

"The phrase of our article quoted above is not accurate. A cardinal is not a prince. He is simply exclusively an ecclesiastic of the highest rank, but one in the Roman Catholic Church. He has no princely title, and no political power. What is really meant in calling him a prince is, that in the European order of social precedence he ranks with princes, just as an archbishop ranks with a duke. But, as an archbishop is not a duke, so a cardinal is not a prince. The case is similar to that of our navy and army officers. An admiral, for instance, is not a major-general by any means; and yet he ranks with one, whenever there is a question of social precedence or assimilated rank between the two services. There is nothing in being a cardinal that is contrary to the Constitution of the United States, any more than in being an archbishop or a simple parish priest; and we add that it would probably be difficult to find among Americans, either of native or foreign birth, a more sincere and ardent patriot than Cardinal McCloskey."

It is proper to say that, in making selections from the leading journals, we have had a task of some difficulty; as our intention was to retain what embodied opinions as well as observations of detail; and to have reproduced the articles in full would have been to exhaust much more than the space afforded by the entire MONTHLY.

In opening its admirable account of the ceremony, the *World* of the 28th April said:

"The anxiously anticipated ceremonials attending the imposing of the berretta upon the American Cardinal, and which were to take place at St. Patrick's Cathedral, had aroused public interest to an extraordinary extent. The importance of the event, the magnitude of its rites, and the fact that nothing of the same ecclesiastical character had ever taken place here before, were sufficient to stir the ordinarily worldly pulses of the metropolis with a new curiosity. Even those who affected to have outgrown the spectacles of the Church, acknowledged the majesty and pomp of the occasion, and pressed eagerly up with the devouter crowd to receive a new sensation from the august and ancient formula, shedding its scarlet color and emitting its splendid music for the first time upon the Western World. It was quite natural to feel, as thousands must have felt, that mediæval Europe was placing her solemn feet upon the new empire, and the tread was heard in the processions of the priests; nay, something of its old majestic advance in the blare of the organ and the rhythmic surge of the chorus.

"The well-known splendor and solemnity of these ceremonials in the Catholic Church would perhaps have been insufficient in themselves to arrest the attention of the community. Something was due to the venerableness and immutability of the forms thus strangely blazoned for the first time in the heart of our newness and rawness. It was as if we were admitted for once into the historical establishment, and permitted with our dust-filled, eager eyes to see something of that wonderful hierarchy extending so far back that it ordinarily seems but a tradition to us; and so indeed it must be, save for the realism and significance of such an event as this.

"The interest taken by the populace in the ceremony was observable on the streets at an early hour in the vicinity of St. Patrick's Cathedral. So dense were the crowds in Mulberry, Prince, and Spring Streets at 8 o'clock that it was found necessary to clear the space about the church for two blocks by a small army of police. The windows, roofs, and awnings of all the contiguous houses were black with patient gazers—quiet, undemonstrative people, content to wait and enjoy so much of the event as fell without the walls. Owing to the number of applicants for tickets, and the impossibility of accommodating all, it was necessary to act with extreme rigor in regard to the crowd. No one unprovided with an invitation or ticket of admission was allowed upon the side-

* "If any citizen of the United States shall accept, claim, receive or retain any title of nobility or honor, or shall, without the consent of Congress, accept or retain any present, pension, office, or emolument of any kind whatever from any emperor, king, prince, or foreign power, such person shall cease to be a citizen of the United States, and shall be incapable of holding any office of trust or profit under them or either of them."

walks leading to the entrance way, but so great was the number of those who had obtained the requisite cards that at least fifty ushers and as many police were necessary about the iron gates and the doors of the church to prevent confusion and to enforce that decorum which was desirable. A heavy procession of people at 10 o'clock extended down Mulberry Street for two blocks, and a continuous string of carriages blocked the way all the distance round into the Bowery.

"St. Patrick's Cathedral, which has been the witness of many church festivals, was never, probably, so arrayed before. Under the trained eye of Father Kearney, the interior had grown into festal beauty of a striking, though entirely appropriate, character.

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"Everything had been done that æsthetic taste could suggest to make the ensemble as perfect in its harmony of color as was possible, and particularly in the modification and softening of the light, which, indeed, is an art known only to the Catholic Church, where the dim religious rays are perhaps not the least significant reminders of her age and of the retention of immemorial peculiarities."

The *Daily Times* of the 28th April, in the course of its observant description, says:

"The final ceremony connected with the conferring of the Cardinalate on Archbishop McCloskey took place yesterday at St. Patrick's Roman Catholic Cathedral. The imposition of the berretta on his Eminence, the newly-created cardinal, was surrounded with all that elaborate pageantry which the Church of Rome mingles so frequently with its religious ceremonies. Everything that could give to the occasion pomp and lustre was rigidly carried out, and the ceremony was the most gorgeous ever connected with the ministrations of the Roman Catholic Church in this country. Even on high festivals the observances of the Roman Church are always surrounded with color and pageantry. It is the genius of that ecclesiastical body to aid its appeals to the religious sentiments of its votaries by such displays as impress, dazzle, or captivate. Here, however, was an occasion when it seemed fitting to multiply such aids. A great honor had been conferred on the Church in America. That fact was to be duly recognized, and, besides, all the pompous traditions and proud recollections connected with the Cardinalate were to be borne in mind and duly honored. Accordingly, all the circumstance and import of Roman Catholic ecclesiasticism were thrown into the procedure, the escutcheons and blazonry of the episcopal and archiepiscopal offices gave it *éclat* and splendor, and the numbers of the clergy added to its weight and emphasis. When the ceremony was in full progress the scene was very imposing. The gold and scarlet decorations flashed, thurifers swung their censers, and sent up clouds of incense before the altar, the jewelled mitres and rich vestments of the bishops and archbishops gave an additional lustre to the sanctuary, and the grand organ pealed through the cathedral the measures of a jubilant religion.

"The Police arrangements were such as to greatly accommodate those who were properly provided with admission to the cathedral, for persons unprovided with tickets were not permitted to enter on the block on which the building stands. These restrictive duties were discharged without discourtesy, and inside the church the embarrassing functions of the ushers were performed with patience and a willingness to oblige. On one of the piers of the central gate was hung the United States flag, and on the other the yellow and white banner of the pope, with the cross keys and Papal tiara. Similar decorations were displayed over the door of the sacristy on Mulberry Street.

"The care and elaboration displayed in the decoration of the sanctuary at once indicated the intention that the celebration of the day should be on the grandest scale. Just now it needed the glitter and religious impress which subsequently was given to it by the crowds of gorgeously-vestmented ecclesiastics, but the decorations showed the manifest attention to the contrasts and varieties of color which the ceremonies of the day would bring with them. The color principally used in the sanctuary was scarlet and crimson velvet, shot and fringed with gold. It might seem for a moment that there was too great a predominance of scarlet, but by and by when the yellow vestures and glittering mitres of the bishops flashed across the background, the error of this judgment was apparent.

"On each side of the high altar were three large columns of flowers, the end-pieces being larger than the others, and crowned with a cross of carnations. These floral columns were made up of tea roses, calla lilies, red roses, pinks, carnations, and fuchsias, garnished with smilax and fern leaves. A large bouquet filled up the space over the tabernacle, and four clusters of lights were arranged on each side, independent of the large tapers at the top. Clusters of gas-lights filled the spaces between the statuary on the sides of the sanctuary. The decorations of the side altars were very simple. They consisted of a single column of lilies on each side of the tabernacle, a cluster of tapers in front, and gas clusters on either side. The only other portion of the Cathedral which was decorated was the front of the organ

gallery, along which ran a drapery of crimson velvet and gold with heavy gilt tassels. Two Papal flags were draped in the centre, and the American flag was in position on each side."

The *Herald* had an elaborate and very picturesque description, the work evidently of a practised and brilliant pen. Alluding to the character of the assembling multitude, it said:

"Viewed thus in groups or individually as they passed up the aisles to the numbered places, the men with a somewhat hurried dignity, the women with that light, tripping step which suggested to Father Lawrence the famous fancy that 'so light a foot would ne'er wear out the everlasting flint,' the mass was seen in detail and in a sort of analysis. It would be difficult to gather an assembly on more democratic principles. There were people of every rank in life, officials of every order, and hundreds of persons that could apparently have made no successful claim to any conceivable distinction. If we consider the pressure that has probably been exercised by the outside public to obtain tickets for this ceremony, without other interest in it than what it may have excited as a spectacle merely, and remember the natural disposition of church authorities on such occasions to gratify the world with a glimpse of the ecclesiastical splendors, we may fancy that much temptation was overcome in order that the spectacle might not be given up altogether to mere curiosity-hunters.

"As the coming in of the people continued, all manner of softened and subdued noises filled the air; the lightly-tripping feet of the ladies in the aisles, the whispers of the gathering multitude, the hollow reverberations of the pew doors opened and shut, some muttered conversations of many red-rosetted ushers, and then all this was broken by a sudden rush of melodious thunder from the organ, a voluntary that came like a musical shower upon the April tranquillity of the scene, and then seemed to sweep by, that all might lapse again into the softened luxurious stillness—the calm of many little subdued sounds."

From the *Tribune* of April 28th we take a characteristically perfect picture: —

"Ever since the arrival of the Papal ambassadors charged with the duty of bearing to Cardinal McCloskey the scarlet cap or berretta which is the insignia of his new rank, preparations have been making for the imposing ceremonies which belong to the occasion. The fact that this was to be the first ceremony of the kind in this country, and that it was to be of the most magnificent character, caused early and intense interest to be taken in it, not merely by the Church authorities, but by citizens generally. But even the liveliest anticipations had not prepared the public for the magnificence and the imposing character of the ceremonies as actually conducted, or the authorities of the Church for the evidences of supreme interest on the part of the general public which were manifested on Tuesday.

"In the decorations of the sanctuary and High Altar of the Cathedral the unusual brilliancy of color was tempered by chasteness of design. Crimson and gold were everywhere, yet the eye was not offended, but wandered from object to object with increasing interest. From the roof of the sanctuary, immediately over the High Altar window, scarlet drapings were suspended, spreading from the middle of the arch to the capitals of the columns on either side. The margin of the hangings, which fell in festoons, was adorned with gold bullion. Drapings of the same style and material stretched from pinnacle to pinnacle of the reredos, throughout its whole extent, around the High Altar, to the altars of the Blessed Virgin and St. John on either side of the sanctuary. Directly in the rear of the High Altar, extending the width of the altar, and rising at its highest point to the cupola of the tabernacle, was a large crimson screen in the shape of a half-moon, the margin of which was richly embroidered with gold. From this bright background the altar with its lights and flowers stood out in almost startling relief, as did the massive crucifix above from the screen that draped the High Altar window. The tabernacle was plain white and gold. On its roof stood a brazen crucifix, and behind the crucifix a bed where red and white roses, lilies, and pink[illegible]s, slips of green, and flowers of every kind bloom[illegible]ed.

"Besides the multitude of lights on the H[illegible]gh Altar, gas-jets branched out at intervals from the reredos that surrounds the sanctuary, and the [illegible]ide altars of the Virgin and St. John were illu[illegible]mi-nated. The pulpit was covered with velvet [illegible]f a dark red color, fringed and ornamented with g-[illegible]old. The panels of the cardinal's throne, at the Go[illegible]pel side of the altar (to the left of the congregati[illegible]on), were filled with red velvet, while the dark pol[illegible]ish-ed oak of the wood work was relieved here [illegible]and there with a gold molding or ornament. Oppc[illegible]site to this throne on the Epistle side of the sanctu[illegible]ary, a throne had been prepared for Archbishop [illegible]ay-ley of Baltimore. It consisted entirely of a can[illegible]opy of dark red velvet, with hangings of the s[illegible]me material. Three steps led up from the floor[illegible]of the sanctuary to both the thrones. Near [illegible]ar the Paschal candle, on the Gospel side of the al[illegible]o stood a small table prepared for the reception [illegible]d the Papal brief and the scarlet berretta. Exte[illegible]o ing down from both the thrones, to the edge

the sanctuary, were rows of benches and chairs, which had been prepared for the prelates, with their chaplains, and who were to take part in the ceremony.

"There was considerable delay in beginning the ceremonies in the Cathedral, and it was not until nearly 11 o'clock that a sudden movement in the congregation showed that the services were about to begin. Mgr. Roncetti, in a long, flowing purple robe, accompanied by Dr. Ubaldi, had entered the sanctuary from the sacristy. They carried with them something concealed under a rich covering, which they set upon the small table near the Paschal candle. Their burden, the scarlet berretta of the Cardinalate, and the brief of the Pope announcing that he had conferred the dignity of the Cardinalate on the Archbishop of New York, and that he had designated the Archbishop of Baltimore to confer on His Eminence the insignia of his rank. After placing the berretta and brief on the table, the two members of the Papal Legation retired to the sacristy.

"First came a thurifer with censer, accompanied by an incense-bearer. A cross-bearer, bearing the Processional cross between two acolytes with lighted candles, followed. All were dressed in black cassocks and white surplices. An Assistant Master of Ceremonies came next, followed by twelve acolytes in red cassocks and white surplices. Then the clergy of the Diocese of New York and other dioceses began to file in two by two. This part of the procession seemed endless. There was nothing gorgeous in the dress of the clergy. All wore the plain black cassock, white cotta, and black barretta. It was not brilliant colors or vestments or lights that rendered this part of the procession so imposing; but the numbers and appearance of the men who composed it. For the most part they were men either young or in the prime of life; and the gravity of their appearance and dignity of movement that attended them lent an air of solemnity to this part of the scene. After leaving the sacristry the clergy passed along the sanctuary to the middle, and there genuflecting, descended the sanctuary steps and passed down the middle aisle, where chairs had been placed for them. The aisle was soon filled, from the main entrance of the Cathedral up to the foot of the sanctuary, with the main body of the clergy, about 250 in number.

"The Cathedral was now completely filled. The middle aisle had hitherto been the only place left in it, and the filling up of this open space—on either side of which passed and thronged the variegated masses of the congregation—with the white-surpliced lines of priests lent a new element to the splendid picture which the interior of the Cathedral presented. The procession of the clergy was closed by members of the various religious orders and communities throughout the country. The Benedictines in their black robes, the Franciscans in brown, the Dominicans in white habits, gave a mediæval air to a scene that at every new phase was becoming more brilliant and interesting. The procession of the clergy was closed by the Second Assistant Master of Ceremonies, the Rev. John Farley, Secretary of Cardinal McCloskey.

"A long pause now ensued. Most of the chaplains were in their places within the sanctuary. The organ had been playing all the time. The pause was broken by the entrance of the archbishops and bishops. With slow and solemn tread they entered, the lights flashing on glittering mitre and cope. The archbishops took their seats in the front chairs on either side of the sanctuary, and the bishops in due order. By this time sanctuary and church were filled, so that not a bare spot was visible throughout all the extent of the Cathedral, while a mass of gorgeous color was collected on and around the sanctuary. The Sub-deacon, Deacon, Celebrant and assistant priest followed the bishops and archbishops. The Celebrant was the Right Rev. John Loughlin, Bishop of Brooklyn, with the Rev. Father McGean, of the church of the Transfiguration, Deacon, the Rev. Father Kean of the Cathedral, Sub-Deacon, and the Rev. Dr. McGlynn, of St. Stephen's, assistant priest. Archbishop Bayley, supported on the right by Dr. Foley, and on the left by the Abbe Valous, followed. The archbishop wore a splendid cope and mitre. He was conducted to the throne prepared for him, his attendants standing on either side. A cross-bearer, bearing a magnificent archiepiscopal cross, came next, preceding the cardinal, who wore his archiepiscopal robes, and was without mitre or crosier. All eyes were bent with something deeper than curiosity on the features and the form of the venerable and illustrious prelate who was about to assume publicly the insignia of the exalted rank to which he had been called so recently. The same quiet features, tranquil air, and slow and dignified movement, that all who have ever seen the Cardinal-Archbishop of New York will have found impressed upon their memory, marked his appearance now. He moved on quietly to his throne, assisted on the right and left by two old and trusted friends, the Very Reverend Father Quinn, the Vicar-General, and the Very Reverend Father Preston, the Chancellor of his diocese. The Master of Ceremonies, the Rev. J. Kearney of the Cathedral, accompanied them. They were followed by the members of the Papal Legation—Mgr. Roncetti in the purple and ermine robes of the Ab-Legate of the Holy See, Count Marefoschi in the full gala uniform of the Noble Guard in the service of the Pope. Dr. Ubaldi was dressed in plain black robes and took his seat by the table on w[illegible]

were the scarlet berretta and the briefs. Count Marefoschi took up his position to the left of the cardinal's throne, where he stood almost motionless throughout the ceremony. The Mass proceeded much as is usual with Solemn Pontifical Masses. The only difference consisted in the presence of the cardinal-archbishop on one side and the Archbishop of Baltimore on the other side of the sanctuary. The groupings of acolytes and attendants around the two thrones, the processions to and from the altar and to various parts of the sanctuary during the service, the presence of so many distinguished prelates in their gorgeous robes and mitres, the setting of the whole picture in the crimson and gold that draped the sanctuary, the wealth of lights and flowers on the altar, and the vast multitude assembled in the body of the church, made a scene which will be to those who witnessed it the memory of a lifetime.

"After the cardinal had been conducted to his throne, and Archbishop Bayley had taken his seat on the throne on the opposite side of the sanctuary, the Pontifical High Mass was proceeded with. The Mass was Cherubini's "Missa Solemnis, No. 2," in D minor. The solo singers were: Mme. Bredelli, (soprano); Mrs. Grosz (soprano); Mr. Ellenreich (alto); Mr. H. Bersin (tenor); Mr. Urchs (basso); Mr. Sohst (barytone). The organists were Mr. Franke and Mr. Gustavus Schmitz. The chorus consisted of seventy voices, and there was a supplementary string orchestra of fifteen pieces.

"The conduct of the mass did not differ from any Pontifical High Mass. There was a difference, however, as the *Times* says, in the fact that the sanctuary derived such brilliance and splendor from the decorations and from the presence of so many prelates and high Church dignitaries. During the ceremony the cardinal and Archbishop Bayley occupied their respective thrones. The archbishops and bishops occupied the front seats ranged on each side of the chancel, and behind them were the chaplains, while down the central aisle were extended the long line of clergy."

The illustrious groups in the sanctuary call forth some picturesque ideas, as well as personal description, from the writer in the *Herald*. Alluding to the appearance of the cardinal during Mass, it said:

"If there was any ambition in this man's heart, any of the ambition which we are taught to believe animated the haughty prelates of Rome's proud days of conquest and war, and which history records in the lives of Wolsey and Richelieu, and Mazarin and Porto Carrero, it did not appear in the sad, shy, retiring demeanor of the prelate who was about to celebrate in his own person an epoch in the history of the Republic. The group, as it appeared, had elements of its historic value. The men and their associations were worthy of study. There was the blending of the peculiar and diversified elements which mark the civilization of America, and the wonderful breadth and sweep and universality of the Church of Rome. There was Count Marefoschi, booted and armed, in the full uniform of the Papal Guard. There, in flaming purple robe, surmounted with the white, fleecy cape, was Roncetti, the religious envoy of the pope and member of the Pontifical household, who has crossed the stormy seas from soft and gentle Italy to bring to our inhospitable clime the mark of the Papal favor. There is a singular beauty about the face of Roncetti—the "illustrious" Roncetti, as the Cardinal called him in his subsequent address—with his dome-like brain, clear-cut, curving features—such a face as one sees in the old paintings of mediæval piety. These two men were the symbols of the Roman faith as it now lives in the Eternal City. There were features no less striking in the American group. There was the blending of nationalities which forms the American continent. First among the prelates to attract observation was Taschereau, the chief of the Catholic Church in Canada, head of the province of Quebec, with his bright dark French features, reminding us of the day when the Bourbon aimed at the mastery of the Continent. We were told of the folly of that ambition in the magnificently embroidered robe which enfolded him, on which was embroidered the rose, the thistle, and the shamrock of England's power and unity, entwining the beautiful passion flower, in which even nature to the Catholic mind symbolizes the sufferings and glory of our Lord. There was Purcell, from the banks of the Ohio, his hair white with nearly fourscore winters, and his form bending under the labors of more than forty years of his episcopacy. In him we saw the marvellous growth of the Western land, which he has seen emerge from a wilderness into an empire. Pennsylvania was represented by her bishops, and from the far West we had the Bishop of Arizona, who, among other duties, will carry to Santa Fé the pallium which erects that old Mexican possession into an archiepiscopal province, and whose presence recalls the triumph of the Saxon over the Spaniard, and the steady march of America, from the Atlantic to the Pacific and from Greenland to the equator.

"But the faces which were, after all, the cynosure of all eyes—and to the observant mind were more than usually representative of the Catholic Church in America—were those of the Archbishop of Baltimore and the Cardinal Archbishop of New York. Archbishop Bayley is well known in this city. He bears among his names one that carries us back to

the earliest days, when the Hollander was the master of these shores, and when the Roosevelts and Stuyvesants were the lords of all these valleys and streams. If any thought of poetic fitness and propriety could intrude upon a ceremony as sacred as this, it would be that the duty of conferring the emblem of the office upon the first American Cardinal should devolve upon a Roosevelt. We repeat what is known to all familiar with the character and history of the Roman prelates in America, when we allude to the very high eminence of Archbishop Bayley as a man of the widest and most varied learning. His face is young compared with that of many of his venerable brethren in the episcopacy, but it is full of character and genius, the face of a bishop and a ruler—firm, kind, strong, with a large head and an overhanging brow, a face that we dwell upon as one among a million, and which we study now with even a more curious interest as we listen to the constantly whispered rumor that very soon His Holiness will show an additional mark of his esteem for the Church in America, by conferring the berretta upon the head of the Province of Baltimore—this prelate who still ranks above all others in the United States. Nothing could be more marked than the contrast between the two prelates as they stand face to face in front of the altar, while the group slowly forms itself into the order of ceremony. Strength, will, the imperial quality, are the traits of the archbishop's; gentleness, shyness, modest humility, written on the features of the cardinal, who all this time has been standing like a statue, never changing his position, his eyes partly closed and bent upon the floor, timidly awaiting the moment that is to crown him with the trophy which has been the ambition of the noblemen for ages, and which kings have been only too glad to crave at the hands of the pope. The form and figure of Cardinal McCloskey are too well known to the people of this city not to make any attempt at description a useless labor. The tall form, slightly bending under threescore years; the mild, benevolent face; the clear, full eye, marked with penetration; the closely knit features, marked with intellect and devotion, and almost with the expression of suffering in repose, brightening up under the influence of oratory or speech into the sunniest and most gracious smile. One can see that the first of all virtues—charity—and the rarest of all virtues—humility—are predominant in the character of the cardinal; that his man believes in his work; that to him the duty which came with the vows of his early manhood controls his life; that this new honor is after all only a new opportunity for good; and that the gorgeous robes which await him have no higher meaning than that which makes them the emblem and the incentive to martyrdom for the cross. We can well understand how the language of admiration clothes Cardinal McCloskey with the qualities of saintliness, and how the thousands who sit expectant and breathless in this supreme hour of his life, this memorable hour in the history of Catholicism in America, feel that the honor which the Pontiff has bestowed upon him is bestowed upon the noblest attributes of a faithful priest."

At the conclusion of the Mass, the Cardinal left his throne and proceeded to the Gospel side of the altar. At the invitation of the assistant priest, Rev. Dr. Edward McGlynn, the Archbishop of Baltimore also left his throne, and proceeding to the altar, took a position on the Epistle side, opposite to the cardinal. The Master of Ceremonies, having received the pope's brief, presented it to Archbishop Bayley, who handed it to Dr. McGlynn, who in turn, having read the superscription, unfolded and read it aloud to the clergy and laity assembled. It was in Latin, and in English is as follows:—

To our Venerable Brother James Roosevelt Bayley, Archbishop of Baltimore—Pius IX., Pope.

Venerable Brother, health and apostolic benediction! After the example of the Roman Pontiffs, our predecessors, it has been our care to fill the College of Cardinals, which is the Senate of the Church, with men whose piety, virtues, and merits should correspond to the splendor of so great a dignity. It is this that has moved us to proclaim Cardinal of the Holy Roman Church our venerable brother John McCloskey, Archbishop of New York, whose piety, learning, devotion to the Holy Apostolic See, and whose indefatigable zeal in the cultivation of the Lord's vineyard, have been so conspicuously evident to us, that we have thought him worthy of this great honor. And now that we would choose a personage for the office of conferring upon him the berretta, one of the insignia of his new dignity, we have thought well to select for the office you, venerable brother, who preside over so illustrious a Church, and one that has the right of precedence over all the churches of the United States of America. We know that such is your devotion towards us and towards this chair of the blessed Peter, that we are confident that you will in the discharge of this office fulfil all our expectations. We therefore by these presents charge you, venerable brother, that, strictly observing whatever is prescribed by the sacred rites of the Roman Catholic Church, you confer in our name, and in his own cathedral church our beloved son, John McCloskey, preslat

us Cardinal of the Holy Roman Church, the scarlet berretta which we have sent to him by the hand of our beloved son, Cæsar Roncetti, one of our private chamberlains, and we therefore, through these presents, through the same apostolic authority, grant you all the powers necessary and proper for the purpose; and it is our wish that nothing contained in any other ordinance shall be construed to the thwarting of this our purpose, even though such thing might seem to require here a special and individual mention.

Given in Rome, at St. Peter's, under the seal of the Fisherman's Ring, the sixteenth day of March, 1875, and of our Pontificate the twenty-ninth.

F. CARDINAL ASQUINI.

The Master of Ceremonies next invited the Assistant Priest to take from the table the brief from the pope saluting the cardinal, conferring the apostolic benediction, announcing his elevation to the rank of the Cardinalate, and the mission of the ab-legate in connection therewith to America. It was likewise read aloud by Dr. McGlynn in Latin. A translation of it reads thus:—

To our beloved son, John McCloskey, by the appointment and favor of the Apostolic See, Archbishop of New York, and now proclaimed a Cardinal of the Holy Roman Church.

Pius the IX. Pope.

Beloved Son: Health and apostolic benediction having been placed, through the divine mercy, without any merit of ours, in the supreme dignity of this Apostolic See, with that solicitude which should be characteristic of our pastoral office while laboring for the welfare of the Catholic Church, we have ever sought to enroll among the number of our venerable brethren the cardinals of the Holy Roman Church, men of such conspicuous merit as the dignity of their illustrious order demands. For this reason it is that we have chosen you, our well-beloved son, whose eminent piety, virtue and learning, and zeal for the propagation of the Catholic faith, have convinced us that your ministry would be of great utility and honor to the Church of God. Having, therefore, created you a Cardinal of the Holy Roman Church, we send to you by our beloved son, Cæsar Roncetti, one of our secret chamberlains, the scarlet berretta, which is one of the insignia of that sublime dignity. When, with the proper forms, it shall have been conferred upon you, know that its shining crimson ever reminds him who is elevated to the Cardinalatial dignity, that, fearless and unconquered, he must ever uphold the rights of the Church of God through every danger, even to that shedding of his blood which is pronounced precious in the sight of the Lord. We also greatly desire that you would receive with all manner of kindness him whom we have sent to you, both for the sake of the mission for which he is sent and for our sake. It is also our wish that before you will receive the berretta you should take and subscribe with your own hand the oath which will be presented to you by the afore-mentioned beloved son, Cæsar Roncetti, and send it to us either by his hand or by any other. And it is our wish that no previous constitution or ordinances of this Apostolic See, or anything else whatsoever, shall be construed as invalidating this our present act.

Given in Rome, at St. Peter's, under the seal of the Fisherman's Ring, the sixteenth day of March, in the year 1875, and of our Pontificate the twenty-ninth.

F. CARDINAL ASQUINI,
The Pope's Cardinal of Briefs.

This brief was handed to the cardinal, who gave it in custody to his chancellor, the Very Rev. Thomas S. Preston.

The ab-legate of the pope then advanced, and, after the accustomed salutations, proceeded to the stand where the scarlet berretta was resting on the *Busta*. Taking it and saluting the cardinal, the Archbishop of Baltimore, and the other archbishops and bishops in order, he moved to the centre of the altar, and standing on one of the lower steps addressed at some length the cardinal and archbishop in Latin. Having concluded, he presented the berretta to the archbishop, who addressed him in Latin, of which the following is a translation:—

Monsignor: I regard it as a high honor to have been appointed by the Holy Father to represent him on this occasion of giving the cardinal's cap to the distinguished Archbishop of New York. The fact that I should have been designated to fill this office towards the newly-created cardinal tells of the great changes that are going on in the world, and marks a new era in the history of the Church in the United States. The occasion is one of joy to the Catholics of this country, who, however, needed not this or any other evidence of the Holy Father's paternal interest to draw themselves, if possible, more closely in heart and mind around the chair of Peter—at the feet of him who so worthily occupies it. In matters affecting the rights and prerogatives of the Holy See there is, happily, no divided opinion among us, and we Catholics of the United States may proudly challenge a comparison with any others throughout the world in loyalty and warm devotion to the Roman Pontiff, in steadfast attachment to the faith of

which he is the doctor, and in unquestioning obedience to the discipline of which he is the guardian. And yet we appreciate highly the honor shown us in the person of one of the worthiest and most exalted prelates of the land. We recognize that the Pope has forged another link in the golden chain of love and gratitude whereby he binds us to himself, in establishing in the New an example of that supreme dignity of the Cardinalate which has hitherto been confined to the Old World; and we rejoice at the selection made for this singular favor of the illustrious archbishop of the foremost city of the Continent. In you, Right Reverend Sir, we respect the Envoy of the Pope, who has brought the glad tidings that we are not forgotten or neglected at Rome, and we thank you for the promptness with which you have fulfilled your commission, so pleasing to us and so honorable to yourself.

Turning to the cardinal, the archbishop said:

Your Eminence: Our Holy Father the Pope has conferred upon me a great honor in appointing me apostolic delegate to give to your Eminence the mark of eminent dignity to which you have been raised, and I value it the more because it affords me an opportunity of expressing publicly my sentiments of affection and veneration towards your person and character. There were rumors in times gone by that it was contemplated to bestow this honor upon certain eminent prelates, and especially upon your distinguished predecessor, to whom the Catholics of these United States of America owe so great a debt of gratitude. It is an honor, I may say it now, which we had in some manner a right to expect on account of the number of Catholics, the importance of the Catholic Church in the United States. We had a right to expect it also on account of the greatness of our country, the position it occupies among the nations of the earth, the influence it is to exert over the future destinies of the human race. It was right and proper also that we should have a representative among the intimate counsellors of the Holy Father. There is nothing anomalous or contrary to the principles of our republic that we should have in our midst a Cardinal of the Holy Roman Catholic Church, and we are confident that your appointment will continue to be regarded, as it is now regarded, as a new element of strength and harmony for all. We congratulate Your Eminence on your appointment to so high an office. It will increase your cares and responsibilities, but it will also increase your means of usefulness as an honored citizen of the republic and a faithful bishop of the Church of God, and it will give new highness to the crown of glory which God, its righteous judge, will bestow upon you on that day when he will render to every man according to his works.

The interest at this culminating point of the ceremonies was of the most intense character. The emotion plainly evident on the chief figures on the altar radiated through the awe-hushed and expectant multitude to the confines of the Cathedral. The picture at this moment is suggestively indicated by the *Herald.** Evidently he (Archbishop Bayley) labored under a strong emotion. The cardinal turns with a scarcely noticeable gesture towards the archbishop, his face flushes, and there is a look as of embarrassment and alarm as he listens to the complimentary words of his most reverend brother. But the pallor soon returns and he remains unmoved, with bowed head; no sign of life, only the radiating flash of the gems that circle his fingers, for his hands are still folded in the attitude of prayer and are tremulous. All this time the congregation is hushed in a silence almost painful. The prelates and priests on the platform seem to move, as it were, by an impulse, towards the centre group. On the wings of the altar the faces of one or two ladies are peering, endeavoring to see what is to be seen through the flowers and decorations, and among them, towering over them, in a niche as it were, behind the Count Marefoschi, the venerable head of Thurlow Weed appears, his hair white and thick, his face ruddy with health, recalling the poet's figure of the rose in the snow. The archbishop takes the berretta from the salver and, advancing toward the cardinal, places it on his head. The cardinal gently inclines his head to enable the archbishop to do his office, and remains for a moment in prayer. Advancing nearer to the centre of the altar, the cardinal responded to the archbishop in Latin:—

(*Translation.*)

Words fail me to express the gratitude which I feel towards you, illustrious and Most Reverend Archbishop, for the great kindness with which, in obedience to the wish of our Holy Father, you have come hither to confer upon me the insignia of the exalted dignity of a cardinal of the holy

*The Artist of *Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper* seized this historical moment, and presented the [illegible] with great truthfulness. May 15th.

Roman Church, and for the eloquent words, so full of affection and so far exceeding my merit, which you have just addressed to me, as a brother to a brother.

It is no small gratification to me that you should be chosen for the solemn ceremony, who, not only by the dignity of your see, take precedence of all other bishops of these United States, but also for so many years have been endeared to me by ties of friendship and brotherly affection.

I confess that this auspicious and most gratifying presence of yourself and of so many of my venerable brethren of the episcopate, this vast assemblage of the venerable clergy and my well-beloved children surrounding with their sympathy and their congratulations; but, above all, this sublime dignity, than which there are but few greater upon earth, have so overwhelmed me that my voice and tongue entirely fail to say what fills my mind, but still more touches and fills my heart.

I frankly confess to a sense of my unworthiness, and that many of my brethren might well have been found more worthy. Special cause of diffidence might well be found in the exceptional and memorable fact that upon none other before me in this country in by-gone years has this dignity been conferred.

If I should regard only myself, all this would seem enough to overwhelm me; yet I find in the very thought new motives of encouragement when I reflect that not to my poor merits, but to those of this young but already vigorous and most flourishing Catholic Church of America, has the honor been given by the Supreme Pontiff, who has judged her to be most worthy of it. Nor am I unaware that when the Holy Father determined to confer upon me this honor, he had regard to the dignity of the see of New York, to the merit and devotion of its venerable clergy and its most numerous laity, and that he desired even to honor the eminent rank of this great city and the glorious American nation.

It would therefore have been the act not so much of a modest as of a cowardly spirit to refuse my head to the honor and my shoulders to the burden.

I accept, therefore, the honor—I shall not shun the burden: and the gratitude which I feel and the thanks that are due to our much-beloved and glorious Pontiff and Father, and which I have already made haste to express to him, I would now again express for myself, because of his fatherly kindness for the cherished clergy and people, for the Catholic Church of America, for my city, for my country.

May this most happy day in which Christ's Vicar on earth by this new honor has associated the American Church with the noblest and most ancient of the world, be held in grateful remembrance for centuries to come. May all this contribute to bring new happiness and blessings to this see of New York, to this clergy and people, to this American Church, to this great city, and to the whole of our beloved country. May what has been done here to-day redound to the increase of piety and religion, and may it ever more and more bind the hearts of all of us in bonds of love and reverence to that one shepherd to whom Christ himself has committed the feeding of the whole of his flock.

And now I pray that Christ would grant—and you brethren ask this for me in your prayers—that during my earthly pilgrimage I may so wear the honor and so bear the burden that when I shall stand before his tribunal, where not the honor conferred but the burden borne for his sake alone has any value, I may be found his disciple, to whom be all honor and glory forever and forever.

And last of all I wish you, most reverend archbishop and most dear brother, and I would beg for you from the mercy of God, length of days and every blessing.

Just as he finished Archbishop Bayley left the altar and reascended his throne. The cardinal then moved to the centre of the altar, and turning towards the congregation addressed it in English as follows:

After an endeavor to return thanks to His Grace the Archbishop of Baltimore and to the Right Reverend and illustrious Ablegate and Apostolic Delegate for the highly important part which they have so kindly and graciously taken in the ceremonies you have just witnessed, I feel that a still further duty devolves upon me to make some acknowledgments to you, my reverend and right reverend brethren of the episcopate, and to you, venerable brethren of the clergy, and to you, distinguished officials either of the State or city, and to all present, in fact, for the honor that has been conferred upon us by your presence here on this day. It would be proper for me to make in befitting terms this acknowledgment of my heart-felt thanks, and also to say something of the solemn and interesting occasion which has been the cause of attracting here within the walls of this venerable Cathedral such an august assembly. But I regret to say that my feeble strength forbids it and that I would be unequal to the task, and, besides, I am admonished of the very great length the ceremony has already been extended to, and not yet brought to a close, and, indeed, I dare not venture i I could upon your patience longer. I will content myself, therefore, by simply asking you, my reverend and right reverend and venerable members of the clergy, and you, belov-

children of the laity, on my own behalf, for your sympathy and your prayers. I ask you to join with me—first, in giving heart-felt thanks to Almighty God, and after him to our Holy Father, chief pastor of the Church and Vicar of Christ upon earth, for this great and magnanimous favor which he has bestowed upon us and for which we have endeavored to show forth our gratitude in the solemnities of this day. We will return thanks to God and thanks to our Holy Father for the honor conferred upon us all—conferred first upon the venerable prelates and ordinances of the Church, and conferred upon the entire Catholic people, not of any particular city or diocese, but throughout the whole length and breadth of the land, and whose hearts this day are made to throb with joy because of the glad tidings that have come to them of the exaltation and the dignity to which the Church in America has been raised; that gives honor not only to the prelates and clergy and to the whole Catholic people, but, in the intent and purpose which the Holy Father had in view, to do honor to our whole country, and to show his deep respect and esteem for our great, our glorious Republic, of which his children here form so essential a part and parcel, whose knowledge and whose feelings are entirely bound up with hers, and who are so wholly and loyally devoted to her institutions, and who, with God's blessing, will never cease to strain their utmost efforts to strengthen and sustain it throughout a more glorious and prosperous future. And in the hymn of thanksgiving now to follow, and in which if you do not join in words, you will join in hearts that God may bless us all; that he may bless this country and this people; that he may still more and more bless our Holy Father; that his prayers may be granted to him—that ere his eyes shall close in death he may look upon the dawn of peace, the light of a purer day, the triumph of the Church—a triumph long deferred, but sure to come at last—in which he shall see the glory and salvation of his people.

The voice of the cardinal, sweet, clear, and slow, fills the whole church as with music. There is a gentleness and precision in his speech which might be taken for weariness; but when he comes to express his sentiments towards the pope, and his anticipation of the success of the Catholic Church over all the world, there is a fervid, gladsome, ringing tone, the uplifting of the hands and a triumphant looking upward, as though he saw the cross of victory in the heavens that showed that the true spirit of the champion and the warrior reigned in the soul of this first American Cardinal. Then, turning towards the altar, he chanted the opening lines of the majestic hymn of St. Ambrose, "Te Deum laudamus, te Dominum confitemur."

The "Te Deum" was composed especially for the occasion, and dedicated to his Eminence by Mr. Gustavus Schmitz, the organist of the cathedral. The strain was immediately taken up by the choir with fine effect. It consists of three parts, the first a chorus, solo, and quartet, the second a soprano solo and chorus, and the third a chorus. The *World* thinks it a worthy ecclesiastical composition, remarkable mainly for its avoidance of those trivial embellishments which have crept into modern church music. There is, it says, throughout the composition a massiveness and simple grandeur which not only impressed the mass of listeners, but won the commendation of the many cultivated musicians who were present. While the "Te Deum" was being sung, Cardinal McCloskey, accompanied by the Rev. Fathers Quinn and Preston and the Masters of Ceremonies, retired to the sacristy, where he assumed the full robes of the Cardinalate. As he returned in his rich scarlet robes and train borne by acolytes, and advanced to the centre of the sanctuary, the choir was just finishing the "Te Deum."

As its echoes died away in the responses of the ritual he intoned the beautiful prayer, "Deus Cujus," and the earnest supplication for the pope—never responded to more tenderly than in the time of his persecution—"Deus Omnium Fidelium," to which the immense audience bowed in profound sympathy.

The cardinal then pronounced the triple benediction by intoning the "Sit nomen Domini Benedictum" and "Adjutorium nostrum in Nomine Domini," and with uplifted hands towards the Crucified, he turned around and thrice signed with the cross the kneeling multitude, while he chanted "Benedicat vos Omnipotens Deus, Pater et Filius, et Spiritus Sanctus."

The scene at this juncture was one that cannot well be described. It was one of supreme splendor and feeling and will dwell on the minds of all who witnessed it forever. "It was," says the *Herald*, "the first cardinal's benediction ever uttered in America; but more than that, it was the blessing of a good

and upright man. The choir answered the paternal prayer with its musical Amen, and then the great and gorgeous ceremonies were ended."

The archbishops and bishops present were, Archbishop James Roosevelt Bayley, D. D., of Baltimore: Archbishop John Baptist Purcell, D. D., of Cincinnati; Archbishop John Joseph Williams, D. D., of Boston; Archbishop James Frederic Wood, D. D., of Philadelphia; Archbishop Elzear Alexander Taschereau, D. D., Quebec; Bishop John J. Conroy, of Albany; Bishop Administrator Francis McNeirny, of Albany; Bishop John Loughlin, of Brooklyn; Bishop Stephen V. Ryan, of Buffalo; Bishop M. A. Corrigan, of Newark; Bishop Edgar P. Wadhams, of Ogdensburg; Bishop Bernard J. McQuaid, of Rochester; Bishop P. N. Lynch, of Charleston; Bishop Thomas A. Becker, of Wilmington; Bishop L. De Goesbriand, of Burlington; Bishop-elect Thomas Galberry, of Hartford; Bishop-elect James A. Healy, of Portland; Bishop Thomas F. Hendricken, of Providence; Bishop Patrick Thomas O'Reilly, of Springfield; Bishop William McCloskey, of Louisville; Bishop William O'Hara, of Scranton; Very Rev. James Hughes, of Hartford; Very Rev. P. F. Lyndon, of Boston, Mass.

Among the distinguished Clergymen and Religious present were Rev. Frederic W. Goekeln, S. J., President St. John's College Fordham; Rev. Henry Gabriels, President Seminary, Troy; Rev. John McCaffery, D.D., Mount St. Mary's College, Emmettsburg.

Brother Paulian, Visitor of the Christian Brothers, and President of Manhattan College; Brother Humphry, Director Manhattan College; Brother Teliow, Rector Catholic Protectory; Brother Bertram, Director Manhattan Academy; Brother Chronian, Director De La Salle Institute; Brothers Joachim, Sr. and Jr., St. Teresa's Academy. The following names are given by the press as among the officials and citizens present:—

His honor Mayor Wickham, United States Senator, Francis Kernan, Chief Justice Charles P. Daly; Judges John R. Brady and Charles F. Donohue of the Supreme Court, Judge Joseph F. Daly; Judge Larremore and lady, John Kelly, Jeremiah Quinlan, General T. B. Kidder, John McKeon, John Savage, Jeremiah Devlin, J. E. Devlin, U. S. District Attorney Bliss, Henry L. Hoguet, President of the Catholic Protectory, Charles O'Conor, of New York; Sheriff W. C. Conner, Comptroller; Andrew H. Green, General Chester A. Arthur, Collector of New York, General Hillhouse, District Attorney Phelps, G. V. L. Pruyn, of Albany; Mayor B. F. Sawyer, of Jersey City, President Neilson of the Board of Education, Commissioner Eugene Kelly, L. D. Kiernan, Secretary of the Board of Education, Superintendent Kiddle, Police Commissioners Matsell, Voorhis, Duryea and Disbecker; Surrogate Hutchings and lady; Judge Quinn of the first District Court, O. B. Frothingham, F. F. Marbury, Daniel R. Lyddy, Gen. M. T. McMahon, Henry A. Gumbleton, Deputy Commissioner of Public Works, Benjamin Field and lady, Mrs. Frank Leslie, Benjamin F. Russell, John E. Develin, Sinclair Tousey, Maurice J. Powers. Mrs. Collector Arthur, ex-Judge S. Bedford, ex-Judge Hogan, Benjamin Wood and Mrs. Wood, Commissioner Lynch, of the Board of Emigration, John Mullaly, Commissioner of Taxes, August Belmont, Dr. Forsyth, Chaplain of West Point Academy, ex-Collector Thomas Murphy and daughter, Robt. L. Pruyn, Jr., George J. Torrance, Major P. M. Haverty, William O'Brien, John O'Brien, Thurlow Weed, William Lummis, Eugene O'Keefe, Solomon Bros., Nathaniel Jarvis, Jr., Judge Pierson, Mr. Tracey, formerly of the Pope's Guard, Prof. Renwick, Col. Burton, N. Harrison.

"The closing scene," says the *Tribune*, "in the church after the Papal benediction had been pronounced, with a solemnity which impressed all hearers, was one of remarkable and striking beauty. The great mass of people, crowding every part of the space before the chancel, had risen and all eyes were fixed upon the altar. The last of the long line of surpliced clergy, who had just left their seats in the centre aisle, were vanishing through the narrow door-way on the left, the archbishops and bishops, in their radiant apparel and glittering mitres, as they took their places in the departing procession, unconsciously grouped themselves in a sort of half circle under the figure of the crucifixion, towards which on either side Archbishop Bayley and Cardinal McCloskey approached.

The archbishop descended from his throne of crimson velvet, which formed a strongly contrasting background to the embroidered splendor of his attire, with stately steps, his venerable face and dignified bearing impressing all beholders. The procession moved slowly on; the Archbishop of Baltimore took his place next before the cardinal; the sweeping train of the latter was caught up by two acolytes and spread apart to its utmost width, and the Count Marefoschi of the Noble Guard of the Pope, who, all through the ceremonies, had alone remained standing, advanced with military step to the side of the new cardinal, his long sword clanking, his spurs glittering in the blaze of light, and his gilded helmet surmounting his massive figure. And thus the long line moved out of sight."

SORROW OUTLIVED.

By E. J. O.

CHAPTER I.—THE VOYAGE.

In the year 1833, Edwin Astley was a young man of high spirit and cultivated intelligence. As he was my uncle, I feel that description, not to say eulogy, of his noble personal qualities would come with a better grace from a strange pen. But accident, as well as the conviction that I am discharging a holy office, and the hope that the spirit whose cold, still body lies beneath the grass in our churchyard will look with kindness upon this tribute to the memory of a broken life, urged me to speak out in my own person, even though the good deeds of a relative must be told.

Edwin had just left the arms of his benign mother, Cambridge. His character for application and proficiency in scholastic pursuits was high amongst his companions, and notably acknowledged by his superiors; but the dispositions of his heart, his uprightness, candor, and generous sincerity; his courageous advocacy of whatever appeared to him to lead to a higher level of human happiness, and his unselfish sympathy for all that suffered, won him a more intense and affectionate commendation. It was purposed that he would take the law for his profession, but, in the meantime, domestic matters claimed his attention, and it was found on deliberation that a personal visit to some Australian friends would be likely to establish the prospects of the future on a surer footing. It is no matter of surprise that Edwin embraced the view with alacrity. He was sanguine of accomplishing the wishes of the family, and with characteristic decision set about making preparations for his departure.

This was in the spring of 1833. A voyage to Australia was not then so commonplace an incident as we regard it to-day. Friends could prove that their apprehensions were by no means without foundation, for tales of murders and robberies, and all manner of outrages, perpetrated with every circumstance of horror and barbarity, were, every mail, floated to our ears from the dread Antipodes. The excitement of danger seemed only to whet Edwin's appetite; and accepting with great thankfulness the counsels and advices that were offered and repeated innumerable times, he awaited with quiet cheerfulness the day of embarkation.

One week before the appointed time an important element was added to his condition. A rich family, residing near Ipswich, had a daughter in a boarding-school some ten miles south of London. An uncle had brought her over when she was but twelve years old, and now after spending five years in her ancestral country the time had come for her return. The uncle that conducted her across had died, her father's health was such as to render so long a sea voyage rather dangerous, and business so pressed

her only brother that he was literally chained to home. The necessity for a "protector" was not, of course, absolute, but our grandmother's ideas of female loneliness were certainly more vivid than ours.

This young lady was acquainted with Edwin's sisters, they having spent the three last years at the boarding-school already referred to. Besides, having passed the holidays of the preceding Christmas with the Astleys, and won universal love and esteem, Edwin's mother longed for an opportunity to contribute in some way to her happiness. An opportunity had now come. It was intimated to Mrs. Astley that the young lady yearned for home, but that the voyage was so long and the chances of accident so many, and her inexperience in every worldly way so complete, she should have to wait till summer with the hope that her father or brother would be in a condition to accompany her.

Poor Mrs. Astley was not blind to the suggestion, and in her open, artless way at once proffered the services of Edwin. She was sure he would be delighted; he would see to her comfort on board, and her general enjoyment; he was the best of society on a journey.

The English guardians of Miss Melville (for Alicia Melville was her name) accepted the kindly offer, and Edwin was informed that night about the nature of his new charge. He had not been at home the preceding Christmas, and consequently had never laid his eyes on the young lady, but from the elaborate details which his mother and sisters at once furnished, he expressed high satisfaction with his sudden fortune.

The day came for embarkation, and the hour; and then were the usual tears and shaking of hands and half-formed smiles, and all save the passengers were ordered on shore, and early the next morning the *Trident* lifted anchor, and bore out to the wide sea.

Some rough weather appeared to be waiting for them a little out. A gale met them in front, and piped such a lugubrious strain that none but the sailors could show mirth while it lasted. And it only ceased to whine that it might begin something worse. It veered round a little so as to get at the figure-head in an angle of about forty degrees, and then it screamed, and snatched, and flung away huge armfuls of spray, till it knocked the crook out of our lady's hand, and knocked our lady's self on her back into the jaws of a voracious wave. The gale did other things, such as tearing canvas and breaking spars, and tumbling overboard a poor steerage passenger, who by some blunder had been allowed on deck.

But the next morning the sky was clear, and every one set himself to recover from the first day's unpleasantness. The sea is not a good place for seeing or being seen to advantage; but Edwin, who, though really solicitous for his companion's comfort, had not up to this cast more than a passing glance upon her form, was, this morning, while they eat at breakfast, sensibly affected by a host of newly discovered charms. In manner, she was neither retiring nor forward, so that she would pass utterly without notice among all the heroines of sensation novels. She could not be called strikingly handsome—yet what stole into your heart if you sat beside her for even a few minutes, and haunted you for days after? There were seven lady cabin-passengers, and though Miss Melville had begun her voyage the least observed of all, her smile was the most valued, and her words the most esteemed, before the *Trident* had made half her voyage. It is true she had those eloquent eyes with the spiritual far-off look in them, which poets make such store of. But her nose, or other features, had nothing particularly gaining about them. Her hair was dark and waved in long curls over her shoulders. Her voice was low, but rich in tone; her phrases select, and often manifesting considerable imaginative power; her range of topics extensive. In stature she was rather low, but withal she looked to be even older than she really was.

Edwin's interest in her increased as their distance from the shores of England increased. Again and again he blessed the fortune which had put such a companion in his way. In his hours of listless weariness—and any one who has ever made a long sea voyage will admit, however Byronic he may be, that these hours are many—what delight it was to lounge by her, and hear her unpretentious narrative of the joys and sorrows

of some poet, painter, or musician, whose names he had hardly any notion tacked to. So thoroughly was her mind saturated with these and kindred subjects, that not one reference was she observed to make throughout the whole voyage to her own past or future. No wonder the gentlemen, of whom there were about a dozen crossing her path daily, exhibited, when the first sharpness was worn off, a marked desire to pay her some attention. She was evidently a young lady worth talking to.

Edwin perceived that she grew to be a general favorite, and his happiness increased for that reason. He encouraged, by various little expedients, the kindliness and appreciative dispositions which surrounded her, and never was in greater transports than when he saw her as unembarrassed in the presence of others as she was in his own. Though never showing any appearance of making an effort, she shone, he observed, with greater brilliancy of speech and eye when he directly turned his attention to her, than when he stood in an attitude of indifference, though half-a-dozen eyes and ears stood greedily waiting on her gifts. The lady passengers did not admire her; though each spoke three words for every one of hers, they yet were unanimous in denouncing her loquacity.

In this way the time wore on. At various places they heard the plunge of the wind upon the sails and the crash of timber beneath its heavy feet, but had learned to take things as they came, and trust themselves without fearing. Every day added to Edwin's happiness; every day Alicia put forth a new flower which scented and ornamented her little world. There was just one thing singular. Edwin, who looked for deceit in no one, and never once thought of meeting it on his path, was startled by the following slight circumstance:—He and Alicia walked from the breakfast table one morning towards the poop. The Cape of Good Hope was in sight, and joy made the sailors shout as if they were drunk. The young friends enjoyed each other as usual, she indulging in the artless morning talk which gave such a happy second side to her intellect. Passing up one side of the ship they were confronted by a gentleman, tall, dark, and rather above the middle age, who suddenly emerged from the shelter of some folded sheeting. Large coal black eyes, under thick heavy brows, gave character to a face otherwise unremarkable. These eyes were now turned full upon Alicia; they seemed to roll violently in their sockets, and to cast out gleams of a reddish light, as if a fire burned behind them. Alicia clutched the arm of Edwin, and he felt the tremor which passed over her.

It only lasted a second. The gentleman passed without speaking, and all hurried to vantage spots to have a full view of the Cape.

Edwin was by no means romantic either in heart or head. He took time as they hurried along to look inquiringly at Alicia; but she was as of old, and seemed not to know what had taken place. The gentleman was known to both of them as a fellow-passenger called Rendriff, and one who had been among the first on board to manifest a courteous and kind appreciation of the young lady's manners. So the unsuspecting Edwin regarded it as a piece of queer mental abstraction on the part of Rendriff, and dismissed the matter from his thoughts.

With eyes on one side and any kind of positive qualities on the other, the ascent to love is much like the poet's descent to hell. Love follows admiration as closely as hate follows disgust. Edwin, without knowing it, was already burning with "the subtle amorous fire." The music of her tongue kept ringing, even in the night, like sweet joy-bells within his head. Daily he discovered new graces in her, an increase to her range of information, to her flow of fancy, to her fund of genial happy mirth. At last he beheld himself in the mirror of a little incident.

Though having gone through the fair allotment of troubles at the hands of that terror of amateur navigators, sea-sickness, a return of great physical suffering announced itself to Alicia. The physician ordered repose, and declared her recovery to depend in a very large manner upon the mental rest which was afforded her. The prescription was accepted in the cabin, unless among the ladies, as a penance. The ladies called visitation. But look at Edwin! He about as if he were Alexander

and the brave, wave-conquering *Trident*, the desolate land where he could only meet monsters of the woods, "whose tameness was shocking to see."

He was clever enough to see what that meant. "We are but feeble fools, and love may catch us while we lie asleep," he said in substance. It had indeed gone so far, and he was glad it had. He bestowed a couple of hexameters on Cupid, for having, when he made up his mind to strike at all, struck wisely; and it was no wonder that he resisted Shakespeare, who makes the god blind, and followed Anacreon who gave him eyes, for surely it was no random shot which took himself and Alicia on the wing to unlimited space, and left them cosily in this little spot, stretching arms to each other, and mutually cunning to heal.

Though "a feeble fool" to love, he was a strong man, however, to absurdity, and he began forthwith to swallow down every tendency to enthusiasm and that species of demonstration which a certain tribe of trousered animals denominate "the passion." He would be kind to her, as heretofore, but he would not speak one word on the subject to her till she was at home among her friends, and totally independent of his protection. This he considered only fair and honorable. Situated as she was, she might feel herself destitute of some of that freedom which alone could make her acquiescence really valuable.

In eight days she was again communicating the fruits of her intelligence and childlike goodness to Edwin and the others who admired her. Her conversation was all the more desired, the sweetness of her manner all the more appreciated, the quiet beauty of her face all the more endearing, from the break which had happened to their intercourse. It is not in calling pretty names and in being sublimely officious in trifling attentions, that true love is most properly manifested, but in uniform kindness and consideration; and Edwin gave loose reins to his frank chivalry in the latter way. He did not force himself upon her, neither did he once go through any of that rhapsodical poetry or mock-heroic adoration, which prostrate gentlemen indulge in when asking to kiss the tips of their ladies' fingers. In fact, to a superficial looker-on, he seemed less smitten with the "sacred fire" than many of his fellow-passengers.

CHAP. II.—FIRE AND FLIGHT.

At last, after a voyage of one hundred and thirteen days, the *Trident* bore herself gloriously into harbor. Wind and sea, and from every point of the compass, hostile gales had shrieked furiously and striven, in a way that would have frightened our ancestors into propitiatory sacrifice, to tear asunder the triumphant barque, while up with the passion of a thousand tigers the waters had lashed her sides to the echo—wind and sea stayed their violence now, and left the way to the comfortable little town of Brisbane open to their approach.

Brisbane was not then so important either in population or in riches as it is now. It has grown much in every direction, and still continues to advance rapidly from the condition it then supported. Withal, it was even at that time by no means a contemptible spot. It possessed four or five inns of a respectable description; had three or four public buildings capable of doing credit to a less remote locality; at least one beautiful church, and a cemetery, if not artistically grand, yet tenderly touching in its simplicity and the profusion of its affectionate tributes to cherished memories.

It was evening when the passengers came on shore, and having given the luggage in custody, Edwin and Alicia walked slowly the ancient-looking street with a view securing accommodation for the night. They were already in the possession of half a dozen or more business-cards, supplying a fund of information with respect to the question in hand, but they rather dallied over the novelty of the objects which met their view than sought to abridge the scope of their inquiries. Alicia was, as it were, on her own soil: she was something of an authority, even in her own mind, concerning the wonders of Australia as mirrored in Brisbane, and the Verdi music of her tongue held the senses of her companion captive.

It did not trouble them much to find their first application for accommodation unsuccessful. The hotel was crowded. Nor when the same statement was repeated in the next

house; but when they found that out of all the places they had fancied within their reach, only one could in any way respond to their desires, and this one only so far as to afford a single bedroom with use of drawing-room, a little perplexity naturally arose. Alicia spent a few minutes in vain regrets that she was the cause of any inconvenience, but was finally prevailed upon to resign herself to what happiness the Crown Hotel could guarantee, Edwin turning his philosophy to account, and seeking better fortune elsewhere. He took leave of her for the night, assuring her that he would find no difficulty in procuring himself a comfortable lodging somewhere, and promising to be with her at eight o'clock the next morning, when they could forthwith proceed to Ipswich. Indeed both were a little astonished to find no friend from Ipswich awaiting their arrival, their departure from England having been communicated by the guardians of Alicia.

Edwin, after a vigorous canvass, secured a bedroom at the other end of the town. This house was not much more than a middling sort of inn, but it was, nevertheless, crowded with a very respectable company. A vessel was leaving Brisbane the next day for Europe, and thus the town wore its new supply of human wants and wishes, and felt itself all too small to answer to the whole of them. But night covered over houses and men, and in a few hours heavy slumber reigned supreme.

Hush!

In one room of that inn there is noise as of a fierce tumult. A man's loud screams are heard, and a sudden fall, as if a deadly contest proceeded.

The sleepers are aroused. The landlord was on the spot directly, and two or three pair of strong arms break open the door of the room from which the noise proceeded.

Edwin, pallid as a ghost, was found lying on the floor, the cold perspiration standing in beads upon his body. At first his stupor was too great to permit him to satisfy the alarmed questioners, but he had just conquered the effects of his wild dream when an uproar in the streets came to their ears, and loud cries of "help!" and "fire!" renewed their fears.

Where was the fire? Where was the help needed? The "Crown Hotel," cried the passionate Edwin, flinging a few clothes about him, and rushing from the room and the house.

All was clatter and confusion outside. Men were running in breathless haste in the direction of a great white flame which, rising at the very opposite end of the town, threw its baleful light into every face. There is not yet anything like, and there was not at that time in Brisbane the faintest shadow of, our metropolitan arrangements for the extinguishing of fire. The hotel was largely composed of wood, as were most of the houses contiguous to it, and when it became known at Edwin's inn that that place was the scene of the conflagration, the chamber-fright was soon merged in general consternation. So great a hold did the furious outbreak of flame get of all, that the singular announcement of the locality of the catastrophe by the semi-conscious Edwin lay for the time without comment within their breasts.

In two hours the "Crown Inn" was a smoking mass of ruins. Just as Edwin reached the spot, he beheld the crowd in circles about three charred and lifeless bodies which had only then been extracted by the heroism of some natives. The bodies were extended under a canvas covering, and tender women wetted the sightless faces with tears of deep sorrow, for medical science had declared life gone.

One glance was enough for the half-frantic Edwin at the prostrate form of each. Two of them were the bodies of ladies, and the third was identified as of an invalid gentleman of advanced years.

Neither of the two was Alicia. When he asked rapidly about him if Alicia had been seen, there was none to answer him. He did not observe that they looked an answer to one another, and when some of them again and again drew his attention indirectly to one of the charred corpses, he did not understand that this was meant as a declaration of the judgment at which they had arrived. "Was the lady young?" they asked; and when he answered in the affirmative, they managed to leave him motionless at the motionless form, as if to give him time to sad resemblance. "Had she any her person whereby one could id

He could only speak of certain drops in her ears, and certain chains and bracelets. The lifeless thing at his feet had still clinging to the blackened ears ornaments between which and Alicia's he was unable to distinguish. But there was no watch, and no chain, and no bracelet. He begged them to inform him if the house of ruins had been completely explored. The reply was decisive. Misfortune enough had fallen upon them, but happily they now saw the worst of it. The people still pointed to the corpse, and were convinced that it was the object of Edwin's anxiety. About neither of the other bodies was there doubt; and none but Edwin was in search of a missing one.

(To be continued.)

A GLIMPSE OF THE GENESEE FALLS.

By S. KETCHER.

As the traveller on the Erie Railway is whirled over the celebrated Portage bridge that spans the Genesee river, he gets a momentary glimpse of the Falls, that roar and foam far below. The slight view that I got of this wonderful piece of Nature's handiwork so excited my curiosity, that I determined to satisfy my interest by a nearer approach.

On my return I stopped at Castile, a small village of about 500 inhabitants, and having procured a horse and buggy, arrived, after a ride of thirty or forty minutes, at a large grove, in which the path that leads down to the Falls commences. Having secured my horse to a tree, I began the descent. A rude flight of steps led down a little way, and then the rugged path lay before me. It was cut in the side of the ravine, and was composed of clay and slate, so that at all times it afforded an extremely precarious footing, and in wet weather would be quite impassable. After descending for more than a hundred feet, the brushwood disappeared and I found myself on an immense rock, or rather layer of rocks, which was as even on the top and the two exposed sides as if laid by the hand of man. I advanced to the farther side, and there the wild beauty of the scene lay before me. The stream, after having passed the bridge, dashes over rocks forming a thousand whirlpools, and then for a hundred yards or so pours in thin streams over slate ledges, until collecting itself for a final effort, it makes a plunge of some seventy-five feet, and falls seething and boiling into the gulf below.

The tall cliffs that rise in lonely grandeur on every side form a strange contrast with the river, which below the Falls flows smoothly on in its silver windings.

The scene is one that creates an impression on the mind that can never be effaced. The roar of the Falls, the vast depth of the abyss, the overhanging cliffs, the green plants that spring from the crevices of the rock as if endeavoring to hide its nakedness, the glimpses of the stream as it flows for miles through the valley, and the wild echoes of the place, seem to declare the omnipotence of God, apparent in his works. Yet even this place, wild and grand as it is, is not exempt from that tax which the enterprising and dollar-seeking American forces even nature itself to pay. Just below the Falls the patent-medicine-man has paid a visit, and as usual has left his card; so that whenever a person visits the spot, and forgets for a time the cares of the world in the grandeur of the place, he is suddenly brought back from the realms of fancy by the information that certain pills can annihilate the ague, etc.

While I was meditating thus, night had gradually approached, so that I was forced to leave the place before I had seen all its beauties. As I was slowly making my way up the toilsome ascent and while the roar of the Falls was still ringing in my ears, I wondered that while thousands annually visit the Niagara Falls, few tourists ever trouble themselves to visit those of the Genesee, which, though not as large as those of the former, by the contrast of the scenery, present, to my eyes at least, an equal beauty.

DECORATION DAY.

By E. V. Welch.

Sweetly sleep, ye noble warriors,
In your quiet, silent graves!
To-day our country weeps her fallen
Patriotic, gallant braves.

Sweetly slumber! loving comrades
Mark the spot so sadly dear;
O'er you waves our glorious banner,
On your tomb we drop a tear.

Sweetly sleep! the pure white roses
And immortelles deck your grave;
And to Heaven prayers are given
From the land you died to save.

Sweetly dream! the battle's ended,
North and South clasp friendship's hand.
Loving hearts this day watch o'er you,
Peace is smiling o'er the land.

Sweetly rest! the living millions
To your memory tribute pay,
And your honored graves with flowers
Strew on Decoration Day.

MISCELLANY.

Soap versus Disease.

Sidney Smith said: "The degree of civilization or refinement of a family or a nation is correctly indicated by the quantity of soap it uses." Later observers and writers on health and disease fully approve this utterance of the famous wit and divine. "Cleanliness is next to godliness," and this contiguity of the two virtues is not affected in any way by the fall or rise of the mercury in the thermometer. The skin is the grand outlet of the excrementitious matter from the body; it contains 28 miles of tubing. This tubing, when obstructed, cannot perform its office, and sickness follows. Cold hands and feet, the result of imperfect circulation, are often cured by keeping the skin in a perfectly healthy condition.

Want of cleanliness has more to do with the prevalence of croup and diphtheria in cold weather than many people think. City physicians, in consultation over the cause and cure of diphtheria, give prominence to cleanliness as the best preventive. Not long since, in a fashionable house, three children died of this fearful disease. Upon careful inquiry it was found that the carpets of the house, which had been rented furnished, had not been taken up or dusted for many years. Curtains, carpets, and woollen garments which cannot be washed, may be cleansed by thorough airing and beating, and however clean they may seem to the eye, they should undergo this process frequently. Especially is this true of blankets and other bedding.

Perfect cleanliness is a luxury, and, like other luxuries, not easily attainable by the very poor. They cannot afford the changes necessary, or the comfortable warmth and surroundings which make the bath enjoyable even in winter, and therefore it is that disease infests their dwellings. Herein is a field for the philanthropist. The bath-room is now as much a part of every first-class city and country house as is the bedroom or sitting-room, and to this improvement is in part due the diminished rate of mortality in the present and past generations. Hand in hand with personal cleanliness goes ventilation, and health follows in their train.

The Bollandists.

The great work of the "Bollandists," as the compilers of the "Acta Sanctorum" are called, is slowly, but quietly and surely progressing at Brussels. At present, this huge work consists of about sixty folio volumes, which bring the student down to within three days of the end of the month of October; but a large store of materials is being utilized in order to complete that month forthwith, and further stores have been accumulated towards

"The Lives of the Saints" for November and December, about 4,000 of such biographies being still to be actually written. Out of the six Jesuit Fathers whose names appear on the title-page of the last instalment of the work, issued from the press in 1867, four are already dead, and one more is disabled by illness. The editorial work is now being carried out by the survivor, Father de Buek, assisted by another Father, Dr. van Hoof, with whom others it is expected will be associated. A recent issue of the *Bookseller* contains an account of a visit lately paid by an enthusiastic correspondent to the College at Brussels, which serves as the "officina," or workshop, of this gigantic undertaking, which was commenced in the reign of Charles I of England, and has since been issued at intervals as a serial publication. The *Bookseller* states that the "difficulty felt by the Fathers in the purchase of books for their work is greater than ever, since the Belgian Government, yielding to a party cry for retrenchment, withdrew its subsidy of £240 ($1200 specie), which it had for many years contributed in aid of their labors." Other nations and private individuals, however, have stepped in, and a set of the series of State Papers, published under the auspices of the Master of the Rolls, figures on their shelves. Still, the writer doubts whether, even if the work is allowed to proceed without interruption, it can possibly be completed by A. D. 2000, and even in that case it is clear that a large supplement will have become necessary, as the process of beatification and canonization is going on from time to time at Rome.

Galileo's Discoveries.

Richard Procter, the eminent astronomer, has recently written to the *Times* as follows:—"Dean Stanley claims a higher position for Galileo than can correctly be assigned to him. Apart from the indubitable position of Copernicus as the father of modern astronomy, Galileo was neither the first Copernican, nor the most successful of the early Copernicans in helping to place the modern system on a sound scientific basis. His attention was first directed to the Copernican system by reports of the lectures of Wurteisen. In a letter to Kepler, dated 1597, Galileo mentions that he had adopted the new system several years before, though he continued to teach the Ptolemaic system. Kepler himself had embraced the Copernican doctrine in 1591 or 1592, his teacher being the celebrated Mostlin. So far as the modern system depends on 'discoveries,' Kepler and Newton must be regarded as its founders—the first by discovering the laws which bear his name, the second by discovering the law of gravitation. Galileo's discoveries with the telescope afforded more striking popular evidence—that is, evidence more easily understood—in favor of the Copernican theory; but these discoveries were an inevitable sequel of Jansen's invention of the telescope, as is shown by the fact that others independently discovered most of the phenomena noticed by Galileo. I mention these facts because the common error respecting Florence's great natural philosopher detracts unfairly from the credit due to Copernicus, Kepler, and Newton, as the men whose conjoint labors established the modern system of astronomy. It may be added that Galileo's 'Systema Mundi,' whereby his name has become famous, was published in 1632; Kepler's 'Harmonia Mundi' (the key-stone of the Copernican system as a kinetic explanation of the planetary motions) thirteen years earlier, in 1619."

The Cost of Living.

Valuable statistics in regard to the comparative cost of living in America and Europe are given in the last Massachusetts Labor Report: One dollar will buy twenty pounds of flour in Boston, one or two pounds more in several European seaports, but the same, or considerably less, in a majority of the places compared. In Boston one dollar will buy 5.56 pounds of fresh beef, roasting piece. In no place in England will it buy so much by a pound or more, and on this continent still less, Copenhagen being the only place given where it will buy more. Butter in Europe averages a pound more to the dollar than here; cheese less by more than that, except in a few spots.

As for potatoes, they are cheaper here than in England, and dearer than in Ireland or Germany. Seven or eight pounds of pork for a dollar are sold here, and not much over half as much can be obtained for that sum in England or Europe, and nowhere as much. In rice, milk, and eggs they have the advantage of us. Tea costs less here than in England, but more than on the Continent. With coffee it is about the same, though the difference is little. In sugar, the British are a little better off, the Continentals a good deal worse. Coal is cheaper here than in Germany, and dearer than in England. Merrimac or common prints are cheaper here than anywhere in England or Europe. Boots are about the same here as there, generally speaking. There are but two or three places in England or the Continent where brown sheetings are cheaper than here, while in brown shirtings the foreigners are better off. Rent for four-roomed tenements is from two to four times cheaper in Great Britain and on the Continent than in Boston; in Austria, fifteen times

cheaper. Board is also from once and a half to twice as cheap in Europe and Great Britain as in Boston.

Young America in Canada.

The *Daily Globe* of Toronto, May 1st, has an account of the termination of the fourth annual examination of the pupils of the La Salle Institute of that city. It lasted five days, the programme being very extensive, and the pupils were examined with a view to bringing out their knowledge of the principles of the subjects. Without entering into the details given by our contemporary, we quote its concluding paragraph which is of general interest as it presents a novel feature in scholastic emulation. "The Institute, though of only four years' standing, and commenced on a small scale, has now 18 teachers and 243 students, and has been brought to its present state of efficiency through the ability and exertions of Brother Arnold. A striking feature in the conduct of the institution is the total abandonment of corporal punishment, but a sort of mental punishment is practised instead. A number of the students being Americans, a constant emulation is going on between them and the Canadian students, in which the victorious party has the privilege of hoisting up in the hall the flag of their country, and the punishment consists in the defeated party beholding the "Union Jack," or the "Stars and Stripes," as the case may be, uppermost. The proceedings last evening came to an amusing termination by a contest in mental arithmetic, in which the Americans won the palm of victory. The hall was crowded to excess every evening by a most appreciative audience." The names of the young American students who distinguished themselves, and placed the Starry Flag in the ascendant, were Joseph O'Connor, C. Ryan, F. Mahony, I. McSpirit.

Drunkenness in England.

A parliamentary return gives the following statistics with regard to drunkenness in England and Wales, in one year: The total number of drunkards brought before the magistrates in the course of the twelve months shows the large proportion of one in 116 of the population. The difference of the ratio between male and female offenders is curious. The females number 48,000, out of a total of 201,000—as twenty-four per cent; under the head of "convicted" the respective numbers were 55,000 and 193,000, or 28 per cent of females. The highest number of convictions, taking the figures absolutely, was in the metropolitan police district, namely, 82,419; the male offenders 19,221 and female 13,198—these out of about 4,000,000. In Liverpool there were 19,524 convictions, 11,528 males and 7,926 females, an unusually large proportion of the softer sex; Manchester, 8,767 convictions, the male deliuquents being 6,102, the female 2,665—here the female ratio diverges widely from that of Liverpool. In Birmingham the convictions were 1,669—males 1,603; females, 363. These last results are in remarkable and discreditable contrast to those which the Manchester figures disclose, the population of the two municipalities differing but little in number, Birmingham having 8,000 inhabitants less than Manchester. The total number of convictions of persons for offences against the Licensing Acts was 3,871; of those offenders 1,352 had their convictions recorded on their respective licenses. For selling or having in possession intoxicating liquors without a license, 439 persons were convicted in the year.

A New Fuel.

The proposition to supersede coal by the use of carbonic gas extracted from chalk has been subected to a practical test by its inventor, and with very satisfactory results. Extracted and applied to anthracite, it produced a strong flame and heat, and at so slow a rate of combustion that a good fire was maintained for twenty-nine hours in a furnace which heats a church, with only fifty-six pounds of anthracite and an equal quantity of chalk mixed with it during that time. During the last twenty-four hours, moreover, the fire was untouched. Through the aid of this remarkable property of chalk the lignite known as shale may be used for the production of an illuminating gas, to an extent which will appear incredible. Even the coarsest clay of this singular formation is full of gas, and the experiments made in England, though imperfect, show that one ton of this substance, together with a due proportion of chalk, will yield as large an amount of gas as eighty tons of ordinary coal. From these tests the inventor argues that London will be warmed and lighted at a fifty per cent cheaper rate; that the smoke, dust, and other nuisance might be abolished; that every good-sized country house and every village might be lighted with gas; and the kitchen fire, with some slight alteration in the grate, might supply the house with light. Finally, lignite and anthracite beds would become valuable property, and chalk would be exported as coal is now. The English papers say that the prospect seems almost too good to be true.

Irish Lace.

It is in beautiful, delicate needle-work, and in the making of lace of different kinds, says a writer in the *Argosy*, that the Irish Sisters excel. There are several houses in the South, each of

which is famous for some special kind of manufacture. Persons who are learned in such matters can tell instantly, on looking at a piece of work, at what convent it was done. The crochet made under the superintendence of the Youghal nuns is exquisite, and so fine that it has, in many cases, been mistaken for other kinds of lace. I have heard of a lady who purchased a quantity of what she believed to be old Roman point, in Italy, at a great expense. On bringing it home she took it to her dressmaker in Dublin, and gave it to her as trimming for a dress, with many cautions against waste, and with repeated orders not to cut it unnecessarily. The woman smiled when she heard the discolored work called antique point. She got a magnifying-glass, and showed her customer that she had, in reality, bought Irish crochet lace, which had been dipped in some yellowing fluid, in order to give it an appearance of great age. The clever expert was, moreover, able to tell from what part of the country it had originally been procured. Some ladies are very fond of purchasing sleeves and collars of this beautiful work, to wear at the table d'hôte when travelling on the Continent, as it does not require what is technically termed doing-up; when soiled, simple washing and drying will restore it to its pristine daintiness. Besides this, it is quite uninjured by any amount of pressing or crumpling.

How to diet.

M. Pallis makes some suggestive remarks on diet, which every person can understand and act on. Every action and emotion depletes the physical system. Milk, the first food absorbed by men and animals, is the only natural mixture, containing all the elements of blood save the coloring. Water constitutes three-fourths of the body. To work well, either physically or mentally, we must be fed judiciously and thoroughly. The worker must eat mixed food. Food properly administered stimulates the system as wine does, only more naturally. The long night hours empty the stomach, deplete the system, and chill the body. On arising, the physical condition is low, and should be recruited. If we lose time at early morning in bringing the body up to its natural heat and strength, we cannot regain it during the day. A healthy man requires about one pound of nutriment per day to keep him in good condition. While a working man would need daily five pounds of solid mixed food, two and a half would be enough for persons who lounge and sleep much. Life, said the lecturer, can be sustained two or three weeks on two ounces a day. A change of diet should follow a change of seasons: in winter, fats and sweets; in summer, fruits, fish, and lighter meats. Milk and eggs, a blood food; steak, a flesh food; potatoes and wheat, which, being heating material, are fuel; and coffee, a stimulant.

Antiquity of Iron.

We are relieved from any doubt as to whether iron was in use 3400 years ago, by the discovery of a wedge or plate of iron imbedded in the masonry of the Great Pyramid itself. This instructive relic, like the half-fused magnifying lens found at Pompeii, throws much light on questions of early workmanship. It has been a great puzzle to those who attributed the first use of iron to a date not much more than 2900 years back, how such sharp and well-defined hieroglyphics could have been cut by the ancient Egyptians on porphyry, granite, and the hardest stone. From the certain proof that iron had been produced and wrought in the age of King Cheops, 5400 years ago, we can better understand how the innumerable and exquisitely sunk symbols and figures were wrought on tombs, temples, and sarcophagi. And more than that, from the great similarity in the mode of treatment that prevailed from the time of the Ptolemies back to the very earliest known Egyptian inscriptions, we have something closely approaching a proof of the use of iron as far back as the fifth Egyptian dynasty, if not in the time of Moses himself; that is to say, six thousand three hundred years ago.

CURRENT PUBLICATIONS.

The Story of a Convert, as told to his Former Parishioners after he became a Catholic. By B. W. Whitcher, A. M., late a Clergyman of the Protestant Episcopal Church, and Joint Author with his late wife, of the "Widow Bedott Papers." New York: P. O'Shea.

The title of this interesting volume indicates its contents; but a few words in explanation will more fully show why it may have an additional attraction to those interested in the progress of a thoughtful searcher after Truth, from the Episcopal denomination to the Apostolical Catholic Church. The matter composing the volume was originally given as lectures to the former Protestant parishioners of the convert, who were desirous of hearing why a man would encounter certain pecuniary loss and worldly advantages for the sake of a religion which was held in contempt by most of his neighbors. Subsequently the lectures were addressed to a larger audience, having been

delivered in some of the eastern and western cities.

"'The rapid disintegration,' says Mr. Whitcher, 'which is now going on in the Protestant Churches, is leaving the great mass of the American people destitute of any fixed principles of revealed religion. The various creeds which were formed in the sixteenth century and since, have been found not to correspond with the facts of history or the nature of man, and are being cast aside as hindrances to that freedom of thought so characteristic of the present age. Nothing is more common in Protestant pulpits of the day, than the severest invectives against, and renunciations of, Church Creeds, and dogmatic confessions of faith. The Bible is proclaimed as the sole creed of the true Christian. But when they come to develop the meaning of this wonderful book, they are met with the greatest difficulties; and beliefs become as numerous and various as the preachers."

Mr. Whitcher knows whereof he speaks, and in giving some illustrations of the unbeliefs prevalent in many pulpits, does it in such a simple but suggestive manner that we are tempted—more, however, in justice to him as narrating the story of a convert than in any controversial spirit on our own part—to reproduce a few paragraphs:

"'They read the words of our Lord, saying, 'This *is* my body' and' 'this *is* my blood;' but the preacher thinks it necessary to prove that '*this*,' is *not* my body and *not* my blood. The Lord, addressing his priests, says, 'I give to *you* the keys of the kingdom of heaven: whosesoever sins *you* remit, they are remitted, and whosesoever sins *you* retain, they are retained.' This must be made to prove that our Lord never gave any power to man to remit or retain sins. To the officers of his Church, our Lord says, 'I am with you always, even to the end of the world,' and 'I will send the Holy Ghost and he shall guide *you* into *all* truth.' The preacher of the day thinks it necessary from these words to prove that for a hundred or two years our Lord remained with his Church, guiding it into all truth, then left it to fall into great and 'most damnable errors;' and so remained till Luther's time, when he and Calvin, and that monster of wickedness, Henry VIII, led it back to the truth again.

"'The gates of hell shall *never* prevail against the Church,' and 'he that will not hear the Church, let him be unto thee as the heathen and the publican.' This is made to mean that the gates of hell *did* prevail against the Church, and now there is no such thing as *the* Church for men to hear and obey. 'All churches have erred more or less; only *our* church is nearer the truth than the others.'

"'If the Master is thus contradicted by those who claim to be his followers, it is not surprising that his Apostles should be treated with an equal derision.

"'Let there be *no* divisions,' says St. Paul, and 'He that is a heretic reject:' and again, 'Let there be *no* schisms in the body.' 'The works of the flesh are manifest, which are *sects*.' How fearful to hear the great preacher proving that schisms and divisions are adaptations of the Gospel to all the various minds of men; that no man *can* be a heretic who *professes* to take the Bible for his guide; that so far from *sects* being the works of the flesh, they only show the manifold workings of the spirit. The Apostle says: '*Obey* them that have the rule over you, for they watch for your souls.' All over the broad land this is made to mean, '*Hire* a minister of good oratorical powers, as cheap as you can; and when he ceases to *please* the people, or his wife becomes unpopular, then dismiss him, and let him know that in this country the *people* rule.'

"The Bible, thus contradicted and torn to tatters by those who profess to interpret its meaning, is rapidly being brought into contempt, and religion itself neglected and despised. Thus the great and continually swelling mass of the people are moving on towards their eternal destinies, without God, and without any other hope than that each one thinks that he will fare as well as the rest of his fellows."

In this state of affairs, Mr. Whitcher thought he would be furthering the cause of truth if he stated his views plainly and simply to those who take interest in such matters. We are glad that he has done so. He does not address the so-called educated classes; but makes, not so much an appeal, as a statement, to the common-sense of the body of rational, thoughtful, and conscientious people who form the largest portion of the community. As he says of himself, the author was a simple country clergyman, drawing near the close of a quiet life, possessed of a warm and loving heart, more filled with gratitude and affection for the religion he has embraced than aversion for that which he has abandoned, and who has only words of kindness and charity even for the most erratic of his former fellow-Protestants. He writes as a Christian more than as a controversialist; and his work is full of interest, and that kind instruction which, emanating from the heart, appeals directly to it.

Lives of the Saints, compiled from Authentic Sources; with a practical Instruction on the Life of each Saint, for every day in the year. By Rev. F. X. Weninger, D. D., S. J. New York: P. O'Shea.

The force of example, for good or evil, is a fact which needs no special proof by argument. We

are taught to shun the temptations which attend bad example; and incited to cultivate fellowship with those whose actions are edifying, and whose principles illustrate, purify, and sustain virtue. When we are not able to make such choice as would fulfil all our desires in this respect, we have recourse to the strengthening example of those who have gone into history, sacred or profane, with the honors of their race, and to the glory of their various professions. The lives of heroes are given to direct the ardor of the young; the lives of patriots awaken in them disinterested love of country; the lives of historians, poets, and literary men create a yearning for fame and develop a taste which leads to rivalry. It is true also that the lives of the Saints have illumined the hearts of readers with such radiance that they have in turn arrived at the distinction of Sainthood. The beauty of example is nowhere so benign—nowhere so strong or efficacious as in constant reference to the lives and deeds of holy persons. As Dr. Weninger says—nothing proves the usefulness of the lives of the Saints more forcibly than the fact, that not a few of the Saints themselves, who now adorn the annals of the Church, owe their sanctity to the reading of the lives of other Saints who had preceded them. Appreciating this noble evidence of the force of good example, Dr. Weninger has prepared a work originally printed in the German which, in several particulars, is calculated to do good by presenting the very best examples which can be consulted or cultivated by the Christian. As such it should meet with a widely-extended welcome in English. The lives of the Saints, of which this is the first part, are written with grace and fervor, and while purposely condensed to meet the design of family reading, convey the leading qualities and characteristics: mortifications, good works and miracles, of the various Saints in a clear and impressive manner. As the matter is intended to comfort and strengthen by example, the manner may be said to be not more biographical than votive. In addition, there are appended practical considerations for every day in the year, having reference to or taking inspiration from the life or leading traits of the holy person or persons associated with the date. The work will be completed in twelve parts. Part one embraces the month of January, and is eminently creditable to author and publisher. It is beautifully printed on tinted paper and bound in flexible covers.

Lectures upon the Devotion of the Most Sacred Heart of Jesus Christ. By the Very Rev. Thomas S. Preston, V. G., Pastor of St. Ann's Church. Second Edition. New York: Robert Coddington.

These lectures, which were wholly extemporaneous, were delivered in Saint Ann's Church, New York, on the Sunday evenings of Advent, 1873. They are printed as reported by a stenographer; but such an explanation, while unnecessary as an implied excuse for lack of style or want of concentration of thought, only conveys to the reader a broader sense of the previous preparation, by a fervid heart and a clear head, which spontaneously blossomed into such flowers of devotion. As the ecclesiastical province of New York is consecrated to the Sacred Heart, this contribution to a more perfect and suitable devotion by one of the Vicars-General has a peculiar propriety. But the value of Father Preston's Lectures cannot be confined to any diocese or province. As, to use his own words, "we behold on every side the evidence of an awakening in the Church of God," the devotion to the Sacred Heart must be a most grateful channel of expression for that spirit of pious ardor which is directed to the altars of the Most High. The work comprises four lectures: 1. The Nature and Ends of the Devotion of the Sacred Heart; 2. The Fruits of this Devotion; 3. The agency of this Devotion in the work of Reparation, 4. The importance of the Devotion in our own age. An appendix contains the Pastoral of the Archbishop and Bishops of the Province of New York, announcing the dedication of their respective dioceses, churches, religious houses, and charitable and educational Institutions to the Most Sacred Heart; the Act of Consecration; and a Brief Novena to the Sacred Heart from the French of L. J. Halles. The book is well printed, and from its fine clear type, as well as from its devotional eloquence and fervor, is well suited for family reading aloud.

A Tract for the Missions on Baptism as a Sacrament in the Catholic Church, by Rev. M. S. Gross, Priest of the Missions of North Carolina. New York: The Catholic Publication Society.

This tract embraces the substance of a lecture delivered in St. Mark's church, North Carolina, and is specially addressed to the people of the country missions of that state. It treats, first, of the valid manner of baptizing and the effects of Baptism, as a sacrament; and secondly, of the necessity of Baptism for all persons, infants and adults. It is learned and interesting, presenting a great array of authorities, and exhibiting the industry and research of the author, as well as his appreciation of the importance of the subject he so ably illustrates. He shows that Catholic Baptism is of the institution of Jesus Christ; and, in proof of the Catholic doctrine of Baptism, that the Church which received from him the commission to teach and to baptize, and from him also received the Divine promise of assisting her in teaching and baptizing all nations to the end, must certainly know how to baptize.

Flowers of Christian Wisdom. By Lucien Henry, late Scholar of the Universities of Paris and Nancy. New York: D. & J. Sadlier & Co.

This neatly printed little volume is exceedingly attractive, as a collection of beautiful and wise thoughts and sayings, illustrating over thirty subjects of a moral, religious, and admonitory nature, well calculated to elevate the mind to reflective activity, or calm it to the philosophy of faith; to strengthen it with wisdom, and nurture it with truth. A brief preface by Lady Herbert of Lea, to whom it is dedicated, says all we might add in explanation of its contents: "It is imbued with a thoroughly Cat holic spirit, and will be very valuable to the student and general reader, and still more to the writers of serious books, as a dictionary of reference, which will spare the many hours of tedious research among scattered materials of thought."

THE

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NEW SERIES, VOL. II.—JULY, 1875.—No. 7.

THE BELL OF DESTINY.*

FOURTH OF JULY, 1776.

ASTOR LIBRARY

BY JOHN SAVAGE.

The mighty Present on this hallow'd day
Points to the Past through which we hew'd our way;
As one who, resting from a labor done,
Enjoys its mem'ries for the blessings won:
And History, glowing with her thousand themes,
Annuls the bard's dear heritage of dreams,
Leads him from out the airy realm of myth
To face the Earth and Earth's anointed kith.

But while to view the pageant she unrolls,
Waking ecstatic anguish in our souls—
While clarion blasts convoy the mighty brood,
To flame we're kindled, but to dust subdued.
While move the mortals in immortal state,
Who held the balance of Columbia's fate,
Press'd with the thoughts by which their deeds were spurr'd,
We're roused to eloquence no words can word.

Would that I could, inspired by heavenly art,
Evoke in song proud Hist'ry's counterpart.
Would that my lips could rival the desire,
And set Time's doings to the epic lyre,
Marshal to music's hero-moulding sway
The various, brave, adventurous array
Of sailors, soldiers, cavaliers, and saints,
Who, trampling custom's narrow-eyed restraints,
Heedless of wave and wind, and war and woe,
And every peril that the weak forego,

* Pronounced at the celebration of the Ninetieth Anniversary of Independence Day, 1866, in the city of Albany under the auspices of the Young Men's Christian Association; also pronounced in a revised and enlarged form at the celebration of the Ninety fifth Anniversary of American Independence by the Tammany Society, or Columbian order, New York, July 4, 1871: now published for the first time.

Broke through the trammels of the elder Earth,
And flash'd their eyes upon Time's later birth.
Would I could fittingly compel the throng,
And robe them in a panoply of song!

But hush the sigh with such a theme to cope,
Farewell the tempting dangers of the hope;
Away, audacious error! that would lead
The worshipper on level with his creed.

The days remote, attractive though they be,
Grafting romance on Hist'ry's fruitful tree,
Lead us too rapidly through various climes:
We date our fortune from less distant times.

What inspiration lightens through the mists
That hang around our earliest colonists!

Those vig'rous Vikings, sons of mighty Thor,
Whose life was roving, and whose pastime war;
Who made the storms their watch-compelling home,
And laugh'd to scorn the all-devouring foam.*

The long-hid Saga of the Northmen paints
The Pagan pioneers and Irish saints, †
Whose deeds, in mystic traces left behind,
Excite yet baffle the inquiring mind.
Weird, grim exemplars of their paths of snow,
They came like shadows and departed so.

Fancy alone can bridge the centuries
From Greenland's Eric to the Genoese.‡

Gloom reigned profound until Columbus went
Begging through courts to found a continent:
Inspired by God, who to his keeping gave
The master-key to bolt the western wave,
And hold—where thought round endless billows curl'd—
To mankind's vision this, our Western World.

Yet pause I not with Norse nor Genoese,
Nor those who followed where he groov'd the seas—
The Cabots who outspread their canvas aids
From barren Labrador to the Everglades;

* "Whilst the Caliphate still flourished under the Abassides at Bagdad, and Persia was under the dominion of the Samanides, whose age was so favorable to poetry, America was discovered in the year 1000 by Leif, son of Eric the Red, by the Northern route, and as far as 41° 30′ north latitude."—*Humboldt's Cosmos*, Vol. ii, p. 603.

Referring in a note to the *Antiquitates Americanæ* of Carl Christian Rafn, Humboldt says: "Parts of America were seen, although no landing was made on them, fourteen years before Leif Erickson, in the voyage which Bjarne Herjulisson undertook from Greenland to the southward, in 986."—*Ibid.*

Lief named the tract he discovered, the coast line from Boston to New York, Good Vinland (*Vinland it goda*), p. 604.

† The Skralinger related to the Northmen settled in Vinland, that farther southward, beyond the Chesapeake Bay, there dwelt 'white men, who clothed themselves in long, white garments, carried before them poles to which clothes were attached, and called with a loud voice.' This account was interpreted by the Christian Northmen to indicate processions, in which banners were borne accompanied by singing. In the oldest sagas, the historical narrations of Thorfinn Karlsefne, and the Icelandic Landnama book, these southern coasts, lying between Virginia and Florida, are designated under the name of the *Land of the White Men*. They are expressly called Great Ireland (*Irland it Mikla*), and it is maintained that they were peopled by the Irish."—*Humboldt*, p. 607.

‡ The first Bishop of Greenland, Eric Upsi, undertook a mission to Vinland in 1121.—*Ibid.*, p. 605.

Nor he who died, seeking, through mortal strife,
The fabled fount which gave eternal life; *
Nor Cortez burning up the ships that bore
His hopes and men to grasp a foreign shore:—
A wondrous leader whose ambition laughed
At valor, piety, and subtle craft,
Because *he* fought and prayed, and wooed and lied
With grander force than all his race beside.
A statesman, fanatic, and cavalier,
Pompous and courteous, but when cross'd severe;
Great in resources, quick to act and give,
He lived life's grandeur—that when dead he'd live.
Dissembling, bold, his standard show'd his aims —
A black flag, blazoned with a cross in flames!
Nor Raleigh, Gosnold, or the fateful flock
Whose footsteps echo still from Plymouth Rock;
Nor he whose prow first diamonded the spray,
And kissed the waters of Manhattan's bay; †—
Nor gallant Hendrick of the "Half-Moon" fame,
From whom th' eternal Hudson takes its name;
Nor Roger Williams, driv'n through wintry woods,
With thoughts that warmed him in the solitudes, ‡
Martyr to those who, heedless of repute,
From persecution fled—to persecute;
Nor Leonard Calvert, whose exalted sense
Put to the blush intolerant pretence,
And made his Maryland a name for praise—
A Christian beacon in those olden days!
Glorious the cause in which his fame was won—
Peace unto all, proscription unto none!
Here was an altar for each honest breast,
And leave to worship as each heart thought best. §

Luring these themes, embracing every phase
Of thought and energy to guide men's ways.
But we must pass on, thankful for the fate
That gave to us—"The day we celebrate."
We must pass on, and, e'en though briefly, fix
Our hearts upon the heads of 'Seventy-six.

Outside the State-house in the Quaker town—
The noon is past—a July eve comes down,

* Ponce de Leon, who, searching for a traditional fountain to restore youth in the Bahamas, discovered Florida on Easter Sunday, 1512. Returning a few years later as governor, he was mortally wounded in a conflict with the natives.

† John Verrazani, a celebrated and skilful Florentine navigator, who led an expedition of discovery under French auspices in 1523, and explored the coast from about the latitude of Wilmington, North Carolina, northward to New Foundland. He landed near the present city of New York, and the voyagers, prompted by curiosity, carried off an Indian child.

‡ Roger Williams, a fierce assertor of toleration and individual liberty, became greatly at variance with what he called the "polluted New-England churches." He was banished by the general court of Massachusetts, and he had to fly to the wilderness in the winter of 1635-6. After great hardships he secured land from the Indians, founded the town of Providence, and thus became the founder of Rhode Island.

§ As Calvert and his two hundred Catholic colonists entered the Potomac, he elevated the cross and took possession of the country, in the name of the Saviour of the World and of the King of England. The policy of Leonard Calvert "included the humblest as well as the most exalted; and his maxim was 'Peace to all—proscription to none;' religious liberty was a vital part of the earliest common law of the province."

But inside, where the colonies have met,
A sun is rising which will never set.
There all the mind and daring of the land
Have met, Oppression's wiles to countermand.
The hearts of some aglow with fiery zeal,
The heads of some slow turning fortune's wheel;
The hands of some in spasms to grasp the steel,
The hopes of *all* bent on the common weal.
What groups, illustrative of fearless truth,
To fire old age and give fresh growth to youth!
What ardor, strength, simplicity and will,
What conscious vigor and experienced skill,
What grand fraternity of purpose true,
Which made all pledge to what the most would do.

Sam Adams tells them, better make their graves,
The rest of freemen, than live on like slaves;
With chastened strength George Wythe meets Freedom's need—
Virginia's Cato, lacking Cato's greed. *
McKean inveighs and Rutledge backs the right;
James Smith is old, but not too old to fight. †
Thornton and Lynch unite, with Irish pride
Demanding rights for which Montgomery died.
Hancock indorses, in his manly way,
What breathes of war to hasten on the fray;
'Mid bursts of feeling Thomson's pen relates
The death of colonies and birth of States.

Where all are grand, the greatest who may solve?
But there's one group round which the rest revolve.

In yon benign and wisdom-beaming face,
Framed in long locks that like a halo grace
The mild expression—and the eyes that seem
Keen with experience, yet not loath to dream—
You see with whom kings pride them to confer:
The printer, patriot, and philosopher.
The Jove of mortals, who did first aspire
To cleave the thunder, and clutch bolts of fire;
Teaching us how the wrath of heaven might be
Made to kill Time, and create Unity.
Serene and happy now the mentor stands
As when he held the lightning in his hands,
And ready, too, to wield its angry throes
In shafts of flame upon his country's foes.

* Jefferson who studied law with Wythe has left a characteristically well-drawn portraiture of his preceptor and subsequent colleague, in which he says: "He might truly be called the Cato of his country, without the avarice of the Roman; for a more disinterested person never lived."

† James Smith was a delegate from York to the meeting of County delegates held to instruct the Provincial assembly of Pennsylvania on the troubles between the colonies and England. He was on the committee to draft the instructions—but evidently did not agree with their conciliatory tone, as on his return to York he raised the first corps of Volunteers organized in Pennsylvania: this was several months before the affair at Lexington. He took a very active part in getting the province to declare for independence, and was a signer of the Declaration, though not present on the Fourth. A similar poetic license is taken in the case of Livingston, who was one of the committee to prepare the Declaration, but absent on account of family illness.

And near him, with aristocratic air,
With wealth and ease, broad views, and culture rare,
The courtly Livingston, whose upright force
Foretold the wisdom of his future course.

Beside the sage looms up a soul of ire,
Whose veins were set by Henry's tongue on fire;
Who, though the youngest of this central group,
Is centre of it. In one mighty swoop,
As when the eagle grasps at Jove's decree,
He grasped and voiced the soul of Liberty.
He gave the weak what weak men can't refuse,
Thoughts, not for argument but earnest use.
He gave the strong what e'en the strongest wants,
The gather'd strength of his unquestioned vaunts.
Mankind has placed him next the greatest one,
And crowned with love the name of Jefferson.
The enthusiast student of the centuries!
Sanguine at labor, restless e'en at ease;
Whose reason, guided by the lamp of Truth,
Groped through earth's records from her primal youth;
And as the watchers of the heavenly space
Welcomed each star to its appointed place,
Till they each balanced constellation saw
In glory move unto itself a law—
So found he, peering through the clouds of Time,
Thoughts in fair harmony, like rhyme to rhyme—
Thoughts which though varying and diff'rent far,
Were linked by light as lonely star to star,
Which, moving in the orbit of his brain,
Disclosed to man a system grand as plain.

And by his side the self-taught scholar stands,
Sherman, receiving what his life commands;
The fullest measure of respect. He speaks
Seldom, but ever some suggestion breaks.
Calm, prudent, wise, he made his words and ways
Convince men's reason, not their passions raise.
Bravely he fought through Want's beleagured trench,
Rose from the cobbler's to the ermined bench;
And in his course no danger overleapt,
Or e'er receded having forward stept.
His blameless fervor shunning gay pretence,
Courted integrity and common sense.
While vigorous thought and dignity embraced,
Their moods gave solid beauty to his taste.
From fancy free, his words securely stood
In Doric strength of truth supremely good.
Hailed by the wise, who to his accents cling—
The man who never said a foolish thing!
Modest, but fearless, in his scope sincere,
His heart was steady as his brain was clear.

And there John Adams with the dome-like brow—
Great in himself who could to greatness bow,

Broad-vision'd, clear, with innate force elate,
And learning's lever all to elevate.
He pour'd his nature's great and solid strength
Into the cause, which roused the land at length,
Preaching the Truth, which time has not relaxed,
Men should make laws by which their labor 's taxed.
His sweeping energy was fed with facts;
His words were power, and his speeches, acts.
More form'd to grapple than to idly grieve,
No threats could humble him, no wiles deceive.
Yielding to others what his deeds might claim,
He hunger'd more for service than for fame;
Spurning the incense of mere vain applause,
He stood the grand Colossus of the cause!

Those were the days when Massachusetts brought
Her wreath to grace Virginia's brow unsought;
When common wrongs and mutual rights combin'd
The Old Dominion and New England mind—
When Henry's frenzies blessed the Boston ear
And Adams' faith inspired the cavalier.

With prescience narrow'd by no local law,
Adams it was the future leader saw;
With faith prophetic chose the fated one,
And gave all time a model—Washington.*

How can I weigh that wisely-balanced mind
In which all safe resources were combined?
Add light to that which time cannot conceal,
And those who know not, reverently feel;
Whose useful grandeur, in extent so great,
Is only measured by a people's fate;
For e'en the war in which he led the strife
Was but a chapter in his glorious life!
Lacking the arts which lesser lives attract,
In him united what all others lacked;
E'en as the States, howe'er their acts enthrall,
Are lesser than the Union of them all!
His prudence cased ambition as with mail,
And saved as well from friends what foes assail.
The soldier's leader, and the people's guide,
He seemed to dwarf the greatest by his side;
In camp or council rivalling alone
Himself—none knew in which he greater shone.

Outside the State-house, in the street and square,
The anxious people question everywhere:
From every path the tide expectant pours
Round the long-watch'd but firmly bolted doors:
Gaze at the windows—catch the wordless hum
That steals from Congress, and seem, listening, dumb.

[1] See quotation from Adams' *Diary* in "Famous Memories," June MANHATTAN, p. 295.

From doors and windows they look up to where
The old Bell hangs like lead upon the air,
But from whose tongue the fateful sounds shall rise
To say if they'll be States or Colonies.
With heaving breast and straining eyes they scan,
Some throbbing manly seem less strong than man
With passion's overflow, unused to kill
The time that brings strong action from strong will.
Few doubtless knew that old Bell was design'd
By fate to be a reflex of their mind:*
Made at its own to watch our Nation's birth,
And herald Freedom's coming to the Earth.
They throb, they hope, they sigh, and catch each noise,
As potent prelude to the Congress' voice,
Till wearied out, they faint and breathless wait,
Doubting the Fate that makes them hang on Fate.
Gods! what a thrill! each heart on that sound hangs—
The Bell! it creaks, it rises, and IT CLANGS!

* * * * * * * *

Oh, may the thoughts that Bell transferr'd to fight
Throb round us now and teach us to unite!
Unite in hope that vicious strife may cease,
And victory bring her greatest good, true Peace.
While manly hearts through honest actions beam,
Let us invoke the soul-ennobling theme.

God bless "The Union!" may her proud years be
Traced by the virtues such as made her free,
And countless as the billows on the sea
That bore her Europe's exiled chivalry.
May the sole measure of her well-won might
Be wrought by fearless and impartial right—
Tender to mercy, strong for justice' ends,
And Argus-eyed to see her foes from friends;
Gentle, but stern, invincible, and wise,
The Freeman's guard and Labor's paradise.

And may the States be as the stars above,
That move as one, and teach us thus to move;
Each with a duty which dispelleth care,
In order, changeless, as their brilliance rare;
Free, as the tireless unity that breeds
No irksome envy, and no jealous creeds;
Grand as the system that the Heavens declare,
And strong through homage to THE FOUNDER there;
Whom here we pray to shield them and defend
Against the feuds that would their Union rend.

* The bell, which had been imported from London nearly a quarter of a century previous, was singularly suited to its mission to sound the tocsin of independence, bearing as it did this prophetic inscription: "Proclaim Liberty throughout all the land, unto all the inhabitants thereof."

And thou! O Genius of the People's will,
Be base and bulwark of our honor still!
Democracy! that made us all we are,
Be to us still our glory-guiding star,
That rose when danger sought to check our fate,
And, three times threatened, made us trebly great.
Based on the Christian virtue that doth guide,
The old man's safety and the young man's pride;
That lifts religion above party strife,
Makes love of land give birth to love of life—
So that a life may only worthy be,
That's worthy the rewards of Liberty—
That makes proscription for the love of God
Treason to Truth upon this Truth-won Sod;
That with the Light of Education tells
The world where free, untrammell'd conscience dwells,
And like a Saviour aids with outstretched hands
The weary-stricken of down-trodden lands.
Be with us still the ever-watchful guard,
To guide, defend, inspire, and reward!
Deep in the hearts that throb from sea to sea,
Dwell thy inspiring truths, Democracy!
The People's hope all earthly hopes beyond—
The strength of STATES, the UNION'S firmest bond.
Long live the Union! in her Union blest,
Freedom's true home, the wonder of the West.

SORROW OUTLIVED.

BY E. J. O.

(Concluded.)

A cry of foul play was heard among the ruins; eyes were drawn from the pile of blazing houses that lined one side of the street, and turned towards the broken, battered, smoking remains of the once neat hotel. Suddenly a dozen men rushed forward to the spot whence the cry had come, and half-a-dozen arms fell with furious vengeance on the head of a tall black native. This half-naked murderer had gripped Edwin firmly by the neck, and in his superior strength was just precipitating him over a ledge of the still unconsumed structure into a ten or twelve feet gulf of fiery rubbish.

The timely assistance, however, saved him. Edwin fell backwards towards the street, and this brutal ruffian went down head-foremost to the doom he had allotted for another.

No one knew the cause of this malicious attempt; least of all, Edwin. The criminal, when dragged to the surface again, was in no condition to make revelations. His skull, if it escaped fatal injury from human hands, was awfully fractured in the fall, and no words crossed his lips on this side of death.

Edwin's design in penetrating to the ruins was to discover if any trace of any description remained to settle his mind as to the fate of Alicia. His wandering eyes made him believe he saw something like her watch a little way off among the débris. It was when in the attitude of stooping to pick up

his article, that the huge black had pounced pon him and made the deadly attempt.

Many are gathered round the young nglishman now, pitying, wondering, ques- oning. He has only got the length of eaking of the watch, when the landlord eps forward and pulls from his pocket the ry article, with chain attached, as it had en worn by Alicia for long before. The ndlord explained that before the fire had tained notice, he was roused by some ise in the direction of the young lady's om, but had composed himself to sleep ain. However, on the report of flames, s first wild run was thither, as if by in- nct, but there was no one in the black, ffocating apartment. Clothes lay scatter- about, most of them in flames. He sup- sed the occupant had been happy enough make her escape, and seeing these articles a side-table within his reach, he had zed them and rushed from the scorching rnace.

Now the people looked at the dead body d at Edwin. Could she have gone astray rough the house, and in her effort to fly m the fire had she fallen a victim to its brace?

Still he said the dead body before him was ne of Alicia's. He wandered about dis- nsolate and unhappy. Morning came, and was only sunk the deeper in his sad per- exity. The depths of his whole soul were oved, and that temperament which in other cumstances would have impelled him to tion, now chained him in a passion of ent anguish.

It was not possible that she would have parted to her own home without letting m know. Yet this was the consolation he as offered by one of his fellow-passengers the *Trident*. This was the gentleman who had surprised them the morning the Cape of Good Hope arose to view. Edwin would not believe she had acted so. He could see no motive; he could understand no cause. The gentleman did not insist upon his view, but simply saying such a thing was possible, took his leave.

Scarcely had he disappeared when Edwin received a new light. He was sitting in the parlor of his humble inn, and in one minute the host and hostess were in attendance on his call. He inquired what were the avail- able means for reaching Ipswich? The only means which any one could have taken at the early hour he inquired about, was horses. They were certain about that.

He instantly rose, and, taking his hat, pro- ceeded once more to the scene of the melan- choly destruction of life, and property, and happiness. He began a set of questions which at first made people stare. He asked if horses had been heard about the neighbor- hood at an early hour that morning? For a while he met with negatives. Finally, how- ever, it was remembered that horses' hoofs had startled some ears in various parts of the street. One said that at least two horses had trotted rapidly along the pavement; others were sure of more. The watchman, whose beat extended over nearly half the town, was far off at the time, but yet had heard dis- tinctly at least one horse going towards the outskirts. The watchman could tell no more then, but returned in half an hour with an additional point. A horse-dealer, a few streets off, had sold on the night before two of his swiftest horses to a gentleman going into the country. Just then the landlord of the "Crown Hotel" was able to collect from the recesses of his dreams the fact that amid the first terrors of the fire the prancing of a horse had somehow got into his head.

CHAPTER III.—THE SEARCH IN VAIN.

Was it then true that Alicia had fled in the ight? But had those two horses anything do with it, and what of the gentleman?

Things were in a sad muddle. Edwin was most powerless to act in any direction, but a party was now preparing for Ipswich, nd the conveyance ready, he determined to o forward to her family and see if his broken, confused senses could there receive any con- solation.

His heart beat rapidly, and his head swam round with apprehensive sensations as her father's house stood out before his dimmed and troubled eyes. A narrow strip of lawn extended before the door, and the gate [illegible] loosely upon the latch. The hall-door [illegible]

its darkly-stained panels, made more gloomy from the shade cast by a double pillar on either side, was visible before him. He approached steadily, though with uneven pulse, but just as he was about to ring the bell, the door opened and a gentleman about his own age confronted him.

Edwin at once knew him as the brother of the young lady. He was sun-browned and weather-beaten, but still a family likeness existed between them. At present he appeared to be going out on business, but on hearing the first words Edwin spoke he returned with him into the parlor.

Edwin now felt that his last hope was vain—from the appearance of everything about him Alicia could not be in her father's house. He began to stumble through some preliminary statements, but all at once his tongue and mind became so charged with the deadly truth, that his emotions would not suffer him to indulge in regular or set phrases.

The whole truth was out. The young man turned pale, and rose to his feet in perfect silence. The father just then entered the apartment, and, as if he had had a presentiment of the fact, needed only one word to realize the bereavement in its worst form.

The letters which Alicia's friends had sent from England had never come to hand. Missing letters were then much more numerous than now.

The first bearer of unwelcome news has but a losing office, says Shakespeare; and if it were a matter of mere official duty, Edwin's nature would have been enough taxed by its discharge, and his sensibilities enough grieved at the sad disappointment he witnessed. But his office was a losing one in another sense; he felt his own bitterness of spirit increased and intensified, his own affection turned back and blasted, his own present and future shattered and overthrown.

He quitted the place abruptly and went forth upon the strange land a stricken, hapless, hopeless man, his once chivalrous and noble soul now dashed into spiritual wreckage. He never knew what loneliness was before, and yet he dreaded the face of man. He thought he could find rest in one way only —in liberating himself from the bonds of society, and holding to a solitary existence in the desolate paths of this wide country.

This thought was foolish, perhaps. The practical duties of social life may be the best and surest nepenthe for past sorrows. But the divine power often brings wisdom out of man's foolishness.

In pursuance of his resolve, he prepared to negotiate by letter, and not personally as he at first determined, with the friends whom he had come to see. In a brief, serious note he revealed the condition of his family at home, and the main object of his projected visit; alluded with sufficient clearness to the melancholy event which had so summarily changed the aspect of his life; besought a kind remembrance, and forbade all inquiries after him.

He was sealing the note when the last drop fell into his bitter chalice. He heard, quite incidentally, as far as he was concerned, that the brother of Alicia regarded his story with suspicion, and though unable to pursue him legally, was seriously disposed to consider him a ruffian. Finally, her father, who was only lately convalescent, got an attack of apoplexy, within one hour after hearing the intelligence, and had passed to the rest of the grave.

It was not the dread of legal vengeance which made Edwin tremble when this news smote his ear. It was the uncertainty of human happiness, the chasms and abysses of sorrow that underlie all our paths, separated from us only by a thin veil which any accident may rend and let us through to be steeped, to be swallowed up in the pitiless torrent; it was the sudden loss of a daughter to a sick old man, of a sister to an impetuous, hasty brother, of a companion to a now helpless, dejected, weary soul, that made his frame quiver and his blood cold.

Sentiments such as Althæa's were his, as, sending the letter from his hands, he turned his back upon the looks of men:—

For wise men as for fools,
Love is one thing, an evil thing, and turns
Choice words and wisdom into fire and air,
And in the end shall no joy come, but grief,
Sharp words and soul's division and fresh tears,
Flower-wise upon the old root of tears brought forth
Fruit-wise upon the old flowery tears sprung up.
Pitiful sighs and much regrafted pain.

CHAPTER IV.—COMFORT TO THE AFFLICTED. THE DEATH-BED REVELATION.

Months and years passed away. Hot suns burned to deep brown the fair complexion of the ill-starred young Englishman. He still shunned to an extent the society of his fellowmen, but had learned that the chain is holy which binds all human beings together in a bond of mutual necessity. He grew familiar with every foot of the Gold Fields, which had then flung their shining doors open to adventurous Europe. But he was no material gainer by his work. Whether there, or caring sheep on the sheep walks, or sorting wool at the export stores, sufficient for the day was its own meagre support. He was still haunted by visions of the deep-eyed, silver-tongued Alicia, and many of his dreams, even when no other shelter than the broad leaves of some wild tree extended over him, were perfect and captivating romances. He regarded with quiet resignation the rumor which he knew to be afloat, respecting the uprightness of his conduct towards the young lady. All the ingenuous concern he had exhibited on the morning of her disappearance was distorted by the clumsy intellects of the people, when suspicion was first breathed against his name, into treacherous and wily artifice. Happily, the law officers only proceeded a little way in the inquiry, when they deemed it prudent not to assail in any way the character of Edwin.

Thus he grew old in the foreign land, waiting on his pilgrimage to be over, and to find the balm for his great life wound. A solemn thought took possession of him. He was making a sacrifice of himself under these burning suns with no design of earthly profit, merely letting his existence spin itself out till the end would come. Even this was good; but could he not heighten the sacrifice? might he not as well work directly on heaven's path, and get his hands full of good deeds going to such a blissful union? He had learning lying by resting in the chambers of his soul; the sweetening rod of sorrow had stirred to their depths the well-spring of his being, and occasion was only wanting for the fertilizing waters to stream forth.

He thought to minister in the locality of his suffering, but the wise and prudent bishop whom he consulted advised, in view of what he designated "his unsettled reputation," that he should seek the discharge of priestly duties at a distance. Edwin had no pride now, and with the docility of a child he followed up every direction his superiors favored him with. He was ordained within six months from the time of his first application, and a district on the confines of Melbourne was allotted to his ministrations.

Now did the long-disturbed heart find rest. The balm he carried to the pains of others fell off his hands upon his own griefs also. It was joy beyond any terrestrial triumphs for him to sit by the bedsides of the sick and feeble, and in his low fervent tones, every one of which sank into the recesses of his heart, read some of those passionate wailings of the great King.

White hairs began to come. Fatigue and anguish of mind had prematurely pulled him in among the throng whose days are easily numbered. A stick had to help him on his way.

One evening towards dusk he sat in his study window, with spectacles on eyes and a large Bible on a little table beside him. He had been reading that most beautiful of all discourses, that divine exposition of the Christian's Creed, which the Saviour delivered from the Mount. He raised his head and looked out at the decaying light. Everything was perfectly still about him. In another half hour darkness would be over all the land.

He had been used to visions, as I said. They had been rising up upon the surface of his soul and spreading out over it garments of soft warm light. But this evening everything got particularly realized. There was the sweet, placid smile as of old, and the rich silver voice; there again burst out, as new-blown flowers, all the hope and promised glory of the past; and there again, like the awakening from every dream, was the fall into the melancholy chasm, the dust of all the ripened fruit.

"Even so, Father!" sobbed the faltering lips. "Even so, for Thy glory."

The weather in Australia is inconstant. Sometimes a night of awful storm succeeds a day of perfect repose. The sun went down

this evening, leaving the tender-hearted clergyman with wet eyes looking after it. The moon showed herself in trouble with crowding masses of cloud, just like some slender boat striving to steer a perilous way among the clashing billows. Soon there were noises of threatening winds, and soon shrieks, and trees groaned, and wooden houses swayed, and rain flung itself with pattering clatter upon roof and street.

A tap came to Edwin's door, and a message was sent in that the master was requested at a bed of death. Ever faithful to his charge, he heeded not the menacing tempest, but taking his hat and stick sallied out in the face of wind and rain. He endeavored to silence the apologies of the messenger for bringing him out into such a storm, by such gentle mirth as he possessed, affecting not to feel any of the terror which some people are inspired with on like occasions.

He learned on the way that the dying person was a man, and a stranger in the neighborhood. He had come sick, and it was the opinion of the people in the lodging-house that he never would recover. That evening he had showed signs of rapidly sinking, and was understood to ask for a clergyman.

In another minute Edwin was at the sick man's side. The sufferer lifted his eyes a moment to the minister's face, and then turned away his head to the wall. He was an elderly man, gray-haired, and of wasted body. His hands, which lay over the coverlet, showed by their spasmodic twitching that he was battling with great pain.

He knew at once that he had no docile penitent before him. The light that streamed from under the heavy brows, in that one gaze of the sufferer, was not that likely to be dimmed with frequent tears.

On a moment's reflection, seeing that the poor wretch maintained his posture of aversion, Edwin's heart judged that the divine words themselves would be the best medicine. He took a seat at the bedside and began, in a low solemn voice, to read the promises of grace. Great stillness filled the apartment. Unless an odd heavy respiration from the sinking chest, and the soft regular stroke of each gospel-word upon the ear, there was nothing to be heard. For, as if to harmonize with the awful vanquishment of life, a lull came in the tempest.

After about five minutes of this holy exercise, Edwin thought the time had come for direct and personal address. Laying his hand quietly and with a gentle pressure upon one of the sufferer's, he bent towards him and dropped into his ear a Christian salutation.

The dying man remained a second motionless; then, turning round his head, declared with bitter abruptness that he wished to be alone.

It is needless to describe the scene which ensued. The sinner fought hard and doggedly to be left alone with his impenitence, and supernaturnal desire to save a soul from the abyss excited all the generosity and love and noble expostulation of the messenger of Peace.

Love had its reward. The eyes of the two men at last met in concord, and both were wetted with tears.

"Now thou canst dismiss thy servant, O Lord!" began Edwin, once more opening the sacred book.

"No, no," faltered the penitent; "something yet remains to be told. Thou art a holy man, I am convinced, and wilt not refuse a last office—at any rate for justice' sake. These twenty years I have held one sin to my heart, and to keep it secure, I have girt myself about with a host of others."

Edwin could not but listen, and again appealing to the boundless mercy of the Most High, drank in the following revelation:

"Twenty years ago, coming from England, I was struck by the charms of a young lady who sailed with us. Her comfort and, as I soon learned, her heart was in the control of a young gentleman who was bringing her to her Australian home. I sought to win her affections, but in vain. She would not speak with me but in presence of her companion, her lover. I was mad; I swore she should be mine. . . . . We landed in Brisbane. I watched her. The devil favored my plans, and she being left in the hotel, and her lover gone elsewhere, I was able by a giant bribe to get possession of a room convenient to hers. That night I should win her, or lose her forever. . . I took three natives into my service, provided

a pair of horses, and prepared for the attempt. . . Yet how could I surprise her? How avoid publicity? I added outrage to outrage, feeling sure that in the confusion I could accomplish my ends. Having combustible and inflammatory drugs with me I distributed them carefully in fitting places, and when the house was lulled into its first sleep, I communicated the fire and got ready for the assault. . . . When the smoke appeared in her room, I woke her and hurried her in semi-conscious terror to the waiting horses. Two of my fellows instantly seized her, and while it was yet dark and all were asleep, they bore her away towards the heart of the country. . . . Crime on crime! . . . Ask in Brisbane, and they will tell you till the present day all that followed the burning of the 'Crown Hotel.' . . I tried in vain to get her lover murdered. . . I sowed seeds of suspicion about his name. I fed her family in an underhand way with doubts in his honor and trustworthiness. . . If he is dead now, it will do his friends——"

"No, no," cried Edwin, passionately, "he is not dead."

The poor sufferer looked up once more, and after a gaze which seemed springing, as it were, from the depths of his soul, he covered his face with his hands, and his whole body trembled violently.

Fearing death had seized him, Edwin called the people of the house. With a heart bursting in sorrow and thankfulness, he proceeded with the lessons and psalms appointed for the occasion. Coming between his eyes and the holy letters was Alicia's name, and mingling with his prayers to heaven was the regret that he had not learned her fate. He thought that if he only knew this he should be happy.

The dying man's eyes opened at last, and in broken whispers, Edwin, whose ear was to his mouth, heard him say:

"I see, I see how it all has turned out. Oh, Alicia! if only thou hadst lived another month, thy long yearning would have been changed into joy. Thou wert true to Edwin Astley through all those years of untold anguish and unwilling servitude. Shall I be pardoned by her?"

Edwin called into the cold ear. "Yes, yes, she will pardon you for *my* sake."

The curtain dropped upon the sad scene. The man was dead.

Edwin Astley returned home to England, and was welcomed by a few personal friends who still lived. Instinctively they had rejected every calumny that had reached them, and no one no walluded to the tales of twenty years ago. The mystery which hung about the event lay buried in the hearts of all.

Two years ago he lay upon his death-bed. It was certain he had seen the last sun set. He had spoken of the spot in the churchyard where his bones should lie, and of the stone that should mark it. And then he called his relatives and friends together to receive his blessing and hear a few last words.

My uncle's last words were substantially the story I have tried to tell.

SELF-REGARD.

Croly, in his "Life of George IV," says of Curran:—"But no popular applause, and he was its idol; no homage of his profession, and he was the acknowledged meteor of the Irish Bar; and no admiration of private society, and he was the delight of the table —could ever betray Curran into self-praise. It must be supposed that when he was thus scrupulous in his own instance, he demanded no less reserve from others. When Lord Byron rose into fame, Curran constantly objected to his talking of himself as the great drawback to his poetry. 'Any subject,' said he, 'but the eternal one of self. I am weary of knowing once a month the state of any man's hopes or fears, rights or wrongs. I should as soon read a register of the weather, the barometer up so many inches to-day, and down so many inches to-morrow. I feel skepticism all over me at the sight of agonies on paper, things that come as regular and notorious as the full of the moon. The truth is, his Lordship writes for the press, and wipes [illegible] public.'"

ARE WE A MILITARY PEOPLE, OR "ARMED MOBS"?

Notwithstanding American volunteers and backwoodsmen whipped the trained soldiers of England in two wars, Europe finds it difficult to admit that we are a military people on this side of the Atlantic. It is difficult for military men of the Old World, whose experience has been to lead, or to chronicle the deeds of trained ignorance, to yield opinion in favor of, or even to recognize, the effectiveness of fighting men of the New World—men who fight, not for pay, but through a belief in the cause for which they fight. It is not the business of European soldiers to know what they fight for. They have no fundamental interest in it, and it makes little difference to them who loses or who wins. On the contrary, Americans know what they fight for—they are part and parcel of their government and country, have a fundamental interest in knowing what the fight is about; and if not satisfied on that point, will doubtless seek a means of evading a recourse to arms. When he does take the field, the American citizen knows for what he takes it, and is not easily to be driven from it.

It was stated that Count Moltke expressed his contemptuous opinion of our military character in the late civil war, by saying that the movements of two armed mobs could have no interest for a student of war. Perhaps so: but it is possible that if the great Prussian had met either of these armed mobs on its own ground, as he did the armies of France, a new chapter of military history would have been written worthy the attention of a "student of war."

But the military systems of the Old and New Worlds are as different as the political; and the old should have to come up to our standard of political principles, or we should go down to theirs before we could realize what we might do if we were transferred from one continent to the other for military purposes. Perhaps a writer in the *Tribune* is about right in saying, that a Prussian commander who undertook to carry on war in the Middle and Southern States in the fashion which succeeded in France, would surely find himself not merely beaten but destroyed. An American in Europe, on the other hand, would find useless many of the shifts to which the nature of the country, the want of roads, and the sparseness of population at home, drove him. He might or might not find himself beaten by superior science, but in any case the lessons taught him in his own country would save him anywhere from anything like the overwhelming catastrophe which would probably overtake a European army in the forests and waste districts of his own country.

Our attention was recently drawn to this subject by the publication of a new work in London, a portion of which, as originally printed in the *Edinburgh Review*, had already attracted notice in America. It is "Essays in Modern Military Biography," by Colonel C. C. Chesney, whom we remember as the author of a military work on the Russo-Turkish Campaigns of 1828–29, which was published at the period of the Crimean War, some twenty years ago. That work was considered valuable then, in a military point of view; and, judging from the character of the author's mind and studies, we should naturally conclude that his experience since must give additional value and weight to his views and decisions now. In this opinion we are doubtless not mistaken.

The present work of Colonel Chesney we have not seen, but the extracts we have met in the English journals suggested this article, and are sufficient for present purposes.

Judging from them, we know that the Essays have not a personal interest for us. The author is pro-southern in his sympathies as regards the great conflict, and makes no

effort either politically or critically to hide them. We can be equally blunt and courteous at the same time, in avowing our dissent. It is not in the fact that he writes of this or that general—of Lee or Grant, or Farragut or Porter; or the special or general movements devised or led by either, that we feel interested in what we have read of this book: but it is in the fact that he approaches simple justice in the treatment of America as a whole in its military aspect.

North and South have learned—with very good reason—to respect each other, and to acknowledge that if at times there was more decided military talent on one side, there was a consummate amount of energy and pluck on the other—that where strategy should have won, force defied it; and at other times where force was abundant, skill was supreme. North and South have come to acknowledge these things, and to congratulate themselves as a whole upon the united possession of all of the greatest qualities of generalship, of soldiership, of vigorous and irresistible military capacity developed and demonstrated during the great war. When we laid down our arms, and by degrees the nationality of the Union was accepted and acknowledged, it was with a distinct feeling of pride on the side of both of the belligerents that the Republic was invulnerable from without, in view of the power, fighting capacity, and resources developed in the conflict within.

Notwithstanding these qualities, European criticism has been severe on our military character, judging us by the rules and ordinances made from their own experience, and for their own government. These European critics forget that if we do not fight according to their rules, the exigencies of climate, topography, and physical geography, may lead us to the formation of a new military system, one suitable for all the purposes needed.

Col. Chesney is not among the malign military critics. Although antagonistic to the Union cause, he gives an intelligent opinion, which, in view of those alluded to, may be esteemed as impartial. Stating that the military excellence dispayed in the great civil war in America has been unduly depreciated by comparison with the Franco-Prussian difficulty, he says:

'There is a disposition to regard the American generals and the troops they led as altogether inferior to regular soldiers. This prejudice was born out of the blunders and want of coherence exhibited by undisciplined volunteers at the outset—faults amply atoned for by the stubborn courage displayed on both sides throughout the rest of the struggle; while if a man's claims to be regarded as a veteran are to be measured by the amount of actual fighting he has gone through, the most seasoned soldiers of Europe are but as conscripts compared with the survivors of that conflict. The conditions of war on a grand scale were illustrated to the full, as much in the contest in America as in those more recently waged on the Continent."

Of the prompt capacity for organization both of fighting material and military supplies, he says: "In all that relates to the art of feeding and supplying an army in the field, the Americans displayed quite as much ability as any Continental power; while, if the organization and discipline of their improvised troops were inferior, the actual fighting was in fact more stubborn, for no European forces have experienced the amount of resistance in combat which North and South opposed to each other."

"Neither," he continues, "was the frequently indecisive result of the great battles fought in America any proof that they formed exceptions to the ordinary rules of military science. These actions were so inconclusive, first, from deficiency in cavalry, and, next, because the beaten side would not break up. The American soldiery, in thus refusing to yield to panic when losing the day, retiring in good order and keeping a good front to the victorious enemy, displayed, let us venture to believe, an inherited quality. In order to pursue, there must be some one to run away, and to the credit of the Americans the ordinary conditions of European warfare in this respect were usually absent from the great battles fought across the Atlantic. Hence partly the frequent repetition of the struggle, almost on the same ground, of which the last campaign of Grant and Lee is the crowning example. Nor have those who study the deeds wrought by Farragut and Porter, with improvised means, any reason to hold American sailors cheaper than their own, or to think lightly of the energy that raised the fleets they led."

Of the first battle of Bull Run, Colonel Chesney says:

"Those among ourselves who know most of war are agreed that, however highly one may

think of the spirit of the levies we call our auxiliary forces, there is no ground whatever, beyond a vulgar national vanity, for the common belief that a mass of these, once beaten and panic stricken, would show conduct very different from that of McDowell's Volunteers in 1861, or of the Mobiles of the Army of the Loire, ten years later. 'Nations deceive themselves very much in this matter of their untrained troops,' was the remark made to the present writer by the chief of the Swiss army; one composed wholly of militiamen. And what is true of Frenchmen, of Swiss, and of our own kith and kin in America, would hardly be greatly falsified if misfortune fell upon ourselves. Whatever may be thought of this deduction, certainly nothing could be more mistaken than the judgment hastily passed by our press on the conduct of McDowell's raw troops, sent, as they were, into the field untrained, and, through the ignorance of Congress, left unfurnished even with the semblance of a staff."

This is, to say the least, fair, and we are inclined to acknowledge that the writer has shown a capability as well as an intention of studying our military character and qualifications as much apart from politics as an Englishman of pro-southern prejudices could. This gives additional force to the pleasure experienced in finding the result of his critical inquiry to be an intelligent evidence in Europe of the military excellence of America.

Colonel Chesney *is* a military student, and yet the movements of our "armed mobs" seem to have some interest for him, General Moltke's opinion to the contrary notwithstanding. The dates of his works would lead us to credit him with an experience of nearly half a century; and he is admittedly one of the most resourceful and distinguished of English military writers; and he thinks the American armies in the late civil war not "armed mobs" but veterans, to whom, judging from their actual fighting, "the most seasoned soldiers of Europe are but as conscripts." Then, again, he is a clear and vigorous writer; and he uses his talents in this line to give expression to his interest as a student, and his opinions as a critic. By such means the English military critic places himself in direct opposition to the Prussian organizer of victory.

The fanciful idea that always presented itself to the mind of Leigh Hunt in connection with America was, that the Atlantic seaboard was an extended counter, and all the inhabitants behind it shopmen running up and down offering all the world their Yankee Notions for sale. We forget whether Leigh Hunt arrived at this fancy before or after the second war with Great Britain. If after, he might have known that we could give some "plaguy knocks" to our enemies, as well as knick-knacks to our friends. If before that war, he had the experiences of the war of the Revolution before him; but these could only remind him that his father had to fly from Philadelphia as a royalist. However, whatever might have been Hunt's fancies, it seems ridiculous that Von Moltke should so stultify his reputation as to give utterance to the "armed mob" nonsense.

In view of the supercilious sneer of so great a general, it is curious to see how Chesney's opinions are received by the English press. Our interest at all events will not be lessened by hearing what John Bull *now* has to say under Chesney's instructions. We find one of his journals taking back some prejudices:

"One error which Col. Chesney demolishes is that of supposing that at starting the Confederate troops were, man for man, the superiors of their opponents. This error, the result of the stampede at Bull Run, operated delusively upon a large body of English opinion throughout the greater part of the war; and all the courage and steadiness afterwards displayed by the troops failed to remove the first unfavorable impression. For most English spectators, even those whose sympathies were with the North, the war was from first to last a struggle between quantity and quality, the subjugation of a limited number of superior by an unlimited number of inferior soldiers. Of course it had to be admitted that Federal troops had held their own against odds, but on the whole the advantage in the quality of fighting material was generally believed to be on the side of the Confederacy. This error Col. Chesney attacks, saying its only foundation was in the disaster of Bull Run—a battle of raw levies on both sides, and, in vulgar parlance, a 'toss up' which should be the first to run."

In alluding to the topographical character of the country, and of our deficiencies in cavalry the London *Spectator* says: "But even Seidlitz himself, with his squadrons, would have been puzzled how to use them in an American forest." It differs entirely with Moltke

and his "mobs," and believes many battles to have been inconclusive "because the troops on both sides were so good." In the opinion of the *Spectator*, "the greater actions were quite as decisive as all but the exceptional fights in Europe;" and, in proof, evidences Fort Donelson, Pittsburgh Landing, Vicksburg, Missionary Ridge, and Gettysburg; and the great results following them. Against the troops possessed by the Confederates, and the country in which they fought, "Napoleon himself," it says, "could not have won anything like an Austerlitz, still less a Waterloo."

Such are a few points by way of a sample from the interesting articles in the English press, on American soldiers, elicited by Chesney's military essays. The English *United Service Magazine*, in a series of sketches of the life of Sir Garnet K. Wolseley, the "victor of Ashantee," gives an account of a visit of that soldier, then a colonel and stationed in Canada, to the army of General Lee just after the battle of Antietam. Wolseley as a military man was greatly interested, and formed, we are told, the highest opinion both of the personal qualities and military genius of Generals Lee and Stonewall Jackson. Judging from these various opinions, we may allow ourselves to be flattered into the belief that, if we cannot go so far as our frontier friend who could "whip his weight in wild cats," we can at least, with some exercise of energy, take care of ourselves. Reflecting a little on the subject, our thoughts float, as it were, into a conundrum for General von Moltke:—If "armed mobs," such as composed the Union and Confederate armies, exhibited such endurance, heroism and tenacity of purpose when face to face, what can they not undergo and accomplish when shoulder to shoulder? Face to face, they met an uncommon foe. Shoulder to shoulder, they would meet a common one.

THE COMING HOME.

CHAPTER II.

Mrs. Lester was sitting in a large old-fashioned rocking-chair in her tidy back kitchen. Her head leaned against the back of her chair, her eyes were closed, and her brow contracted as if in intense pain. Her head did truly ache, and no wonder; she had worried and fretted so since hearing another family was coming upon them to do for, that it had ended in a severe nervous headache. Without rising, she languidly opened her eyes, and extended a slender, worn hand.

"So you have got here, Olive, you and your children?"

"Yes, Amy, we are here."

Mrs. Lester glanced at the children, and then in an indifferent tone said:

"Well, take off their things, and your own too, and go into the dining-room. You will find the table set, and the tea in the teapot. Pour some water out of the tea-kettle on it; I have kept the tea-kettle hot, for I didn't know what minute you would be here."

"But can't you come in and eat too?"

"Maybe I will, but not till Gilbert comes in. I have one of my bad headaches, Olive, and hardly feel able to stir."

"I am truly sorry to hear it. What do you generally do for them?"

"I have taken one thing after another, but nothing seems to help me. If I could get a good sleep, it would do more than any thing else to help me. Phebe has gone over to Eunice's for some valerian. I told her to wait till you got here, for I did not feel able to receive you, but she wouldn't; she would go right away, for she wanted to get it, and steep it for me as soon as she could."

The widow and her children stood just as they came in, and suddenly sitting upright in her chair, Mrs. Lester in a sharp querulous voice said: "Why, Olive, why don't you take off your own and the children's things? Why do you stand and look like poor frightened things that hadn't a friend in the wide world?" Her fine large eyes filled as she put the last question. She was a slight, delicate-framed woman, a little above the medium height. Her hair, once a dark

brown, was now freely dashed with white, her features were small and regular, and in youth must have been strikingly beautiful, but now a certain sharpness marred their beauty; her complexion, though greatly faded, still retained an exceeding fairness. The rose had disappeared from her cheek, but the lily remained. Her eyes were a clear blue gray, and like her whole face had a sharp look, but this look could and often did soften down to one of great tenderness and pity. She now rose from her chair, and with motherly kindness took off the children's outward wrappings. "They are pretty children," she said, looking admiringly at them: "what are their names?"

"The eldest is Matilda, we call her Tilda: the next is Josephine, the next Emma, and the boy is William. Like Tilda, his name is shortened, and we call him Willie."

"You lost your three eldest?"

"Yes, they were early called home to God. And oh, Amy, you don't know how often I have wished we all were!"

"Poor, poor soul, you have suffered terribly."

"My heart has been nearly broken," was answered in a voice she vainly strove to render calm and even, but it trembled with the intensity of feeling. Bending forward, she pressed her hands to her eyes, as if determined to keep back the tears. For a moment she remained bowed, hardly breathing and only conscious of an unutterable sorrow and desolation; then she raised herself, and deliberately took off her shawl and bonnet. The inward storm was passed, she was calm as a marble statue; with her black dress enhancing the paleness of her face and hands, and her slow, measured movements, there was something extremely statue-like in her whole appearance. Mrs. Lester put away their things in an adjoining room, and was laguidly leading the way into the dining-room when Mr. Lester came in.

"Well, Amy," he said, "you find Olive considerably changed."

"Yes, and I suppose she has found us changed too."

"Oh! of course, of course. Years can't come and go without leaving their mark."

He drew up chairs, and settled the children round the table while Mrs. Lester made the tea, and opening the oven door took out several dishes and lifted them to the table. Napkins covered plates of cake and pie, and with the addition from the oven a bountiful, and to the children, in the way of the cake, pie, and preserves, a very relishing meal was spread before them.

"Where is Phebe?" Mr. Lester asked, generously filling the plates.

"She has gone over to Eunice's for some valerian, and I wonder she is not back."

"May be they did'nt have it, and she has had to go somewhere else for it. You have one of your headaches?"

"Yes. I didn't tell you this morning, for I thought it might wear away, but it didn't. It kept getting worse and worse. As soon as Phebe got the dinner or supper rather, she would go for some valerian. She thought she would get it and be back before you got here, but I knew better."

"But, Amy, do try to drink some tea," the widow entreated, "it will do you good."

"I will try it," Mrs. Lester answered, raising the cup to her lips. "But eat, all of you, and don't mind me." She looked kindly, pityingly at them, and notwithstanding her headache, joined her husband in striving to make the meal pleasant.

As they were rising from the table, Phebe, flushed and breathless, came in. She was a tall, slender girl of nineteen, with bright eyes of clear grey. Her features were like her sister's, regular with a certain sharpness, but the eyes were so different in expression, her complexion brunette instead of blonde, and her hair, rich and abundant, brown too, that there did not seem the slightest resemblance between them. Her voice had a sweet musical tone, and her manners were warm and cordial. She heartily welcomed the widow and her children, and then before taking her supper, prepared the valerian for Mrs. Lester and prevailed on her to retire to her room, and lie down comfortably on her bed. Throwing a light spread over her, she quietly closed the door and left her.

"I do hope she will sleep," she whispered coming back to the dining-room; "it is the only thing that ever helps her." Her meal was soon over, and then with a light, noiseless step she carried the dishes to the kitchen, and motioned to the widow and children

to follow her. "There now," she said, softly closing the door, "we can speak if we speak low, without disturbing poor aunt Amy."

"You call her aunt," Mrs. Martin remarked, a home feeling creeping into and comforting her heart.

"Yes. When I first came here your brother George's children were here, and they called her Aunt Amy, and Mr. Lester, Uncle Gilbert, and sister, brother and I took to calling them aunt and uncle. And with your permission I would like to call you aunt. It seems so natural to say Aunt Olive, and so hard to screw my mouth into calling you Mrs. Martin."

"And I shall be happy to have you call me aunt. It will make you seem not like a stranger, but a dear and valued relative."

"Exactly so. And now let me see what I have got for my little cousins." She took down a covered basket from a shelf in one corner, and lifting the lid, handed to the eldest girl a handsome doll dressed in pink.

"Here, Tilda," she said, "that is for you, and here is a red and yellow birdie for Josephine, and a cupboard with bits of dishes for Emma; and, Willie, I didn't forget you. There, sir, take it; it is your little doggie holding a basket, and looking out of his china eyes so very knowing. When you get done playing with them, you can put them back in the basket, so you will know next time you want them, where to find them." The children, with a still, subdued joy, took the toys so thoughtfully provided for them, and looked, if they did not not speak, their gratitude.

There were a great many thing to put away, and Phebe stepped round so lightly and glided into the pantry, opened and closed drawers, and descended to the cellar with such celerity and grace, that it was a pleasure to watch her movements. Mrs. Martin offered to help her, and with ready tact she let her. Not one word did she tell her of Aunt Amy's worrying because she and her children were coming, but she dwelt at length on her own coming there.

"You see," she said, "Aunt Amy had one of her bad headaches the very day we, father, brother, sister and I came, and you don't know how bad I felt."

"Then you remember it?"

"Remember it! I shall never forget it. I was seven years old; about the same age I should judge as your Josephine."

"Josephine is eight."

"Well, then I was a year larger for my age, for the little dress I wore—I have it yet—would just fit Josephine. I thought, child that I was, that Aunt Amy was not overpleased to see us, and father thought so too. How bad he felt! He had never been very well off, and it seems was not one of the kind to get along. While he had any youth and strength he made out to support his family quite comfortably, but he never laid up anything for old age. It came, mother took sick, lingered a long time, and during her sickness father was helped time and again by his grown-up children. At last mother died, and when she died father was not worth a cent in the world. Then it was decided that he was to go to some of his children and live with them, and his little ones, sister, brother, and myself, were to be billeted round among them. Instead of that when the time for going among them came, they all insisted we should go to Uncle Gilbert's and Aunt Amy's. They were not the best off; Aunt Eunice and Aunt Lydia were worth each twice as much, but they had children of their own. Aunt Amy had none, so to her we must go, and to her we came. She felt imposed upon, and now I don't wonder, but then I only felt grieved that no warm welcome was vouchsafed us. But we soon got used to Aunt Amy, and she to us; and I tell you, Aunt Olive, we found her good and true."

"But your sister?"

"Oh, you have heard it, so I may as well tell you. She and Aunt Amy never agreed very well. When I said 'we,' I meant father, brother, and myself. We could get along well with her because we could see how good-hearted she was, but Sarah treasured up every fretful word she spoke, and was, to say the least, none too agreeable herself. Aunt Amy bore with her as well as if she had been her own child, and did for her the same, and when she married gave her a good setting out, and she went away to her new home as thankless as if nothing had been done for her, and with as little affection for brother and me as she had for Uncle Gilbert or Aunt Amy."

"Does she ever write to you?"

"No, never; but Aaron, just before his marriage, went to see her. She lives in Orange County, and he thought some of settling there himself. On his return he told us she and her husband were getting along quite well, not the best by any means, but that she was just as selfish and indifferent as ever."

"Did your brother settle there?"

"No, he came back, married, and went West, and every little while writes me and Aunt Amy and Uncle Gilbert the kindest and most affectionate of letters. He has a dear little wife that we all love."

"You knew her?"

"Yes, indeed. She was brought up right in the neighborhood. She is old Mr. Wiseman's youngest daughter. Why, Aunt Olive, you must remember him; he lived here before you left home."

"Yes, I remember him well. Is he still living?"

"No, he died about a year ago, soon after Ruth's marrige."

"Is his wife living?"

"Yes. Her son Samuel carries on the farm, and has carried it on for several years past. While his father lived the old couple occupied the south wing of the house and lived to themselves, but since his father's death his mother lives right in the family with him."

The kitchen was now tidied, every thing in its proper place, the children still quietly amusing themselves with their playthings, and she led the way to the parlor. It was very neatly and tastefully furnished, but had the stiff, formal look of a room but seldom used. The whole house had been thoroughly repaired, and in the repairing so wholly changed from what it was when Mrs. Martin left, that nothing around it had the old look. While obliged to own the improvements, she sighed as she thought, "How little I know it; how little it knows me." Phebe did not seem so much at ease as she did in the kitchen, but she chatted on, sometimes about the old neighbors whom Aunt Olive must remember, and about the new ones of whom she knew nothing. If her Aunt Amy had not retired to her room with a bad headache, she would have taken the widow to the dining and sitting room—it was used as both—but as her aunt's room adjoined it, she was afraid she would be unable to sleep; for the same reason she refrained from taking her over the house and showing the new arrangements. She sat restlessly in her chair, frequently changing her position, and changing, too, her subject of conversation; for she flitted from the old to the new neighbors, and from the new back to the old. Then she referred to the ornamental trifles on the table and mantelpiece, and attempted a history of each without finishing, or even more than commencing a history of any. Mrs. Martin saw her embarrassment, and gratefully appreciated her endeavors to entertain her; and if she had not been painfully embarrassed herself, would have relieved her by timely aids in her broken remarks; but all she could do was to listen, and try to seem interested. At length she timidly suggested a return to the kitchen, giving as a reason that the children might forget themselves and make a noise, and thereby disturb their poor sick aunt. Her suggestion was gladly acted upon, and back to the kitchen they went. They found Willie asleep in Tilda's arms, and the two little girls gathered around her listening to a whispered story she was telling them. Tired of their toys, they had put them back in the basket, and were patiently waiting their mother's return. Mr. Lester soon came in. "How is your Aunt Amy now?" he asked of Phebe.

"Oh, she is sleeping nicely. I peeped in as we came from the parlor, and now she will be well in the morning."

"I hope so," he answered, fearing his sister might feel her going off to bed right away after supper was not showing her the respect her long absence and misfortunes merited. But those headaches were so terrible; he knew something what they were; as a general thing he was little troubled with them, but sometimes in the wet cold falls on carrying his grain to market, they had come on him, and tortured him past words to tell. So Amy was not to blame, she could not help it. Olive might think her rather queer, but she had a really kind heart, and by and by Olive would find it out, and not feel so pained and grieved as he could see she did now. In an undertone he talked to the

children, and praised them to their mother, finding in each a striking resemblance to different members of his family. He said nothing at present of the little old house she was to live in, and the sewing she was to do, but he thought of it, and wondered if she would be able to do much at it. As his doubts grew into almost certainties, his heart, in spite of its grasping propensities, softened more and more to her, and more and more vividly came before him the bright prospects that, as the wife of Edward Martin, had once been hers. He could hardly be his calm passive self as the radiant past rose up contrasting with the sombre realities of the present. The children began to show signs of weariness. Willie, who roused up on his uncle's entrance, was now sound asleep in his arms. Josephine and Emma, sitting on stools at their mother's knee, could hardly keep their eyes open, while Tilda, with her womanly assumption of superior wisdom, found herself more than once nodding in her chair.

"Why bless me!" exclaimed Mr. Lester, rising as the clock struck nine, "I forgot how tired you all must be after your long ride. Phebe, show Olive and the children to their room."

He resigned the sleeping boy to his mother, and kindly bade her good night. The room they were conducted to was a large, comfortably but plainly furnished one, over the sitting room. Two large beds stood one on each side, with a cot near one of them for Willie. The children knelt with the mother in prayer, then were undressed and put to bed. Long after they were sleeping sweetly the poor widow sat by the window and looked out through the gloom on the fields she knew so well, and remembered with such tender love. How lone, how desolate she felt; how strange every thing around her seemed! She wished with the gnawing pain at her heart that she could pluck out the memory of the past, and fling it from her. It only made her wretched, and her present so poignant in its glaring contrasts. But would she willingly forget her mother so loving and careworn, so devoted to the welfare of her children, so forgetful of self; her father with his stiff integrity and harmless egotism, which he was so unconscious of, and which, because it turned on his favorite heroes, and not on himself, was looked upon as the stanchest patriotism; and her brother George, whose life had been none too happy—forget them! Forget the past—tear from her heart the tie that bound her to her kindred, the dead and the living! No, no. Let the contrast between her past and present be as painful as it was, still, not for worlds would she part with those hallowed memories. Then her thoughts turned to her coming labors. With that recurring pain in her side, would she be able to support herself and children? She did not want to burden Gilbert and Amy; she could see that her coming poor to them worried them greatly; they feared she would be an expense to them. If she failed in her efforts, she knew, with their abundance, they would not let her suffer; but if she could manage so as not to have to call on them, how glad, how grateful would she be! But would she? ah, would she? That dreadful catch in her breath, that sharp pain in her side, gave a decided negative to her question. With this answer embittering her every feeling, she dashed the tears from her eyes and went to bed. If the shortened breath, and sore spot in her side portended death how willingly, how gladly would she accept it. But her poor children—they needed her, needed her now more than ever. What would become of their faith? What did those they were thrown among know about it and its blessed, sanctifying power? For their sakes she must try to live. With a prayer on her lips that she might be strengthened to do her duty, she closed her weary eyes.

CHAPTER III.

Early the next morning the widow was up, dressed, and, her prayers said, descended to the kitchen. Phebe was there busy getting the breakfast. Her light step and bright, happy face were a comfort in themselves.

"Good morning, Aunt Olive," she said, on seeing her enter the room, "I did not expect you down so soon."

"Did you think me a sluggard?"

"Oh no, but after your tiresome journey

I know you must feel greatly worn. You look it," she added in a kind, pitying tone. "Did you sleep well?"

"Yes, I slept well, and woke much refreshed. The children, poor little things, are still sleeping, and look in their sleep so happy I couldn't bear to wake them."

"That was right, Aunt Olive, let them have their sleep out."

"But they should be up to breakfast; at least Tilda should. I did not think it would be ready so soon, or I would have spoken to her. I will go now and rouse her." She turned to leave the room, but hastening from the buttery where she was cutting a loaf of bread into generous slices, Phebe arrested her steps.

"Not this morning," she entreated; "I will put their breakfast where it will be nice and warm, and let them all have their sleep out."

Mrs. Lester coming in, and hearing the remark, in her own peculiar way heartily seconded it. "Yes," she sharply responded, "let them if they can, keep their eyes shut, and forget for a little while the cares and aggravations of life."

"How is your head, Aunt Amy?" Phebe kindly asked.

"Better. That is, it don't ache, but it feels sore as if it had been pounded."

"But now the pain is gone, the soreness will soon leave," was hopefully answered.

"I hope so," she returned in a languid and much injured tone.

Mrs. Martin sighed, and let her eyes rest on the well-remembered hills that circled them on all sides; she felt to the core of her heart what an intruder she was. If it had been anywhere else, the bitterness would not have been so intense; but in her own father's house, in that house, changed though it was, in which she had been so happy and felt so at ease, to know and feel her presence there was now an aggravation, that she was barely endured, and hardly that—oh, it was bitter, bitter. Her face had the drawn look of agony, but no word escaped the tightly pressed lips. Silently she helped Phebe, and Phebe, looking with pity on her, did not object. Mrs. Lester, after one or two remonstrances to Phebe for her extravagance in her free use of butter in her cookery, and a stinging remark or so about her ignorance of what it cost, and if she had to pay the money out for it instead of simply going into the dairy for it she would soon know the difference, would know it at least if she depended on her own resources, sunk into the rocking-chair, and allowed herself to be made comfortable, with her feet on the stool, and her sharp features somewhat smoothed down by the irresistible sweetness of Phebe's words and ways. Mr. Lester's hired man was home for a few days, and he had all the chores to do himself, so that he was not able to come in till the meal had been ready some time. This would again have caused Mrs. Lester to start afresh on the heaped-up and piling-over aggravations of life, if Phebe had not kept her pleasantly occupied, telling the widow how many firkins of butter she had made the past summer, and how from its superior excellence to any other made in the neighborhood, and for that matter in the State, Gilbert always got ten per cent more than any one else. Once on the theme of good, sweet butter, and from that to good housekeeping in general, she forgot the lapse of time; and having attentive listeners, and having expressed her opinions with much satisfaction to herself, was in a placid and benevolent frame of mind by the time Mr. Lester got through and was able to come in.

They all ranged themselves round the table the same as the night before except that the children were not there, and Phebe was. It was a pleasant meal, and no one was more anxious it should be enjoyed than Mrs. Lester herself. But during it the widow anxiously inquired when she could go to her own room.

"Just as soon," Mrs. Lester answered, "as Gilbert can get you some things you will want; but," she added in her querulous tones, "you seem to be in a hurry to be off."

"It seems," the widow answered, trying to speak with her usual calmness, "that I ought to think of doing for myself."

"Of course, and I know you do, Olive," Mr. Lester answered, "but set your heart at rest; just as soon as I can go to Princeton, which won't be till sometime next week, the latter part I think, I will get the things you need, and then you can go to housekeeping again; but till then you must be patient and stay with us."

"And, Aunt Olive," Phebe in her bright, cheery way remarked, "I think it such a favor to have you here just now. I have lots of sewing to do, and was wondering who I could get to do it."

"But do you suppose she will be able to do it in a week?" Mrs. Lester tartly asked.

"No, Aunt Amy, I know very well neither she nor any one else could do it in a week, or a month even. For, Aunt Olive," again turning her bright face to the widow, "I have more than I ever had in my whole life before: comforters to make up, and quilts, sheets, pillow-cases, curtains and—and—well every thing, every thing." She blushed and stopped unable to go on.

"I suppose," said Mr. Lester in a grave, serious voice, "that you have heard Phebe is going to leave us this fall."

"Yes, Amy wrote me she was."

"Not this fall, Gilbert," Mrs. Lester returned, "I am happy to say, though Phebe may not be, that she won't go from us till next spring."

"Next spring! Why, that's news to me, and good news, too."

"Rufus and she have been talking it over, and they have concluded to wait till then." Phebe's cheeks were very red, but she strove to act as if she did not mind the subject much, that it was one in fact that she hardly thought worth noticing: but she did not succeed at all. Her hands trembled as she handed round the plate of cake, and replenished her uncle's tea. Once or twice she attempted to speak, but the words seemed to stick in her throat, and she coughed instead.

"Now that I have seen Phebe," the widow in her quiet, quick way observed, turning to her brother, "I don't wonder Amy grieved so at the thought of losing her."

"And did she?" Phebe suddenly found voice to ask.

"To be sure I did, and do," Mrs. Lester impatiently answered. "You know what a loss you will be to me."

"But Tilda will take my place."

Mrs. Lester did not sharply contradict her as the widow expected she would; she only thoughtfully answered:

"Tilda appears to be a very good child; but she is only a child."

"Just as I was once. Don't you remember, you and Uncle Gilbert, what a little thing I was when I first came here? Why Tilda is a head taller than I was, and I know more than a full head wiser and more womanly."

Mrs. Lester's thin lips trembled; she did not attempt to speak, but hastily took a sip of her tea. Mr. Lester letting his knife and fork, which had been doing good business, rest, and looking fixedly at his sister, in a hearty, fatherly tone responded, pointing with his teaspoon to the object of his remark: "She has been a blessing to us ever since the first day she came into the house." He laid down the spoon, resumed his knife and fork, and went on gravely with his meal.

"And so will Tilda be," Phebe answered, "you see if she is not. In a few years from now you will say the same of her. Aunt Amy, Aunt Olive, Uncle Gilbert, mark my words, Phebe's words, and see if I am not a true prophet: Tilda will be a great comfort, and will bring an unspeakable blessing to you and Uncle Gilbert."

"And to you too, Phebe," the widow in a low tremulous tone added.

"Yes, to me too, Aunt Olive, and I bow my head to receive it." She reverently bowed her head.

Mr. and Mrs. Lester and the widow were deeply affected. They tried to keep up a show of conversation, but little more was said during the meal. Immediately after it Mr. Lester rose, and observing that now Gideon (his hired man) was gone, he would have to work all the harder himself, put on his hat and betook himself to the fields. Mrs. Lester wended her way to the dairy, and the widow went with her.

"I want you to see, Amy," she said, "that I have not forgotten my old duties. Mother used to say a thing well learned was easy remembered."

"That is true, Olive. I have told Phebe that a hundred times."

"I suppose she understands butter-making pretty well."

"If she did not I would not consider I had done my duty to her. Yes, Phebe is a good butter-maker; a better would be hard to find."

Mrs. Lester watched with a critical eye the widow's movements. At last the doubt-

ful look passed from her face; a pleasant smile broke over it. "Olive, you said right, you have not forgotten your mother's lessons."

"Did you think I had?" was dryly asked.

"No, but then your hand has been so long out of the business, that I would not have been surprised if you had been a little awkward at first."

An hour or more passed. The work in the dairy was over for the day, and they returned to the kitchen. The morning's work was there done too; the children were neatly dressed, had eaten their breakfast, and now, gathered round Phebe, who was busy in some preparation for dinner, were listening with rapt attention to the story she was telling them. Tilda in her grave way now and then ventured to put a question to her. Tilda and Emma said not a word but sat very still, anxious not to lose a single syllable. Willie it was evident did not feel so keen an interest in the tale, but he watched the speaker, reached out his little arms approvingly, and when she paused in her work and patted him on the head, caught her hand and pressed it lovingly to his soft cheek. He loved her voice, loved the glance of her beautiful eyes, loved the play of her features, and happening to see her shadow on the floor pointed to it as if he loved that too.

Mrs. Lester was touched. "They are good little things," she emphatically said. Then she sat down, and in a grim sort of a way caressed them. The little girls bore her endearments withour wincing, but Willie drew back and stoutly resisted them. His mother chided him, and Aunt Amy very unceremoniously requested her to mind her business and let him alone. "He don't know me as yet," she moodily said; "by and by we'll get acquainted, and then he'll find out that one may have a sharp tongue and back of it a feeling heart. And now, Olive," she said rising from the chair into which she had sunk, and gently putting the children to one side, "while Phebe is getting the dinner we will go into the sitting-room, and see what we can spare out of the house for you to go to housekeeping; for I know you won't be easy till you get settled."

The widow followed Mrs. Lester into the sitting room. The latter after looping farther back the curtains, and drawing up a couple of arm-chairs before one of the windows, stirred up the fire in the stove; although a fine, sunny day the chill of autumn was in the air, as it moan was in the light breeze that now and then stirred the branches of the trees. The widow sank into her chair, and strove, but strove in vain, to shut out from her mental vision the crowding memories of the past. How they trooped before her; and the echoes of the dead and gone years, how they filled her ears. She raised her hands, and pressed them to her eyes. "O Amy!" she exclaimed, "the old, old times! how they come back, how they haunt me!"

A tear dimned the sharpness of Mrs. Lester's eyes; it was several moments before she attempted to speak.

"Dear heart," she then softly said, "you have suffered so much and been so lone and felt so forsaken; and now to be back to your old home, and know you have friends, who, however crusty they may sometimes be, feel deeply for you, is almost more than you can bear." She reached her hand from the arm of her own chair, and laid it affectionately on the arm of the widow's. Her hands were now meekly clasped.

"Yes, Amy," she answered, "it is a comfort, a great and unspeakable comfort, to be near you and Gilbert; but as you said, I will not be easy till I and the children get settled in our little home."

"Just so, Olive; and to hasten this, I will tell you what Gilbert and I have thought. We have talked the matter over and if you—" she hesitated for a moment and a faint flush swept over her face.

"And if I what, Amy? tell me. You need not shrink from letting me know."

"Well then, Olive, she answered, mastering her irresolution, "if you would put up with some old furniture we could spare, he wouldn't have to pay out so much, and with a few dollars we could make you very comfortable."

"I shall only be too glad to get it, Amy. I do want to get to myself. I know I shall be a great deal easier in my mind. You and Gilbert have had it hard, so many and so heavy burdens have come upon you."

(To be continued.)

ROBERT EMMET AND SARAH CURRAN.

Among the most romantic and widely known of youthful patriots is Robert Emmet; and his name was given to history by his connection with the unfortunate revolutionary movement of July, 1803, in Ireland. This project was not that of Robert Emmet alone, who had passed the early autumn of 1802 in Paris deep in the study of military matters. All of the Irish exiles of 1798, in Paris and Belgium, with the exception of Arthur O'Connor, appear to have been engaged in, or cognizant of it. Of the party in Paris Thomas Russel had the most influence, if we are to judge by the memoirs of O'Connor, to whom the French government communicated the fact. The conspiracy was well laid in Ireland also, men of prominence and distinction, including some noblemen, giving it their substantial sanction. In Emmet's famous court speech, he declares he was the instrument, the willing instrument, however, of men, before the splendor of whose genius and virtues he bowed with respectful deference. He also emphatically, and more than once, denied that his purpose was to transfer Ireland from the hand of England to the grasp of France. In his written communication with Bonaparte, Addis Emmet also in unmistakable language scouted the idea that the Irish would accept aid on any such terms. Impressed by the anxious representations from Ireland, the majority of the Irish exiles concurred in a coöperative movement when France would be ready to strike England on her own account; and from his connection, enthusiam, and ability Robert Emmet became the leading agent in the movement.

He arrived in Dublin in October, 1802, and though secretly in communication with the revolutionary leaders, he went into society, and did not seriously, or apparently so, apply himself to the fulfilment of his plans until the declaration of war in March, 1803; when that cheering intelligence aroused the energy and foresight with which his name is so grandly, even if disastrously, linked. He now took a house near Harold's Cross, a village some two miles from the city and on the road to the Dublin mountains. Here he had his meetings with the men who still had faith and hope in the cause. Here, from the golden fountain of his eloquence, he poured into them new life and vigor, and with the force of his impetuous spirit and serious manner stirred the slumbering fire in their souls. He sent agents to various parts of the country while he superintended the preparations in the city himself, which were to light the entire country anew. So far as I can discover, all the funds at his disposal amounted to about seventeen thousand dollars—ten of which comprised all his own fortune; and some seven thousand contributed by Philip Long, a patriotic and wealthy tradesman of Dublin, who entered fully into the conspiracy.

Lawless accompanied Emmet to Ireland. Thomas Russel, regarding whom Tone said, "I think the better of myself for being the object of esteem of such a man," and who had but just quitted his prison at Fort George, came to Ireland to lead the men of the North, over which district he was appointed general-in-chief. Putnam McCabe's presence in the country is made memorable by his felicitous escape from the soldiery at Belfast. Michael Dwyer was at the head of a brave band of mountaineers in Wicklow. Nicholas Gray, Bagnal Harvey's aide-de-camp in Wexford during '98, was in the movement. The indefatigable James Hope, the weaver of Temple Patrick, who had been the secret agent of the leaders of '98, and who with McCracken led the insurgents at the gallant fight at Antrim, was still unceasing in his allegiance to the national cause, and deeply trusted by Emmet. Many brave and good men, men of substance and sinew in Dublin and the counties, gave their courage, and, in many instances, their lives to the daring project

represented by the young chief. His amiability, not less than his force of character, won all who met him, while his brain teemed with illustrations and arguments well calculated to inspire confidence and dispel doubt. Like Tone, too, his energy was inexhaustibly great. No man who reflects on the career of Emmet will fail to be struck with the irrepressible vigor with which he carried on his preparations; now planning, now superintending his various depots and the manufacture of arms. In one of these places he slept on a mattress on the floor, that he might be always present to oversee what was going on, to animate the workmen, or meet any emergency that might arise to demand his presence and example.

His plot had been so adroitly managed, and the appearance of quiet so undisturbed in the city, that it was difficult to make the authorities believe that such a thing as a conspiracy was in being. The first indication that to them warranted the idea occurred on the 14th July, the anniversary of the French Revolution, when bonfires were lighted in memory of that event, and people, as if imbued with its spirit, joined in the festival, in groups in the streets. On the 16th the accidental blowing up of the powder depot in Patrick Street further awakened the senses of the authorities. This unfortunate occurrence compelled Emmet to anticipate events. For the next seven days he was scarcely out of the depot in Marshalsea-lane hurrying on preparations. In a rear house were about a dozen men at work, making cartridges, casting bullets, fabricating rockets, and forging and fashioning pike-heads. But they availed nought. With the explosion of the 16th United Irishism was virtually blown into barren fragments.

On the 23rd July the projected rising took place. Emmet with a handful of followers made a demonstration towards Dublin Castle. The murder of the Chief Justice Lord Kilwarden, in a mistake by some pikemen in Thomas Street, disturbed his attention from the central point, and threw disgrace and disorder on the affair. The contemplated insurrection dwindled into a riot and a panic; and notwithstanding the ability with which Emmet's plans were laid, and the admission that the castle and government escaped almost by a miracle, still it cannot be denied that the rising, from whatever cause it is needless to analyze, was a lamentable failure.

After this discomfiture there was a general scattering of the insurgents. Emmet escaped to the Dublin mountains, where he was met by several leaders in the conspiracy to discuss and determine future plans of operations. But the dream of the enthusiast had a violent awakening. He could not believe the reiteration of such sweeping promises of aid as left him in his present position. He argued that as the government did not know the real state of affairs, it was best to remain still, and give the authorities a false notion of security, in order that the revolutionists might improve on a future opportunity. So completely was the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland taken unawares by Emmet's movement, that when the news reached England, it was proposed in parliament by Sir John Wrottesley to have him impeached. And it doubtless would have followed, but that Sheridan argued it most unwise to admit that the capital of Ireland had been on the point of falling into the hands of the rebels, as it would be giving encouragement to rebellion and treason all over the kingdom.

"In insurrections," said Emmet, "all depends upon the first blow; and we have missed." He exhorted his friends to pursue their faith of freedom in silence and with prudence, and, deeply affected, bade his companions farewell.

He was pressed to make an immediate escape. The insurgents owned some fishing smacks which could put him beyond the reach of pursuit before the authorities would be fairly on his track. He excused himself with some embarrassment, and being pressed with remonstrances and solicitations, at last avowed that there was one to whom he must bid an eternal farewell, before the terrors of the government should force him into exile. "He could not leave Ireland, for years, perhaps for ever, without seeing her. Were he to face a thousand deaths, he would see her again."

And this brings us to another sad episode in this tragic, though romantic history. Emmet was one of the gifted band of young men who used to visit the house of John Philpot Curran; and in addition to the brilliant at-

tractions of the great advocate, wit, and patriot, there were the gentle but more powerful fascinations of his daughter, a young girl scarcely eighteen. The Countess D' Haussainville, who has written a spirited French memoir of Emmet, gives a woman's picture of a woman in her delineation of Sarah Curran:

"She was not, it is said, beautiful, but she was better than beautiful—it was impossible to forget her when once she had been seen. Her slight and elegant figure, her large dark eyes, often cast down, the expression of which was tender and modest at the same time, the gentleness of her every movement, gave to her whole person an indescribable charm. 'The Irish', says Byron, 'boast of their Eastern descent; and, in truth, the wildness, the tenderness, the lively colors of their imagination, the ardent and exalted spirit of the sons of Ireland, the beauty and the Asiatic grace of her daughters, would plead in favor of this opinion.' All those who knew Miss Curran describe her as an ardent and timid being, reserved and silent, without a will of her own, but capable of deep affection, and ready for every sacrifice in favor of the object of her affection.

'A maiden never bold,
Of spirit so still and quiet that her motion
Blushed at herself.'

"There is in the sad and touching history of this unfortunate girl a vague poetry which reminds us of the immortal creations of Byron and Shakespeare. The fame and misfortunes of her love have engraved her name for ever in the annals of her country."

Emmet deeply loved her. When on the verge of the grave he calls her "the idol of his soul." And he wrote to Curran from prison: "I would rather have the affections of your daughter in the back settlements of America, than the first situation this country could afford without them." They had loved each other without the knowledge of her father; on whom the discovery brought government suspicion of being probably aware of the conspiracy. This placed Curran under the necessity of explaining and justifying himself before the privy council, which aroused all the resentment, harshness, and irritability of his nature.

The sensibility of Emmet's nature forced him into the belief that he had deeply wronged this gentle girl by wooing her when he had such a desperate enterprise on hand, and he desired to see her and remove her anxiety before he made his escape. This desire cost him his life. After eluding the government for some time, he was arrested at Harold's Cross. He was tried and convicted on the 19th of September. He made no defence, and this fact rendered still more wanton the unnecessary speech made against him by Wm. Conyngham Plunket, who was associated with the prosecution; and who but a few short years before was one of the most extreme as he was one of the ablest antagonists of the English government in Ireland. It is the irretrievable blot on Plunket's career.

Emmet bore himself with heroic brilliancy at the trial. "Never shall I forget," says the Marquis of Harcourt, an officer of the English army on duty at the scene,—"never shall I forget the moment when, rising with a manner full of grace and mildness, Emmet offered to his country the sacrifice of his life. All eyes filled with tears. We went out sobbing, and I thought for a moment that justice was severe and the conspirator to be pitied." On the day succeeding the trial he was hanged on a temporary scaffold erected in Thomas Street, nearly opposite to St. Catherine's Church. His last words were, "My friends, I die in peace, and with sentiments of love and charity towards all men." In death he compelled his enemies to respect him. "Emmet mounted on the scaffold with firmness," wrote Lord Hardwicke, the Lord Lieutenant, to his government; "he has drowned the ignominy of his death in the magnanimity of his conduct: the same enthusiasm which led him astray aided him to bear with firmness the last rigors of fate."

What became of Sarah Curran?

Like a true woman, and knowing that her affections were not misplaced, her love increased with her lover's sufferings. Exiled from the paternal roof, she was sheltered by a good Quaker named Penrose. In this position, the silent, timid, discarded girl was wooed by an officer of fortune. She declined, and told him where her heart lay.

He claimed as a privilege to solace one so

unhappy, repulsed by her chief relative and dependent upon strangers. She wedded him as her protector, all he claimed: and he tenderly took her to Italy; but she survived only a few months. The first of Irish lyrists has embalmed her memory and her love forever in the lines,

"She is far from the land where her young hero sleeps,
And lovers around her are sighing;
But coldly she turns from their gaze, and weeps
For her heart in his grave is lying;"

and the first of American *litterateurs* has founded one of his most touching tales on the incidents I have related.

The genius, heroism, and, above all, the youth of Robert Emmet, must ever render his name one of deep interest to those whose anxious eyes glean over the history of Freedom, or weep over the pages devoted to her bitter struggles and her martyrology. And lighter hearts and more careless eyes, for whom mayhap the page of history will have no allurement, will be tenderly betrayed into tears over the incidents of his closing days, so sorrowfully heroic and so touchingly given in Washington Irving's sketch of "The Broken Heart."

TOBACCO.

The tobacco plant is a native of America, and was introduced into Europe after the discovery of the New World by Columbus. It was first used in Spain and Portugal, and afterward introduced into England by Sir Walter Raleigh. It was soon afterward carried into France, Germany, Russia and Italy.

In Russia the use of tobacco was prohibited under penalty of the bastinado for the first offence, loss of the nose for the second, and deprivation of life for the third. In Italy, all who used tobacco or snuff in church were excommunicated. In Switzerland all users of tobacco were punished by the magistrates as criminals. In Constantinople a Turk was led through the streets with his nose transfixed by a pipestem, as a warning to all smokers. The Shah of Persia treated tobacco-using as a capital crime. James I made earnest efforts to suppress the traffic in tobacco, placing heavy imposts upon it. He also wrote his famous "Counterblast to tobacco."

A brief glance at a few statistics will show how enormous is the amount of tobacco raised and used.

In 1858 tobacco cost England more than forty million dollars.

In the year 1860 it cost France the same sum. Last year it was estimated that tobacco cost the English people more than bread.

The United States annually exhausts in the culture of tobacco four hundred thousand acres of its richest soil, and employs forty thousand men, women, boys and girls in its manufacture. In 1848 the amount of tobacco used in this country amounted to seven pounds for each adult person.

Holland has one million sallow, cadaverous-looking people engaged in the manufacture of the various forms of tobacco.

The present annual production of the weed is estimated by reliable authorities at one thousand million pounds, which must cost the consumers at least five hundred million dollars.

Notwithstanding the opposition to tobacco, it received notable recognition from the poets. An Ode to a Tobacco Pipe written a century and a half ago pictures the happy man who, when evening comes,

"Can afford his tube to feed
With the fragrant Indian weed:
Pleasure for a nose divine,
Incense of the god of wine.
Happy thrice, and thrice again,
Happiest he of happy men."

FAMOUS MEMORIES OF THE MONTH.

WASHINGTON TAKES COMMAND OF THE ARMY, JULY 2, 1775—THE FOURTH OF JULY—THE FOURTH AND THE ENGLISH REPUBLIC—THE DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE—A LIVE YANKEE AT SEA ON THE FOURTH—THE SIGNATURE OF THE SIGNERS—IRISH JOURNALS SEIZED, JULY 8, 1848—JOHN O'DONOVAN—THE ECCLESIASTICAL TITLES BILL—WILLIAM PENN'S DEATH AND GRAVE.

Among the memories of last month was the appointment of Washington to the command-in-chief of the continental army. Among those of the present—so rich in glorious remembrances of American devotion and purpose, as well as in other picturesque pages of history—is that of his assuming the command on the 2d of July, 1775.

Accompanied by Major-Generals Lee and Schuyler as military companions, General Washington started on horseback from Philadelphia on the 21st June, to join the army before Boston. He was escorted by a Philadelphia light horse troop commanded by Captain Markoe. The brilliant cavalcade was met when less than twenty miles from the city by a courier riding at full speed bearing news of the battle at Bunker's Hill on the 17th, and despatches from the army to Congress. The new chief's first eager inquiry was as to the conduct of the militia. When told that they stood firmly and reserved their fire, a weight seemed lifted from him and he exclaimed, "The liberties of the country are safe!" The news of Bunker's Hill spreading gave intense interest to the appearance of Washington as his gallant cavalcade passed through the country villages. It also gave the travelling generals additional subjects of profound solicitude for thought or discourse. A subject of great moment was the position of New York, and the possibility of holding it in the patriot confederacy. Tryon, the Governor, had been called to England to receive instructions. At Newark, in the Jerseys, on the 25th, a committee of the New York Provincial Congress waited on Washington to conduct him to the city. This Congress was in a strange position, professing allegiance on the one hand, and welcoming the representative general of "rebellion" on the other. To add to the dilemma, Governor Tryon had just returned and was in the harbor. A regiment of militia was turned out, instructed to pay military honor to whichever of the representatives—the general or the governor—arrived first. Washington was ahead by same hours and received the honors. An address presented by the president of the New York Congress, Peter Van Burgh Livingston, indicates the ruling feelings of the times:

"Confiding in you, sir, and in the worthy generals immediately under your command, we have the most flattering hopes of success in the glorious struggle for American liberty, and the fullest assurances that, whenever this important contest shall be decided by that fondest wish of each American soul, an accommodation with the mother country, you will cheerfully resign the important deposit committed into your hands, and reassume the character of our worthiest citizen."

To which Washington replied: "As to the fatal, but necessary operations of war, when we assumed the soldier, we did not lay aside the citizen; and we shall most sincerely rejoice with you in that happy hour, when the establishment of American liberty on the most firm and solid foundations shall enable us to return to our private stations, in the bosom of a free, peaceable, and happy country."

On Governor Tryon's landing he also received military honors, and was received by the mayor and common council. It was already rumored that a large force was on its way from England. In giving instructions to Schuyler whom he left in charge of New York, Washington, alluding to Tryon, said: "If forcible measures are judged neces[illegible]

respecting the person of the governor, I should have no difficulty in ordering them, if the Continental Congress were not sitting; but as that is the case, and the seizing *of a governor quite a new thing*, I must refer you to that body for direction." On the 26th Washington left New York, accompanied by Lee, and escorted as far as Kingsbridge by Markoe's light horse, and some New York companies of militia. At Springfield he was met by a deputation of the provincial Congress of Massachusetts, which provided accommodation along the road for him. "Thus honorably attended from town to town, and escorted by volunteer companies and cavalcades of gentlemen," he arrived on the 2d of July at Watertown where the Congress was sitting. Here he received a congratulatory address, and taking horse again immediately at the close of the ceremony, attended by a troop of light horse and numbers of citizens, proceeded to his headquarters at Cambridge, three miles distant. The cheering of the multitude and the saluting thunder of artillery announced to the enemy in Boston the arrival of the chief.

Who could foresee the result of that announcement?

The appearance of Washington at once captivated the soldiers and the people. It created confidence. On the occasion Thacher in his "Military Journal" wrote: "I have been much gratified this day with a view of General Washington. His Excellency was on horseback, in company with several military gentlemen. It was not difficult to distinguish him from all others. He is tall and well-proportioned, and his personal appearance truly noble and majestic." A womanly pen—that of the wife of John Adams—presents us with a differently tinted, but still more attractive picture. "Dignity, ease, and complacency, the gentleman and the soldier, look agreeably blended in him. Modesty marks every line and feature of his face. Those lines of Dyden instantly occurred to me:

'Mark his majestic fabric! He's a temple
Sacred by birth, and built by hands divine;
His soul's the deity that lodges there;
Nor is the pile unworthy of the God.'"

The actions and letters of Washington at the period show how just was the estimate of Mrs. Adams. The honors that were tendered to him, the cheering that surrounded him, only made his sense of responsibility more intense. When he viewed the work before him and the elements to work with, a mixed multitude of people, under very little discipline, order, or government, "scattered in rough encampments over hill and dale, beleaguring a city garrisoned by veterans, with war ships in the harbor and all the regular paraphernalia of warfare guarding it, he could not and did not overrate the immense task before him. Yet he did not despond. Neither did he boast. He spoke with hope in the Supreme Power. The cause of his country had called him to active and dangerous duty, but "he said he trusted that Divine Providence, which wisely orders the affairs of men, would enable him to discharge it with fidelity and success." *

THE FOURTH OF JULY.

The memory of memories connected with the "Fourth of July" is of course that from which it derives all its glory, and which has made it the national holiday of the Republic —The Declaration of Independence. Other memories of this date are somewhat significant in being identified with great political convulsions and national revolutions. A writer some years since showing some remarkable coincidences of dates in French and English history, also found that America did not escape "this mysterious law of international coincidences," of revolutionary dates:—

"She has a share in it of which she may justly feel proud. It is well known to scholars, that the most celebrated of ancient eras is the era of Olympiads; and that this era is fixed beyond doubt at the beginning of July of the year 776 before the Christian era; in other terms, the beginning of the Christian era, the era of Redemption, of Liberty, and Brotherhood, falls in with the middle of the 776th year of the old era; as the era of American Independence is at the middle of the 776th year, after 1000 of the Christian era. It is free to everybody, of course, to deem this coincidence perfectly casual too; although, if it be not regarded separately, but in connection with the others, it will afford

* Letter to Turnbull quoted from Sparks by Irving.

ample scope for consideration to reflective minds; but let it at least be looked upon as a happy illustration of the undeniable fact, that the Declaration of the 4th of July, 1776, is the very opening of modern revolutions; it is the *prologue* of an immense drama, whose first act was played in the year 1789, and the *fourth* in 1848."

THE FOURTH AND THE ENGLISH "REPUBLIC."

Upon the fourth of July, 1653, the famous Barebones Parliament assembled at Whitehall. Having dissolved the "Long Parliament," and beholding the indignation with which the people viewed this audacious act, Cromwell convened one hundred and twenty-eight persons from various parts of England, six from Ireland, and five from Scotland, who, meeting on this memorable fourth of July, voted themselves, with his approval, a Parliament. It was a heterogeneous mass —a few gentlemen and a majority of the lowest grades of society—"fifth-monarchy men, antinomians, independents," possessed with a stubborn and ignorant fanaticism, and who in their new positions forgot the allegiance to Cromwell that he put them there to pay. Their time was mostly taken up with ranting, psalm-singing, and the blatant ebullition of the particular sectarianism which every man was possessed of. One of the most active members was a fanatical leatherseller, named Praise-God Barebones, the toughness of whose wares was only equalled by that of his sermons and the length of his prayers. So much of the latter entered into the business of the house, that the people, in ridicule, named the assembly the Barebones Parliament. Though the length of Cromwell's own prayers was said to have seriously invaded his time and injured his prospects when a farmer, he soon lost patience. He demanded a dissolution, against which many nasal Barebones walloped their tongues with startling clamor, to drown which Cromwell sent Colonel White with a party of soldiers.

"What do you here?" cried the Colonel.

"We are seeking the Lord!"

"Then you may go elsewhere," answered White, "for to my certain knowledge he has not been here these many years."

A legislative assembly having thus been ridiculous in the eyes of the populace, Cromwell had himself installed as Protector, with absolute executive power, and thus that gathering of the fourth of July, at Whitehall, planted the most autocratic "Republican" the world has yet seen upon the throne of kings.

The Protector died. The English Republic fled like a ghost at cock-crow on the appearance of Charles the Second. "The regicides," as the accusers and judges of his father were called, were executed, and upon the ruins of the obdurate Puritans the merrie monarch and his corrupt and frivolous court fluttered like the standards of a victorious army of occupation, while the inhabitants were made the prey of gay indecency and licentious wit.

Yet from the period something survived which it would seem Providence ordained should help the retaliation that came upon England. The lives and writings of such republicans as Algernon Sydney, Sir John Eliot, John Hampden and others, survived to infuse many of their thoughts and desires into the minds of the men who, a century afterwards, stood sponsors for American independence.

THE DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE.

A correspondent of ours familiar with the study of the subject, gave us on a former occasion some interesting notes illustrating the memories of the Fourth of July, which are of intrinsic historical value; and will correct some errors into which even eminent men have fallen. At what time the subject of independence was first entertained by the colonies, it is difficult to determine. It seems, however, that the idea had taken a strong hold of the minds of the leading men, and had been long considered. Dr. Franklin expressed the opinion, as early as 1774, that independence would necessarily be the eventual solution of the difficulties between the colonies and the mother country. In the beginning of the year 1776, the colonies took separate action upon the conduct of their delegates, in view of independence. Instructions to their delegates in Congress, directing, or authorizing them, in their discretion, to vote for independence, were of the following dates:

Massachusetts, January 18, 1776.
South Carolina, March 23, 1776.

Georgia, April 5, 1776.
North Carolina, April 12, 1776.
Rhode Island, May 4, 1776.
Virginia, May 12, 1776.
Pennsylvania, (Assembly,) June 14, 1776.
Connecticut, June 14, 1776.
New Hampshire, June 15, 1776.
New Jersey, June 21, 1776.
Pennsylvania, (Convention,) June 24, 1776.
Maryland, June 28, 1776.
New York, July 9, 1776.

Preparatory to the introduction of this measure, Mr. Adams reported from the committee a resolution, which Congress adopted on the 10th of May, recommending, in substance, to all the colonies which had not done so, to establish independent governments suited to the exigencies of the times. On the 7th of June, Richard Henry Lee offered the direct resolution—"that these United Colonies are, and of right ought to be, free and independent States; that they are absolved from all allegiance to the British crown; and that all political connection between them and the state of Great Britain, is, and ought to be, totally dissolved." Having been discussed on the 8th and 10th of June, in committee of the whole, this resolution was, on the last-mentioned day, postponed for further consideration to the first day of July; and, at the same time, it was voted that a committee be appointed to prepare a declaration to the effect of the said resolution. On the 11th of June, a committee was appointed by ballot, consisting of Thomas Jefferson, John Adams, Benjamin Franklin, Roger Sherman, and R. R. Livingston. As is usual when committees are elected by ballot, the members were arranged in order, according to the number of votes which each received. Jefferson, therefore, had received the highest number of votes, and Adams the next highest. Adams states, in his autobiography, that the difference was but a single vote. An amicable dispute arose between these two, as to which should assume the responsibility of drawing up the Declaration. Mr. Jefferson made the original draft at his lodgings, at the house of Mr. Clymer, on the southwest corner of Seventh and High streets, Philadelphia.

The identical paper, drawn up by Mr. Jefferson, and interlined with emendations in the handwriting of Adams and Franklin, is now in the State Department at Washington. Its merits have been conceded to Jefferson, and, such as they are, they bore the criticism, and were fully defended by Englishmen in their journals of the time. In accordance with the resolution of the 10th of June, Lee's resolution was taken up and discussed on the first day of July. The Declaration was reported on the same day, and discussed in a committee of the whole. On the 2d Lee's resolution was adopted, and the Declaration further debated, as also on the 3d. The Congress assembled on the 4th, and passed a resolution for the purchase of gun-flints—an appropriate prelude to the glorious day's proceedings. The Declaration was then debated by paragraphs, and agreed upon, as finally amended, at 2 o'clock in the afternoon. It was at this moment, when its adoption was announced by Charles Thomson, the secretary, that a boy, stationed in the hall for the purpose, gave the word to the old bellman in the steeple to ring out the glorious issue to the thousands congregated in the streets, anxiously awaiting the result. On the same day Congress ordered, "that the Declaration be authenticated and printed; that the committee be appointed to prepare the Declaration, superintend and correct the press; that copies of the Declaration be sent to the several assemblies, conventions, and committees, or councils of safety, and to the several commanding officers of the continental troops; that it be proclaimed in each of the United States, and at the head of the army."* All this was done.

The Declaration thus authenticated and printed did not bear the names of the members, for as yet it had not been signed by them. It was authenticated, like other papers of Congress, by the signatures of the President and Secretary. A copy of the *is* publication, signed by Hancock, and attested by the secretary, Thomson, is still preserved in the library of Peter Force, Esq., now in possession of the government in Washington. It was not yet the *unanimous* declaration of the Thirteen States, but New York gave her delegates their discretion on the 19th of July. They received the news on the 15th;

* From the MS. Journal in the Department of State.

and on the 19th, Congress passed a resolution—"that the Declaration passed on the 4th be fairly engrossed on parchment, with the title and style of 'The unanimous Declaration of the Thirteen United States of America;' and that the same, when engrossed, be signed by every member of the Congress."

This was the first order for signing the Declaration. The order on the 4th was, that it be authenticated and printed; and even now the order was not that it be signed by the members present on the 4th of July, or on any other day; it was to be "signed by every member of the Congress." It is stated by Jefferson that the Declaration was signed on the 4th by every member present, except Dickinson, of Pennsylvania. This is a mistake, as the New York delegation was present, and obtained leave to withhold their signatures in abeyance, until they should hear from home. Dickinson was *not* present, and being ordered to the head of his regiment at Trenton, and retained until September, another member was chosen in his place, and he had no opportunity to sign. Besides, the original draft by Jefferson, which is declared to have been the one used and adopted, has no signatures appended to it. On the 2d day of August, "the Declaration, being engrossed and compared at the table, was signed by the members;" that is, by the then members, but not by a single one who had been a member on the 4th, but had left before the 2d of August, for any good reason, or for the defence of the country, as had George Clinton and John Dickinson.

The original Declaration, as engrossed and signed on the 2d of August, and subsequently in the case of a few, is preserved in the Patent Office. The 8th of July was appointed for a general celebration of the Declaration, in Philadelphia; on the 11th, the printed copy was read at the head of the troops under Washington, in New York; and again at Faneuil Hall in Boston, on the 7th of July. John Adams has painted the assemblage, on the day of signing the Declaration, in a most ridiculous light, as if struck by fear and trembling. But their deeds argue for them a character equal to the occasion, and worthy of the meed of praise granted them by Chatham, and their most appreciating admirers.

When the Declaration was under discussion, Hancock remarked: "We must be unanimous: there must be no pulling different ways; we must all hang together." "Yes," replied Franklin, "we must indeed all hang together, or most assuredly we shall all hang separately."* Had they flinched and failed, history would have written them chiefs in a rebellion, but as their "hearts of oak" secured them success, we cherish them as our deliverers. H.

A LIVE YANKEE AT SEA ON THE FOURTH.

In Pliny Miles' pleasant book "Nordurfari; or, Rambles in Iceland" (1854) the author gives a characteristic account of a fourth of July celebration, typical, not only of his own enthusiasm, but also of that spirit which makes the commemoration of the day a necessity to every American, especially if in a foreign country. Pliny Miles was on board the little Danish schooner *Sölöven* (Sea Lion) bound from Copenhagen to Iceland. Having been wind-bound at Elsinore for a day, which afforded Miles a good opportunity to visit the Castle and scenes immortalized "in the mind's eye" in Hamlet, the schooner got through the Cattegat, well north of the German Ocean beating along the Norway coast under a northwester. The bold, wild, savage mountain scenery northwest of Christians and had a grandeur to arrest the eye which seeks the picturesque in mighty forms and desolate majesty. The Fourth of July, however, was upon this wandering American quite soon, and thoughts of all else vanished before its magic memories. We shall permit him to report the event in his own style:—

"On the fourth of July, I was determined to have some fun. The captain had two small cannon on board, and I asked him if I might have some powder to wake up my patriotism. Yes, he was quite willing. I produced some of the good things needful, lemons, sugar, et cetera, and told the captain to mix a monster bowl of punch. He was good at it; the punch was capital, and was soon smoking on the table. Our cannon were iron pieces, not quite heavy enough to knock down the walls of Badajos, but still of size

* *States*, Washington. 1858.

sufficient for our purpose. They were mounted on each side of the vessel, and revolved on swivels. The powder was furnished, and we banged away, waking up the echoes of liberty from all the Norwegian mountains. I have no doubt but the pilots along the shore were considerably astonished. Now, says the captain, we want the oration. So I jumped to the top of the boom, and in about nine minutes and a quarter, gave them the whole account of the cause, the means, and the manner of Brother Jonathan 'lickin' the Britishers.' The captain translated it for the benefit of the Danish and Icelandic passengers, and they applauded both the orator and translator. The punch was glorious, the oration was undoubtedly a grand one, the cannon spoke up their loudest, and altogether, for a celebration got up by one live Yankee, it probably has never been surpassed since Burgoyne's surrender at Saratoga. It was a most beautiful evening, and very pleasing to think that at that very hour millions of my countrymen, far, far away over the plains and valleys of my native land, were enjoying the festivities of a day, the events of which will be remembered till time shall be no more."

THE SIGNATURES OF THE SIGNERS.

Among the indications of the deep and reverent interest felt in all that relates to the revolutionary fathers the desire to possess their autographs has got to be somewhat of a passion among many prominent and educated individuals. It is no wonder that the signatures of the signers of the Declaration of Independence should be in great demand as most characteristic remembrancers of the act which immortalized them. Complete collections of these autographs are rare and very valuable. The making or completing of full sets, in the form of letters, involves much expenditure of time and money, as well as patient research and devotion to the object. A writer on historical antiquities* gives a list of complete sets, and some other facts in connection with the interesting subject, which perhaps embrace all that was known relating to it five years ago.

It appears that the perfection of full sets has not increased as rapidly as the efforts of the collectors would justify. The *Antiquarian* knew of many collections which were *nearly* complete, and which, by the addition of some desiderata, will far surpass, from the care with which they have been improved, many of those completed. It properly suggested that, could the number of all sets existing be reformed by a selection from all the materials in them and in those not completed, with letters of the period on historical subjects and uniform size, whether folio or quarto, it would produce volumes of incredible interest to the historian or collector. All students will be glad to know that a very great improvement has been made, and that sets have attained a degree of completeness which the early fathers in autography never contemplated.

The complete sets known to the writer then were as follows:—

1. The Queen of England's. Of this we know nothing further than of its existence. Can any reader tell us whether it is an original collection, or that of Rev. Dr. Raffle's? Or if not his, what has become of his? Whether any other set exists in Europe?
2. The Rev. Dr. Sprague's own set.
3. That formed by him for his son.
4. That one in the State Library (Tefft's).
5. That one owned by Almond W. Griswold, New York.
6. That formed by Thomas Addis Emmet, M. D.
7. That formed by Theodorus Bailey Myers.
8. That formed by E. H. Leffingwell, New Haven.
9. That formed by Ferdinand J. Dreer, Philadelphia.
10. That formed by Robert C. Davis, Philadelphia.
11. That owned by Joseph J. Mickley, Philadelphia.
12. That formed by Mrs. Z. Allen, Providence.
13. That formed by Mellen Chamberlain, Boston.
14. That formed by Mrs. L. J. Cist, St. Louis.

In addition to these, Professor Leffingwell is known to have nearly completed a duplicate set (making one folio and one quarto). General Grantz Mayer, of Baltimore, lacks,

* *See American Antiquarian*, 1870.

as we learn, a single specimen, George Taylor, which Mr. Mickley, who is said to have become the fortunate possessor of the great body of his collection at the sale of the effects of a deceased enthusiast on a wet night, can, we believe, readily supply from his duplicates. Mr. Gratz, of Philadelphia, has a fine series, lacking but two desiderata, which, it is to be hoped, he will soon obtain. Mr. Randall, of Cortlandt, Dr. Barney, of Richmond, Colonel Etting, United States army, Messrs. Willard, of Washington, and Howard and Taylor, of Philadelphia, have also collections more or less complete.

Those collections which we have seen, vary greatly in interest in their details, but display a wonderful degree of research and good taste in their formation. All possess most valuable letters and documents, which have found an honored and permanent resting-place. Of the illustrated sets, unquestionably the finest in existence will be No. 6. (Dr. T. Addis Emmet's). It has the first volume of Sanderson's Signers, containing the historical matter, and the whole of Brotherhead's large Biography of the Signers, the manuscripts, and innumerable illustrations in the way of papers and portraits, including original water color portraits by Hall of all the signers, and the folio portraits of the period (many of which are now almost extinct) of persons mentioned in the papers or text, rare contemporaneous views of places, arms of States, and many other appropriate illustrations, all inlaid on Watman's drawing paper of a uniform royal folio size, by Trent, and to be bound up in thirteen or fourteen volumes when completed. This will be the grandest monument ever erected to the memory of the signers by private hands, and on it no expense has been spared, and the print collections of both continents have been laid under heavy contributions.

Another set, No. 7 (T. Bailey Myers'), although of less magnitude in its scale, is very strong in manuscripts, and is similarly inlaid and illustrated to the size of, and with, Brotherhead's Book of Fac-similes, in royal folio, contains a very large number of rare folio illustrations, and is to be bound in three large volumes. Both of the sets contain original copies of the Declaration signed by Hancock and Thomson, and sent to the States at the period. This novel mode of illustration affords a beautiful field for the ingenuity and taste of the collector.

Most of the other sets are illustrated with such engraved portraits of signers and views of their residences as exist, and are neatly mounted in volumes, generally of brownish paper. It is a pleasant circumstance that, after the country has passed through trials and struggles scarcely anticipated by its founders, and nearly a century has elapsed since the great state paper was executed, its signers long since dead, and many of them with no monumental elegy to record their worth, a body of intelligent and cultivated gentlemen at remote points and each in his own way, are placing among the works of art of the country they founded, these beautiful and speaking memorials of their deed and worth.

IRISH JOURNALS SEIZED, JULY 8, 1848.

The Irish government of Lord Clarendon distinguished itself by the violent seizure of the leading national journals of Ireland on the 8th July, 1848, and the arrest of their editors. During the day Mr. John Martin, Mr. (now Sir) Charles Gavan Duffy, and Kevin Izod O'Doherty were arrested. In the evening the offices of the *Nation* and the *Felon* were ransacked, at midnight a descent was made on the *Tribune* by the police, and on the next morning Richard D'Alton Williams, famous as *Shamrock* the poet, was arrested. The *Nation* edited by Duffy had been the very soul of Young Ireland. The other journals were started almost in the crisis of the '48 movement. In Mitchell's History he thus presents the situation at the time of their appearance:

"Yet with odds against them,—with the Irish gentry thoroughly corrupted or frightened out of their senses, and with the 'government' enemy obviously bent on treating our national aspiration as an ignominious crime, worthy to be ranked only with the offences of burglars or pickpockets,—still there were men resolved to dare the worst and uttermost for but one chance of rousing that downtrodden people to one manful effort of resistance against so base and cruel a tyranny. The Irish Confederation re-constituted its council, and set itself

inducing the people to procure arms, with a more dilligently 'than ever to the task of view to a final struggle in the harvest. And as it was clear that there was nothing the enemy dreaded so much as a bold and honest newspaper which would expose their plots of slaughter and turn their liberal professions inside out, it was before all things necessary to establish a newspaper to take the place of the *United Irishman*. It was a breach as deadly and imminent as ever yawned in a beleaguered wall; but men were found prompt to stand in it. Within two weeks after my trial, the *Irish Tribune* was issued, edited by O'Doherty and Williams, with Antisell and Savage, as contributors."

On the 24th June "*The Irish Felon*" had appeared. It was conducted by John Martin, T. Devin Reilly, J. Fenton Lalor and Joseph Brenan. By the arrest of these journals the national press was silenced.

JOHN O'DONOVAN.

Among the memories which perforce so often embrace chronicles of a warlike and sanguinary character, let us happily this month make room for a page recording the services of one of the most eminent of modern scholars and erudite of genealogical and historical editors. Dr. John O'Donovan, whose fame is world-wide as an Irish scholar and antiquarian, and as one who devoted his life to the restoration of the language, literature, and historical traditions of Ireland, was born in an humble farm-house near Atateemore, County Kilkenny, July 10, 1809. From boyhood he was distinguished for devotion to the Irish language, and at the early age of fifteen went to Dublin to become the Gaelic instructor of Captain (now General Sir Thomas) Larcom. The association thus commenced was productive of incalculable service in the development of a vast mass of materials—topographical, genealogical, antiquarian, and literary—bearing on his history of Ireland and its great families and chiefs, as Larcom, at the head of the famous Ordnance Survey of Ireland, placed Donovan in a position where his great energy and talents were most available and valuable. The survey was brought to a sudden close, but not until the corps of eminent men engaged in it, such as George Petrie, Eugene O'Curry, and O'Donovan, had collected on amount of material which, it is said, occupies some four hundred volumes, now packed away in the government offices. Besides the publication under the survey, much of the material was made available by the collectors in the *Dublin Penny Journal*, *Irish Penny Magazine, and Irish Penny Journal*, ranging over a period of ten years (from 1832 to 1842,) and awakened an enthusiasm in Gaelic research in all its various branches, the value of which cannot be overestimated.

From his coming to Dublin, O'Donovan made the best of his opportunities for educational purposes. He was graduated L.L.D. at Trinity College, and became a member of the bar in Hilary Term, 1847, but did not practise. On the establishment of the Queen's College, Belfast, he was appointed to the chair of Irish History and Archæology, in which his lectures were distinguished by eloquence, erudition, and common-sense. He was a member of the Royal Irish Academy and of the Celtic, Archæological, and Ossianic societies, for which he prepared, translated, or annotated several most valuable treatises, among which are Leabhar an O'Ceart, or Book of Rights: Tribes and Customs of Hy-Many, the Genealogies of the Tribes and Customs of Hy-Fiachrach; three heretofore unedited fragments of ancient Irish annals—O'Daly's satiric poem on the leading Irish families of Norman descent, entitled the Tribes of Ireland; the calendar of the native saints of Ireland, usually called the Martyrology of Donegal; and the topographical poems of Seaghan O'Dubhagain and Gilla-na-naomh O'Huidhrin, enumerating the principal families and territories of Ireland and their chiefs in the 14th century. The text is illustrated by several introductory essays of importance to historical students; embracing the ancient names of Ireland, ancient surnames, Irish names assumed by the English in Ireland, English names assumed by the Irish, Irish families that retained their names at home and abroad, ancient Irish Christian names, ancient Irish female names, etc. O'Donovan's knowledge of Irish topography was very extensive, as he had visited at various times every county in the country. The great work of Dr. O'Donovan was his edition of the Annals of the Four Masters,

published in 1851, 7 vols. quarto, which gave him a European reputation. A leading English opinion, the *Athenæum*, admits that "without these national records, minutely illustrative as they are of an integral portion of the empire, the history of Great Britain could never be regarded as complete." As the labors of O'Donovan's precursors in the field of Hiberno-Celtic literature tended rather to obscure than enlighten, his task was a very difficult and responsible one. Innumerable passages are clothed in a dialect so long obsolete that the "erudite Dr. O'Connor," who also essayed the task, was forced to leave their depths unfathomed. O'Donovan mastered the difficulty, and left a work "of interest and utility, not to the historian only, but to the genealogist, the topographer, and the antiquary." Among other eminent minds out of Ireland who complimented this great work, were Jacob Grimm, Guizot, and Hallam.

Dr. O'Donovan held a pension of fifty pounds from the civil list and died December 9, 1861, at which time, in conjunction with his brother-in-law, Eugene O'Curry, he was engaged in translating the Brehon Laws, for which an appropriation had been made by Mr. Disraeli when Chancellor of the Exchequer. This work, since issued, has attracted the deep interest of learned men everywhere. O'Donovan's Irish Grammar is a well known work, and at his death he was annotating and translating Cormac's Glossary. What the Irish language was, is a question which agitated many pens in vain. It is claimed that J. C. Zeuss, a native of Bavaria, settled the question in 1853, in his Grammatica Celtica; "but no one in Ireland knew the importance and character of the discovery until Dr. O'Donovan announced and expounded it." Besides the labors indicated above, Dr. O'Donovan catalogued a large quantity of curious and valuable MSS. in the national libraries, and was a man highly esteemed for generous sentiments and personal worth.

THE ECCLESIASTICAL TITLES BILL.

One of those periodical "no-popery" excitements which English statesmen delight to foment—of which the recent anti-Vatican Decree "Expostulation" of Mr. Gladstone was a foolish and futile example—was started by Lord John Russell in the summer of 1850. The presumed basis of it was a brief received in England from Pope Pius IX, directing the Catholic vicars-apostolic in England to use the true and proper titles of their sees. The pope, as though to fill the full measure of wrathful English bigotry, created Doctor Wiseman first Archbishop of Westminster and a Cardinal, entrusting to him the restoration of the ancient dignities of the Church in England which had been destroyed by the most famous and infamous of the Tudors. Cardinal Wiseman assumed his dignities and mission with becoming courage and devotion; and in the face of violent threats from press and people took solemn possession of his church, and inaugurated a new era. The cry of "papal aggression" went from one end to the other of the British islands, and awaked the thundering echo of "no popery." Meetings were held all over England in denunciation of, and in protestation against, papal audacity; and Lord John Russell, who hated Catholics and their religion, as John Mitchell says, with all the venom of "his small, shrivelled, and spiteful soul," seized the occasion, although Prime Minister, to still further excite suspicion, passion, and bitter animosity. He cunningly selected the 4th of November, the day before "Gunpowder Plot," on which to issue a letter to the Bishop of Durham, enlarging on the enormities of the case, stigmatizing Catholic worship as "superstitious mummery," and stimulating apprehensions he pretended to calm, by assuring him that the noble Protestant state of England should never be yielded up to a foreign priest.

On Gunpowder Plot day Guy Fawkes is always burned in effigy. On this occasion the "no-popery" excitement added fuel, as well as several other victims in effigy, to the flame. Mobs and processions paraded, and were excited by the harangues of violent speakers; and threats of the introduction of the rack and pincers into England by the papal bull, were used to arouse the ignorant masses. "Instead of Guy Fawkes they burned effigies of the Pope, of the Virgin, of Cardinal Wiseman; and swore deep oaths, under the influence of deep potations, that they would all die, with the Bible on their

bosoms, before they would submit to the tyranny of the Propaganda and the pincers of the Inquisition. It would have been an insane action, on the part of any Catholic priest, to allow himself to be seen in the streets upon that evening."

And what was the result of this storm of bigotry? We shall see.

The parliament met in February, 1851. The bull was the chief feature of the queen's speech, and parliament was pressed to efficient action on it. Lord John Russell at once introduced a bill prohibiting the assumption of the title of any existing see, or of any title whatsoever, from *any places* in the United Kingdom, under a penalty of £100 for each such offence. This was an extension of the Catholic Relief act of 1829, which imposed the same penalty on the assumption of the title of any *existing see* only: a prohibition, however, which had always been entirely neglected and ignored by the Catholic hierarchy.

"The new bill which was intended to be highly stringent and menacing—a new and formidable bulwark to the Reformation in England—was only on its passage when the administration changed—Russel going out, and Lord Derby and the Tories coming in. But this change of government made no change in the bitter fanaticism which ruled both parties. The bill was not only taken up by the Tories, but passed—carried through all its stages by immense majorities, with amendments *extending* the penalty to the introduction of any document or rescript from Rome, as well as the one lately arrived, and further inviting and empowering any common informer to prosecute. On the passage of the bill, it was really believed by ignorant Protestants that a new and mighty bulwark had been set up against the pope, and that the 'Reformation' was at length secured. Much to the surprise of these ignorant Protestants, no notice was taken of the new law by English bishops or by Irish bishops. Indeed, Archbishop MacHale boldly took an early occasion of publicly violating and defying it, by preaching in his Cathedral the actual rescript of the pope, and inviting any informer or priest-hunter who might wish to earn a hundred pounds, to institute a prosecution against him. Doctor Wiseman signed his name in public documents as Cardinal Archbishop of Westminster, and the Archbishop of Armagh continued to announce his title and jurisdiction as Primate of all Ireland. In no single instance was the law executed. After the violence, madness, bigotry, and passion of both Whig and Tory, which led to its enaction in July, 1851, the law stands on record simply as a mere impotent example of no-popery spite." *

WILLIAM PENN'S DEATH AND GRAVE.

Among the memories of July is one recording the passing away of a character world-famous by his connection with the early history of America—one who, in days of rapine and bloodshed, with the aboriginal inhabitants of the land, pursued, what we may term in contrast, the romantic path of peace. On the 30th of July, 1718, died William Penn, for a time the controlling agent of West Jersey, and subsequently the founder of Pennsylvania, in every sense, one of the greatest States of the Union, perhaps not second to any in it. After a wonderfully active life—embracing a variety of malevolent persecutions and several imprisonments, borne with undeviating spirit and unchangeable devotion to his principles; as well as monumental triumphs which are linked with the history of the world, Penn began to decline in health between his sixty-sixth and sixty-eighth year. From this period an intimate friend visited him once a year, and recorded the state in which he found the great Quaker statesman. These notes supply what is known of the declining days of Penn:—"After a continual and gradual declension for about six years, his body now drew near to its dissolution, and on the thirtieth of the fifth month (July) 1718, between two and three in the morning, in the seventy-fourth year of his age, his soul, prepared for a more glorious habitation, forsook the decayed tabernacle, which was committed to the earth on the fifth of the sixth month following, at Jordans, in Buckinghamshire, where his former wife and several of his family had been interred."

A large concourse of people from all parts —many of different religious denominations, as well as many of the most valued of the

* See Mitchell's History of Ireland p. 601, *et seq.*

society of Friends—attended the funeral as a last tribute of respect to his character. The corpse was attended to the grave by what Thomas Story calls "a large meeting."

After his death a report spread that William Penn had died mad at Bath; and Henry Pickworth, an expelled Quaker preacher, availed himself of it, if indeed, as Clarkson says, he did not invent it to wound the feelings of Penn's friends and followers. As late as twelve years after his death (1730), Pickworth published a letter with that purpose, and in adverting to the charge of lunacy, described it as "of the nature of Nebuchadnezzar's of old, which terminated in rage and madness before the end of his days."

Joseph Besse, in a letter to Patrick Smith, M. A., a clergyman of Huntingdonshire, repels the charges, saying—"But if he was never a lunatic, nor mad, and did not end his days in Bath, then here are two falsehoods in fact." He produced two certificates to establish the falsehoods; one from Simon Clement gentleman and intimate acquaintance of Penn, and the other from Hannah Michell.

"He was, indeed," says Mr. Clement, attacked with a kind of apopletic fit in London, in the month of May, 1712, from which he recovered, and did go to the Bath and from thence to Bristol, where he had a second fit about September following; and in about three months after he had the third fit at his own house at Rushcomb, which impaired his memory, so that, though he knew his friends well who came to visit him, and rejoiced to see them, yet he could not hold any discourse with them, or even call them by their names. But this was so far from any show of lunacy, that *his actions were regular and orderly*, and nothing appeared in his behavior but a *loving, meek, quiet, easy temper*, and *a childish innocence*, which to me seemed a great indication of his having been *in a very happy frame of spirit* at the time when he was surprised with this indisposition; under which he continued (but otherwise in a pretty good state of heath) till the month of July, 1718, when he was taken with a fever, of which he died (*not at the Bath*) but at *his own house at Rushcomb* in Berkshire, but *without ever having had any symptoms of raging or madness*, though the same is wickedly affirmed by this false witness, Henry Pickworth."

The second was as follows:—"I think fit to acquaint the world that the late account given by Henry Pickworth concerning *my worthy master*, William Penn, *is notoriously false. I had the honor* to wait on him from the beginning of his last indisposition, which was a palsie, occasioned by a third apoplectic fit."

By his last will, made in 1712, a few months before his first attack of apoplexy, he left his estates in England and Ireland to William, his eldest surviving son by Gulielma Maria, his first wife, and to the issue of that marriage, which then consisted of his said son, a daughter Letitia, and three children of his son William, Gulielma Maria, Springett, and William. The government of his province of Pennsylvania and territories, and powers thereunto belonging, he devised to his particular friends, Harley Earl of Oxford, and Earl Mortimer, and William Earl Powlett, and their heirs, upon trust, to dispose thereof to the Queen or any other person to the best advantage, to be applied as he should hereafter direct.—He then devised to his wife, Hannah Penn, together with eleven others, and to their heirs, all his lands, rents, and other profits in America, upon trust, to dispose of so much thereof as should be sufficient to discharge all his debts, and, after payment thereof, to convey to his daughter Letitia, and to each of the three children before mentioned of his son William, ten thousand acres of land (the forty thousand to be set out in such places as his trustees should think fit), and then to convey all the rest of his landed property there, subject to the payment of three hundred pounds a year to his wife for her natural life, to and amongst his children by her (John, Thomas, Margaret, Richard, and Dennis, all minors), and in such proportions and for such estates as his said wife should think fit. His personal estate and arrears of rent, he devised to his said wife, whom he made his sole executrix, for equal benefit of herself and children.

William Penn having made this, his last will, in 1712, and afterwards agreed, as before related, to part with the Province to government for 12,000*l.*, a question arose, after his decease, Whether what was devised to the said earls to be sold should, as then circumstanced, be accounted part of [redacted]

or of the personal estate of the testator (the latter by the will being the property of the widow)? The two earls, in consequence, declined to act in their trust without a decree of the Court of Chancery for their indemnity. This process, together with other difficulties that had arisen, kept the property of the family in a perplexing state of uncertainty for about eight or nine years. At length, however, all the disputed points were amicably adjusted by the respective parties interested, amongst themselves, before any decree had issued; and, in pursuance thereof, not only the Province itself, but also the government of it, descended to John, Thomas, and Richard Penn, the surviving sons of the younger branch of the family, thenceforward the Proprietaries.

It is proper to remark, says Thomas Clarkson, that when William Penn made his last will, his estates in England and Ireland, which produced upwards of fifteen hundred pounds annually, were esteemed of more value than all his property in America, especially as only part of the mortgage thereon of 1708 had been discharged; but during the interval of rather more than six years between that and the time of his death, a progressive increase of trade and population, almost unexampled, during a happy state of uninterrupted tranquillity, had improved the value of the Pennsylvanian property far beyond what could have been imagined; in addition to which the Crown lawyers had given a joint opinion, which was adopted by government, that the agreement for sale in 1712 was made void by Willian Penn's inability to execute the surrender in a proper manner.

As before stated, Penn was buried in the peaceful rural churchyard of Jordans, near Uxbridge, in a grave next to that of the beloved wife of his youth, Gulielma Maria. Near by repose his friends, the Penningtons; nearer yet, his son Springett, and the exemplary Ellwood, the reader to and pupil of Milton, who had succored his master at Chalfont when the plague raged in London, and suggested to him the composition of *Paradise Regained*.

Hence these memories in a manner make the rural graveyard classic ground; and we are not astonished to learn that many an American tourist in England seeks the sequestered place to meditate over the life and labors of one who most truly has "exercised a mighty and abiding influence on the character and destinies of the United States." Thither, too, we learn once a year, usually in the first week in June, amid the flush and brightness of the opening summer, the Friends of London and the home counties betake themselves, as on a pilgrimage, to hold a solemn gathering for worship in the ancient meeting-house which overlooks the green and silent burial-ground. On these occasions, alone of all the year, the place assumes a lively aspect. After the service the visitors dine together in groups, about the grounds, and welcome the chance stranger to partake of the good things brought in their baskets and hampers. The afternoon is spent in walks and rides to other places of interest in the neighborhood, associated with Penn, Ellwood, or Milton; a sociable tea follows; and when the sun has set, and the moon shines upon the white headstones of the clustered graves, all is again as still and silent as it is wont to be.

SMALL TALK.

Never abuse small talk; nobody does unless he be a stranger to its conveniences. Small talk is the small change of life: there is no getting on without it. There are times when 'tis folly to be wise; when a little nonsense is very palatable, and when gravity and sedateness ought to be kicked down stairs. A philosopher cuts a poor figure in the ballroom unless he leave his wisdom at home. Metaphysics is as intrusive in the midst of agreeable prattle as a death's head on a festal board. We have met with men who were too lofty for small talk. They would never condescend to play with a ribbon or flirt a fan. They were above such trifling; in other words, they were above making themselves agreeable, above pleasing, and above being pleased. They were all wisdom, all gravity, and all tediousness, which they bestowed upon company with more than Dogberry's generosity. A man who can not talk has no more business in society than a statue. The world is made up of trifles; and he who can trifle elegantly and gracefully is a valuable acquisition to mankind. He is a Corinthian column in the fabric of society.

HANDEL AND HIS WORKS.

By Dr. James Pech, of New College, Oxford.

It is a fact, with which few are completely acquainted, that the influence of a single mind upon the taste of a country has, in no other instance, operated with the universal force and ascendency that the genius of Handel has wrought upon the peoples of England and Ireland. Some are inclined to attribute the present condition of musical taste for oratorio in those countries to the encouragement given to Handel at the commencement of his career, and the partiality shown for his works by the Royal house of Hanover in England: a partiality which, in Handel's lifetime, amounted to almost a prohibition of the performance of other composers' works. This, however, must be regarded as a secondary cause—as an accident which, however impulsive in its effect, must still be resolved into the irresistible worth, value, and weight of the productions themselves. Without intrinsic superiority, no patronage, no prescription, not even the force of habit itself, would have proved sufficient to have lifted the works of Handel to the height to which they have risen; to have sustained them during their long-continued elevation, or to have bestowed upon them the popularity they must ever enjoy throughout the Christian world.

If ever there existed a musician who could lay just claim to originality, that man was Handel. He drew all his inspiration from nature and from the force of his own genius, and was indebted to no one either for his style or for his thoughts. He could not direct his talents into any common channel of thought. Conscious of the strength of his own powers, he disdained imitation, and trusted confidently to them alone. His music therefore is, properly speaking, his own; and what gives it unrivalled grace and dignity is this: that it is constructed on the purest principles of harmony, supported by a noble bass, peculiar to himself, whilst a rich and agreeable stream of melody runs throughout and animates the whole. Handel evidently considered music as a language, the principal object of which was to communicate sentiments to his hearers by means of appropriate sounds, according to the laws of harmony and counterpoint. He never considered music as a mere amusement—as it too commonly is by the volatile and ignorant—intended only to relieve the listlessness of a vacant hour, and thus degrade it from the rank which it is so justly entitled to hold among the liberal arts and sciences. To those who have improved and refined their taste by study and reflection, Handel's music will be found not only to gratify and captivate the ear, but to possess the nobler power of administering to an intellectual pleasure. Its peculiar province may be properly defined to be the faculty of addressing itself, through the medium of the sense of hearing, to the fancy, the understanding, and the heart. In Handel's magnificent writings it will be found that sound is the reflection of sense; that in his music his notes always correspond with, and are, as it were, the echo of the very words to which they are set by the composer. In analyzing the works of other great composers, we find that they all endeavor to construct them upon the same idea; but it is acknowledged by all that no man ever yet possessed this faculty of adapting his music to the occasion in such an eminent degree as Handel. The works of this great master then, notwithstanding that capricious changeling, popular taste or fashion, will always hold the highest place in the estimation of competent judges; for, in grandeur of construction and in symmetrical and characteristic beauty, they have not been equalled by any other composer ancient or modern.

Let me draw the attention of my readers to some of his pieces which show, in a remarkable manner, the wonderful and various powers of his mighty mind. I say "various powers," for he knew both how to move the tender passions and how to rouse the soul; and, like Milton, to elevate its conceptions beyond the boundaries of this present world. Milton is, in poetry, what Handel is in music.

Who, for example, can hear the pastoral symphony in his *Messiah* without feeling the most delightful emotions, which notes so suited to the occasion, so smooth and pleasing, are calculated to inspire?

The mind is soothed into tranquillity, and transported, as it were, into Arcadian scenes, the land of pastoral simplicity and innocence. Or, if we hear that charming passage in the same oratorio, "He shall feed his flock;" or the air in *Samson*, "How willing my paternal love":—

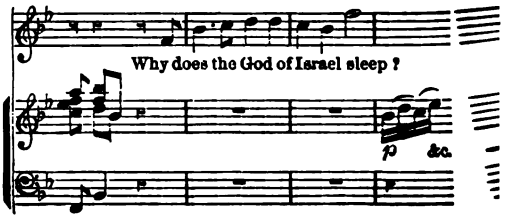
the sentiments of parental tenderness soften and subdue the mind and melt it down to kindred affection. If, again, we turn to subjects of a melancholy cast, we shall find him equally great and impressive. Perhaps there is nothing to be found in the whole compass of music, that appals the heart with deeper awe, or overwhelms it more with horror and mourning, than the dead march in Saul.

Every note is responsive to those gloomy and solemn ideas which, while they awaken our sorrowful recollection of those who are separated from us by the hand of death, inculcate this most important moral—they remind us, in warning accents, which we should want the sensibilities belonging to our nature not to feel, of our own mortality.

The more we examine the productions of this mighty mind, the more we are struck with the extreme simplicity of the means by which his great ends have all been accomplished; for the clearness of his perceptions is not less visible in his most complicated choruses than in the plainest of his airs. The ear and the understanding follow his intricate fugues and his most stupendous effects with the same ease. And thus, indeed, are we led on to the finest, the most elevated, the sublimest emotions, because the sensation is never disturbed—the impression is instant. Reflection may repeat and enhance the pleasure after it has been first enjoyed, but it is neither necessary nor possible to think while we listen. Who can resist the splendid terror of the chorus in *Joshua*, "Glory to God;"

or the majesty of those in *Israel in Egypt* which describe the destruction of the host of Pharaoh?

The same effects are produced upon the passions and the intellect by such airs as "Why does the God of Israel sleep," in *Samson*, even when the senses are not so strongly moved.



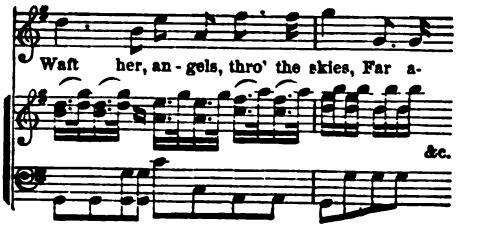
Of the results of the tender, pathetic, and dignified airs, it is not necessary to speak, since their simplicity will not be disputed, and since I am now merely pointing out the grandeur that is the characteristic of Handel's mind and the cause of his singular power.

By dwelling, however, upon this the first and loftiest attribute of his genius, it is not intended to draw off any portion of attention from his other great qualities. There is, perhaps, no single emotion that it is in the power of music "to raise and quell," over

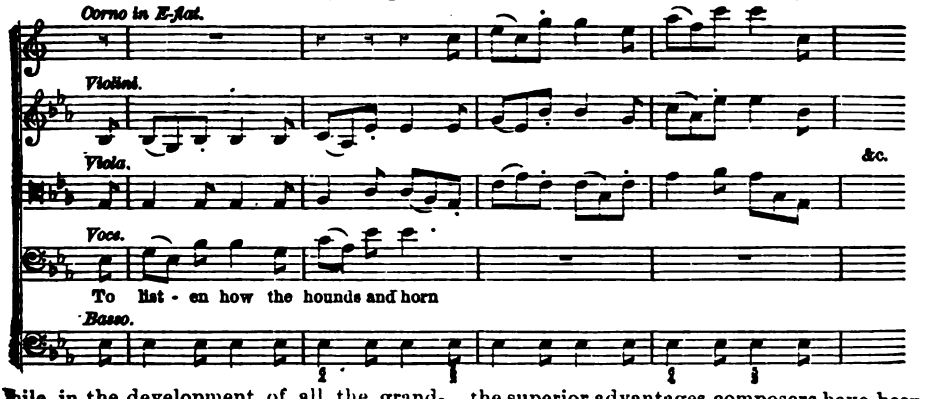
which the mighty master has not tried his powers, and succeeded in the highest possible degree. He ascends from the simplest to the strongest, and, were not the fact sufficiently known, instances could be cited without difficulty—indeed there is scarcely a Score of his which does not comprehend a prodigious diversity—he paints our earthly sensations, and he moves those affections that lead us to eternity. If in *Acis and Galatea* he delineates with singular felicity the workings of mortal passion, in the *Messiah* he treats with a more wonderful majesty and force the triumphs of immortality in the soul of man. Nor are his works deficient in the use of the descriptive qualities which appertain to music. It is a question in our minds, whether, considering the age in which he lived and the state of instrumental excellence at that time,—it is a question, whether he has not carried this attribute as far as it could then be carried. He has much direct and more indirect imitation. When speaking of direct imitation, I mean for instance the notes of the nightingale, when given by the accompaniment of "Sweet Bird"—the warbling of birds, as in the Flauti passages to "Hush, ye pretty warbling choir":—

and other such things that are well known. When speaking of indirect imitation, it is in allusion to the generally descriptive power which is scattered over the whole surface of his adaptations of sounds to sense. The air at the very opening of the *Messiah*, "Every Valley," is full of such passages:—

"Waft her, angels," from the oratorio, *Jephtha*, is again beautifully descriptive of the undulating motion of an ascending flight:—



"Heart the seat of soft delight," from *Acis* and *Galatea*, images the limpid brook gurgling through scenery which the cultivated imagination cannot fail to supply. "Mirth, admit me of thy crew," the tenor air, from *L'Allegro, Il Pensieroso*, ed *Il Moderato*, paints a scene not less exhilarating, by the vocal and horn passages and the echoes of the instrument—as for instance the passage:—



While in the development of all the grander elemental phenomena he has anticipated with unrivalled magnificence those who have written in succeeding ages, notwithstanding the superior advantages composers have been able to gather from modern instrumental excellence. If, for instance, we compare *Joshua's* adjuration to the sun and moon

with the creation of those lights in Haydn's immortal work, the *Creation*, sublime as we have always felt Haydn's description to be, we still bow before the majesty and splendor of Handel. There is not, indeed, the pomp of description nor the brilliancy of imagination that distinguishes the rising of the sun, nor the beauty of melody which characterizes the appearance of the pale orb of night--but there is a sublimity of conception attendant on its simplicity that more elaborate contrivances cannot equal. I am aware I have brought things utterly dissimilar into comparison; I have, however, done so, not to depreciate but to contrast the strength of genius, and to demonstrate how it may exert itself in opposite ways, still keeping in mind the power which the earlier musician has exhibited. Yet these seem, when we look to still loftier examples, almost puny details; for what can be their weight when placed by the side of the immense force of the tremendous combinations of elemental warfare conveyed in the choruses from *Israel in Egypt* and *Samson*,—"He gave them hailstones for rain," or, "Fixed in his everlasting seat"?

To pursue the subject still further, and consider some of his passages that are remarkable for loftiness and sublimity of style, and take for that purpose the *Hallelujah* chorus, we shall there find all that is grand and magnificent in lauding the glories of the Supreme Being. All creation seems uniting in the general chorus, and in strains of rapturous adoration; chanting Hallelujahs and Hosannas to Him who sitteth on the everlasting throne. In short, Handel's mind is so rich and abundant, that it always appears to be full of the subject, whatever it may be; and it is so comprehensive and judicious that he scarcely ever fails of adapting his music to the character of the sentiment. If the subject be soft and pathetic, his notes are smooth and moving; if sorrowful, deep, sad, and mournful; if it aspires to magnificence and sublimity, they assume a loftier tone, and swell with majesty and grandeur.

To descend a step lower in the scale and to come to descriptions of mundane events, what can be finer than such songs as "See the raging flames arise," in *Joshua*:—

or of human passions than, "Revenge, Timotheus cries," in *Alexander's Feast*:—

and "Sound an alarm," in *Judas Maccabeus*? Or of still lower contests, "Honor and arms," in *Samson*?

In the duet, "Go, baffled coward," in *Samson*, the mind may be said instinctively to follow these sounds as the surest incentives to spirited action. But his influence in assuaging its irritations is not less to be observed in such airs as, "Angels ever bright and fair," in *Theodora*:—

and "Farewell, ye limpid springs," in *Jephtha*:—

also in the songs from *Hercules*, "In sweetest harmony," and, "Peaceful rest, dear parent shade." In this manner is the potency of Handel to excite and allay the passions demonstrated. I content myself with references to those things best known, in order to avoid the affectation of deeper research than the occasion requires, and for the still better reason that I am convinced that what every generation since the author's time has stamped with renewed approbation, must afford the strongest and safest examples.

Handel's compositions are not less numerous—not less stupendous, I may say, on account of their variety, beauty and magnificence than in the triumphs they have achieved. In the library of her Majesty Queen Victoria, at Buckingham Palace, there is a collection of Handel's works amounting to no fewer than eighty-two volumes, containing thirty-two operas, forty-three oratorios, eight volumes of anthems, four of cantatas, and other miscellaneous works. Besides these, Handel composed eleven operas, two anthems and many other things not in Her Majesty's collection.* The first of his operas was produced in 1709; the last of his oratorios in 1751. For upwards of a century these compositions, or portions of them, have occupied public attention, to the almost exclusion of similar works, at all the sacred concerts of England and Ireland. At the musical festivals in London, Birmingham, Dublin, and at the triennial festivals of Hereford, Gloucester and Worcester, at Handel's name and by Handel's power vast assemblages of persons are gathered together—an oblation never paid to the genius of any other musician. In fact

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* Of Handel's works in the possession of Her Majesty, Queen Victoria, the original manuscripts are:—

OPERAS.

Rodrigo, performed at	Florence,	1709
Agrippina	Venice,	1709
Radamisto	London,	1720
Muzio Scevola		1721
Ottone		1722
Giulio Cesare, Floridante, Flavio		1723
Tamberlano,		1724
Rodelinda		1725
Alessandro, Scipione		1726
Ricardo Primo		1727
Tolomeo, Sirôe		1728
Lotario	London,	1729
Partenope		1730
Poro		1731
Orlando, Rosarme		1732
Arianna, Ezio		1733
Ariodante		1734
Alcina		1735
Arminio, Atalanta, Giustino		1736
Berenice, Faramondo		1737
Serse		1738
Imeneo, Deidamia		1740

ORATORIOS.

Esther, composed		1720
" publicly performed in	London	1732
Deborah, Athalia	Oxford.	1733
Acis and Galatea at	Cannons	1721
" " publicly performed in	London	1735
Alexander's Feast		1735
St. Cecilia's Ode		1736
Israel in Egypt		1738
L'Allegro ed Il Pensierose		1739
Saul		1740
Messiah		1741
Samson		1742
Semele, Belshazzar, Joanna		1743
Hercules		1744
Occasional Oratorio		1745
Joseph, Judas Maccabeus, Joshua, Alexander Balus		1746
Solomon		1748
Theodora	London	1750
Jephtha		1751

NOT IN HER MAJESTY'S COLLECTION.

Almira, an opera performed at Hamburg, Nero		1705
Florindo, Dafne		1708
Rinaldo	London	1711
Teseo, Pastor Fido		1712
Amadige		1715
Water-music		1716
Ammeto		1727
Allessandro Severo, Pastiocio		1737
Parnasso in Festa		1740
Fire-work Music		1748
Triumph of Time and Truth		1751
Choice of Hercules		1745
SONATAS for two Violins and a Bass, two sets; HARPSICHORD LESSONS, Two Books		1790
FUGUES for the Organ; ORGAN CONCERTOS—Three sets; Cantatas, Composed at Hamburg	between 1703 and	1709
Ditto,	at Rome, between 1709 and	1710

MISCELLANEOUS WORKS.

Anthems, 8 Vols.
Cantatas, 4 Vols.
Te Deums and Jubilate, 3 Vols.
Opera songs, 2 Vols.
Laudate.
Collection of songs and choruses.
Transcript of 6 Sonatas for 2 Oboi and a Bass
Motetti e Duetti.
Il Trionfo del Tempo.
Acige e Galatea.
Oratorio Italiano
Cantate.
Concerti

Handel's music occupies almost universally, the mind not only of musicians, but of the peoples of those countries. One of his works may indeed be almost said to have become a part of the religion of England and Ireland, for the Messiah, whenever performed, is not only the most generally attractive of all oratorios, but from its sublime illustration of the most sublime part of Revelation, it is attended, particularly in London and Dublin, by those pious persons who are never to be seen at any other musical performance, and who never fail to perceive and to avow that their devout feelings are exalted by this solemn exercise.

It is not the least curious part of these effects, while it is certainly the most interesting to the philosopher, because it serves to elucidate strongly the national characteristics of the English and Irish, * that with very few exceptions, the sacred parts of Handel's productions are not only those which have given him his celebrity, but are those alone which live. Even his most popular and only surviving opera airs are adapted to sacred words; † under which form they seem to have attained not only a permanent, but their most beautiful and perfect state of existence. This striking fact leads at once to the conclusion, that however the world has admired the amazing fertility, the diversity, the delicacy, and the power of the mind that has given birth to such an infinite variety of conceptions, it is to the sublime elevation of his thoughts that Handel owes his vast superiority over the genius of all other composers. This was the faculty that led him to grapple with such subjects, and to astonish while he delighted mankind; this it was which enabled him to inspire feelings so profound by means so noble—and it was the contemplation of such of his works that led Mozart, the beautiful, the tender, the elegant, the profound Mozart, to exclaim—"This man is the master of us all."

Handel's oratorios are the most magnificent creations of art that the world has ever had presented to it for the expression and development of religious feeling. No Crucifixions or Transfigurations of Raffaelle or Rubens, no sculptured form representing the most sacred, transcendental and mysterious of all acts, ever appealed to the senses more overpoweringly than the musical expressions of religious truth given in one of these great productions. A movement of Handel is the poetry, sculpture, painting and everything else of the *ear*. All Antwerp, Milan, and Rome, as worlds of religious art, are concentrated in one of those solos or choruses which fix all ears, still in an instant the restless thought of thousands, and stamp one idea upon the whole mass. If anything is æstheticism this is, for it is a distinct, elaborate application of art in sound to embody religious thought, to elicit religious feelings, and to clothe the greatest truths with a form of exquisite beauty addressed to one of the senses, through which it takes captive the inner mind, subduing it into a passive receptacle of the thought and feelings which it thus illustrates.

Whatever the origin of the oratorio in its earliest form may have been, its rise in England, as it is now constituted, was an absolute consequence of the restrictions placed on music in Protestant churches from which it, as well as painting and statuary, was expelled; many of the finest works of the great masters being anathematized as blasphemous and idolatrous. "The mind must not be distracted by external contemplation," exclaimed the rigid Puritan, forget-

* "It hath been anciently held and observed that the sense of hearing, and the kinds of music, have most operation on manners, as to encourage men and make them warlike—to make them soft and effeminate—to make them grave—to make them light—to make them gentle and inclined to pity, etc. The cause is, for that the sense of hearing striketh the spirits more immediately than the other senses, and more incorporally than the smelling, for the sight, taste, and feeling have their organs not of so present and immediate access to the spirits as the hearing hath. And as for the smelling, which indeed worketh also immediately upon the spirits, and is forcible while the object remaineth, it is with a communication of the heat or vapour of the object odorate; but harmony entering easily, and mingling not at all, and coming with a manifest notion, doth by custom of often affecting the spirits and putting them into one kind of posture, alter not a little the nature of the spirits, even when the object is removed; and therefore we see that tunes and airs, even in their own nature, have in themselves some affinity with the affections; as there be merry tunes, doleful tunes, solemn tunes, tunes inclining men's minds to pity, warlike tunes, etc. So as it is no marvel if they alter the spirits, considering that tunes have a predisposition to the motion of the spirits in themselves. But yet it hath been noted, and though this variety of tunes doth dispose the spirits to variety of passions, conform unto them, yet generally *music feedeth that disposition of the spirits which it findeth. We see also that several airs and tunes do please several nations and persons, according to the sympathy they have with the spirits.*"—*Lord Bacon's Nat. Hist. cent.* 2, *sect.* 114.

† "Lord, remember David," is "Rend'il sereno," an air from *Sosarmes*; "He layeth the beams of his chambers in the waters" is "Nasce al bosco;" "Holy, holy Lord" is "Dove Sei," from *Radelinda*—not to mention "Lord, what is man," "Thou shalt bring them in," and others defunct in the opera, but resuscitated in the oratorio.

ful that in "hearing the word," or listening to a sermon, he was committing an infraction of the Puritan law. Fierce and intolerant Puritanism has, however, given way to a milder *régime*, and music severely chastened, as it is supposed, is now received into their authorized form of religious service, as not derogating from its solemnity. They have, no doubt, discovered that the human mind is instinctively allured to music, and that variety constitutes one of the necessities of man's creations. Had there been no separation, religion and a love for music, however remote from the serious, would never have been deemed incompatible, and no necessity might have presented itself for the institution of the oratorio. For the music of the grand sacrificial ceremony of the Mass may, in truth, be denominated an oratorio; with its "Gloria in Excelsis Deo," the "Credo," the "Agnus Dei" and the "Hallelujah." But modern composers, especially in our day, imbued as they are with secular feelings and occupations, in dealing with the "libretto" of the Mass have, in their treatment of sounds, failed to reflect, through those sounds, the sense of the words, or the splendor of the sentiments and truths those words are intended to convey. The subversion of the Catholic religion, then, in England, whereby the music of the Mass was prohibited, necessitated the introduction of some corresponding sacred musical exercise in its place. A sacred cantata in a secular locality was, therefore, the compromise between the music of the Mass and the plain Psalm or Hymn; and the genius of one composer—Handel—elevated that simple style of composition into a sublime epic.

The oratorio stands for a certain perfect combination of everything that is sublime, sacred, impressive, and majestic in music. To oratorio the cities of the civilized world open their lofty, spacious, and majestic halls, and admit her with her suite and retinue, her thousand voices, and the whole vast creation of art which she has formed around her. To hear an oratorio performed by the great choral societies of England and Ireland, or by the Handel and Haydn Society of Boston, is to be raised to a mood of real sublimity, to have our nature brought out, to feel a succession of grand ideas passing through the mind. We go to see mountains, rivers, architecture, sculpture, painting, or anything visible, to be elevated in thought and feeling; and we are frequently disappointed. There is a great deal of effort in admiring objects of sight; but the ear is more accommodating. We are passive under sounds and while listening to an oratorio by Handel or Mendelssohn. Musical festivals, of which oratorio should be the principal feature, ought to be an American institution. Everybody ought, at certain intervals, to hear the music of the oratorio. Oratorios should take their place side by side with other great erections of law and custom; our recreation, as well as our politics, ought to have a constitution.

The approaching centennial celebration of American Independence would afford a fitting opportunity for the performance of some of Handel's majestic Choruses by a sufficiently numerous and efficient chorus. Selections from the oratorios of Handel and Mendelssohn might, at intervals, be given with an effect commensurate with the grandeur of the subject, the time, and the occasion. All that enterprise can suggest, or determination accomplish, ought at once to be attempted in order that ample preparations for a grand choral demonstration, in the language of the country, may take place at that time. It would be a tribute to those immortal musicians, enhancing the glory of the celebration, and reflecting lustre upon the undertaking. The world's approbation would be drawn upon the nation, since, though not the mother of Handel, it would indicate that America was not behind in her admiration of the creator of the sublimest manifestations of Religious Art. Every song and chorus of Handel is a composition of genuine piety, imbued with intense spirituality and pathos. Handel was the true High-Priest of sacred song. Inspiration did not tarry on his tongue. He longed to awaken his strains on Zion's Mount; to sing Hosannas, Hallelujahs and Te Deums; to chant praises to Almighty God, and to call him by the name, "WONDERFUL," the "EVERLASTING FATHER," the "PRINCE OF PEACE."

MATRIMONIAL CHANCES;

OR, FRIGHTENED OUT OF LOVE AND INTO MARRIAGE

The winter after I took possession of my estate, I went to Bath with my mother, who introduced me to Julia Faulkner, a lovely girl, with an independent fortune of thirty thousand pounds. She was extremely amiable and well-informed, and I paid her as much attention as my constitutional timidity would allow me. It was evident that a more intimate connection between us was desired by our respective parents, and I little doubt but in the course of time I should have mustered courage to propose to her, and I doubt as little that I should have been accepted. A confoundedly tall Irish colonel, however, with black whiskers and a most ferocious aspect, appeared on the scene, and became, as well as myself, the constant attendant of Julia. But what chance had I with a fellow of his appearance, profession, and impudence? His loquacity obliged me to sit in their presence as silent as a statue; or, if I ventured to make a remark, he was sure to interrupt me before I could utter a sentence. If I secured her scarf to insure myself the pleasure of covering her ivory shoulders, he would take it from me with the utmost coolness and praise my attention to the ladies. I had once seated her in my cabriolet for a drive, and was about to follow her, when the colonel rode up on horseback, and, leaping from his saddle, entreated me if I loved him, to try what I could do to tame his animal, which, he said, was so vicious that no horsemanship but mine would have any effect upon him. Without waiting for a reply, he seized the reins, leaped into the carriage, and drove off, begging me, when I had done with the horse, to let my servant take him to the stable. Thither indeed he went, as soon as I had recovered from the effects of this astounding piece of assurance.

One evening, as we were leaving Julia's house, the colonel addressed me in a very quiet, and, indeed, in almost a friendly tone: —"Faith now, my dear fellow," said he, "this won't do at all. As only one of us can marry this girl, we must not both of us go on loving her at this rate; so we'll meet to-morrow morning on Lansdown, and decide which it shall be. Just name your friend, and I'll desire my cousin Bob, who always attends me on these occasions, to call and arrange the affair."

All the warmth of my affection for Julia thawed at these words. I could live for her, but I could not die for her; so I protested that, had I known his pretensions to the lady, I should never have made advances, and should thenceforward think no more of her. This, he said, was so prodigiously handsome, that he should be happy to become more particularly acquainted with me; and we parted with an engagement that I should dine with him the next day, having, he said, six elegant sisters, whom he was desirous of introducing me to.

I went, and was most graciously received by the whole family, particularly by Miss O'Shane, the eldest daughter, a short, thick girl, with flaxen hair (now, like Lord Byron, "I hate a dumpy woman," and flaxen hair is my abomination), white cheeks, and no eyebrows. Next this lady I was seated at dinner; in the evening we went to the rooms, and with this lady it was my fate to dance. The next morning the colonel called on me, and took me with him to inquire after the ladies. They were about to go on a shopping expedition, and Miss O'Shane was handed over to my protection. In short, by the extremely clever conduct of Mrs. O'Shane, Colonel O'Shane, and Miss O'Shane, the fashionable circles of the fashionable city of Bath speedily resounded with the intended marriage of this accomplished young lady and Mr. Tyrrel Tremlington.

Things had gone on in this way for a few weeks, when, one morning meeting the colonel in the Crescent, he took me by the arm, and turning into the gravel walk,

"Faith, Tremlington," said he, "really, now, I don't think you use me well in this affair with my sister. Here's all the world acquainted with your attachment to Martha (I always detested the name of Martha), except her own brother, and your particular friend. Now, if this concealment arose from any doubt of my consent, my dear fellow, put that out of your head, for I do not know the man with whom I would sooner trust the girl's happiness than yourself. Upon my soul, now, I'm in earnest; and she is, I must say, the best creature in the world—just suited to you—full of soul and sentiment (a woman of soul and sentiment was always my abhorrence). Just now, to be sure, a shade of melancholy hangs about her, in consequence of Sir Thomas Liston's conduct. Perhaps you have not heard of it. Faith he was a great scoundrel. It was at Brighton last summer. He had been paying her attentions at all times and everywhere—as kind and affectionate as your own, my dear fellow—and everybody said the day was fixed, as they do now respecting you, you know. He had made, too, considerable advances in her affections; not so far as you have, however, that I must acknowledge. Well, I spoke to him one morning, just as I am now speaking to you, and he had the impudence to tell me that he had nothing to do with the talk of the town, and that he had no intention of encumbering himself with a wife. You may guess the rest, my good fellow; we met the next morning on the Downs, and I settled his business completely. I never made a cleaner shot in my life. The surgeon told me afterward that it went through the centre of the *pericardium*. It struck first just here," said the colonel, tapping the fourth button of the left lapel of my coat; and the blow, gentle as it was, would have prostrated me had it not been for the supporting arm of the colonel. "But come, I see you are agitated," continued he, "and the sooner we get over the declaration—the *premier pas*, you know ——the sooner your happiness will begin."

I stopped a moment—I thought that I also could tell him that I was not prepared to encumber myself with a wife; for a moment I considered whether it would not be better to be shot at once than to be married to Miss O'Shane; but the thought of the pistol-bullet through the centre of the *pericardium* came across my mind with all its dreadful circumstantiality, and I suffered myself to be led to the colonel's house, where we found the young lady solitary and melancholy. Here the colonel soon settled the business; he assured his sister of my unaltered attachment, entreated her by a sister's love to have compassion on the feelings of his friend; and when the girl hid her face in one hand, and held out the other, he placed the latter in mine with a most tremendous squeeze, and declared it to be the happiest day of his life. He then led me aside, and entreated me not to hurry the wedding-day too quickly; he hoped I could wait three weeks. Well, if I could not, if my ardor was so great, he must insist, for his sister's sake, that it should not take place for a fortnight. He then turned to his sister, and begged her, as she valued my happiness, she would not delay beyond the period he had named. What could Miss O'Shane reply to this affectionate adjuration? She turned up her eyes most pathetically, and vowed she valued my happiness too highly to permit her to refuse me anything.

Thus I went home an engaged man, and announced my fate with tears and trembling to my mother. The good old lady scolded, for she could scold, and I had not outgrown the terrors of her voice. But arguments and anger were both thrown away upon me—the dreadful bullet through the *pericardium* rendered me deaf to the one and careless of the other. My wedding morning arrived with a speed fearfully accelerated by my sensations of dread at its approach. Oh, that wretched morning! To complete its catalogue of miseries, it had been fixed on for the union of the colonel with my Julia. A large company was assembled at breakfast, but of the occurrences or conversation, either then or during the ceremony, I have no recollection; a sensation of utter despair overwhelmed me, and I have an indistinct remembrance of a vague desire to escape when the great door of the abbey-church was closed with a violence that sent its echoes along the vaulted aisles, and seemed to thunder in my ears the sentence of misery to which I was doomed.

THE COLOSSEUM AT ROME.

THE NEW DISCOVERIES UNDERNEATH IT.

The Colosseum deserves to stand for other than architectural reasons. It is the greatest monument of that wild thirst for blood and cruelty which distinguished Rome above all other nations of the world. There have been in every country times when atrocious and horrible punishments were devised, slow ways of tearing life bit by bit from the body, ingenious and fiendish devices for prolonging and intensifying pain till the sufferer could feel no more. But the punishment and the torture were meant to be regarded with horror. In Rome alone they became the favorite spectacle of the people, and it was through the debased rulers of the empire that a ferocious craving for the sight of suffering was cultivated and developed. On the arena of the Colosseum not only did gladiators fight with each other and prisoners with lions, but dramas were enacted, the plots of which were taken from some well-known tale of antiquity. They were plays which required no libretto, because the story was known by every one of the eighty thousand spectators. And they had the great and absorbing interest that nothing was acted—all was reality, and the catastrophe, eagerly expected, was not simulated. The hapless actor who had to wear the shirt of Nessus knew that when he put it on, lined and smeared with pitch, it would be set fire to, so that he should represent in actual torture the agonies of the dying hero. Actæon knew that the dogs would be loosed upon him when the time came, and would tear him to pieces amid the applause of the people. Medea stabbed her children *coram populo;* Dirce acted her part, knowing that she would be tied by the hair to the horns of the bull who would drag her till she died. This was the favorite spectacle of the Romans, gentle and simple. Such shrieks, such shouts of applause, have echoed from these walls as no other theatre has ever heard; such tragedies have been enacted as no other playgoers have ever dreamed of; the citizens were insatiate; the roads that led to Ro[illegible] were thronged with prisoners coming to ta[illegible] part in the sports: the old could at least [illegible] torn by the beasts—the young could fig[illegible]. And these sports continued for 400 years, u[illegible]til the Emperor Honorius stopped the[illegible]. Later on they were partially revived, but on[illegible]y for combats of beasts, by Theodoric; and [illegible] bull fight was held in the old arena so late [illegible] 500 years ago, at which the noblest of t[illegible] Romans fought. Since then the Colosseu[illegible] has rested in silence.

A whole literature has grown up arou[illegible] this great amphitheatre, the modern aspe[illegible] of which has hitherto presented insuperab[illegible] difficulties in any attempt at understandi[illegible] the old accounts. For, if it were true th[illegible] the arrangements were such that wild beas[illegible] could be let loose by hundreds and prisone[illegible] by thousands; if, also, the arena could b[illegible] flooded with water, so as to admit of th[illegible] representation of a sea fight, in which a [illegible] was real except the hostility of the comba[illegible]ants, by what means were the beasts kep[illegible] ready and loosed upon their prey? wher[illegible] were the prisoners kept so as not to inte[illegible]fere with the audience? and how was th[illegible] water drained off after every sea-fight [illegible]? Partial excavations were commenced sixt[illegible]y years ago, but were discontinued after [illegible] short time. They made confusion mor[illegible] hopeless by revealing a number of walls be[illegible] low the surface running about in several di[illegible] rections, and seeming to answer no pur[illegible] pose. But within the last few month[illegible] Signor Rosa has commenced fresh excava[illegible] tions on a scientific plan and on a large[illegible] scale, and has already been enabled by his[illegible] discoveries to settle most of the disputed points. The proper level of the ground is twenty-one feet below the present surface. The arena itself has been found, with the original "herring-bone" pavement, perhaps that laid by Titus. What has been hitherto supposed the front of the podium—the low-

est wall separating spectators from actors—is really the back; and, in clearing away the newly found front, three great archways were discovered which have already so far been cleared out as to show what was their original purpose. These were the entrances of the actors. By these avenues marched the *morituri*, sturdy prisoners of war or shrinking women; by those their bodies were dragged away an hour or two later. And below the arena Signor Rosa has found the great drain, the cloaca, which carried away the water used for the sea fights. In the corridors still stand the bronze sockets on which, perhaps, swung the doors which divided the animals into their various groups: and there have been found marble slabs on which are represented the gladiatorial contests—men with men, men with beasts, beasts with beasts. The engineer does more with his spade than the scholar with his books for archæological research, and we congratulate Signor Rosa on his success. We can now realize more vividly the scenes of the Roman amphitheatre, but while we wonder how ladies highly born and delicately cultured could take delight in witnessing torture, we may remember that it is not many years since badger-drawing and bear-baiting were favorite English sports; and you may see a bull worried and baited even now in Spain; and that school-boys have never ceased to find their keenest pleasure in watching a fight. If Nero and Queen Elizabeth were to visit the Crystal Palace, while the former would miss the gladiators, the latter would deplore the absence of the bears.

MISCELLANY.

Andrew Jackson on Republican Honors.

A proposition made not long since, to transfer the remains of President Andrew Jackson to the grounds of the State Capitol in Nashville, Tennessee, recalls the letter in which he directed the disposition of his mortal remains—declining all pomp, and desiring to be laid in the humble depository prepared beside that containing the body of his beloved wife. The sarcophagus alluded to was supposed to have been the repository of the remains of the Roman Emperor, Alexander Severus, and was obtained, after great pains, at Beyrout, in Syria, by Captain Jesse Duncan Elliot, who brought it to the United States, in the frigate *Constitution*, and tendered it, through the National Institute, as a final resting-place for the remains of the illustrious president. As the following letter shows, the proposition was not in accordance with Andrew Jackson's ideas of republicanism. The sarcophagus remained for many years in the basement of the Patent Office, Washington, and was subsequently removed to the grounds of the Smithsonian Institution. In reply to the offer of the imperial tomb, Jackson wrote:—

HERMITAGE, March 27, 1845.

Dear Sir:—Your letter of the 18th inst., together with the copy of the proceedings of the National Institute, furnished me by their Corresponding Secretary, on the presentation by you of the sarcophagus for their acceptance, on condition it shall be preserved, and in honor of my memory, have been received and are now before me. Although laboring under great debility and affliction from a severe attack from which I may not recover, I raise my pen and endeavor to reply. The steadiness of my nerves may perhaps lead you to conclude my prostration of strength is not so great as here expressed. Strange as it may appear, my nerves are as steady as they were forty years gone by, while from debility and affliction I am gasping for breath. I have read the whole proceedings of the presentation by you of the sarcophagus, and the resolutions passed by the Board of Directors, so honorable to my fame, with sensations of feelings more easily conjectured than by me expressed.

The whole proceedings call for my most grateful thanks, which are hereby tendered to you, and through you to the president of the National Institute. But with the warmest sensations that can inspire a grateful heart, I must decline accepting the honor intended to be bestowed. I cannot consent that my mortal body shall be laid in a repository prepared for an emperor or a king—my republican feelings and principles forbid it—the simplicity of our system of government forbids it. Every monument erected to perpetuate the memory of our heroes and statesmen ought to bear evidence of the economy and simplicity of our republican institutions and the plainness of

our republican citizens, who are the sovereigns of this glorious Union, and whose virtue is to perpetuate it.

True virtue cannot exist where pomp and parade are the governing passions. It can only dwell with the people, the great laboring and producing classes that form the bone and sinew of our confederacy. For these reasons I cannot accept the honor you and the President and Directors of the National Institute intended to bestow. I cannot permit my remains to be the first in these United States to be deposited in a sarcophagus made for an emperor or a king. I again repeat, please accept for yourself, and convey to the President and Directors of the National Institute, my profound respects for the honor you and they intended to bestow.

I have prepared an humble depository for my mortal body beside that wherein lies my beloved wife, where, without any pomp or parade, I have requested, when my God calls me to sleep with my fathers, to be laid, for both of us there to remain until the last trumpet sounds that calls the dead to judgment, when we, I hope, shall rise together, clothed with that heavenly body promised to all who believe in our glorious Redeemer, who died for us that we might live, and by whose atonement I hope for a blessed immortality.

I am, with great respect,

Your friend and fellow-citizen,

ANDREW JACKSON.

To Hon. J. D. Elliott, United States Navy.

A Snake Barrier.

The *Rural Sun* presents a valuable piece of information to those living in localities where reptiles are not entirely extinct. It says that every species of snake may be permanently driven away from an infested place by planting geraniums. In South Africa the Caffir people thus rid their premises of snakes. A missionary in South Africa had his parsonage surrounded by a narrow belt of geraniums, which effectually protected the residence from any kind of snake. A few yards away from this geranium belt a snake would occasionally be found. It is well known that the whole geranium genus is highly redolent of volatile oils —musk scented, lemon scented, and peppermint scented. What, therefore, is a very pleasant nosegay for man is repugnant to the serpent tribe.

Coffee Culture.

It is estimated that fully one half of the coffee produced in the world is grown in Brazil; two millions of bags are annually shipped, more than one half of this amount coming to the United States. Each bags contains one hundr d and sixty pounds, and is worth, at Rio Janeiro, tw ty dollars per sack: total proceeds, forty milli of dollars. The coffee is raised chiefly in southern part of Brazil, in a mountainous b about two hundred miles in width, and the la upon which it is grown is a yellow sandy s lying upon the side hills where no drainage is quired, otherwise the natives would never obt the immense returns. The trees are usua grown from shoots in nurseries, yet the berry sometimes planted and made to produce tre About three years are required from the transpla ing to the beginning of bearing, but the trees ha to reach the age of five or six years before th are at the height of their productiveness. At end of fifteen or twenty years they cease bearii

The trees are evergreen, and grow to the heig of from ten to thirty feet. The leaves are green, so nearly five inches long, and of a pretty bright col During the whole of the year white blossoms the foliage, but the regular harvest comes tw every twelve months. The berry, in its tend state, is very pleasant to the taste, and is used food; that is, the pulpy part. Then it becom red, and, later, a purplish shade. What we ha in our market is simply the pits. The berri grow about as large as goodsized cherries, and a about as palatable as wild plums. The harvest made chiefly by women who carry baskets up their breasts, and often a baby on the back at th same time.

Musical Criticism in the West.

A concert at La Crosse, Wisconsin, inspired editor of the *Sun* to a novel style of criticism. is not exactly in the vein of the editor of *Wats Art Journal*, or of our esthetic contributor, Pech: still, as introducing a new manner in treatment of a subject for which many unmus critics think themselves specially qualified, it prove attractive to readers, and perhaps direct energies of the unmusical writers on music in new channel—

"The second lecture of the Library Associa course was delivered on Thursday evening b female lecturer named Camilla Urso—on a fid The lecturer was supported by a female singer, male clam-sellers and a piano smasher, all of th decidedly talented in their lines. The lecture the fiddle gave the most unbounded satisfacti and the Association, in taking their new departu has struck a popular chord.

"Of the performance it is unnecessary to into details, as all our readers were there, with f exceptions. The fiddler, Urso, more than carr the fiddle. She sung sweet morsels of music of it, all the way from the wish bone to the p that goes ever the fence last. She made it t

Norwegian, and squeezed little notes out of it not bigger than a cambric needle and as smooth as a book agent. The female singer was fair, while the male grasshopper sufferers sang as well as was necessary."

He next describes the "touches of and effect produced by sixteen-fingered Jack, the sand hill crane that had the disturbance with the piano."

"We never knew what the row was about, but when he walked up to the piano, smiled, and shied his castor into the ring, anybody could see there was going to be trouble. He spit on his hands, sparred a little, and suddenly landed a stunning blow right on the ivory, which staggered the piano and caused an exclamation of agony. First knockdown for Jack. He paused a moment and then began putting in blows right and left in such a cruel manner that the spectators came near breaking into the ring. Whenever a key showed its head he mauled it. We never saw a piano stand so much punishment and live, and Jack never got a scratch."

How to get on in the World.

A workingman some time ago published his autobiography, and it is one of the most interesting pieces of writing that has appeared for many years. It is as follows:—"It may to some appear like vanity in me to write that I now do, but I should not give my life truly if I omitted it. When filling a cart with earth on a farm, I never stopped work because my side of the cart might be heaped up before the other side at which was another workman. I pushed over what I had heaped up, to help him; so doubtless he did to me when he was first and I was last. When I had filled my columns of a newspaper with matter for which I was to be paid, I never stopped if I thought the subject required more explanation, because there was no contract for more payment, or no possibility of obtaining more. When I have lived in a barrack room, I have stopped work and taken a baby from a soldier's wife, when she had to work, and nursed it for her, or gone for water for her, or cleaned another man's accoutrements, though it was no part of my duty to do so.

When I had been engaged in political literature and travelling for a newspaper, I have gone many miles out of my road to ascertain a local fact, or to pursue a subject to its minutest details, if it appeared that the public were unacquainted with the facts of the case, and this, when I had the work, was the most pleasant and profitable. When I have wanted work, I have accepted it at any wages I could get, at a plough, in farm-draining, stone-quarrying, breaking stones, at wood-cutting, in a saw pit, as a civilian or soldier. In London I have groomed a cabman's horse and cleaned out a stable for sixpence. I have since tried literature, have done as much writing for ten shillings as I have readily obtained—both sought for and offered—ten guineas for.

But if I had not been contented to begin at the beginning, and accept the shillings, I should not have arisen to the guineas. I have lost nothing by working, whatever I have been doing, with spade or pen—I have been my own helper. Are you prepared to imitate? Humility is always the attendant of sense, folly alone is proud. A wise divine, when preaching to the youths of his congregation, was wont to say: "Beware of being golden apprentices, silver journeymen and copper masters." "The only cure for pride is sense; and the only path to promotion is condescension. What multitudes have been ruined by the pride of their hearts!" Here is testimony worth treasuring in mind by everybody.

The Chemistry of Furniture.

Young housekeepers do not always understand the theory of the chemical and mechanical action of different substances on articles of furniture. The substances from which furniture is chiefly exposed to injury are, water, oils, alcohols and acids. And the *American Artisan* gives some useful hints thereon. Acids act on marble. Marble is itself composed of carbonate of lime—that is, it is a compound of carbonic acid and lime. Now, the carbonic acid has a comparatively weak affinity for lime, and most other acids will prevail over and take its place when brought in contact with it, thus destroying the texture of the stone, liberating the carbonic acid, and leaving nitrate of lime or muriate of lime or sulphate, or acetate of lime, as the case may be, in the form of a white powder in its place. But oils, alchol and water have no effect on marble. All varnished or polished surfaces of wood, on the other hand, while not usually injured by acids, are attacked by alcohol. Varnishes are composed of different gums and resins, which are generally soluble in alcohol. Many of them are made by dissolving the material in alcohol, so as to liquefy them, and then, when they are applied, the alcohol evaporates, leaving the gum or resin in a thin, even coating over the whole surface. If now any alcoholic substance comes upon such a surface, whether it be alcohol itself, as used for lamps, or spirits of any kind, or even wine, which contains but a small percentage of alcohol, the varnish is attacked, a portion of it is dissolved, and the brilliancy of the surface is destroyed. Oils will not attack either marbles or varnished surfaces, and will do no injury except to naked wood or other porous substances which admit them [illegible] pores, from which they cannot afterward [illegible] expelled. Water affects no substances[illegible]

such as have open pores exposed, in which case it enters and causes the substance to swell, or such as are soluble in water, as glue in joints, and mucilage or gum arabic, used sometimes for attaching superficial ornaments to fancy work.

The Oldest Congressmen Living.

Hon. Horace Binney, aged ninety-five, of Philadelphia, was born in that city, January 4, 1870. He represented Pennsylvania in Congress from 1833 to 1835.

Hon. Willard Hall, of Wilmington, Delaware, was born in Massachusetts, December 14, 1780, thus making him ninety-four years old. He is the oldest in point of service, having served in Congress, from Delaware, from 1819 to 1821.

Hon. Artemus Hale of Bridgewater, Massachusetts, is in his ninety-second year, having been born in that State October, 20, 1783. He was a member of Congress from Massachusetts from 1845 to 1849.

Hon. Perkins King, aged ninety-one, of Cairo, Greene County, New York, is a native of Massachusetts, and was born January 12, 1783. He represented New York in Congress from 1829 to 1831.

Hon. Jos. Johnson, of Bridgeport, West Virginia, in his ninetieth year, was born in Orange County, New York, Dec. 10, 1785. He represented Virginia in Congress from 1823 to 1825, from 1835 to 1841, and from 1845 to 1847.

Hon. George Grinnell, of Greenfield, Massachusetts, in his eighty-ninth year, was born in that State December 25, 1786. He was a member of Congress from Massachusetts from 1820 to 1839.

Hon. Joseph Grinnell, of New Bedford, Massachusetts, in his eighty-seventh year, was born in Massachussets Nov. 17, 1788. He was a member of Congress from 1843 to 1851.

Hon. Daniel Sturgeon, of Uniontown, Pennsylvania, in his eighty-sixth year, having been born October 27, 1789, was a United States Senator from Pennsylvania from 1840 to 1851.

Hon. Ether Shepley, of Portland, Maine, in his eighty-sixth year, was born in Massachusetts November 3, 1789. He represented Maine in the United States Senate from 1833 to 1836.

Hon. John Strohm, of Lancaster, Pennsylvania, in his eighty-second year, was born October 16, 1793, and served in Congress from 1845 to 1849.

Hon. John Davis, of Bucks county, Pennsylvania, was born in 1788, and is now in his eighty-seventh year. He was elected to Congress in 1839 and served one term.

Whales and Whalers.

In the pretty cemetery of Sag Harbor, Long Island, there is a marble monument bearing a touching record. It is in the form of a broken ship's mast, with an unstrained hawser twisted around the foot, and engraved upon it are the names of six captains of whale-ships belonging to the town, all of them under thirty years of age, who died within ten years of each other, in actual encounter with the monsters of the deep. An old whalesman, who had escaped death several times, used to declare that he only lived "on borrowed time, a monument of God's infinite mercy." The case of Captain James Huntling is an example of a whalesman's endurance. His boat was upset, and rolled over him, by a large sperm whale. When he rose to the surface he was entangled in the line, and struggled hard to free himself, but before he could succeed he was jerked out of the sight of his horrified shipmates. A bight of line yet attached to the whale was around his ankle. Drawing himself nearer the retreating animal, he drew a sheath-knife and managed to cut the cord. When he again came to the surface, a boat rescued him and conveyed him to the ship. His ankle was broken, and in the presence of his men he set it himself, and then resumed his usual duties. Captain Davis mentions a sperm whale which first wrecked two boats and afterward charged at the ship, tearing away the cut-water and the copper sheathing around the bow. Several harpoons, lances and bomb-lances were fired into him without effect. During the night he remained on the surface in the vicinity of the wrecked boats, and was frequently heard fighting the fragments. On the following day thirty-one bomb lances more, each containing half a pound of gunpowder, were exploded in him before he yielded. The monster produced 115 barrels of oil, half of it head matter. Finback whales are even more dangerous than sperm. They are occasionally 120 feet long, and extremely swift and powerful in their motions. But their blubber is thin and the whalebone scant, and they are considered less valuable than others of the species.

Blackmailing in New York.

A metropolitan correspondent of a Boston Journal gives the following statement of the audacity and extent of the blackmailing element in New York. If true, the scandalous scourge cannot be too widely exposed:—"The extent to which this business is carried on, and its success, is astounding. Men and women live in elegantly furnished houses up town, who pursue the business of blackmailing as a trade. They get the entree of society, from car acquaintances with respectable people, hire pews in elegant churches, and ride in coaches on the fruits of their nefarious business. No body is spared. It's the rule in the district attorney's office, when a woman calls to see the officer, to have

oors all open that lead into other rooms. One r most eminent lawyers consented to hold a ıltation with an elegantly dressed woman one ıoon. It cost him ten thousand dollars before ɔt through with it. One of our most promi- bankers has a habit of remaining in the bank ve o'clock to do up his private writing. He ly sits alone. One day a woman sailed in ed in velvet, with diamonds up to her eyes. ook her seat without question, near the presi- and began a running conversation. Soon a put in an appearance and made direct for the ɜs. Providentially the cashier had not left the , but was in the washroom that opens out of resident's chamber. His appearance on the changed the programme. The porter now ins till the president has gone, and locks up s. Even the judges are not spared by these eants. An attempt was made to blackmail f our district judges. He did not scare at all, ɜnt the parties to Blackwell's Island for six hs."

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smith on his Travels.

ldsmith, as Boswell said to Johnson years after s, "disputed his passage through Europe." ıgh Flanders and France to Paris, thence to va, and over the Alps into Northern and Centaly, as far as Florence, he wended his way, often on foot, working his passage by playing ate, and making himself popular with the natives of many countries with jocose antics and humorous stories. Many adventures had he, which he related on his return with much gusto. He partook of the free hospitalities of the monasteries, slept on straw in humble barns, and when he reached a village would pull out his flute and strike up a lively air, to which the rustics would respond with dances, and in recompense for which he would obtain a modest lodging and something to eat. When he came to extremities he did not disdain to beg; and in Italy, where the surfeit of music rendered his flute powerless, he used to earn his keeping by engaging in the competitive discussions at the universities, the champion of which would claim a free dinner and bed. "In this manner," he says, "I fought my way toward England, walking along from city to city, and, if I may so express it, saw both sides of the picture." At Paris he was delighted, and observed things which induced him to predict the revolution which broke out nearly forty years after; and at Geneva he visited Voltaire, at whose house he saw Diderot and Fontenelle, and heard Voltaire make a magnificent defence of England. He ate "savory dinners" on the summits of Alpine passes, "flushed" woodcocks on Mount Jura, and meditated themes which afterward took poetic shape in his immortal poem of "The Traveler." So wandering, he returned in time to England, having made the grand tour almost penniless, and enriched his mind with a stock of minute observations which was to serve him in precious stead in the future.

CURRENT PUBLICATIONS.

e Life of Father Bernard, Missionary priest ı Congregation of the Most Holy Redeemer. . Claessens, canon of the Metropolitan church ɔchlin. Translated from the French. New . The Catholic Publication Society. 1875.

is history of the life of a zealous and eloquent onary Redemptorist priest cannot fail to deepterest every reader. From childhood the Bernard Joseph Hafkenscheid seemed dis- for the bright path of life; on which his ɔes were to console, illuminate and edify his rs. In following the development of his e in youth we are never repelled by the rish sentimentality which too often is taken, istaken, for "characteristics of genius" by ısiastic chroniclers of the lives of men who have become distinguished or famous. There was a naturalness and attractive simplicity about Bernard's childhood and youth, which might be called almost inspired. One of the favorite amusements of the little boy was to play priest; and some of the occasions remained indelibly fixed on the minds of his family and friends. In this serious vocation of his childhood young Bernard used to preach betimes, and on one occasion he delivered a sermon on the holy name of Jesus, of which his family preserved a precious remembrance.

His hearers were deeply affected, and his parents shed tears. The child was father of the man. His early practices were but the prelude to a sanctified and sanctifying life. The missionary labors of Father Bernard extended [redacted]

through his native country, Holland, but through portions of Belgium, Germany, England, Ireland and the United States of America.

The Redemptorists were introduced into America by Bishop Fenwick in 1832. In 1839 they established themselves in Pittsburgh; in 1841 at Baltimore; the next year in New York; in 1843 in Philadelphia, and in 1845 in Buffalo. That year the Provincial of Belgium, Father De Held, coming to make a canonical visitation of the communities established in the United States, selected Father Bernard as the companion of his voyage and labors. After a most perilous experience at sea they arrived; and having preached in Boston, New York, Philadelphia, Pittsburg, Rochester, Buffalo, Chicago and other places, and impressing himself as a noble exemplar of the missionary type, Father Bernard returned to Europe in August of the same year. In December, 1848, he again embarked at Southampton, and after another voyage of violent storms and danger arrived in New York harbor on the 8th January, 1849. In the middle of the next year he returned to Europe, and the Pope having erected the American houses of the Redemptorists into a separate province, Father Bernard was made Provincial. In this capacity he came to America for the third time, landing in New York March 19, 1851. After the third year Father Bernard was relieved from his provincialship and again returned to Europe In 1852 the indefatigable missionary was appointed superior of the convent at Limerick in Ireland, and placed at the head of the Apostolic labors of the congregation in that country, as also in England and Scotland. In 1855 he left Ireland. After an absence of seven years he went to his native land, never more to leave it. He departed this life on the 2d September, 1865. The life of this good priest is written with great sympathetic fervor and appreciation by his biographer, and, as we said, cannot fail to catch and hold the reader.

Confession. By Monseigneur De Ségur. Translated from the French by the Sisters of Charity, New Haven, Connecticut. New York: P. O'Shea.

This useful and suggestive *brochure*, which is written in a free and familiar style, touches with force on all the usual and unusual objections which are made to the confessional by Protestants. It likewise meets the doubts and fears which sometimes waylay Catholics and tend to keep them from those consolations which the exercise of their religious duties is certain to confer. As illustrative of the national tendency to confess, Bishop Cheverus gave an apt example to a Protestant lady who often came to advise with him. One day she said that confession seemed to her absurd. "Not quite so absurd as you think," he replied. "Without suspecting it, you have felt its value and necessity, and for a long time you have been confessing to me; since confession is nothing more than confiding the troubles of conscience that you find so much relief in disclosing to me." This simple and rational explanation left no room for discussion: the lady soon became a Catholic. Even Voltaire in a moment of wisdom paid a tribute to the confessional. "There is, perhaps," he wrote, "no institution more useful. Most men, when they fall into great faults, feel remorse. If there is anything on earth to console them, it is the means of being reconciled to God and themselves." For those Catholics who delay to confess, fearing their sins are "too great to be told," or "too weighty to be pardoned," or that the "priest will be angry," or for those who "do not like the pastor," who may be "too well known to the confessor," Monseigneur Ségur has some good advice backed up by some striking and appropriate suggestions.

The Holy Isle; or, The Lives of the most notable Irish Saints. New York: Benziger Brothers.

This book which is intended as a sequel to the Life of St. Patrick, contains brief and comprehensive memories of the lives of Saints Bridget, Columba, Malachy, Lawrence O'Toole, Palladius, and Comgall. In the progress of these little narratives many important historical events are referred to, which are well calculated to awaken a desire for instructive reading in the young, and to refresh the minds of the more mature reader.

The Baker's Boy: The Life of General Drouot. New York: Benziger Brothers.

An incident of Antony Drouot's childhood well illustrates the characteristics which led him from the baker's shop of his father at Nancy, in Lorraine, to a distinguished place in the records of his country. When little more than three years old he went of his own accord to a Christian Brothers' school and begged admittance. Being refused on account of his extreme youthfulness, he nearly cried his eyes out. In another year his desire was gratified, and his life path opened to him. His biography illustrates the progress and results of application, obedience, and industry: and the blessing of having good parents who practise religion, and instil piety into the hearts of their children.

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DE LA SALLE MONTHLY.

NEW SERIES, VOL. II.—AUGUST, 1875.—No. 8.

GEORGE CRABBE THE POET OF THE POOR.

George Crabbe, who has been called by one admirer "the portrait-painter of humble life," and by Horace Smith, "Pope in worsted stockings" and is acknowledged by all as a faithful if not stern delineator of rural life and those scenes and occurrences which illustrate "the short and simple annals of the poor," was born at Aldborough, on the Suffolk coast, England, in a small cottage, the appearance and character of which have been represented by the pencil of Stanfield. His father, a man of humble means, who held the position of salt-master, or collector of the salt duties, had a vigorous understanding, and was noted for a remarkable faculty of calculation.

As soon as young George had learned to read, he displayed an eager appetite for books of all kinds. Like most children in whom the desire for reading is early developed, he feasted on fiction, and especially if it presented a pageantry of ghosts, witches and fairies. The cadence of versification captivated him, and at an early age he paid tribute to its mastery by imitative verses. Recognizing these several admonitions, the father sent George to a school on the borders of Norfolk; whence, in a short time, he was removed to the tutelage of a skilful mathematician at Stowmarket. Later he was apprenticed to a village surgeon at Wickham-brook, but not finding the association desirable, had himself transferred to and concluded his time with a surgeon at Woodbridge, a market town about seventeen miles distant from his native place. Here the student was suited, and in more ways than one. Here he laid the foundation of his future domestic comfort and happiness, in having met and cultivated the acquaintance of Miss Sarah Elmy. The development of love and poesy beguiled, if it did not invade, his surgical studies, and at this time he contributed several pieces to *The Lady's Magazine*, a periodical of some repute.

His apprenticeship ended, young Crabbe's desire was to receive his professional finishing touches in London; but, alas! the habits of his father had undergone an unhappy change. He had become, says one of his son's biographers, "a politician, a tavern-hunter, and a domestic tyrant. Under these financial and paternal derangements, the student whose eagerness was made anxious by the awakening fervor of an arrested heart, and elevated by poetical aspiration, was compelled to labor in the drudgery of the public warehouse wherein his parent's duties were performed." He filled up his leisure by adding, to his professional knowledge and his occasional communion with the muses, the study of botany.

At length having received some slight assistance from his father, Crabbe went to London to "walk the hospitals" and "attend the lectures;" but his means proving inadequate, he returned to Aldborough within a year.

He now became an assistant to an ill-tempered surgeon: and that individual leav-

ing that part of the country, Crabbe set up for himself, but without success. Fortune happily favored him in another direction. His scanty practice allowed him the privilege of improving opportunities for devotion to Miss Elmy; and it was understood that they betrothed themselves at this period. If, however, want of employment afforded leisure for love, the want of money placed a bar to marriage; and it is no small evidence of their mutual good sense and thorough respect and love for each other, that they did not sacrifice themselves to the blind god, but waited for more auspicious times. No doubt it cost them a struggle; but they lived to enjoy the reward of devoted faithfulness and tested love.

Love is a great developer of the mental powers, and perhaps it was owing to its effect that Crabbe came to the self-reliant conclusion that he would throw physic to the dogs, and attempt to carve his future out of literature. It assuredly was a bold thought. To reach London, to win fame and fortune, these were his designs and objects; but here again the want of money met him as with an impassable barrier.

He succeeded, however, in obtaining a kindly loan of five pounds from Mr. Dudley North—let his name be known for ever!—and having "settled up his affairs" in Aldborough, started on a sloop for the great metropolis, where he arrived in due time, in about the twenty-sixth year of his age.

"Woe to the youthful poet," says Robert Southey, "who sets out upon his pilgrimage to the Temple of Fame with nothing but Hope for his viaticum! There is the Slough of Despond, and the Hill of Difficulty, and the Valley of the Shadow of Death upon the way." And Beattie, before Southey, had sung the hopes and sorrows of young ambition:

"Ah! who can tell how hard it is to climb
The steep where Fame's proud temple shines afar?
Ah! who can tell how many a soul sublime
Has felt the influence of malignant star,
And waged with Fortune an eternal war?"

Crabbe's struggle in London was severe and trying in the extreme: fortunately it met timely amelioration, and saved the history of literature from another prolonged chapter of woe and misfortune. From his journal we get a clew by which to follow these early struggles of one fascinated with his belief that literature was the golden key to fame, to fortune, and to comforting reward. Such a belief could then and can now be sustained only by dignity, purity and courage, in addition to the talent or genius from which its first impetus must be derived.

The remnant of Crabbe's borrowed five pounds soon dwindled, in spite of strict economy in lodging and living. He wrought and re-wrought at his verses, and sought and re-sought the publishers—in vain. His purse subsided from pounds to pence; and we are told that, on taking stock once he found sixpence-farthing in it, and reduced it to four pence-halfpenny by spending seven farthings for a pint of porter. All he had went; the pawnbroker was sought for temporary relief; and at last he found himself in debt to the appalling amount of seven pounds! In vain he sought a publisher or a patron; and without the one or the other, or both in one, he could only see behind and over this seven pounds of debt the prospect of a prison. Failing with the publishers, he addressed several prominent characters—but with equal want of success. Lord North, Lord Shelborne, Lord Chancellor Thurlow were approached, but they were variously occupied—deaf, dumb or blind—and respectively had neither tongue, ears, nor eyes for the petitioning poet. He also ventured to lay siege to the prince, William Henry, afterwards the "Sailor King" William IV, with pathetical appeal, but the royal young sailor might as well have been "half-seas over" at the time, for all the response he made to the despairing bard from the Suffolk coast.

"He was, in the 'peopled solitude,' without a friend, without a shilling, without a hope,—nay, not so, for trust in God never left him. And there was a dearly-loved girl (afterwards his loving and devoted wife) praying for him in the humble home he had left. But his sufferings of mind and body were intense. Once when he had wandered away to Hornsey Wood (the locality he most frequented), and found it too late to return to his lodging, he passed the night under a hayrick,—having no money to pay for a casual bed. What was he to do? The natural holiness of his nature kept him from following the example of that 'marvellous

boy,' Chatterton, who had 'perished in his pride.' What was he to do, as he wandered about, hungry and hopeless, with high aspirations and much self-dependence,—a full consciousness of the fount within, that was striving to send its streams of living water to mankind,—yet without a hand to beckon him across the slough of despond, or a glimpse of light to guide him through the valley of the shadow of death?

"His lot has been the lot of many to whom 'letters' is a sole 'profession:' but of few may the story be told so succinctly and emphatically as of Crabbe; for but few so thoroughly or so suddenly triumphed over the enemy, or could look back without a blush upon the progress of the fight when its end has been victory.

"Who will say that his prayers, and those of his Sarah, were not heard and answered when an inspired thought suggested an application to Edmund Burke."*

Now, all things considered, ought not Crabbe be deemed fortunate in his misfortunes: in having failed to secure the aid he sought from royal prince and crown ministers; to be forced, as it were, under the protection of a man of grander intellect and more generous nature? It surely was a most providential thought that led the anxious and disappointed soul to seek an audience of Edmund Burke.

In the Life of Crabbe written by his son —classed by Dr. Shelton Mackenzie as one of the five best literary biographies in the English language—a brief passage refers touchingly and gratefully to this grand transformation scene in the drama of the poet's life. It is the keynote also of the son's love-labor as a biographer; for if the occurrence had not taken place to which we allude—who can say if the father would have arrived at the distinction which usually makes a memoir a literary necessity, or commends it to public consideration?—"He went into Mr. Burke's room," says the son, "a poor young adventurer, spurned by the opulent and rejected by the publishers, his last shilling gone, and all but his last hope with it; he came out, virtually secure of almost all the good fortune that by successive steps afterwards fell to his lot; his genius acknowledged by one whose verdict could not be questioned; his character and manners appreciated and approved by a noble and capacious heart, whose benevolence knew no limits but its power—that of a giant in intellect, who was, in feeling, an unsophisticated child—a bright example of the close affinity between superlative talents and the warmth of the generous affections. Mr. Crabbe had afterwards many other friends, kind, liberal, and powerful, who assisted him in his professional career; but it was one hand alone that rescued him when he was sinking."

Burke gave the poetic applicant the shelter, not only of his patronage, but of his house. He took him to dwell in his own family, enabled him to prepare for the Church, introduced him to the best literary society in London, and assisted him in the publication of his poems. Some twenty-five years afterwards, when issuing a collection embracing some of his early and later works, the grateful poet pays a tribute to the noble and generous character who came to his relief in every sense, directed his foot on the path to fortune, and placed his talents in a position to command recognition and reward. It will only be just to Crabbe to hear his suggestive tribute to Burke. If it cannot add anything to our knowledge of the latter, it can enhance the memory of the former who proved worthy of the interest taken in him by so eminent a man:—

"While composing the first-published of these poems, *The Library*, the author was honored with the notice, and assisted by the advice, of the Right Honorable Edward Burke; part of it was written in his presence, and the whole submitted to his judgment; receiving, in its progress, the benefit of his correction. I hope, therefore, to obtain pardon of the reader, if I eagerly seize the occasion, and, after so long a silence, endeavor to express a grateful sense of the benefits I have received from this gentleman, who was solicitous for my more essential interests, as well as benevolently anxious for my credit as a writer.

"I will not enter upon the subject of his extraordinary abilities; it would be vanity, it would be weakness, in me to believe that I could make them better known, or more ad-

* *Every Saturday*, Jan'y, 1866.

mired than they now are; but of his private worth, of his wishes to do good, of his affability and condescension, his readiness to lend assistance when he knew it was wanted, and his delight to give praise where he thought it was deserved: of these I may write with some propriety. All know that his powers were vast, his acquirements various; and I take leave to add, that he applied them with unremitted attention to those objects which he believed tended to the honor and welfare of his country. But it may not be so generally understood that he was ever assiduous in the more private duties of a benevolent nature; that he delighted to give encouragement to any promise of ability, and assistance to any appearance of desert: to what purpose he employed his pen, and with what eloquence he spoke in the Senate, will be told by many, who yet may be ignorant of the solid instruction, as well as the fascinating pleasantry found in his common conversations amongst his friends, and his affectionate manners, amiable disposition, and zeal for their happiness, which he manifested in the hours of retirement with his family."

Some one has said that no man's abilities are so remarkably shining as not to stand in need of a proper opportunity, a patron, and even the praises of a friend, to recommend him to the notice of the world. As if by enchantment, Crabbe beheld all of these necessities. He had not the choice of either; for, by a wonderful stroke of fortune, all three were in his possession.

His poem, *The Library*, was published in 1781, and was most favorably received. The ex-surgeon and budding poet had long felt an inclination towards the Church, and now this desire was furthered by the advice and influence of Burke and his friends. He was admitted to deacon's orders by the Bishop of Norwich in the same year that he issued his poem, and in the following received full orders as a minister. His first service as curate was in his native village of Aldborough, and it is easy to imagine that among those who heard his first sermon was the "Sarah" who had believed in him, when neighbors considered him a "lubber" and a "fool," or at best, a hair-brained youth, who "would never come to good." A sense of worldly pride or triumph might be allowed to have sought a place in the feelings of a clergyman on such an occasion, might we not deem it less or more than natural to have prevented it. After the experience of want and ambition which drove him from Aldborough, and the woes which had surrounded him in London, who would come between him and his triumphs with any hollow admonitions of pretentious humility, as he entered the pulpit of his native village—going forth on borrowed money, coming back with conferred fame, his brains recognized, his hopes encouraged, his truth and trust rewarded?

In 1783 the appearance of *The Village* confirmed his poetical reputation. This and the previous venture, as stated by the author, received the benefit of Burke's taste and suggestiveness. *The Village* also received the revision of Dr. Samuel Johnson. Boswell mentions the fact: "Its sentiments as to the false notions of rustic happiness were quite congenial to his own; and he had taken the trouble not only to suggest slight corrections and variations, but to furnish some lines when he thought he could give the writer's meaning better than in the words of the manuscript." Burke had introduced him to Sir Joshua Reynolds, and the latter induced Johnson to read the poem.

On returning the latter, it was accompanied with the following letter to the kind artist:

March 4th, 1783.

SIR—I have sent you back Mr. Crabbe's poem, which I read with great delight. It is original, vigorous, and elegant.

The alterations which I have made I do not require him to adopt, for my lines are, perhaps, not often better than his own, but he may take mine and his own together, and perhaps between them produce something better than either. He is not to think his copy wantonly defaced. A wet sponge will wash all the red lines away, and leave the page clear.

His dedication will be least liked. It were better to contract it into a short, sprightly address. I do not doubt Mr. Crabbe's success.

I am, Sir, etc.,

SAM. JOHNSON.

The interest taken in the poem by the venerable critic, then seventy-four years old, as well as his undiminished vivacity and felicity of rhythmical structure, are illustrated by this example. Crabbe had written—

"In fairer scenes, where peaceful pleasures spring,
Tityrus, the pride of Mantuan swains, might sing;
But charmed by him, or smitten with his views,
Shall modern poets court the Mantuan muse?
From truth and nature shall we widely stray
Where fancy leads, or Virgil led the way?"

Johnson recast the thought into the following form, in which it stands in the poet's works:

"On Mincio's banks, in Cæsar's bounteous reign,
If Tityrus found the golden age again,
Must sleepy bards the flattering dream prolong,
Mechanic echoes of the Mantuan song?
From truth and nature shall we widely stray
Where Virgil, not where fancy, leads the way?"

After a few months' curacy at Aldborough, the untiring friendship of Burke procured for his *protégé* the position of domestic chaplain to the Duke of Rutland when he took up his residence at Belvoir Castle. The Chancellor Thurlow gave him a couple of small livings, he got the degree of LL. B. from the Archbishop of Canterbury, and might have accompanied the Duke of Rutland when that nobleman went as Viceroy to Ireland; but that he had a priceless domain of his own to look after—the heart of Sarah Elmy. He felt he could now offer her his hand "without incurring the imputation of imprudence." The lovers were married in December, 1783, and the poet took his laurelled bride to Belvoir Castle which had been kindly tendered by its owner when leaving England. He did not deem this mansion, however, a becoming residence, and retired from it to the parsonage of Strathern within eighteen months. He continued to hold the esteem of his friends, to direct the morals of his flock. A comfortable competency attended him, and children blessed his hearth. A generation had passed since the publication of *The Village* in his ministerial occupations, when in 1807 he came forth with a collection of poems—*The Parish Register*, etc. In 1810 the *Borough* appeared, and two years after the *Tales*. In 1813 a severe affliction came on him in the loss of his beloved wife, after a happy union of thirty years. 1815 he took possession of the living of Trowbridge in Wiltshire. He preached his first sermon there on the 5th of June in that year; and breathed his last sigh there on the 7th Feburary, 1832. He lived and worked there until within a week of his departure. He had been so blessed with health and strength, that for forty years he had not omitted a Sunday duty.

From the period of his removal to Trowbridge he mixed more in society than was his custom during the lifetime of his wife. In his visits to London he was received by the ranks of fashion and the higher guild of literature with appreciative welcome. His repute was firmly established; and among the eminent writers of the day he was a connecting link between the era of Johnson, Burke, and Reynolds, and that of Scott, Byron, Moore and Campbell. In 1819, the *Tales of The Hall* were issued by Murray, the publisher giving for that work and the unexpired copyright of his previous poems the liberal sum of £3,000 (fifteen thousand dollars specie).

During one of his London visits Crabbe met Sir Walter Scott at Murray's, and accepted an invitation to visit him in Scotland. This visit was paid in August, 1822, when unfortunately Scott was busily engaged attending on another visitor—George IV. He could give little of his time to his brother bard; but took means to have him enjoy the hospitality of Abbotsford. Lockhart, in his Life of Scott, laments that the English bard had not seen the Wizard of the North "at Abbotsford, among his books, his trees, and his own good simple peasants." Scott's family, however, were fortunate, he says. They had from infancy been taught to reverence Crabbe's genius, and they now saw enough of him to make them think of him ever afterwards with tender affection. Crabbe's visit to Scotland is alluded to in the *Noctes Ambrosianæ*. A lyrical epistle is addressed to Christopher North by a contributor who was applied to for an article about the king's visit to Edinburgh. The writer refers to Scott, Croly, Wilson, the author of Waverly, as present and capable of giving the needed literary assistance; and also refers to Crabbe, thus:

"Have you not there, too, Crabbe, the veteran?
Ask that old poet to do the job.
For describing, show me a better one,
Bailies or beggarmen, flunkies or mob:
Hubbub, bobbery,
Crowd and mobbery,
For all such jobbery he's the [illegible]

So then for a bard
List the Borough Bard,
Being a thorough bard, to welcome the king."

As Crabbe grew older his visits to London became rarer. One who saw him on one of these occasions—in a crowd where he was not "at home"—gives us some impressions which aptly fill up the autumnal pageant of his declining days.

"He was then aged over three-score and ten; it was impossible, however, not to be impressed by the exterior of the poet whom a high contemporary authority characterized as 'Nature's sternest painter, yet her best.'

"Half a century had passed between the period when the raw country youth sought and obtained the friendship of Edmund Burke, and the time when I saw him, the 'observed of all observers,' receiving the homage of intellectual listeners.

"My visit was paid to him at Hampstead, where he was the guest of his friends, the Hoares. It was in the year 1825 or 1826, I do not recollect which. There were many persons present; of a party I can recall but one; that one, however, is a memory,—Joanna Baillie. I remember her as singularly impressive in look and manner, with the 'queenly' air we associate with ideas of high birth and lofty rank. Her face was long, narrow, dark, and solemn, and her speech deliberate and considerate, the very antipodes of 'chatter.' Tall in person, and habited according to the mode of an olden time, her picture, as it is now present to me, is that of a very venerable dame, dressed in coif and kirtle, stepping out, as it were, from a frame in which she had been placed by the painter Vandyke. Her popularity is derived from her 'Plays of the Passions,' only one of which was ever acted—*De Montford*—in which John Kemble, and afterwards Edmund Kean, performed the leading part. Her father, Dr. Baillie, must have been a stern, ungenial man, for it is said by Lucy Aikin, on the authority of her sister, that he had never given his daughter a kiss, and Joanna herself had spoken of her 'yearning to be caressed when a child.' We have but little to sustain—yet nothing to ignore—the portrait Miss Aikin draws of the author of 'Plays of the Passions:'—'If there were ever a human creature "pure in the last recesses of the soul," it was surely this meek, this pious, this noble-minded and nobly-gifted woman, who, after attaining her ninetieth year, carried with her to the grave the love, the reverence, the regrets of all who had ever enjoyed the privilege of her society.'

"In the appearance of Crabbe there was little of the poet, but even less of the stern critic of mankind, who looked at nature askance, and ever contemplated beauty, animate or inanimate,—

'The simple loves and simple joys,'—

'through a glass darkly.' On the contrary, he seemed to my eyes the representative of the class of rarely-troubled and seldom-thinking English farmers. A clear gray eye, a ruddy complexion, as if he loved exercise and wooed mountain breezes, were the leading characteristics of his countenance. It is a picture of age, 'frosty but kindly,'—that of a tall and stalwart man gradually grown old, to whom age was rather an ornament than a blemish. He was one of those instances of men plain, perhaps, in youth, and homely of countenance in manhood, who become absolutely handsome when white hairs have become a crown of glory, and indulgence in excesses or perilous passions have left no lines that speak of remorse, or even of errors unatoned.

"This is the portrait that Lockhart draws of Crabbe: 'His noble forehead, his bright beaming eye, without anything of old age about it,—though he was then above seventy,—his sweet and, I would say, innocent smile, and the calm, mellow tones of his voice, all are reproduced the moment I open any page of his poetry.'

"Certain it is that the Crabbe that wrote 'The Village,' and 'Tales of the Hall,' who seemed to have neither eye nor ear for the pure and graceful, whose spring wore the garb of autumn, to whom even the breeze was unmusical, and the zephyr harsh whose hill, and stream, and valley were barren, muddy, and unprofitable,—was only misanthropic in verse."

Southey says: "His poems have a gloom which is not in nature; not the shade of a heavy day, of mist, or of clouds, but the dark and overcharged shadows of one who paints by lamp-light, whose very lights have a gloominess."

Cunningham, in his Biographical and Critical History of Literature, says: "Crabbe is a cold and remorseless dissector," and ironically characterizes him as one of Job's chief comforters for the people. Gifford thinks Crabbe reached the sublime, and in referring to a passage in *the Borough*, says: "Longinus somewhere mentions that it was a question among the critics of his age whether the sublime could be produced by tenderness. If this question had not already been determined, this history would have gone far to bring it to a decision." Jeffrey, in a keen and discriminating criticism, deems him on a level with the most energetic and inventive poets of the age; and Wilson Croker, while condemning the view of life taken by Crabbe as too painful and too humiliating, admits that he deals with it from such deep knowledge of human nature—with such general ease and simplicity and such force of expression, whether gay or pathetical, as no bard, save Shakespeare, has excelled.

"In his life and practice he was amiable, benevolent, and conciliatory. We have other authority besides that of his son and biographer for believing that 'to him it was recommendation enough to be poor and miserable;' that as a country clergyman,—

'To relieve the wretched was his care!'"

This is a tribute to his memory from his friend, the poet Moore: "The *musa severior* which he worships has had no influence whatever on the kindly dispositions of his heart; but while with the eye of a sage and a poet he looks into the darker region of human nature, he stands in the most genial sunshine himself."

THE CHILDREN OF THE GAEL.

BY SCIAN DUBH.

Three thousand years, by flood and field,
You've kept your faith from sire to son,
And blazoned on your helm and shield
As proud a name as e'er was won.

In silken shirt or shining mail,
A noble and a gallant race,
Ye are the children of the Gael
That looked the nations in the face!

I'm with the past! My blood mounts high!
Again I hear, with savage joy,
The tempest of your battle cry
Sweep o'er the plain of Fontenoy!

"Remember Limerick!" swells once more
Above the foeman's dying groan,
As you wash out in Saxon gore
The treason of the Treaty Stone!

And when to famine, sword, and fire
Your wasted country fell a prey,
And plundered exiles—son and sire—
Across the deep you took your way,

Upon this glorious Western shore,
With faithful hearts unconquered still,
You struck for freedom, as of yore
At Lexington and Bunker Hill.

But who shall tell how firm you stood,
When at the cannon's blazing mouth
You sought, with mingled tears and blood,
To quench the madness of the South—

To stay the all-devouring flame
Blown fierce by England's hostile breath,
Till the whole nation's giant frame
Lay quivering in the jaws of death?

Ah! then once more your battle-star
Its ancient lustre round you poured
In the broad blaze of gallant Meagher—
That "glory of the pen and sword."

But yet your proudest sun's to rise—
The brightest of seven hundred years—
When from your country's weeping eyes
You wipe away the galling tears;

When struggling on your native strand,
With teeth hard-set and eyes agloat,
You've got at last your iron hand
Upon the traitor's blackened throat!

God grant, until that hour arrives,
Nor hand nor heart of yours gives way,
But that each moment of your lives
Both may be strengthening for the fray;

Till flushed with conquest and with fame,
Triumphant, with your flag unfurled,
The sunbeam of your matchless name
"In glory strikes along the world."

THE COMING HOME.

By MARY J. HOFFMAN.

"Don't mention them, Olive, it makes me feel bad to think—" again she paused, and again a flush swept over her face.

"To think how you have been burdened?"

"No, no, not that; but when I look at you so thin and feeble, and think what you have suffered, I feel how little I have had to bear."

"But your charity, yours and Gilbert's, has been so heavily taxed. First poor George's children, then your father and those children born to him in his old age, and now I and my children. Believe me, Amy, I felt and knew how sorely you were tried."

"Well, yes, it was something of a trial," she frankly admitted, "but let it go," she added, a frown contracting her brow; "I didn't bear it as I should, I know that well; and now, not to lose the thread of what I was saying, I will tell you, Olive, I was very much afraid that as the wife of a merchant, though he did fail and leave you poor, you would be full of proud notions. But you are not, and I think we can manage without very serious expense to make you comfortable. Gilbert wanted to propose your taking some of our old things, but hated to do it and left it for me."

"And he did right, Amy. I would rather it came from you, because in sparing out of the house you know better than he what you can do without."

"Not only that," said Phebe who, coming in from the kitchen, heard the remark, "but you will see Aunt Amy has the biggest heart of the two. I mean of course no disrepect to Uncle Gilbert; he has been a good, kind father to me, but Aunt Amy—" she didn't finish the sentence, but laughed a little rippling laugh. In some things her aunt, as she called her, certainly possessed a more bountiful hand than her uncle. But as she spoke, she felt it was not because she was more generous, or had a less realizing sense of loss and gain. But where the loss did not come directly out of the pocket-book, where the bestowing of a favor was not right out of her hand, she did not feel it so keenly. Gilbert knew these little drawings on his household expenses exhausted his means as effectually as a direct appeal to his purse. Amy did not, hence the difference, and the only difference between them in the matter. Now to his sister in distress his sympathies for her sufferings got the better, as his sympathy always did, of his greed, and the pocket-book held not so mighty a power over him. Amy too was deeply touched, and the result was that in something less than a week the widow was in her own little home which was comfortably furnished from her brother's. With a stock of provisions, a big roll of sewing for Phebe, and another from the Hernes, her new life began.

CHAPTER IV.

It was not a brilliant life sunlit with bright hopes, far from it, but humble as it was, she accepted it with gratitude, and thanked God she was so well cared for. Others besides the Lesters and Hernes were ready to furnish her with sewing; were, in truth, glad to have some one in their own neighborhood to whom they could go with it instead of having to go to the village. If her health held out she would have all she could do with good generous pay, for they could mostly pay her in provisions, and in weighing out would not grudge to the toiling widow a few ounces more of whatever they were paying her. Besides this she became the recipient of many a tidbit from her brother's. In fact, they never had any extra dainty that a share was not thoughtfully sent to her, and whenever they had company she with all honor was made to be present; the

respect they showed her caused others to extend to her those courtesies which sweeten life, and rob it of much of its pains. But still her being a Catholic was, if not a positive annoyance, a something that seemed with all their kindness to place a barrier between her and them. This barrier might have been very slight and fragile from its almost imperceptible appearance. It was hardly seen, seldom mentioned, but iron was not stronger, or adamant more unyielding. They liked Mrs. Martin, she was an industrious woman; she hardly ever, in fact never, except to her brother Gilbert's or the Hernes', went out; she staid at home, attended to her own business, let that of her neighbors alone, taught her children to behave themselves, and was in truth a most worthy person. But still they didn't quite understand her; she never went to meeting though she did seem to be pious, and she would not let her children go to Sunday school, though they were obliged to own that they knew full as much—if they had been strictly just, they would have said more—of the Bible as theirs did. And then she taught them their prayers, and made them say them instead of leaving them to put up their petitions as the spirit within prompted or dictated. This did not seem right to them, but they supposed it was the way with Catholics, and Catholics were a strange sort of people, at least they had always heard they were. And they looked on her, with her gentle dignity and quiet reserve, as one to be respected, but not one with whom they could get familiarly acquainted, or hold in warm, confidential friendship. With the exception of the Lesters and Hernes, this was the general feeling towards her. Even Phebe's intended, Rufus Deanwood, shared the feeling; and the widow, while wishing in her deep affection for Phebe to like him very much, found she could not. A coldness at once sprung up in her heart towards him; she tried to get over it, but the more she tried the more the coldness increased, till at last it deepened into a decided aversion. He was very silent, but his silence did not seem to proceed from thoughtfulness, but from a dark sullenness of temper. He had a stiff, haughty demeanor, and an insolence where he dared to show it, that was crushing. His manner of asking one of the children, and for that matter any one else over whom he could show authority, a small favor, such as to get him a glass of water, hand him a paper, or any other little turn, was something like ordering them out to instant execution; and when the favor was granted—one felt tempted slight as it was to refuse it, and only through sheer shame did not—there were, as under the circumstances might be expected, no thanks returned. This might, by those that did not know the graciousness with which country people can receive or grant a favor, be looked upon as the effect of a rustic boorishness. It was not; it was rather the thankless indifference of a brutal nature, incapable of feeling or knowing under any amount of culture any thing outside of self. How the bright, joyous, generous-hearted, whole-souled Phebe ever came to be attached to him, was a mystery to the widow; how Gilbert and Amy looked upon him as a good match for her, was a still greater. He was, 'tis true, steady and industrious, but she did not consider him thrifty. He followed the fashions too closely for one who had his own fortune to make. He might, with some one to help him and do the most towards it, make a living; more than that he would never do. Phebe was eloquent in his praise; his insolence was lovingly attributed to an honest outspoken bluntness; his rudeness to a bravery that was not to be trammelled by any foolish notion of politeness. Even Amy and Gilbert seemed blinded by the same delusion. Amy declared that it was not the smoothest-tongued that were the best-hearted; she had known people as soft and silky as cats, and under their softness and silkiness, just as sharp-clawed. Rufus Deanwood was not one of them; his words with their meaning went hand in hand together; there was no difficulty in understanding him. Gilbert pronounced him not one of those shining sort of persons who only cared to attract the admiration of the crowd. He soared above the crowd, and looking down from his lofty height upon it, could not help feeling his own superiority. If asked in what his superiority consisted, the question would have been answered: Why in his ability to take such noble flights, his daring to express [illegible]

as he pleased, and his holding in grand contempt the small things that little contracted minds think so much of. The Hernes were not so infatuated. Like Aunt Olive—she was Aunt Olive to them the same she was to Phebe—they did not like him at all, and unlike her, they did not keep their opinion concerning him to themselves. They boldly declared it, and it was through their loud-mouthed dissatisfaction that she found how deep was her brother and his wife's infatuation, and how thoroughly he possessed the warm, confiding love of Phebe. As often as twice a week Phebe passed the evening at the widow's; he generally came with her and in so doing, so far as the widow's feelings were concerned, completely spoiled the pleasure of those calls or visits. One evening they were there, Phebe in her unsuspecting joyousness wished to show him some of the bed quilts Aunt Olive had pieced and quilted.

"O, Aunt Olive!" she exclaimed, "do get that rose-patterned one and the blazing star, and forget not one that Rufus may see them."

"I saw them," he answered, "when she was piecing them, so you may save her the trouble. I don't care for seeing them."

How lifted above the folly of caring for the beautiful he looked in his vast overpowering conceit!

"But, Rufus, you only saw them as she was piecing them up, you have not seen them put together and quilted. They are perfectly lovely. Get them, Aunt Olive, do, I beg you."

Mrs. Martin got them, and as she and Phebe stood holding each an end, he condescended to let his eyes rest on them. No light broke over his cold, hard, pinched-up features at first, then a something like the ghost of an approval beamed from them, as in his grim way he remarked:

"And they are yours?"

"Yes," she brightly answered, "mine, Rufus; Aunt Olive has made them for me."

"Which is as much as to say, she has made them for me. For being yours they are mine, my own."

Another might have said this, used the very same words, and said it in a tone and with a way that would have made it a pleasant remark; but the tone and the way with which he said it made the widow shrink back from him with a greater dislike than ever. She quickly folded them up, and put them away out of sight. "He is selfish, intensely selfish," she said to herself; "God help Phebe, I wonder she is so blind." As they sat conversing, or rather as Phebe talked, and he with grim condescension listened, she did not experience any change in her feeling towards him, or any uplifting of her fear for Phebe's after happiness, or any lessening of her wonder at her blindness. Phebe's theme was her Aunt Amy's and Uncle Gilbert's great open-heartedness in seeing she had every thing necessary in this most important time of her whole life. They could not bear the thought that any one in the neighborhood should have a finer setting out than their favorite, their beloved Phebe; their parsimony faded away before their pride and their affection; for pride as well as affection prompted their generosity.

"You see," said Phebe resting her elbow on the table, and in her gratitude and happiness looking so bright and joyous, "Uncle Gilbert wants me to be as comfortably settled as if my own father and mother were living. He says I must not feel I am an orphan whom nobody cares for, so he is going to get me every thing I need in a grand and generous way for his means."

"I am glad to hear it," was thanklessly returned, "and I hope your aunt will do her part too."

"O, you may be sure she will. Aunt Amy feels just as uncle Gilbert does about it. But she is sorry you are going West; she would rather we were near so she could come and see us in our home, and O! I should be so glad too."

"You would rather be near her and your uncle than near me," he remarked in a sullen voice.

"No, Rufus, but I would be glad if we could be near them. I don't exactly like your going West. I think you might find a place to suit you somewhere round here."

"I suppose so," he sneeringly answered. "That is the way with you women," he added after a pause sufficient to give a stinging point to his words; "you think this, and you think that, and so that your thoughts, I had

better say notions, fancies, are gratified, you don't care for any thing else. I can do better by going West than I can by staying here. I have told you so, but you don't mind my doing better, so you are not crossed in your notions."

"Yes I do, Rufus," she replied a tear standing in her clear dark eye, "you know I do." She cast a timid glance at Aunt Olive, as if her presence, open as she was to her, embarrassed her, or she might have said more. After a somewhat lengthened silence, in which the old bright look returned to her face, she remarked:

"There are some things Aunt Amy and Uncle Gilbert were going to give me, I shall have to decline."

"What are they?" he asked, without taking his eyes from the old-fashioned clock on the mantle piece.

"Why that dear, mild-eyed Brindle and handsome Lineback. They are the best cows in the dairy, and so gentle and good-natured. I like them so much that Aunt Amy and Uncle Gilbert said I might have them. And then there is Daisy, my pet sheep, she comes to me whenever she sees me, and eats salt or corn right out of my hand. Of course, in going West, I shall have to leave them behind."

"You can sell them, and the money they bring we can easily take with us. I only wish it was a whole drove, and a large flock instead of two cows and a sheep."

"Sell them, Rufus! Sell Brindle, Lineback and Daisy!" There was the intensity of a large-eyed, open-mouthed astonishment in her question.

"To be sure. Sell them! What is there terrible in that? I'd a great deal rather have the money any day than them."

"But may be you could not replace them with as good?" Mrs. Martin ventured to observe.

A sneer and an inaudible mutter about the folly of some people always standing in their own light, and something more of women's notions and fancies, was the answer she got. Of course it was one calculated to cause her to subside into silence again. Willie in his little chair, bending forward, was gravely watching his sister Emma making a dress for her doll. Tilda was not there, she was at her Uncle Gilbert's. Mrs. Lester wanted to get used to her before Phebe left home, so she was there most of the time. Josephine was busy at the table stringing some various-colored beads which Phebe had given her into a curiously intricate necklace. Every little while her eyes were raised to Phebe, and from the pleased, important expression of her pretty face it was not hard to make out whom she intended the necklace for. Emma's work, to judge from the frown that contracted her brows, and the petulant way she at one moment threw it from her, and the next reached out her tiny hand for it, did not progress very well. In fact let her pull it, cut it, and shape it as she would, she could not make it fit. Again and again was the waist basted and tried on. At last the poor little thing got so discouraged, she turned to Josephine.

"Help me, sister," she entreated, "I can never make Belle's dress look like anything."

Josephine left off her own work, and brushing back the thick locks that had fallen over her forehead, was about to render her assistance when Phebe good-naturedly said: "Give it to me, Emma, I will get it right for you in no time. Hand me the scissors." A few turns, a few snips, a few stitches, and the waist was done.

"There now it is all right, Emma," she said, handing it back to her. The child took it and looked as happy as if she had not a pain or sorrow in the wide world. Not so Phebe, the joyous, laughter-loving Phebe. Her eyes were bent thoughtfully on the fire. Her knitting had fallen on the floor, and she did not pick it up. Minute after minute passed, yet no one spoke. At last rousing herself as from a dream, Phebe turned to Mr. Deanwood and said:

"But I shall never forget them. Near them, or far from them, I shall always remember with the warmest gratitude all they have done for me."

"Who?" he suddenly asked, letting his hand which had been busy with his watch chain and seals fall listlessly at his side. His chair was tilted back, and his head sunk down as if he had no neck.

"Why, Aunt Amy and Uncle Gilbert."

"I suppose," he answered looking fixedly at the stove and addressing himself to no one in particular, "that I shall hear a good

about them, and their *tremendous* goodness." He laid a powerful stress on the word tremendous. In fact he might be said to *grind* the whole remark out, instead of simply giving utterance to it.

"Will it be disagreeable to you?" Mrs. Martin asked while a flush swept over her pale face.

"As a general thing, ma'am, one tires after awhile of the same subject."

"And you think you will tire of it?"

"I don't pretend, ma'am, to be an exception to the general rule." With what a cold, hateful sneer he said it. How could Phebe like him? How could her brother and his wife look upon him as a good match? What baleful power did he hold over them? She glanced at Phebe; there was a grieved, puzzled expression on her young face, and yet strange to say, her eyes, turned to him, spoke of deep, confiding love. She was grieved because she had offended him, and puzzled to know wherein; not grieved because he showed himself so utterly unworthy of her gentle, trusting affection. She thought of Edward Martin, his noble bearing and courteous demeanor, of her brother Gilbert careful and saving, and though not polished like Edward, still showing in his consideration for others a kind and feeling heart. She thought too of her other brother, George, who early sunk to his rest and left his little ones for Gilbert to rear; he was of a more joyous, careless turn than Gilbert; but how warm-hearted he was, what a goodness beamed from the merry twinkle of his eye, what heartiness in the tones of his voice; and then her father, with his glowing patriotism and love of all that was noble and true—and darker grew the shadow on her face, and heavier the fear in her heart. She dared not speak to Phebe; she knew it would do no good. With her trusting nature and her bright hopes she had erected an altar in her heart, and placed thereon an idol to which she attributed all perfection. She had ample opportunities to learn her grievous mistake, but she had not profited by them. Would her eyes be ever opened, that is, opened in time to have their clearer vision a blessing, a rescue? The widow could not tell; she feared and trembled for her. The clock struck nine, and in the early hours of the country it was the signal for their departure. They rose to go. As she brought their things and helped Phebe on with hers, Mr. Deanwood, as if he had been thinking of nothing else since he heard it, remarked:

"No, you need not refuse the cows and sheep your aunt and uncle are to give you, for though we can't take *them* with us I can sell them, and the money they bring I can easily put in my pocket."

"But if aunt and uncle will not sell them!" Phebe said.

"They are greatly attached to them, and only for Phebe's sake would not think of parting with them," the widow added.

Leisurely muffling his head in his comforter and drawing on his gloves, he answered:

"Then let them give her what they bring. I don't want to be unreasonable, far from it. I don't care whether they keep them or sell them, so Phebe, that is to say myself, gets their value, their *full* value," he emphatically added.

And he was to be Phebe's husband! In the early spring they were to be married!

CHAPTER V.

The weeks passed, the dark rainy fall gave place to the white-robed winter with its pale sky and cold, crispy air. The woods fringing the valley on the west had a bare, stiff, unyielding look, the hills stretching far away on the east north and south did not at all seem like friendly sentinels guarding with jealous care the broad valley; they rather sent down to it their surplus snow and sent it in a noisy, whirling, tempestuous manner as if actuated by the fiercest wrath and most determined hatred. The widow in her little home was very comfortable, she had a good supply of wood, and a well-filled pantry. The pain in her side still troubled her, but not so much as it did; strengthened by the kindness and sympathy of her brother's family she got along with her sewing, and was able to do a great deal. Phebe's was all done, and what a quantity there was! How many pairs of sheets, pillow cases, quilts, towels, table cloths, napkins, etc. etc. Why she would not have to get another supply for a dozen or score of years. Nothing had been for-

gotten by Aunt Amy; nothing grudged by Uncle Gilbert. Phebe was in a rapture of gratitude, and made all manner of plans for their future happiness. They were not going to be left alone when she went: Tilda Martin, dear, gentle child, would live with and grow up a comfort and a blessing to them. They would come and see her in her new home; Mrs. Martin would take care of theirs while they were gone. After a while she too would come and see them. She couldn't come right away, the first, or second, or may be the third year; for while Rufus was paying for his farm she wouldn't have much spending money for travelling, but then she would be very saving and careful, till without infringing on his means, or drawing from his payments, she could visit them. And O! how happy she would be, and what a good, helpful wife she would try to be! It seemed her delight to go to the widow, dear patient Aunt Olive, and pour into her ear all her calculations. And she did it in such an innocent, winning way, and was so happy to have something she could be confidential and mysterious about! Her love for Rufus Deanwood, and her approaching marriage were well known throughout the neighborhood, but she maintained a discreet silence, only smiled and blushed when the subject was referred to in her presence, as in a bantering manner it frequently was, and seemed at a loss what to answer. To the widow that shyness was laid aside; she was her confidante, her friend, with whom she could be open, from whom she feared no idle trifling, no thoughtless laugh. It was not a subject to trifle and laugh about; it was most serious, most solemn; she felt it, felt it at the core of her generous, loving heart.

It was a Sunday afternoon just before Christmas. Mrs. Martin was at her brother's. Mr. Deanwood was also there. Amy and Gilbert had been talking to Mr. Deanwood before she came. She did not know what they had been saying, but whatever it was, they looked pleased and seemed heartily to approve of something which he had laid before them. Phebe on coming into the room—she had been busy clearing away the dinner in the back room or kitchen—glanced from one to the other with a puzzled air. It was evident she too did not know what it was. Mr. Herne had one of his severe attacks of rheumatism, and Mr. and Mrs. Lester were going over to see him. The sleigh stood at the door; they had been waiting for Phebe to come in, and now that she had made her appearance they rose, and Aunt Amy said, "Well now, Rufus, you can tell Phebe herself."

"Tell what, Aunt Amy?" Phebe asked, looking a little troubled and still more puzzled.

"What he was saying to Gilbert and me," she answered drawing her heavy shawl closer round her, and following Mr. Lester to the sleigh. Rufus sprung up, ran after her and helped her in, tucked the fur robes around her, and with what he meant should be a flourishing wave of his hand, but which in reality was only an awkward sort of defiant shake at them, walked back into the house. Once there he drew up a chair, and to her inexpressible confusion seated himself next to the widow. With a timid, frightened air, and a dislike plainly discernible in her whole face, she hastily drew back.

"You do not like to be near me?" he sullenly remarked.

"No, sir," she frankly and truthfully answered.

"Very well." He promptly rose and moved his chair to the farthest corner of the room. "There now," he angrily exclaimed throwing himself into it, "I hope you'll feel better. I do. I would rather be far from you than near you." There was a something so boyish in this violent display of ill-will that the widow smiled in spite of herself. Mr. Deanwood, seeing the smile, was by no means mollified thereat. A blacker cloud settled on his beetling brows. Phebe went to him and spoke kindly, soothingly. He looked into her face, and dismissing his anger to the widow as if she was beneath the notice of a sensible being like himself, he began to talk of the weather.

"But, Rufus," she entreated, "what was it Aunt Amy said you were to tell me?"

"I suppose you have no objections," he abruptly answered.

"Objections to what?" she very naturally asked.

"Why to the common-sense matter I have been thinking of," he sullenly rejoined.

"Tell me what the matter is, Rufus, and then I will be able to say."

"Your aunt and uncle highly approve——" He paused, and to encourage him, she gently said, "And so probably will I."

It was not through an abashed timidity he stopped. He knew nothing of that feeling, and would have favored one with a most contemptuous stare if in their intense ignorance and deplorable blindness they had attributed any such weakness to him. But he did like to rouse curiosity, and then leave it ungratified as long as he possibly could. It was a dainty bit of enjoyment that in its spice of small torture was exquisitely agreeable to his saturnine disposition. Now instead of promptly answering, he thrust his great bony hand into his pocket, took out a handful of almonds, and deliberately cracked and ate them throwing the shells upon the carpet, all the time hiding his enjoyment of her suspense under a grim air of being much dissatisfied because he knew, before he even mentioned it to her, that she would be foolish enough to remonstrate against his reasonble intentions. Seeing through him, and anxious to foil him, the widow strove to divert Phebe's attention. She put to her several questions as to when Gilbert and Amy would be back, and what they intended to do for Mr. Herne's rheumatism. These absently answered, the wistful face was again turned to Mr. Deanwood.

"Tell me," she entreated, the tears standing in her clear, earnest eyes, "what it is."

May be in his pleasant occupation of cracking and eating nuts he did not hear her; certain it is he made no response. After the nuts were disposed of, he took out his watch, opened it, and though it did not need it, wound it. This done, he shut it and returned it with an injured air to his pocket, carefully adjusting the chain as he did so.

"Well," he said, shaking the last of the shells from his hankerchief, and leaving a great muss of them on the carpet, "I suppose I will have to tell you"—but he paused again, looked dubious at the stove, and seemed to hesitate.

An entreating, plaintive little "Do, Rufus, do, please let me know. Don't keep me in such suspense," struck on his ear. Reaching out his hand, and condescendingly pawing her hair, then lifting it to his own head, and making his own short locks stand up like bristling porcupine quills, he said:

"I have been thinking of going West before spring."

"What! of being married before then?"

"No, but to see about the place before we go there. My brother writes that it is just such a farm as I want, but I think I had better go out and see for myself. As confident as he is about it I might not like it, and if so the spring would not be the time to hunt up another. Before I could get one the spring time might be over, and then where would be the next year's crops?"

"Very true, Rufus, very true indeed."

"Then you do not object to my going?"

"Certainly not. How could I? What could be more reasonable?" He looked disappointed, and not agreeably disappointed either. Again his hand sought his head, and making his hair stand up in more bristling ranks than ever, he remarked:

"But I shall be gone the whole winter. However I don't suppose you'll miss me much."

"Rufus, how can you say that? You know very well I will." But he did not look as if he did. On the contrary a dull glow of anger lit up his sullen eye. He expected she would object to his absence; that in a passionate manner she would deplore her loss. He would have been offended with her if she had; he was no less offended with her because she did not.

"What," he doggedly asked, "if I should never come back?"

"You mean," she said, her voice sinking to a faint whisper, "if you should die?"

"Such things have happened," he remarked, beginning to feel comforted from the evident distress of her countenance. The widow could no longer hold herself aloof from the conversation. "Do you," she asked, her eye calmly taking in his robust proportions, "feel any symptoms of approaching ill health and an early death?"

"I can't say that I do. But for all that I am not sure that I shall be here when spring comes."

"One thing is certain though, you will not be here and out West at the same time." A broad smile which she did not try to hide

hovered over her face. She was determined he should not have the enjoyment all on his side. He wanted in his amiable mood to torment, afflict; she wanted to thwart him if she could. He read her purpose, and favored her with a most savage scowl. Phebe was greatly troubled.

"Oh, Aunt Olive," she said clasping her hands and looking imploringly at her, "if Rufus should go out West and die!"

"And if you, my dear, should die at home? One is just as probable as the other." As Phebe sunk into a thoughtful silence, and Mr. Deanwood into a sullen one, the widow quietly remarked: "You are both young and healthy, and I see no reason why you should be looking forward to each other's death."

"I am not, and I have not been thinking of Phebe's death," Mr. Deanwood curtly answered.

"Only thinking of your own," the widow rejoined: "worse still, for, as I said before, she is just as liable to die as you."

"But why, ma'am, is my thinking of my own death and not of hers worse still, when, according to your showing, thinking of either is so foolish?" Ceremony to one like him was simply wasted; it was like casting pearls before swine to be turned upon and rent; therefore she bluntly answered:

"Because it looks as if you wanted to torture her, and besides that betrays an intensely selfish disposition."

If his scowl was black before, I hardly know what it could be called now. He looked at her as, if he could, he would have looked her out of existence; she bore his black studied gaze without wincing. Phebe on her little stool bowed her head on her hands and quietly wept. After a while she raised her head, and with a quivering voice asked:

"And when, Rufus, will you start?"

"Day after to-morrow."

"So soon?"

"Yes," was grimly answered.

"How long will it take you to get to your brother's?"

"Two, or may be three days."

"As soon as you get there you will write?"

"Of course." She asked no more questions, and he said no more. Silence again filled the room. That day week Phebe was talking in the tenderest strain of his departure, and how much she missed him. She was counting the days till she should get his first letter. It was difficult for the widow to restrain her impatience at what she called her infatuation. She too felt a curiosity to know what he would write. Phebe, she was sure, in her gentle confidence would bring his letter to her. Would it, she wondered, be like himself? If so, what charm could she find in it?

CHAPTER VI.

A week, two, three weeks passed, and yet no letter to the anxious, waiting Phebe. Two more weeks and still no tidings from the absent one. Even the Hernes were uneasy and wondered what it meant. For Phebe's sake, not for his; not for his, they emphatically declared; they hoped nothing had happened to him. Poor Phebe drooped with her wearying suspense, and in their lively sympathy for her they haunted the post-office. Every day one or the other regularly went to the village, a distance of three miles, where the post-office was, and every day got more and more incensed because no missive came. "He is not worth worrying about," they told her with a pitying candor that roused an angry feeling against them in her heart, and called forth words that in spite of their warm affection and generous sympathy left a sore spot in their memory. At last a letter was brought to her by her Uncle Gilbert. He had business to the village, and could not go past the post-office without calling. When he called for his mail he expected his two newspapers and Phebe's magazine would be handed to him, nothing more; but besides these was the long-looked for letter. He put it in his pocket with a glad triumphant feeling, and hurried home. As he came in he held it in his outstretched hand. "Here, Phebe," he said, "take it. You have looked long enough for it. Now read it and be happy."

Phebe needed no second bidding to this order. The color came and went to her cheek as with trembling fingers she tore open the awkwardly folded sheet. Her uncle did not ask to hear it read, but his face

almost as much anxiety as hers to know its contents. It was snowing hard, and while she read he took off his cap, comforter, and overcoat and shook the snow from them, then carefully and softly, so as not to disturb her, walked to the wall and hung them in their accustomed places. Mrs. Lester came in from the sitting-room where she was busy weaving, and stood by watching with intense eagerness the play of her features while she read. At length—it was only a short time, a few moments, but it seemed an age to them—the last line was read.

"Well," said Mr. Lester, drawing a long breath, "he is all right?"

"Yes, uncle, but he does not like the place his brother chose for him."

"Don't like it?"

"No, uncle, not at all."

"And does he say any thing about another?"

"Yes, there is one a few miles from his brother's that he thinks of buying. It is larger, better laid out, and will cost almost double the other. If he had the means he would not hesitate a moment about taking it, but getting so heavy in debt makes him pause to consider. But come, Aunt Amy and Uncle Gilbert, sit down and you shall hear for yourselves what he says."

She drew up chairs for them, and seeing them seated and taking a chair herself, she read it carefully and slowly over. They listened attentively, and after it was finished Mrs. Lester leaned her head against the back of her chair and let her hands rest listlessly on its arms. Her sharp eyes seemed to be studying the intricacies of the old-fashioned rotary stove; her clear features assumed a distinctness of outline that gave them their severest expression. Mr. Lester never changed his position, but sat leaning forward, his elbows resting on his knees, his hard knotted, fingers supporting his chin,—an attitude he was wont to assume when sitting by his hearth pondering any matter. On the whole he was pleased with the letter. It was so well Rufus went; it would have been such an aggravation to have waited till spring, and then been obliged to take a place he did not like, or find himself looking up one then.

"Yes, yes, he did right to go; it was a wise thought in him; Rufus, there was no denying it, was a clear-headed, far-seeing young man. He was not quite so smooth-tongued and ageeable as some, but he had the real stuff in him, and Phebe would find it out." He looked at her with these thoughts so plainly visible in every line of his wrinkled, weather-worn face, that she smiled and said, just as if he had spoken them:

"Yes, uncle, Rufus did right to go."

"But you felt bad about his going, though you wouldn't own it."

He reached forth his hand and gently pinched her cheek as he made the remark. She caught his hand, that hand so hard and knotted, and lovingly pressed it in her slender palm. He was so good, so fatherly to her, and his heart beat with such tenderness and good-will to all, to Rufus, herself, his widowed sister, to every one. And Aunt Amy, too, was kind. None knew that better than Phebe, but unlike Uncle Gilbert, she did not seem to approve. Although silent, she could plainly see it.

"Aunt Amy," she said, quietly folding the letter and putting it in her pocket, "you think——" Before she could finish the sentence Aunt Amy straightened herself very stiffly in her chair and finished it for her—

"That he might have taken the farm his brother selected for him? Yes, I do. That is just what I think."

"But he hopes to do better."

"How?"

"By getting a larger farm."

"And in getting it running deeper in debt, and beginning life with a millstone round his neck and the neck of his wife."

There was no mistaking the clear, sharp ring of anger in her tone.

"But," Mr. Lester suavely interposed, "the greater the obligations he takes upon himself, Amy, the greater will be his exertions."

"You and Phebe think so, but I have my doubts."

"Oh, Aunt Amy, doubt Rufus,—have your doubts about him, and never before breathed a word of them to us?" Astonishment, grief, reproach were in the glance she cast upon her.

"You needn't look at me in that way," Mrs. Lester in her stern, severe way rejoined:

"a little common-sense would help you to the meaning of my doubts. Your uncle said the greater the obligations, the greater would be his exertions, and of course the surer his success; but let the obligations be too great, and instead of being a spur to urge on, they cripple and drag down."

"But I have always heard, Amy——"

With an impatient wave of the hand she swept back his words. "You have always *heard*," she exclaimed, "a great deal of nonsense on the subject, but consider a little what you have *seen*. There was my father, he sold his little farm, bought a larger one, ran into debt to do it, was unable to pay for it, and ended by losing all."

"But your father was old."

"And Rufus, you will tell me, is young."

"Yes, Amy, young."

"Very well, then let him creep before he attempts to walk. By attempting too much, the young as well as the old have often failed. The place not suiting him, he ought, in changing it, to be careful to get one that would not leave him any more in debt."

"You mean get one no larger?"

"Yes, no larger; even smaller, if more improved. Of course the improvements would necessarily make a smaller equal to a larger in cost, for the improvements have not been made without labor and means. But if he was to take the farm his brother has picked out for him, he might improve it after he had fully paid for it, and then sell it at an advanced price that would enable him to buy one he would like better."

"Why, Amy, that is exactly where your father missed it."

"It was not, Gilbert. You are mistaken; there was a difference and a great difference. Father was old, his strength broken, and what he had he should have kept and been satisfied with. Rufus is young, and here is where his youth and strength might be relied upon. This farm paid for, he could sell it, and in buying the larger one, be no heavier in debt than he now is with the small one."

"But you thought his going West to see it an excellent idea?"

"Of course I did, and so it was if he could only carry it out in a sensible way. But this jumping after the impossible is not what I expected of him."

"But, Aunt Amy, he does not say for certain that he will buy the larger one. On the contrary, the greater cost of it makes him hesitate, and leaves him undecided."

"Which it shouldn't do. It is this hesitation and indecision that shows so bad against him. He ought to know at the first glance that he wasn't able to buy it, and ought to turn to one he was."

"Would you advise Phebe," said Mr. Lester, "when she answers his letter, to drop him a hint to that effect?" Mrs. Lester was rather taken aback by this direct question. It was flattering to her superior judgment, and so far soothing, but at the same time it involved too much responsibility. If he took it graciously and acted upon it, why nothing could have been more to her taste; she liked to manage for others as well as for herself. Her clear-sightedness and shrewdness were fully acknowledged by all who knew her. Her opinion consequently in the world in which she moved was of weight. To have it slighted and cast back in her face, would have been bitter; to have it make trouble for Phebe, was something that she couldn't bear to think of. She knew Rufus Deanwood, while not caring too much for others, had a profound respect for himself; and Phebe's hint, however gently given, might clash with that respect and give mortal offence. Still as his intended wife, he ought to have a regard for her wishes, and not be offended when she made them known. As she did not with her usual readiness answer his question, Mr. Lester repeated it.

"I say, Amy," he remarked with that pertinacity that is not to be balked, "don't you think Phebe ought to give him a hint not to run too heavy into debt?"

But Mrs. Lester was not to be trapped. "Phebe can do as she pleases about it," she tartly rejoined; "may be she had better be quiet a while, and see how he takes her seeming acquiescence. This big farm may be only a passing notion, if so we will hear no more about it; if not, there is time enough for her to tell him plainly what she thinks."

"Or rather, Aunt Amy, what you think."

(To be continued.)

THE DAY OF WRATH.

From the Latin.

By RICHARD D'ALTON WILLIAMS.

Dies iræ, dies illa
Solvet seculum in favilla
Teste David cum Sybilla.

Wo is the day of ire,
Shrouding the earth in fire:
Sybil's and David's lyre
Dimly foretold it.
Strictly the guilty land
By the avenger scann'd,
Smitten aghast, shall stand
Still, to behold it.

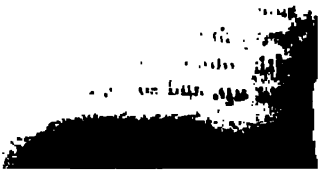
Start from your trance profound
Through the rent graves around;
Hark! the last trumpet sound,
Dolorous clangor!
Death sees in mute surprise,
Ashes to doom arise.
Dust unto God replies—
God in his anger.

Bring forth the judgment roll,
Blazon aloud the whole
Guilt of each trembling soul:
Justice hath bidden.
Then shall all hearts be known,
Sin's abyss open thrown;
Vengeance shall have her own:
Nought shall be hidden.

Oh! on that dreadful day
What shall the sinner say,
When scarce the just shall stay
Judgment securely?
Save me, tremendous King!
Who the saved soul dost bring
Under thy mercy's wing,
Through thy grace purely.

Jesus! remember I
Caus'd thee to toil and die—
Sin brought thee from the sky:
I am a sinner;

Break my soul's bitter chain—
Thou for her love wert slain—
Gush'd thy heart's blood in vain,
Saviour! to win her?
Just Judge and strong! we pray,
Ere the accusing day,
From every stain of clay
Grant us remission.
Guilty and sore in fear
I, clad in shame, appear—
Yet for thy mercy hear,
Lord! my petition;
Who madest Mary pure,
And the good thief secure,
Gavest me also sure
Hope of salvation:
Tho', to my shrinking gaze,
Hell's everlasting blaze
Glare thro' the judgment day's
Dire desolation.
Lamb, for the ransom slain!
Then, 'mid the snowy train,
At thy right hand to reign,
Place me forever;
While at thy dread command,
Those at thy left who stand
Far from the chosen band,
Lightnings shall sever.
Rings the last thunder shock,
Earth's broken pillars rock,
Down the accursed flock
Numberless falling
Down to the fiery doom,
Gulf'd in hell's hopeless tomb,
Shriek thro' the ghastly gloom,
Horrors appalling.
Contrite in pale dismay,
Lord! hear a sinner pray;
On that tremendous day
Spread thy shield o'er him,—
Day of great anguish when
God, from the dust again,
Summons us guilty men,
Wailing, before him!
Clement thou art, as just,
Mercy, O God, on dust!
In thee alone we trust:
Shelter and save us!
When on the day of dole,
Death bells of nations toll,
Spare the immortal soul
Thy spirit gave us!



FAMOUS MEMORIES OF THE MONTH.

"THE CONSTITUTION" AND "THE GUERRIERE," 1812—BRITISH PROMISES IN THE SECOND WAR—"PROCLAMATION OF COLONEL NICHOLS OF THE BRITISH ARMY TO THE SOUTHERN AND WESTERN INHABITANTS OF THE UNITED STATES"—A GALLANT FIGHT WITH A TREACHEROUS TRIPOLITAN, 1801—O'CONNELL AND SHEIL.

In the second war with Great Britain the month of August is distinguished by some disasters as well as notable victories. Among the former may be mentioned the surrender of Detroit in 1812, and the battle of Bladensburg near Washington, in 1814: of the latter, the battle between the United States frigate *Constitution*, commanded by Captain Isaac Hull, and the British frigate *Guerriere* under Captain J. A. Dacres, which took place on the 19th August, 1812, is most noteworthy. At two in the afternoon of that day the *Constitution* being in latitude 41° 42′, longitude 55° 48′, a sail was discovered bearing east by south. Chase was made, and by three o'clock it was plainly seen that the unknown was a vessel on the starboard tack under easy sail, close on a wind. In another half hour Captain Hull made her out to be a frigate. He continued the chase, and coming within three miles, took in his light sails, hauled up the courses, and cleared ship for action. At this time the British vessel, which proved to be the *Guerriere*, backed maintopsail and waited for the American to come down. As soon as the *Constitution* was ready for action Hull bore down, with the intention of bringing the *Guerriere* to close fight at once. As the former came within gunshot the latter gave her a broadside and filled away and wore, giving the American a broadside on the other tack, but without effect, as the shot fell short.

The British frigate continued wearing and manœuvring for about three quarters of an hour striving to get into a raking position, but finding it impossible, she bore up, and ran under topsails and jib, with the wind on the quarter. Hull immediately made sail to bring his ship up with the enemy, and just before six in the evening, having got alongside within pistol shot, he commenced a heavy fire from all his guns, double-shotted with round and grape. This was so warmly kept up, and so well directed, that in fifteen minutes the *Guerriere* was reduced to a dilapidated condition, her mizzenmast went by the board, her mainyard in the slings, and the hull, rigging, and sails very much damaged and torn. Keeping up this fire with equal vigor for fifteen minutes longer, the Englishman's mainmast and foremast went, carrying with them every spar save the bowsprit. On seeing this, Hull ceased firing, anxious to see if the captain of the *Guerriere* thought he had had enough. In fact, he could fight no longer. Thus, in thirty minutes after the *Constitution* had got fairly aside of the *Guerriere*, the latter surrendered: she had not a spar standing; and her hull both above and below water was so shattered, that a few broadsides would have sent her down.

"After informing you," said Captain Hull in his report to the Secretary of the Navy, "that so fine a ship as the *Guerriere*, commanded by an able and experienced officer, had been totally dismasted, and otherwise cut to pieces, so as to make her not worth towing into port, in the short space of thirty minutes, you can have no doubt of the gallantry and good conduct of the officers and ship's company which I have the honor to command. It only remains, therefore, for me to assure you that they all fought with great bravery; and it gives me pleasure to say that, from the smallest boy in the ship to the oldest seaman, not a look of fear was seen. They all went into action, giving three cheers, and requesting to be laid close alongside of the enemy."

The allusion to the ship's company showing no look of fear, may seem strange, as unnecessary; but the gallant captain doubtless meant it as an additional testimony of the spirit of his command, as the battle was one of the first of the war.

The *Constitution* mounted fifty-five guns and four hundred and fifty men; the *Guerriere*, forty-nine guns and three hundred men.

Three days before the battle with the

Constitution, the *Guerriere* spoke the *John Adams* from Liverpool, and endorsed on her register this message or challenge:

"Captain Dacres, commander of his Britannic Majesty's frigate, the *Guerrière* of 44 guns, presents his compliments to Commodore Rodgers, of the United States frigate *President*, and will be very happy to meet him, or any other American frigate of equal force to the *President*, off Sandy-Hook, for the purpose of having a few minutes *tête-a-tête*."

Captain Hull saved him the trouble of going so far for the desired *tête-a-tête*, but the result of this intervention was not quite to the satisfaction and pleasure of Captain Dacres of his Britannic Majesty's, etcetera.

BRITISH PROMISES IN THE SECOND WAR.

In the archives of the second war we find a proclamation of a British colonel which may claim a place in our "Famous Memories of the Month;" as it illustrates, and in a remarkable manner, the spirit in which the agents of the "mother country" sought to squelch the young Republic. It is not a little amusing at this day to read this appeal to the men of Louisiana and Kentucky to unite with the invader against an "imbecile government," or to hear that Great Britain was straining every nerve in defence of "the liberties of the world," or that the war for "Free Trade and Sailors' Rights" was an "unjust and unnatural war," and the writer making guarantees on "the sacred honor of a British officer," who, be it remembered, did not think it any more dishonorable in the second war to direct the savage energies of the Indians against the United States, than his progenitors did to place a price on the scalps of white colonists, men, women and children, in the war of Independence, the centennial of which is in progress of celebration. Here is the

"PROCLAMATION OF COLONEL NICHOLS OF THE BRITISH ARMY, TO THE SOUTHERN AND WESTERN INHABITANTS OF THE UNITED STATES.

"Natives of Louisiana! On you the first call is made, to assist in liberating from a faithless, imbecile government your paternal soil; Spaniards, Frenchmen, Italians, and British, whether settled or residing for a time in Louisiana, on you, also, I call to aid me in this just cause; the American usurpation in this country must be abolished, and the lawful owners of the soil put in possession. I am at the head of a large body of Indians, well armed, disciplined, and commanded by British officers,—a good train of artillery with every requisite, seconded by the powerful aid of a numerous British and Spanish squadron of ships and vessels of war. Be not alarmed, inhabitants of the country, at our approach; the same *good faith and disinterestedness*, which has distinguished the conduct of Britons in Europe, accompanies them here; you will have no fear of litigious taxes imposed on you, for the purpose of carrying on an unnatural and unjust war; your property, your laws, the peace and tranquillity of your country, will be guaranteed to you by men who will suffer no infringement of theirs. Rest assured that these brave RED men only burn with an ardent desire of satisfaction for the wrongs they have suffered from the Americans; to join you in liberating these southern provinces from their yoke, and drive them into those limits formerly prescribed by my sovereign. The Indians have pledged themselves, in the most solemn manner, not to injure, in the slightest degree, the persons or properties of any but enemies. A flag over any door, whether Spanish, French or British, will be a certain protection; nor dare any Indian put his foot on the threshhold thereof, under penalty of death from his own countrymen; not even an enemy will an Indian put to death, except resisting in arms; and as for injuring helpless women and children, the red men, by their good conduct, and treatment to them, will, if it be possible, make the Americans blush for their more inhuman conduct, lately on the Escambia, and within a neutral territory.

"Inhabitants of Kentucky! you have too long borne with grievous impositions; the whole brunt of the war has fallen on your brave sons; be imposed on no longer, but either range yourselves under the standard of your forefathers, or observe a strict neutrality. If you comply with either of these offers, whatever provisions you send down will be paid for in dollars, and the safety of the persons bringing it, as well as

the free navigation of the Mississippi, guaranteed to you.

"Men of Kentucky! let me call to your view, and I trust to your abhorrence, the conduct of those factions, which hurried you into this civil, unjust, and unnatural war, at a time when Great Britain was straining every nerve in defence of her own, and the liberties of the world; when the bravest of her sons were fighting and bleeding in so sacred a cause; when she was spending millions of her treasure in endeavoring to pull down one of the most formidable and dangerous tyrants that ever disgraced the form of man; when groaning Europe was almost at her last gasp; when Britons alone showed an undaunted front—basely did those assassins endeavour to stab her from the rear; she has turned on them, renovated from the bloody but successful struggle. Europe is happy and free, and now hastens, justly, to avenge the unprovoked insult. Show them that you are not collectively unjust; leave that CONTEMPTIBLE FEW to shift for themselves; let those slaves of the tyrant send an embassy to Elba, and implore his aid; but let every honest, upright American spurn them with united contempt. After the experience of twenty-one years, can you longer support those brawlers for liberty, who call it freedom, when themselves are free? Be no longer their dupes; accept of my offers; every thing I have promised in this paper, I guarantee to you, on the SACRED HONOR of a BRITISH OFFICER.

"Given under my hand, at my *headquarters*, Pensacola, this 29th day of August, 1814.

"EDWARD NICHOLS."

As a slight commentary on Colonel Nichols' statement that the war was "unjust and unnatural," we may quote from a letter written by the venerable ex-President John Adams to Elkanah Watson, dated Quincy, July 6th, 1812, giving what may be deemed an American view of the subject:—

"How it is possible that a rational, a social, or a moral creature can say that the war is unjust, is to me utterly incomprehensible.

"How it can be said to be unjust, is very mysterious. I have thought it both just and necessary, for five or six years.

"How it can be said to be unexpected, is another wonder. I have expected it for more than five and twenty years, and have had great reason to be thankful that it has been postponed so long. I saw such a spirit in the British Islands, when I resided in France, Holland, and in England itself, that I expected another war much sooner than it has happened. I was so impressed with the idea, that I expressed to Lord Lansdowne (formerly Lord Shelburne) an apprehension that his lordship would live long enough to be obliged to make, and that I should live long enough to see, another peace made between great Britain and the United States of America. His lordship did not live long enough to make the peace, and I shall not probably live to see it; but I have lived to see the war that must be followed by a peace, if the war is not eternal."

A GALLANT FIGHT WITH A TREACHEROUS TRIPOLITAN, 1801.

In the month of August, 1801, Captain Sterrett, commanding the United States schooner *Enterprise* of twelve guns and ninety men, fell in, while off Malta, with a Tripolitan cruiser of fourteen guns and eighty-five men. A desperate conflict ensued, and had continued for nearly two hours, when the Tripolitan hauled down her colors. The crew of the *Enterprise* quitting their guns gave three cheers for victory, only to find they had been the victims of a *ruse;* as the cruiser, pouring a broadside into the *Enterprise*, hoisted her colors and renewed the fight with redoubled energy. Her crew, however, vainly endeavored to board the American, and were compelled a second time to strike. Sterrett then ordered the Tripolitan under his quarter, and kept his men to their guns. No sooner had the Tripolitan come to the position ordered than she broke faith a second time, and renewed action with a broadside into the *Enterprise*. Hoisting the bloody flag, his command made a violent effort to board. They were met with as desperate a resistance; and the cry from all parts of the American schooner was, "Fight on, and sink the perfidious villains to the bottom." Captain Sterrett handled his vessel with great ability and dexterity, and was thus enabled to rake the corsair fore and aft. A number of shot between wind and water opened her

sides to the sea, which poured in. Fifty of her men were already killed or wounded; and her treacherous commander, perceiving destruction inevitable, implored for quarter. Bending in a supplicating posture, he threw his colors into the sea, as an assurance that he would no more resist. Captain Sterrett, actuated by sentiments of true bravery, stopped the effusion of blood, though the conduct of the Tripolitans merited little mercy. His instructions not permitting him to make a prize of the cruiser, he ordered her crew to throw overboard all their guns, swords, pistols and ammunition, as well as their flag; and then to go and tell their countrymen the treatment they might expect from a nation determined to pay tribute only in powder and ball.

In this fierce engagement which lasted three hours the *Enterprise* did not lose one man. After attending to the enemy's wounded, Captain Sterrett dismantled the cruiser. Her masts were cut down. A spar was raised with a tattered sail as a flag, and in this condition she was sent to Tripoli. Her arrival was the cause of intense indignation. Her humiliating defeat admitted of no excuse. The bashaw ordered the wounded captain to be paraded through the streets on a jackass, as an object of public scorn; and then to receive five hundred bastinadoes. The Tripolitans were so intimidated at this event, that the sailors abandoned the cruisers then fitting out; and not a man could be procured to navigate them.*

Commodore Preble, who, during the spring and summer of 1801, had been employed in keeping up the blockade of the harbor of Tripoli, and in preparing for an attack upon the town, collected his squadron towards the end of July, and in August took definitive measures for the bombardment. As the various movements and gallant actions of the American navy engaged in the chastisement of the Barbary States, were continued into and culminated in the next month, we shall reserve a complete narrative for the "Memories" for September.

O'CONNELL AND SHEIL.

Daniel O'Connell and Richard Lalor Sheil, two leading figures in Irish affairs during the first half of the present century, and scarcely less distinguished in the British Parliament, are associated with the famous memories of this month, both having been born in it.

O'Connell was born at Kerry on the 6th August, 1775. His centennial therefore occurs this year, and will be duly celebrated in Ireland. On the occasion, Foley's splendid monument to the famous Agitator and orator, already described in THE MANHATTAN,* will be unveiled, and other appropriate and interesting ceremonies will take place. The three great points in O'Connell's career—the morning, noon, and evening of it, so to speak—were: his entry into his profession in Easter term 1798, the year of the "rebellion," and his joining the "lawyers' corps" to aid the government to put down the United Irishmen; second, his achievement of Catholic Emancipation in 1829; and third, his difference with and attempt to check the Young Ireland movement towards the close of his career. The immense prominence won by O'Connell in the eye of the world has almost placed in obscurity the lives of his associates in labor; and particularly as regards the era in the Emancipation struggle. His continued agitation for Irish reforms, especially his magnificent effort for the repeal of the Act of Union between Great Britain and Ireland, raised him to an undivided pinnacle of power and admiration among his countrymen for many years; and in glorifying his individual presence, they overlooked his associates of the past. Yet, during the great Emancipation struggle, there was another whose eloquence gave him a position not second to that of his stalwart coadjutor: that was Richard Lalor Sheil.

Sheil was born in Waterford on the 16th August, 1791. He was thoroughly educated: first at home by a French refugee clergyman; next by the French Jesuits at Kensington House, London, afterwards at Stonyhurst College, Lancashire; and lastly in Trinity College, Dublin. His father having been ruined by an unfortunate speculation, Richard flung himself upon his intellectual resources, and overcame the temporary obstacles which stood in the way of his admis-

The Naval Temple, Boston, 1816. Hist. of the War between the United States and Tripoli, etc.

*Number for March, 1875, p. 196.

sion to the bar. To defray the necessary expenses, he wrote a tragedy, "Adelaide," which had some success, owing to the acting of Miss O'Neil. Not progressing at the bar, and having become married, he again looked to the stage, and produced "The Apostle" and "Bellamira," which yielded him considerable funds. "Evadne," his best drama, "which had a great run, and in which Miss O'Neil astonished London," made its appearance in 1819.

Sheil entered political life as the mouthpiece of the Catholic aristocracy of Ireland. Although young, his talents commanded a position among them. We could scarcely find a better epitome of Sheil, both as regards his capacities and political career, than in his own famous speech in 1821, when he satirizes the man with whom he subsequently, and in a few years, so ably coöperated. At the time Sheil was in favor of the principle of petitioning Parliament, O'Connell was opposed to it. Sheil attacked O'Connell with more brilliancy than bitterness, though with the evident desire to sting. It is not a little remarkable, as carrying out the application of the following extract to both, to recollect that O'Connell afterwards became a noted petitioner, when Sheil had ceased to petition, but *enjoyed* the favors of the British government. Attacking O'Connell, Sheil said:—

"By a flexible accordance between his sense of duty and his love of popular praise, he served for some time to indicate the varieties of popular excitement. I should be loath to compare him to a sort of political vane, by which all veerings of the breeze might be determined. * * * The gentleman was certainly elevated in a very gaudy vehicle, embellished with every diversity of hue. He had risen with the shout of the multitude; and after throwing out all his ballast, and waving his green flag, he very skilfully adapted his course, in this aërial voyage, to all the mutations of impulse which agitated the stormy medium through which he passed, until at last, in attempting to rise into a still more lofty region, he has allowed the thin and combustible materials of his buoyancy to take fire, and comes tumbling down in a volume of fiery vapor."

There was "manifest destiny" in this. It is Sheil's career, so far as his connection with Irish nationality is concerned. His volcanic eruption into Irish politics was brief, but so brilliant and gushing that the people were held entranced before they could escape from its effects.

Between his entrance into Irish political life until his death in the capacity of British minister at Florence, on the 21st April, 1851, Richard Lalor Sheil was certainly a very notable man—at one time the "twin leader of the Irish Catholics," as Mr. W. Fagan, M. P., calls him, in his Life of O'Connell. Meeting the latter at the house of a mutual friend, former differences were healed, and Sheil was the first to flatter the ready ear of the other into action upon the "great project" which made than both so famous. Thus, from this dinner party in the county Wicklow, emanated the appeal to the Catholics of the country.

Sheil's startling eloquence—its energetic denunciation of wrong, rhetorical persuasiveness of right, rapid accumulation of imagery, poetic sympathies, and nervous declamation—dazzled, as well it might, his hearers and readers. For "twins," the leaders of the Catholic movement had not the slightest family likeness. No two could well be more different in form, size, power, and manner, than were Sheil and O'Connell. One was as the commingled voices of the rapids, lashing over the rocks and throwing up brilliant and beautiful spray in profuse diamonds; the other, in a word, the broad cataract. The mould and manner of each was typical of the individual power, and there could scarcely be a greater contrast than in the characteristics of the two: O'Connell—impassioned stolidity, if I may use the phrase, in reference to his physical presence and reserve power; Shiel—small, slight, and nervous, looking inspired restlessness.

His speeches could not but be effective, for he combined the most exciting qualities of the French revolutionary and Irish schools of oratory. This combination grew out of his early proficiency in the French tongue, and his natural Irish genius. What could stop or stay the fountain springing thence? Certainly not an Irish audience, whose warm sympathies and indigenous excitability almost anticipate the words of any orator who speaks to them of their country. In November,

1828, the *Noctes Ambrosiana* of Blackwood described Sheil as a "man of diminutive proportions, with just enough of madness to make him mischievous. He weighs his periods in his study, with the nicety of an apothecary in his shop, and models his madness into not unskilful tropes, which even please the fancy, when one can forget the mischief of the intention." *

In August, 1831, the *Noctes* gives another description of Sheil in the British Parliament. "Tickler" says he is a very clever declaimer, not so effective as Macaulay, and adds: "I dare say he may be the abler man, take him all in all, of the two," but too Irish for the English House. He continues with a portraiture of a shabby, insignificant, fidgety, shambling character—with a gimlet voice and an abominable brogue; but in contrast to this exaggerated and unattractive Tory likeness of the little Whig orator, continues as follows:—

Tickler—"To make amends for her carelessness to all other external affairs, nature has given him as fine a pair of eyes as ever graced human head—large, deeply set, dark, liquid, flashing like gems; and these fix you presently like a basilisk, so that you forget everything else about him; and though it would be impossible to conceive anything more absurdly ungraceful than his action—sharp, sudden jolts, shuffles, and right-about twists and leaps, all set to a running discord of grunts and screams—yet before he has spoken ten minutes, you forget all these too, and give yourself up to what I have always considered a pleasant sensation—the feeling, I mean, that you are in the presence of a man of genius."†

On the other hand, we have a French portrait of Sheil, taken, to be sure, a few years earlier, and when he was addressing a different audience. The place was not the British Commons, but an old Irish chapel in the town of Ballinasloe, where two travelling Frenchmen of distinction, M. Duvergier and the Duc De Montebello, saw and heard him in 1826. In this whitewashed, unornamented old chapel, on a platform before the altar, Richard Sheil, as he was then called, is speaking for the liberty of the Irish Church. The Frenchmen were greatly pleased, and have left their appreciation of the scene and speaker on record:—

"When you behold that little Gascon figure in repose, it is impossible to suspect the changes which passion produces in it. There is in Sheil something of Juvenal, of Pindar, and of Mirabeau. His satire is shrewd and biting; his poetry dazzles, his enthusiasm whiles you away; when he flings forth a sarcasm, a bitter smile contracts his lips; when he threatens, his eyes dart forth lightnings; when he is under the dominion of inspiration, they take an expression altogether sublime; his gesture is quick, abrupt, almost irregular, but it is always in perfect accord with the sentiments he has to express; he possesses, in an eminent degree, the surprising faculty of exciting himself to the very verge of delirium without once losing his self-possession. During an hour, one single soul—that of the orator—seemed to animate this living mass."

It is not to be wondered at that this dazzle orator should have done most effective service in the cause of Catholic emancipation. His hearers leaped with him, as the French critics say, to the "very verge of delirium."

They followed his fiery ordeals of metaphor and exaggeration, and, delighted to find a man who could outcite their excitement, raised him to a dizzy height of popularity. From this height—after working as he could work, after making that reputation on which he lived to the day of his death, and for which he will live in history—he fell into a seat in the British House of Commons for the English borough of Milbourne Port, by favor and patronage of Lord Anglesea, in March, 1831, and became a mere Whig placeman. To relieve him of the dilemma in which the discussion of the Ecclesiastical Titles Bill placed him, the government sent him out of the country on the mission to Tuscany, in which he died.

Some anecdotes of Sheil are related, which, in the minds of some, palliate the career which the Irish Nationalists condemn. O'Connell could bear no rival near his throne; and left no place for the ambition of Sheil in Irish movements.

Soon after the release of O'Connell and the state prisoners in 1844, it was resolved in the committee of the Repeal Association to send a deputation to Sheil, who had been counsel for John O'Connell at the recent state trials, to induce him to join the Repeal ranks of Conciliation Hall. Mr. M. Doheny

* *Noctes Ambrosiana*, edited by R. Shelton Mackenzie, D.C.L. Vol. iii. p. 147.
† *Noctes*, vol. iv, p. 357.

was named by O'Connell for the mission, and to him was confided a message to the effect that he "(O'Connell) would resign the leadership if Sheil would join them." Doheny went to London, sought Sheil at the Athenæum club-house, and opened the nature of his mission to him. Sheil immediately postponed any reference to it save in the presence of his wife.

Next morning the Repeal deputy breakfasted with the "iambic rhapsodist," as O'Connell called his twin emancipator; when Sheil stating to his wife the purpose of their guest, the matter was quickly discussed and closed. When Doheny delivered the "confidential message," Sheil laughed outright, saying—"You do not know O'Connell—I do!" He did not pretend to know what the opinion or purposes of others were; but this he knew, that if they meditated anything, "O'Connell would crush them." He condemned O'Connell as intolerant—a great aristocrat—and said if the Repeal Association would go for separation from England, then he (Sheil) would be with it.*

JOURNALISM.†

BY WILLIAM A. DUNPHY.

No oak tree, developed from the tiny acorn into the gigantic monarch of the forest, ever had an humbler birth, or ever attained a nobler growth, than the newspaper has, from the germ of its original existence. On the day the first newspaper of the world was printed, or on the day our first native journal was published, the most hopeful enthusiast could not have dreamed of the glorious future in store for journalism. Confined to no particular locality, its increase has been almost fabulous, its achievements unsurpassed, its activity unparalleled, and its influence upon the whole human race almost omnipotent. To-day, it is the greatest secular lever that moves the universe. To day it is the teacher, at whose feet millions sit down in confidence, eagerly catching the lessons that it utters. The advantages it has scattered broadcast over the civilized world, volumes could not tell. Often has it been the sleepless sentinel on the rampart of liberty, warning rulers and people of lurking or approaching danger, bidding them rise and resist usurpation and encroachment. Often has it thundered against abuse, political and social; and, many times espousing the side of the oppressed, it has dinned its menaces into the ears of the oppressors, until the lash fell from the pitiless hands, and the crushed form arose and blessed its benefactor. In the grand cause of humanity, it cannot be denied that victory has often crowned the struggles of journalism. In minor spheres, the newspaper press has been eminently useful. Every branch of industry has its own special journals, devoted exclusively to its own particular interests. No art, no science, no calling, no business, is overlooked. No field of thought is left unexplored by the newspaper press. Not only does it furnish us with photographs of the world-history of each day, but it places them at the disposal of the rich and the poor with all the rapidity which the combined efforts of human labor and intellect, of steam and electricity, can command.

The spirit of enterprise that actuates the leader of modern journalism, is marvellous beyond expression. Standing ready at the beck of science, it sends its Stanleys to the heart of African deserts; it equips its fleets to bring to an expectant world tidings from the ruins of ancient cities, from open highways in the icebound regions of the arctic poles, and from the centennial meetings of

*See "'98 and '48, Modern Revolutionary Hist. and Lit. of Ireland, p. 251.

† This paper was delivered by the author at the Commencement of St. John's College, Fordham, June 30th. In reviewing the literary exercises on that occasion, the New York *Herald* characterised it as "the gem," and said: "It was hardly possible to be expected that a young man, who knew nothing of the practical duties of such an onerous profession as that which he treated of, could handle it as well as he did; and yet it was, perhaps, as fine, complete, concise, and analytical a piece of work as was ever achieved by a college graduate.

heavenly orbs in their wanderings through aërial space. Gathering gradually around themselves wealth and influence, its editors are no longer cramped in the dingy darkness of a cellar, but rear for themselves princely palaces that overtop in their loftiness the roofs of our merchant mansions, or the steeples of our city churches. The journalist, in fact, has made himself indispensable. He has become a constant benefactor, and the lessons that he daily provides for the public are open to all. None are excluded: the indigent and the opulent are alike welcome to the boon so munificently conferred. The newspaper, for many, is the sole library, and, for the masses of mankind, the ordinary avenue to knowledge.

Professionally, journalism in general affords the widest of all fields for the display of intellectual power. It requires not special kinds of information for special purposes, but all kinds of information for all kinds of purposes. Unshackled by the technicalities and limitations incident to other professions, it develops the highest faculties of the mind for analysis and synthesis. The assistance it renders to other professions is incalculable. In reporting and publishing sermons and public discourses, the press procures for preachers and speakers audiences of millions, instead of a few thousands, to the gain of truth and loss of error; for, while the latter fears the light and loses by it, the former only desires the light, for never does it gain so much as by diffusion. Aware that an Argus with his unclosed eyes is ever watching them, conscious of a presence that catches the word fresh from the lips, all speakers, all public lecturers, are stimulated to greater originality of thought, to higher polish of style.

As the sun has its spots, journalism, too, is not without its blemishes. When the press is guilty of abuse, and falls, as sometimes happens, into the hands of designing and unprincipled men, spreading error, disseminating unsound principles, scoffing at religion, bringing sacred things into contempt and ridicule, discovering and propagating scandals, it becomes a terrible instrument for evil. No other kind of writing so ruins reputations, or blasts the brightest hopes. When an illustrated journal, by its low cartoons and satires, burlesques the most sacred persons and subjects with unblushing effrontery, when it violates the sanctity of religion, and does not spare even the cross itself, then indeed it is high time for Christians to be aroused to a sense of their danger, and to muster all creeds together in a common defence of the citadel of Christianity. If respect for all authority, in the political, in the religious, in the domestic sphere, in a word, in every sphere of life, has been weakened, may we not attribute it to the corrupt nature of those who have lowered the press from a career of usefulness to an agency of perverting and destroying influence? Laying their wicked hands on the appliances of art, those renegades, apostates from a noble calling, prostituting pen and pencil to the most ignoble purposes, have poisoned the hearts and minds of thousands, who, but for their pestilential contact, might have become the ornaments, instead of the firebrands, of society. Much, however, as we are obliged to regret the abuses of journalism, they constitute no logical argument against its existence. The occasional infringements of the laws of morality of which the press is sometimes guilty, are accidentally, not essentially or necessarily, connected with it. No one would think of dispensing entirely with the press simply because of its abuses: as well might one desire to abolish steamships or railroads, because they sometimes offer holocausts of victims to unrelenting death.

Respecting the disadvantages of journalism, it might be observed that many are a sort of necessary consequence of the very benefits which render its enterprise and character so marvellous. By an ordinary law of nature, what is lost in depth is gained generally in surface. How short is the space of time allotted for writing each article of an issue! What time is there left for the serious search after truth? And are not the occasional flippancy and presumption excusable, with which some scribes settle, in one quarter of an hour, questions which have cost profound genius the labor and study of centuries? What, therefore, must be the nature of ordinary judgments based upon such hasty reasoning? If the journalism of to-day, while surprising mankind by its progress, its enterprise, and its power, has not attained

generally, a universally acknowledged standard of perfection; if it has sometimes stooped to become the servile creature of power; if in given instances it has transformed itself into a plague of modern society, it is because those in whose hands newspapers have been fashioned into instruments of evil, have never known, or knowing, have forgotten, the high idea journalists in our own and other lands proposed to themselves when entering on their career as the daily instructors of the world. It is a remark often made, that everybody supposes he can carry on a newspaper; yet, of all vocations, journalism is the most difficult to master. Anybody who can string sentences together, thinks himself able to give public opinion on any subject whatever. He may be totally unable to guide himself, but that is of no consequence. His acquisitions may be limited to a little Latin and less Greek, a smattering of history and a surface knowledge of English literature, but that is capital enough for him. His own opinions may be crude, uncritical or impious, his private life detestable, but he can teach mankind everything, from music to morals, from the gossip of the clubs to the mysteries of revelation; and the less he knows about anything, the more peremptory are his decisions. But the great journalist is a great man, great in his intellectual acquisitions, great in the firmness of his character, great in the independence of his opinion. Subjects beyond his ken, he treats with reverence and respect; matters falling within the grasp of his knowledge, he handles with the capacity of a master. Judging the present by the past, and drawing from both the horoscope of the future, his utterances are replete with wisdom and caution. No vulgar error or popular delusion, in history, philosophy, or religion, finds in him an eager or zealous advocate. That such journalists live in our midst is a fact and a blessing. Our only hope is, that the day is not far distant when, with the wealth and influence they possess, their power will be felt, and their sway supreme. If the great journalist is a great man, his art is a great art; for we may look upon journalism as the telescope of the past, the microscope of the present, and the horoscope of the future.

No purely human institution, more lowly in its origin, has been more exalted in its growth, or has acquired a more universal dominion, or possesses a vaster capacity. It makes use of all persons, all things, all knowledge. It commands more intelligence, more arms, more territory, more subjects, more enterprise, and more power, than do potentates and governments. By well-directed attacks it has assaulted successfully and overthrown many policies, systems, and corporations, when they became corrupt and deserved to be annihilated, and has written and sealed their histories; and it is safe to predict that it will yet survive to write the epitaphs of many others. Having already established itself as the foremost human power in existence, with its future always enlarging the sphere of its labors, nay, with the vast improvements contemplated and probable in journalism, at no late period it will encompass itself with a degree of importance and of grandeur greater than the most penetrating mind can, at this point, ever conjecture. Nor does our prediction apply alone to the long-existing press of the Old World. The history of journalism in America has proved that for enterprise and usefulness we stand not only not behind, but far ahead of, our Transatlantic brethren. None but the blind can fail to see that the press in America is a power, and a great power; none but the witless would refuse to grant that the annals of our future will surpass in splendor those of our past. To prosper, American journalism has only to take up the arms it possesses and use them well; and then we may read, not its epitaph—for its epitaph will never be written—but its record, in letters of gold, and pronounce for it the eulogium which a wisely-conducted and prudently-controlled press alone may deserve:

"Here shall the Press the people's right maintain,
Unawed by influence and unbribed by gain;
Here patriot Truth her glorious precepts draw,
Pledged to Religion, Liberty, and Law."

THE CAPTURE OF WASHINGTON IN 1814.

APPREHENSIONS OF AN ATTACK ON WASHINGTON—LANDING OF THE BRITISH—PROGRESS AND PLEASURES OF AN UNOPPOSED ARMY OF INVASION—PIGS, POULTRY, AND TOBACCO—CONFUSION IN THE AMERICAN COUNCILS—BATTLE OF BLADENSBURG—BARNEY'S GALLANTRY—FLIGHT OF THE MILITIA—FLIGHT OF PRESIDENT MADISON AND CABINET—THE BRITISH IN POSSESSION—COCKBURN IN THE CHAIR—THE CAPITAL IN FLAMES—SACKING THE CITY—PRIVATE PLUNDERING AND STRIKING TERROR—THE DISTRICT SWEPT BY A FEARFUL HURRICANE—MRS. MADISON BEGGING SHELTER IN THE STORM—SUDDEN AND STEALTHY EVACUATION BY THE BRITISH.

While we devote so many memories to men and actions eminently calculated to awaken patriotic fervor and intensify national respect, we must not—indeed we cannot—even at this period of centennial thanksgiving, overlook some historical memories which are not so pleasant to remember; but from which, however, we may take these lessons of patriotic, not less than Christian wisdom, which should ever result from humiliation. The capture of the City of Washington and the national capital in August, 1814, is *par excellence* one of those memories of humiliation. There is no time so suitable to refer to a defeat as after a victory; and there is no period at which a relation of the facts would so slightly affect our national *amour propre*, as at the present; when so many grand recollections of the national struggle surround us, and, awakening the ardor of the colonial patriots, lead us enthusiastically, proudly, and reverently into the centennial anniversary of the birth of the Republic.

Of course, so dire a misfortune as the capture of the national capital, and the destruction of many public and private buildings in it, caused a sense of general disgrace, and much animadversion followed on those who, by their want of sense, lack of military knowledge, imbecility, stupidity, or presumed cowardice, had in any way caused or contributed to it. Some two years after the occurrence a writer, whose sources of information were "personal observation and public documents," sought to throw oil on the troubled waters of controversy, as "in the hands of faction, they had been made the cause of much error and prejudice." In our narrative we shall keep clear of the "hands of faction." A clever and interesting work, a history of the invasion and capture of Washington, was written by Colonel John S. Williams, of that city, in 1857, who, after a lapse of more than forty years, was actuated in getting the materials together by the hope that he would be able to do something to remove the obloquy which in his opinion had been undeservedly cast upon the American troops engaged in the battle of Bladensburg and the movements preliminary to the capture of Washington. Of course we cannot, and will not, go into any discussion, but present a narrative of the events, and will have occasion perhaps to refer to the writer above named and others, to whom we give credit in advance.*

In the spring of 1814 the administration at Washington felt uneasy under the apprehension that an attack would be made upon the capital by the British forces from Admiral Cockburn's fleet, which were then ravaging the coasts of Maryland and Virginia, and the shores of the Chesapeake. Apprised of the threatened danger by the ministers of our government abroad, President Madison set on foot a militia organization, deemed sufficient for the emergency. To check Cockburn's brutal career, a flotilla

* See account of the capture by "Spectator," quoted in the *Washington Guide* by William Elliot. 1837. Also "Phelp's Washington Described, etc., etc." edited by William D. Haley. 1867. An excellent handbook.

of gunboats and barges was prepared and fitted out under the direction of Captain Joshua Barney, an experienced privateersman, to whom the command was given. It was April before Barney was in a condition to commence operations; and his flotilla then comprised twenty-six gunboats and barges, and about nine hundred men, well officered by the principal shipmasters and mates of the port of Baltimore. His service was efficient. He succeeded in eluding the British fleet, inflicted much injury on it, and prevented it from further spoliations.* On the 26th June, official advices were received of the pacification which had taken place in Europe on the abdication of Napoleon at Fontainebleau and his departure for Elba, where he arrived on the 5th of May. On the 1st July a cabinet council was held, the result of which showed that the president and his administration were sufficiently alive as to this new state of affairs, and to the increased power and probable designs of the British arising therefrom. The alarm of intended invasion had been treated with contempt by the Secretary of War, General John Armstrong, and by the *National Intelligencer*, then and for many years the leading journal at the seat of government. The secretary sneered "at the probability of an attempt to plunder the Sheep-Walk, as he styled the federal city of eight thousand inhabitants, with streets scarcely defined by footpaths." It seemed, according to Monroe's statement to the congressional committee of investigation, to be the president's object that position should be taken between the eastern branch of the Potomac and the Patuxant with two or three thousand men, and that an additional force of twelve thousand, including the militia of the District of Columbia, should be held in readiness in the neighboring States to march when called on; the whole to be placed under the command of an officer of the regular army. Hence on the 2d July, the day following the cabinet council, a general order of the secretary of war created a new military district, to be known as No. 10—and embracing the State of Maryland, the District of Columbia, and the northern section of the State of Virginia. On the same day Brigadier General Winder was designated to the command thereof.

On the 14th of August Admiral Cochrane arrived in the Chesapeake, having set sail from Bermuda with three thousand troops, under Major-general Robert Ross, on the 3d. The junction of Cochrane and Cockburn made a fleet of twenty ships. Sailing up the bay, General Ross and Admiral Cockburn debarked with four thousand troops at Benedict, on the left bank of the Patuxant, on the 20th August, and on the afternoon of the next day started, without artillery or cavalry, for Washington. The weather was exceedingly hot, the sun broiling, and it was the only semblance of fire the invaders met—though it was sufficient to cause many to sink from fatigue—until they reached the heights of Bladensburg unmolested, by noon on the 24th. A local bard described the security of the village at the time:

"It was at ancient Bladensburg,
The weather wondrous hot;
And motionless the tall corn stood,
In every garden lot.
And in the shade, supinely laid,
Cats, dogs, and pigs were seen;
And geese went sailing on the brook,
Where drooped the willows green;
Went sailing forth as pleasantly
As nothing were the matter,
Each praising her reflected charms,
In most delightful clatter.
They little thought the hour was fraught
With direful charge of ill;
That fast the angry Redcoats came,
Both geese and men to kill."

British writers enormously exaggerated the dangers and difficulties of these troops on the march, in order, of course, as Williams says, to enhance the glory of their achievement. But, up to the moment of battle, they fail to specify any danger or difficulty; and, indeed, none were presented to them. They complain of the exhausting effects of the intense heat upon men enervated by confinement on ship-board, but, on the other hand, the release rather tended to refresh; and the Rev. George Robert Gleig, in "The Subaltern in America," says: "The prospect of a few days' sojourn upon their own element was in the highest degree animating and delightful;" and he represents the men.

*For detailed account of movements, see Memoirs of Commodore Joshua Barney from autographic notes and journals, edited by Mary Barney. Boston, 1832, pp. 265. et seq.

after the landing at Benedict, some "lying at full length upon the grass, basking in the beams of a sultry sun, and apparently made happy by the very feeling of the green sod under them. Others were running and leaping about, giving exercise to the limbs which had so long been cramped and confined on board ship." According to their own account they rested all night between Benedict and Nottingham, all night at Nottingham, all night at Marlborough, and all night at their bivouac near the Long Old Fields, with nothing to disturb their repose or self-complacency. They seemed rather on a picnicking excursion than on march to seize a nation's capital by force. After the night spent in Marlborough, "The Subaltern" says: "Fresh and in excellent spirits, we rose next morning, and, having stood the usual time with our men, began to consider how we should most profitably and agreeably spend the day." A pleasant subject of consideration surely for officers of an invading army! He soon tells us the result of these councils. "The attacks," he says, "which they from time to time made upon farmyards and pigstyes were, to a certain degree at least, allowable enough. It would have been unreasonable to expect that hungry soldiers, in an enemy's country" (and evidently unprotected) "would sit down to digest their hunger, while flocks of poultry and herds of swine were within their reach. And then, with regard to tobacco, that principal delicacy of soldiers upon active service, there was no reasonable cause for scarcity or complaint." Truly the enjoyment of the British may be imagined better even than described. Stuffing themselves with pigs and poultry, rolling about in the grass, and solacing their plethora with whiffing the best Maryland tobacco. They were in the seventh heaven; but even to British soldiers, feasting literally on "the fat of the land," there was an eighth; for "The Subaltern" adds: "To sum up all, the quartermaster arriving soon after the halt with stores of bread and rum, an *additional* allowance of both was served out, as well to the men as to the officers." From this account we can well see why British maidens should love the British soldiers for "the dangers they had passed" on the march to Bladensburg. We can also see why the same soldiers, if they had not gorged too much, ought to have been by the morning of the 24th August in rather good condition, full of pig and spirit, as well as "rum and true religion."

On the other hand, dissension, confusion, and imbecility ruled or misruled the councils, and misdirected and misused—or did neither direct nor use the extensive preparations initiated by the Americans. On the morning of the 22d the flotilla of Commodore Barney was destroyed—blown up by order of the secretary of the navy. It would seem that the threatend dangers to the capital did not serve to stimulate a practical coöperation among the principal members of the government. Jealousies, rivalries, points of etiquette, with much talk, letter-writing, civil interference, and military incapacity, left the Americans in a ridiculous state of confusion. The Madison Papers* indicate that the true cause of the dilemma arose from a want of cordiality between President Madison and the Secretary of War, General Armstrong, on the one hand, and between the latter and General Winder on the other. This led to civil interference, which was destructive of military discipline; and to the non-interference of military ability, which might have proved effective.

The president and some members of the cabinet were at Winder's headquarters near the Eastern Branch Bridge on the morning of the 24th. Ascertaining and observing the approach of the festive British troops under Ross and Cockburn, the president went in person to meet them, attended by some eight thousand raw and undisciplined people to the heights of Bladensburg. This "army of defence" was, as before stated, under the actual command of Brigadier-general Winder. Commodore Barney, after giving orders for the destruction of his flotilla, joined the army with four hundred seamen and some field-pieces.

At about one o'clock in the afternoon the British opened fire upon the American lines, which was replied to by a destructive fire from Barney's guns, promptly checking any advance, and completely clearing the road.

* In MS. consulted and quoted by Col. Williams, p. 190.

The second attempt of the British was met with a similar effect—Barney's grape and canister literally mowing down all that were to be seen on the road. Finding it would not be easy either to storm Barney's battery, or pass within its range without great loss, the enemy turned off through a field on the left. Barney kept his position until four o'clock, while the militia met with little or no loss, and seemed to have been kept out of musket range by General Winder. Upon the first charge they broke and fell back, and finally fled, leaving Barney and his seamen unsupported, by whom the entire fighting was done. Soon flanked by superior numbers, the gallant commodore fell wounded among eleven of his brave marines, who were killed by his side. Ordering his men to retreat, as the position was untenable and hopeless, the wounded hero surrendered to a British officer. It is stated in explanation of the disgraceful conduct of the "army that General Winder was loath to expose the citizens of Washington and Baltimore who composed the ranks, to destruction by British regulars,—and the militi·-men, partaking naturally of the same spirit, took to their heels and fled into the woods without waiting for their prudent general to sound the retreat." The bard above quoted describes the battle and the retreat, "the time that tried men's *soles*," with the following sly satiric touch:

"At length, along the turnpike-road,
The Redcoats came, indeed;
They reached the little bridge, but there
We checked their daring speed.
Whene'er they tried, we swept aside
Their ranks with cannon ball,
Till *pity* spread throughout our troops
To see so many fall!

In mercy, we resolved to run,
Yet were we not afraid;
And lest our noble action should
Unkindly be repaid,
We left the bloody field, and sought
The deep and tangled wood,
Where every man in such course ran
As to himself seemed good."*

Commodore Barney and his seamen received manly and well-merited commendation from the British on the field. This account of the fight is furnished by Gleig who served with the 85th Royals, and is nothing but fair and just:—

"This battle, by which the fate of the American capital was decided, began about one o'clock in the afternoon, and lasted till four. The loss on the part of the English was severe, since, out of two-thirds of the army which were engaged, upwards of five hundred men were killed and wounded; and what rendered it doubly severe was, that among these were numbered several officers of rank and distinction. Colonel Thornton, who commanded the Light Brigade; Lieutenant-colonel Wood, commanding the 85th regiment; and Major Brown who had led the advanced guard, were all severely wounded, and General Ross himself had a horse shot under him. On the side of the Americans, the slaughter was not so great. Being in possession of a strong position, they were of course less exposed in defending than the others in storming it: and had they conducted themselves with coolness and resolution, it is not conceivable how the day could have been won. But the fact is, that, with the exception of a party of sailors from the gunboats, under the command of Commodore Barney, no troops could behave worse than they did. The skirmishers were driven in as soon as attacked, the first line gave way without offering the slightest resistance, and the left of the main body was broken within half an hour after it was seriously engaged. Of the sailors, however, it would be injustice not to speak in the terms which their conduct merits. They were employed as gunners; and not only did they serve their guns with a quickness and precision which astonished their assailants, but they stood till some of them were actually bayoneted with fuses in their hands; nor was it till their leader was wounded and taken, and they saw themselves deserted on all sides by the soldiers, that they quitted the field."

However fair this extract is, the author exaggerates in some other respects, especially as to the commanding position of the Americans. The reports of General Ross and Admiral Cockburn are equally, if indeed not more, exaggerated in many particulars. However, if they overrate anything for self-glorification, as is the way with military people, it would be scarcely possible to underrate the conduct of the American land-forces on the occasion. Gleig's account of the British killed and wounded embraces the number of killed, wounded, and missing from the morning of the battle until their reëmbarkation, but differs little from other authorities. A British

*Boyscall, by T. Seaton Donoho, p 146. Washington. 1869.

surgeon stated that they buried about one hundred men on the day of the battle; and after the British left, between fifty and sixty of their soldiers were found and buried by the Americans. The British wounded was between "three and four hundred, besides forty or fifty left in the city." The American loss was twenty-six killed and fifty-one wounded.

The flying militia seemed to have had no thought save for their own lives. Without forming again, or thinking of offering resistance at any point to the progress of the enemy, or to defend the capital, or their families, or property, they disappeared from the district, and abandoned all to the mercy of the victors. Colonel Williams strives, with what we are forced to think hopeless ability, to lift the stigma from the troops. He says there is not a particle of evidence to convict any portion of the troops, assembled at Bladensburg—with the exception of one brigade which we deem it needless to particularize—of the want of any soldierly quality; as the retreat was in consequence of orders from the commanding general. He only shifts the responsibility from the legs of the militia to the shoulders of the general. On the other hand, the Court of Inquiry presided over by General Scott, reported an opinion that no censure was due to Winder, but that he was "entitled to no little consideration." Barney's Memoirs hesitates to name the commanding general, as Winder could not be properly so called "while the president and secretary of war were both on the field, planning, counselling, and ordering." Winder himself calls the retreat a "groundless panic," and speaks of certain detachments as having "fled," and "left their commanding position" to the enemy: indeed, as Williams says, "he is sparing of any commendation except upon Barney's command." Williams does not call in question General Winder's personal zeal and gallantry on the field, to which there is "an abundance of concurrent and spontaneous testimony;" but quotes the evidence of many who acted as officers in the battle to show that they were anxious to fight, and were astonished at the order to retreat, adding that "a less scrupulous commander would not have hesitated to risk the lives of his men."* Suffice it, however, that when the British made a move to flank Barney, "not a vestige of the American army remained, except a body of five or six hundred" on a height to his right. From these he expected great support, but to his mortification they made no resistance—gave, as he says, "a fire or two, and retired." Discussion on the subject is unnecessary. If General Von Moltke had had Bladensburg in his mind's eye, and not fields like Fredericksburg, Antietam, and Gettysburg, we could have little to say in contemptuous refutation of the slur cast on our soldiers as "armed mobs."

A very simple and suggestive commentary on the discussion relating to the battle, and the merits or demerits of those who distinguished themselves in fight or flight, is supplied by the following contemporaneous lines, which were found written with charcoal on the four-mile stone leading to Bladensburg, near the position occupied by Barney and his men. The hands pointed in the direction where the men fought or fled.

☞ Here fought Commodore Barney,
So nobly and so gallantly,
Against Britain's sons and slavery,
For a fighting man was he.

☜ There did General Winder flee,
His infantry and cavalry,
Disgracing the cause of liberty,
For a writing man was he.

General Ross led the third British brigade into the City of Washington, and as he approached the Capitol his horse was shot under him by one of Barney's sailors, who had taken position in a house for that purpose. The inmates of the house were put to the sword at once, and the house set in flames. The troops being marshalled in front of the Capitol, a volley was fired in through the windows, after which the soldiers entered, and set to work preparing its destruction.

Mounting the speaker's chair, Admiral Cockburn facetiously assumed the dignity and style of the position, and adding insult to injury, cried out, "Shall this harbor of Yankee democracy be burned? All for it will say Aye!" He then reversed the proposition—"the contrary—No!" and de-

claring the motion to be unanimously passed, ordered the necessary means to be taken to carry it out, and combustibles to be applied to the furniture. The building was fired in several places and soon was wrapped in flames. Other hands, however, under the influence of panic, were contributing to the conflagration of our public works. The Secretary of the Navy, William Jones, thinking it reasonable that the enemy, if he reached Washington, would remain long enough to launch a new frigate, being built at the Navy Yard; and as that would take four or five days, during which he would greatly extend the field of his plunder and devastation: to prevent this supposed temptation, orders were given for the destruction of the Navy Yard in the event of a defeat at Bladensburg. At four o'clock the secretary of war despatched a messenger to the commandant of the yard, Commodore Tingey, informing him of the disaster at the battle-field, and of the futility of expecting or extending protection: whereon preparations were made to carry out orders. It seems from the Commodore's report that not only his principal officer, Captain Creighton, was "extremely averse" to the execution of the order, but that earnest appeals were made to him by citizens; that several individuals came in succession imploring him not to carry out his instructions, and that also "a deputation of the most respectable women came on the same errand." "I found myself," he adds, "painfully necessitated to inform them that any further importunities would cause the matches to be instantly applied to the trains, with assurance, however, that, if left at peace, I would delay the execution of the orders as long as I could feel the least shadow of justification." At twenty minutes past eight o'clock, however, the match was applied. The sloop of war *Argus* with ten guns mounted, five barges fully armed, two gunboats, the frigate *Columbia* on the stocks, and a large quantity of naval stores, were destroyed. Ross, who must have known that the Navy Yard was fired by American officials, in his official despatch claims the exploit as his own.

While the brigade of Ross was on its way to Washington, the rest of the British army recalled its stragglers, removed its wounded into Bladensburg, and prepared to follow. Gleig presents a picture of the burning capital as they approached it:—"Though the battle was ended by four o'clock, the sun had set before the different regiments were in a condition to move, consequently this short journey was performed in the dark. The work of destruction had already begun in the city before they quitted their ground, and the blazing of houses, ships, and stores, the report of exploding magazines and the crash of falling roofs, informed them as they proceeded of what was going forward. You can conceive nothing finer than the sight which met them as they drew near the town. The sky was brilliantly illuminated by the different conflagrations, and a dark red light was thrown upon the road sufficient to permit each man to view distinctly his comrade's face. Except the burning of St. Sebastian's, I do not recollect to have witnessed at any period of my life a scene more striking or more sublime."

Having fired the Capitol, the British commanders proceeded to the other end of the leading (Pennsylvania) avenue, took possession of a boarding-house, owned by Mrs. Suter, and ordered supper while they set fire to the Treasury Department and the presidential mansion. The president with his cabinet, all on horseback, abandoned the city at the close of the battle—crossed the Potomac at the Little Falls about four miles above, and recrossed at the Great Falls, some fifteen miles farther, and returned after the British had left. It was on this occasion that Mrs. Madison cut from the frame a portrait of Washington, and carried it off. Had she not shown this woman thought and devotion to the great hero, his portrait, no doubt, would have shared the fate of those of Louis XVI and Marie Antoinette in the senate wing of the Capitol, which were either burned or stolen. Some letters from British officers* state that they found the dining table at the president's prepared for the reception of a number of guests. Forty covers were spread, and the wine in process of cooling. It was supposed that the president had ordered dinner for his officers, anticipating a

* Gleig, Niles' Register, etc.

victory at Bladensburg. On the other hand, it is believed that the refreshments found were those usually in readiness for the officers and attachés of the mansion on duty, and going to and fro day and night, at the period. However, an English midshipman says: "The officers regaled themselves with whatever they wanted, and then set fire to the house." No banquet was held there, as Ross and Cockburn, returning to Mrs. Suter's, extinguished the lights to give zest to their supper by eating it by the light of the burning buildings.

Ross rejoined the encampment on Capitol Hill after supper. Cockburn, with some dissolute associates, spent the night in a house of ill-repute. A severe thunderstorm during the night seemed to break in wrath and anger over the republican capital, deserted by its friends and desecrated by its foes. A young grand-nephew of Washington, John Lewis, wrought doubtless to a pitch of frenzy by the disgraceful scenes around him, attacked the sentries during the night and was shot down in the street, where his dead body was found in the morning.

On the 25th the two commanders continued their love labor of destruction. Cockburn permitted himself to make a most vulgar, ruffianly, and ridiculous figure in the streets; exhibiting a gross levity of manner, making coarse jests and remarks concerning the president, and displaying sundry articles of little value which he had taken from the president's house. Mounted on a switch-tailed mare, with her colt trotting after, which he would not allow to be disturbed, he behaved in anything save a dignified manner. Doubtless still under the influence of his midnight debauch, he seemed at once to enjoy the ludicrousness of his appearance, and the terror of the women and children at his reckless indecency and thirst for destruction. Ross, though not indulging in any grotesque braggadocio or personal indecency, was equally, if not more, responsible for the unnecessary vandalism perpetrated, as he was the leader of the expedition. These worthies renewed their work by burning the War and Navy departments.

The Long Bridge across the Potomac was simultaneously set on fire by Americans and British. A non-commissioned officer commanding a guard on the Virginia side, perceiving a body of British ready to pass over, thought the surest method to prevent it was to destroy his end of the bridge. On the other hand, the British, expecting an attack from an American force which "showed itself on the opposite side of the Potomac," were actuated by a similar design, and fired the other end: so the bridge, a mile long, and a quantity of military stores on the Virginia side, were sacrificed to a mutual panic.

Among the noted acts of vandalism perpetrated, was the burning of the library of Congress. It was not a very valuable collection; but, as Colonel Williams truly says, Ross and Cockburn wanted only the opportunity to render themselves even more infamously renowned than the barbarian caliph who burned the Alexandrian library, for he had at least the excuse of not knowing the value of what he destroyed. The destruction of the leading journal office still further illustrated the malevolent inspiration which distinguished the invaders.

The *National Intelligencer*, the confidential organ of the president, had exasperated the admiral to a very violent state by its articles in general, and some remarks on himself in particular, for his ruthless ravages on the shores of Virginia and Maryland. As he was unable to capture the senior editor, Joseph Gales, who with his family was absent in North Carolina, he determined to burn down the printing-office and its contents. This intention was changed at the persistent entreaties of the women of the neighboring houses, which would also have been consumed, the men being absent with the troops. He vented his spleen, however, on the materials and property in the building. He had the library, of several hundred volumes, thrown into the street, assisting himself in the work, and burned. He destroyed all the presses, and threw all the types and printing materials out of the upper windows. While engaged in the work, he incessantly excited his fellows to "be sure that all the C's were destroyed, that the rascals could have no further means of abusing his name." He seemed to enjoy the idea, that "he would punish Madison's man Joe, as he had his master Jim."

They next went to the Navy Yard,

completed the work our officers had begun. Not content with burning the public works and stores, they set fire to works of private enterprise, and shamefully mutilated the beautiful monument erected by the officers of the navy to the gallant heroes who fell at Tripoli in a war to secure British as well as American rights, and to punish pirates, the common enemies of all. Among the private houses burned on Capitol Hill, were General Washington's house, and the residences of Mr. Frost and Mr. Sewell. A hotel shared the same fate; and several houses were plundered by soldiers and negroes. Having fired the rope-walks on Greenleaf's Point, the torch either by design or accident was thrown into a dry well, in which the Americans had previously cast a large quantity of powder, arms and military stores. A terrible explosion ensued, showering death and destruction on all around. "Nearly one hundred of the barbarous invaders were killed or wounded, and their mutilated remains were scattered in every direction."

The consternation caused by this accident was continued by the elements. A frightful tornado swept over the city, throwing down buildings and dealing general destruction. The blackness of the sky, the howling of the tempest, the cataract of rain, the gleaming of the lightning, the roar of the thunder, and the crash of falling buildings and the force and wildness added to the flames by the wind, struck terror to the hearts of friend and foe. Trees were torn up by the roots, roofs of houses whirled in the air like sheets of paper. Men and women fled shrieking through the streets. The British encampment on Capitol Hill was scattered as though undermined, and thirty soldiers besides many inhabitants were overwhelmed in the ruins of wrecked buildings.

In another direction, our tenderest sympathies are awakened by the exigencies of the first lady in the Republic. Amid the howlings of the fearful hurricane, fleeing from the woe of her people, and facing the awful and irresistible wrath of the elements, from the flaming Capitol where she had presided, into the fury of thunder and lightning and rain, she sought the tavern designated by the president as a place of rendezvous. Other women, less famous and more terrified, were there before her, and on her approach, recognized the fugitive, not as the wife of the president, but as the wife of the man who, in their eyes, was responsible for the disasters of war. The feeling against the man gave a sudden direction to their revengeful impulses, and they refused the wife admittance; and it was only after an entrance was compelled by the men, that the women would give Mrs. Madison shelter. There the president, drenched, hungry, and exhausted, found her. Relieving his appetite with cold fare, the fugitive chief of the Republic sought a miserable rest, safe at least from pursuit through the intervention of the hurricane, but not knowing what would come out of darkness with the dawn and sunshine.

The fury of the British commanders had carried them too far. Ross was getting uneasy at the non-arrival of expected boats on the one hand; and naturally looked to an uprising of the people, on the other, as the only response to the provocation he and Cockburn had given in so ruthlessly sacking an unresisting town. He suddenly seemed struck with a sort of panic to get well out of the dilemma and back to his ships. He succeeded, but in such a cautious, precipitate and stealthy manner, as would convey the idea that he was the leader of a stricken and retreating, rather than a victorious, army. Take the English account of it by "The Subaltern:"—

"In the meantime the officers of the different corps had been directed, in a whisper, to make ready for falling back as soon as darkness should set in. From the men, however, the thing was kept profoundly secret. They were given, indeed, to understand that an important manœuvre would be effected before to-morrow morning, but the hints thrown out tended to induce an expectation of a further advance rather than of a retreat. A similar rumor was permitted quietly to circulate among the inhabitants, with the view, doubtless, of its making its way into the American camp; while all persons were required, on pain of death, to keep within doors from sunset to sunrise. This done, as many horses as could be got together were put in requisition for the transport of the artillery. Even the few wounded officers

who had accompanied the column were required to resign theirs, and mine, among the number, was taken away. But the precaution was a very just and proper one. * * *

"It was about eight o'clock at night when a staff-officer, arriving upon the ground, gave direction for the corps to form in marching order. Preparatory to this step, large quantities of fresh fuel were heaped upon the fires, while from every company a few men were selected who should remain beside them till the pickets withdrew, and move from time to time about, so as that their figures might be seen by the light of the blaze. After this, the troops stole to the rear of the fires by twos and threes; when far enough removed to avoid observation, they took their places, and, in profound silence, began their march. The night was very dark. Stars there were, indeed, in the sky, but for some time after quitting the light of the bivouac, their influence was wholly unfelt. We moved on, however, in good order. No man spoke above his breath, our very steps were planted lightly, and we cleared the town without exciting observation."

Cockburn's despatch states they reached upper Marlborough on the evening of the 26th, "without molestation of any sort—indeed, without a single musket being fired." At Nottingham they remained the whole of the 28th, while the crews were engaged in removing the plunder. On the evening of the 29th, they reached Benedict and reëmbarked on the following day.

London received the news of the capture of Washington with wild exultation, the guns of the Tower and port being fired for three days successively; but when the details became known, it was found there was cause for shame more than for exultation. The general loss to Washington was estimated at about two million dollars. "Though the British," said President Madison in his proclamation, "had possession but for a single day, they wantonly destroyed the public edifices, having no relation in their structure to operations of war, nor used at the time for military annoyance; some of these edifices being also costly monuments of taste and of the arts; and others, depositories of the public archives, not only precious to the nation as the memorials of its origin and its early transactions, but interesting to all nations as contributions to the general stock of historical instruction and political science."

IRISH COLLEGES SINCE THE REFORMATION.

A subject of deep interest to Irish Catholics, and, indeed, to Catholics of every nationality, is the history and present state of the Ecclesiastical Colleges founded for their benefit in foreign countries since the Reformation. These establishments were, under God, the chief means of preserving the faith in Ireland, and surely the memory of their pious founders and benefactors should be cherished by clergy and people. Yet no effort has been made, as far as we know, by any Catholic writer, if we except the learned notice of the Irish College, Paris, in the "Irish Ecclesiastical Record," to rescue from oblivion even the names of the holy men who, by founding seminaries for the instruction of Irish priests, rendered such signal services to humanity and civilization.

This omission, neglect, or indifference we cannot hope to supply, because the sources of our information are often scanty, and some of them not now within our reach. But we feel we shall discharge a sacred duty by directing attention to the subject, and by drawing even a rough outline, which we trust may be filled up by some competent hand. We purpose, then, to give a brief notice of the Irish colleges abroad, in the order of their foundation, according to the usually received dates, and in this paper we shall treat of the Irish Colleges of Alcala, Seville, and Lisbon.

ALCALA.

The Irish College at Alcala was founded about A.D. 1590, by Baron George Sylveira, a Portuguese nobleman, who was descended,

through his mother, from the McDonnells of Ulster. On the college chapel, dedicated to St. George, Martyr, he expended £1,000, and gave £2,000 per annum for ever for the maintenance of twenty Irish students, four masters, and eight servants. These very minute directions in the baron's will were clearly intended to secure, as far as he could, the application of the funds to the specified purpose.*

SEVILLE.

For the use of English Catholics, the well-known Jesuit father, Robert Parsons,† founded the College of St. Gregory the Great, at Seville, A.D. 1592, but, as the revenues were insufficient, it was given over to the Irish before the close of the 18th century.‡ An effort had been made previously, about A.D. 1614, to establish a college for the Irish mission, chiefly through the zeal and energy of Don Felix de Guzman, archdeacon and canon of Seville, a dignitary of noble lineage and of distinguished piety. This apostolic priest used every exertion to promote the good of the new foundation. He applied to Philip III for his support, which was promised in a letter dated at Lisbon, July 25th, 1619. Through the king's influence chiefly, the Jesuit fathers were induced to take charge of the college, under whose government it remained until the suppression of the order.

The income was always scanty, and the number of students necessarily limited. Their uniform was a dark-blue cassock, bound with a green sash or girdle. They attended all the lectures in art, philosophy, and theology in the College of St. Hermenegild, under the professors of the society. Zuniga, our chief authority, closes his account of the Irish College of Seville, thus:—"The students, after receiving orders, return home disguised in a secular dress, to promote the Christian cause in their own country, which has derived, so far, most important aid from their pastoral zeal."§

LISBON.

Harris says that the College of Lisbon was founded, in 1595, by Ximenes, a Spanish nobleman, "who is buried there, and a weekly Mass offered for his soul. . . . At its first foundation the Irish seculars were prefects of it; but now the Portuguese Jesuits govern it, and it supports not half the number it was founded for. Each student, at the expiration of his studies, receives £5 to pay his passage to Ireland, a gallon of wine, and some flour for biscuit. One Leigh, an Irish merchant, was a benefactor to it, and is interred in one of the chapels there."*

The foundation of our college at Lisbon dates further back than 1595. Juvencius, in his History of the Society, states that the college was opened, in 1593, by Father John Howling, an Irish priest, whose holy mission it was to watch the Irish refugees, and to afford them protection. In 1593 he received into the new college 30 boys, who fled from persecution in Ireland. But there was a still earlier effort to establish an Irish college in Lisbon, probably some twenty years before. There was certainly then a school or seminary, perhaps not deserving the name of college, which was conducted by Irish priests for the use of the Irish mission. The tradition in the College of Lisbon is distinct and decisive on this point. Our account is chiefly derived from the late Most Rev. Dr. Crotty, Bishop of Cloyne and Ross, who had been professor and rector of St. Patrick's in Lisbon for twenty years, and knew thoroughly its history from its first origin. Though the college existed long before the time of Ximenes, he got the credit of founding it, because for many years it had no settled revenue, being supported by the voluntary contributions of a few noblemen and merchants, who felt sympathy for their persecuted Irish brethren, and a zeal for religion. When these pious offerings began to fail, Don Antonio Fernandez Ximenes provided out of his own purse for the maintenance of the college, changed its site, and thus came to be looked upon as its first founder. He purchased the grounds of the convent of Dis-

* See Harris' Ware, vol. i, p. 256; Anderson's Sketches, p. 70, for fuller details.

† Of this celebrated man a good account is given in Dr. Oliver's Collections, p. 157.

‡ Zuniga (Annales Eccls. ete secular de la Cuidad de Sevilla, p. 577), says it was held by the English down to 1677.

§ D. Diego de Zuniga, Annales de Sevilla, Madrid, folio 1677, pp. 631-2.

* Harris' Ware, vol. i, p. 257; compare the interesting and biographical notice of F. FitzSimon in Record for March, 1872.

calced Carmelites, repaired the old building, and gave out of his own income means for the permanent support of fourteen students. With them he resided during the last years of his life, and bequeathed to them all his property, upon the failure of legitimate male issue of his body.

The brother of Ximenes was also a generous benefactor, and his nephew protected the Irish seculars against some unworthy scheme to alienate their just heritage.

The first rector was Father White, an Irish Jesuit, and the priests of the Society continued in charge of the college until the great earthquake of 1755. It was then presided over by a Portuguese Jesuit, who, perhaps from age or natural timidity, showed much weakness in a trying hour. While the city was still in flames, he called the students together, and exhorted them warmly not to remain longer within its unhallowed precincts. God had, indeed, so far specially protected them, for although 60,000 of the citizens perished in the first shock, or in the conflagration yet raging, their college suffered no harm, they could not hope that the same special protection would be vouchsafed to them for ever. They should now seize the first opportunity of returning home, and thus avoid the death which seemed otherwise inevitable. This address did not influence the students much. If they escaped unhurt hitherto, they said, they owed that blessing to God, who would give his heavenly aid in further peril. They told the rector boldly that they knew full well their danger, but were resolved rather to die than go back to Ireland without having accomplished the great end for which they had left home and kindred. Among those most determined in resisting the suggestion or order of the president, were the Rev. P. Sherlock, afterwards P. P. of Meath Street, Dublin, and Mr. M. Brady, who was destined, as we shall see, to have a great share in the varying fortunes of the college. They were determined not to leave the house while a stone remained upon a stone. It was the property of the Irish nation, confided to their care, and they should guard it at any sacrifice. If there was that imminent danger which the rector dreaded, and pictured so vividly to them, why not retire for a few days to their country house, leaving only two or three students in the city? They felt it their conscientious duty not to shrink from danger. This was, they said, the first lesson taught them at home, and the first lesson which they should teach others on their return. The rector might go away if he chose—they never would.

This strong remonstrance had a wholesome effect: the rector and a large number of the students, leaving only a few volunteers on duty, withdrew to the country house. On their arrival, they found it, to their great surprise, a heap of ruins, the effects of thegreat shock having been more terrible therethan in the immediate suburbs.

The Irish youths did not anticipate this trial, but they fearlessly resolved not to be overcome by it. While some were engaged in pulling out the broken rafters and boards, others prepared a canvas covering. A shed was thus improvised in a few hours, which gave sufficient shelter in the unusally mild season which happily followed the earthquake. These young men had suffered greater privations, and just escaped the most dreadful and sudden calamity that, perhaps, ever visited a city. They thought little of their inconvenient quarters, and in a short time learned to be cheerful and contented. One day, as they were amusing themselves in their recreation ground, a venerable father of the Society, familiarly and affectionately called Father John of Antwerp, remarked how thoughtless they seemed to be in the midst of danger. "Don't you notice," he said to the first group that saluted him, "how your rector rides off on his mule early in the morning to the Ajudas, where the king and court are now in tents? His only object in these visits is to obtain a royal order for your instant removal. The scheme will succeed unless you appeal to the king's confessor, who will protect you against the fears of this old man, whose mind is actually weakened by the remembrance of the scenes in the city."

Early next morning, as soon as the rector set off on his mule, two of the students hurried to the king's confessor, a Dominican friar, and a pious and learned priest, who received them most kindly, entered at once into

their views, and promised to lay their case before his Majesty at the earliest opportunity. On the next day but one the royal decision was announced. The rector was ordered to remain in charge of the college, while the students would be provided for in the College of Evora until the end of their course. Thus far, the students saved, for a time, the revenues of the college, but a worse fate still awaited it. When the Jesuits were banished from Portugal, and their property seized on by the crown, the funds of the Irish College in Lisbon were also confiscated, on the plea that the college was in the hands of the Society, and belonged to them. In vain did the Irish bishops protest against the glaring spoliations. The unscrupulous Pombal would heed no remonstrance. As the property, he said, was given by Ximenes, it should now revert to his family. The Irish bishops were equally resolved not to submit to this injustice. At a solemn meeting held in Dublin, they deputed Dr. Carpenter, once a student in Lisbon, then a curate in Dublin, afterwards archbishop, to represent to the King of Portugal the grievous wrong done to the Irish Catholics by seizing on the funds of their college. Pombal not only insisted on his own measure being carried out, but insolently told Dr. Carpenter that, if in his power, he would treat the Irish as he did the Portuguese Jesuits.

After this answer, Dr. Carpenter thought it useless to press his claim further, and returned at once to Ireland. One of the alumni of Lisbon, who removed to Evora, was young Michael Brady, the unflinching advocate of the college, as we have seen, in its hour of need. He was a man of rare acquirements, a ripe classical scholar, and reputed the ablest canonist of his time. He was, besides, an accomplished linguist, and conversed with ease and elegance in French and German. He had hardly finished his studies at Evora, when he was invited by the Marquis of Pombal to accept the professorship of Greek in the magnificent College of the Nobles, just then established. No better choice could have been made, and Dr. Brady's services were gratefully remembered in Portugal. To him and to his friend, Dr. Birmingham, afterwards Rector of Salamanca, is justly ascribed the glory of reviving the study of the Greek language in the Peninsula.

When thus placed in a position of trust, Dr. Brady did not forget his old *alma mater*. He urged so repeatedly the necessity of restoring the revenues to the Irish College, that Pombal more than once rudely interrupted him when referring to that subject. The day of retribution, however, is sure to come, though it may sometimes appear to men slow. Pombal lost all his power, fell into disgrace, and died, almost in a prison cell, detested at home and abroad. The Irish College was opened again soon after his death, and Dr. Brady, now *emeritus* professor of the Nobles, was appointed its first worthy rector in 1782. He continued to rule the college until he died, in 1801, full of years and merits.

He was succeeded by the Rev. Dr. Crotty, who was one of the first pupils of the re-established college, and a professor from 1791. He held office until 1811, when he returned to Cloyne, became P.P., and with the old fondness for College life, took charge of a little seminary. On the 13th of November, 1813, Dr. Crotty was elected President of Maynooth College, and consecrated Bishop of Cloyne, 1833. Few Irish priests were better known and more esteemed than this venerable man. He filled the highest and most difficult positions in our Church, and was always distinguished by his graceful manners and zealous devotion to duty. He died on the 4th of October, 1846, and is buried in the convent chapel at Middleton.

Dr. Crotty's successor in the rectorship of Lisbon was the Rev. Dr. Dunne, P. P. of Palmerstown, county Dublin, who, at the urgent request of the Irish bishops, left his parish, and devoted himself for a long time most zealously to the improvement of the college. After his return to Ireland, the Rev. Mr. Joyce was appointed rector, and held that office in the early part of 1839, when the writer had the pleasure of making his acquaintance.

This last date reminds us that we have unconsciously come too near our own time. The further history of the Irish College of Lisbon we must leave to living witnesses of its revival, and, we sincerely trust, of more than its former glory.

The revenues of the Lisbon house, always inadequate to the support of more than a dozen students, were by no means improved after its restoration. The superiors received little or no recompense. Dr. Brady lived on his pension from the Nobles, which he enjoyed to the last day of his life. Dr. Crotty was passing rich on a salary of £7 a year as professor; and the dignity of rector brought him only £4 more, annually. Before the suppression of the Society the number of students hardly ever exceeded fourteen; afterwards it increased to thirty, and sometimes forty or more, partly owing to the disturbed state of France, and partly to the dissensions in the Irish College at Paris, and the strong condemnation of its government by the Irish bishops. All these young men paid for their maintenance. Hence, after the peace of 1815, the number fell again to the average of twelve or fourteen on the foundation. Nor was even this state of things destined to be of long duration, for after the civil war in Portugal, the College of Lisbon was closed for a long period, Father Joyce having, in the meantime, obtained merely permission to remain in charge of the building. Though the revenues of the college were insufficient, and the number of students very limited, the building itself was very well designed and commodious, and always kept in good repair.

Whatever may have been the faults of those who presided over the College of Lisbon, they were at least free from the charge which the Roman historian looked upon as the great disgrace of his own age, "ætas incuriosa suorum." In its records are inscribed the names of its *alumni*, most distinguished for learning and piety; and excellent portraits of the Irish bishops who studied there—Burke (Tuam), Talbot, Russell, Carpenter (Dublin), Verdon (Ferns), Kelly (Waterford), Crotty (Cloyne)—are still hung up in the large class hall.

FITZ-GREENE HALLECK

PERSONAL REMINISCENCES.

By Barry Gray.

The writings of no other American poet ever took so strong a hold on my imagination when a boy, as did those of Fitz-Greene Halleck. His "Marco Bozzaris" used to be, twenty-five years ago—perhaps it is still—the first "piece" the budding schoolboy learned to recite before his teacher and schoolmates. I remember of mentioning this to Halleck one day, when he replied: "Yes, it's very kind in the boys to do it. I should never have had any reputation if it had not been for them. They blow my trumpet before me, and I follow after and pick up the laurels which are scattered."

It is curious to note, in this connection, that the verses which equally shared this honor accorded to Halleck's, are by the poet whom, of all others, I think, Halleck most admired; and from whom, he was accustomed playfully to say, he stole more than he did from any other writer—I refer to Campbell and his "Hohenlinden."

My acquaintance with Halleck commenced in October, 1857, when I was introduced to him through a common friend at Bixby's Hotel, corner of Broadway and Park Place. He received me with great cordiality, and as we drew our chairs up before the glowing fire in the grate—for it was a chilly night out of doors—he spoke of the cheerfulness of an open fire, and alluded in a complimentary manner to certain sketches of mine, which had just then appeared in the *Home Journal*, wherein I had uttered approving words of an old-fashioned wood fire. It was a small matter in itself, but one which I fully appreciated, for it assured me in a very pretty way that Mr. Halleck not only knew me, but had done me the honor of reading my writings.

In the latter years of his life he cared very little about general society, and it was rarely that he could be induced to pay even a social visit. He was shy of being made a

"lion," and utterly abhorred crowded assemblages. On the occasion of the commemoration of Washington Irving's birthday, at the Academy of Music, April 3d, 1860, when Mr. Bryant pronounced the eulogy, Halleck came to town by invitation, expressly to attend it, but at the last moment his courage failed him, and he remained away.

It was my good fortune, in common with Gifford and Gignoux, the artists, to meet Halleck, a day or two thereafter, at a French restaurant on Broadway—for Halleck was partial to well-served French dishes—where we dined in company, and, over the desert and wine, listened with delight to Halleck's stories, sparkling with wit and humor.

It was, I think, on this occasion that, mentioning to him the circumstance of his song, "The winds of March are humming their parting song," having been extensively copied from the *Home Journal*, where it had just made its annual appearance, by the press throughout the country, he said: "It is a great waste of time and ink to reproduce it so often, but my good friend, General Morris, has told me he intends to print that song every spring, so long as he lives, and I really believe he will do it." And until the general's death it regularly appeared in the *Home Journal*, the last week in March, under the heading of "Our Annual."

Of this song, Halleck told me that it was an impromptu, written one evening on a bit of paper with a lead pencil, for a lady of this city—mentioning her name—whose second season had slipped past without her receiving an offer of marriage. "Some time afterwards," he continued, "I found that Morris had published it, which, of course, was kind in him." "Its merit," I said, "made it immediately popular, I presume?" "No, no," he replied, "it possesses a musical jingle, pleasing to the ear, to which it is alone indebted for all the popularity it happens to have."

Although Halleck retired to his native town Guilford, about twenty years ago, to spend the balance of his life in quietude, relieved of the cares and bustle incident to a residence in the city, he, nevertheless, seldom failed to visit New York every six months, and sometimes oftener, for the purpose, he said, "of rubbing off some of the rust that would creep over him and to see the sights."

He was fond, on these occasions, of taking long walks alone by himself, and would start out in the morning from his hotel, umbrella under his arm, and not return till night. The Bowery was his favorite strolling ground, I think, and he used to say he could see New York better there than in any other street. Broadway was not so much to his taste, though I frequently met him, of a pleasant afternoon, standing at the corner of Broadway and Canal Street, which locality, he said, "was a good place to see the ladies go by."

From the day of my introduction to Mr. Halleck until his death, there was never a year went by I had not the privilege of meeting him, and our correspondence was much more frequent. Indeed, during the last year or two of Mr. Halleck's life, scarcely a month went by without my receiving a letter from him, and I frequently was his debtor for one or more letters. It is from these letters,—so far as I can do so without a violation of private and personal matters,—that I purpose to make some brief extracts; but, before proceeding, I must devote a few paragraphs to his life, which, though there may appear nothing new in them, cannot be out of place, even in so gossipy an article as the present.

Fitz-Greene Halleck was born in Guilford, Conn., in August, 1795. His mother's maiden name was Eliot, and she was a descendant of the John Eliot who, in colonial days, was an "Apostle of the Indians." His early days were passed in his native town, where, at the academy, he was duly inducted into the paths of learning. He came to New York when about twenty-two years of age, and entered the mercantile house of Jacob Barker, where he remained for several years. He afterwards became the confidential clerk of John Jacob Astor, and my first sight of the poet was while he was with Mr. Astor, I think in 1846, as he was entering his little brick office in Prince Street, just west of Broadway. I remember I was surprised to find him a small man, as the engraved portrait of him, I think from a painting by Charley Eliott, had given me the impression that he was a large man.

Mr. Astor nominated him one of the trustees of the Astor Library, and at his death left him an annuity, which was afterwards, if I mistake not, added to by his son, Mr. William B. Astor, so that Mr. Halleck was enabled, with the addition of what he himself possessed, to live well to the end of his days.

The *Evening Post*, good authority in these matters, states that Halleck's earliest piece which he thought worthy of preservation, "Twilight," appeared originally in that journal in 1818. The "Croaker" papers appeared in the same paper the following summer. "Fanny," a satirical and humorous poem, was written in 1819—three years before the completion of Byron's "Don Juan," which many persons have thought suggested the former to Halleck.

In 1822–23, Mr. Halleck visited Europe, and it was while there that he obtained the themes for his "Alnwick Castle," "Marco Bozzaris," (pronounced *Botzarris*, and thus spelt by Byron,) "Burns" and "Magdalen," which last he probably wrote while abroad, all of which appeared in the edition of his poems published in 1827. Harper & Brothers, Appleton and Redfield, have each published editions of his works. A new edition, including "Young America," published originally in the *Ledger*, and a few poems never yet printed, was prepared by E. A. Duyckinck, a gentleman eminently fitted for such office.

One constantly hears the regret expressed that Halleck wrote so little; but it is a great consolation to feel that everything he did write will live. One finds in his works almost every phase of poetic expression: the grave and the gay, the tender and the humorous, and the martial and the sublime. He was essentially, however, an humorous poet, and it was very difficult for him to keep his peculiar vein of humor from breaking out even in his most pathetic passages. Take his "Alnwick Castle," for instance, and you will find the sublime and the ridiculous running side by side; so, also, in "Wyoming," "Young Thoughts have Music in them, Love," and others I might mention.

He was an exceedingly graceful writer, and his verses were characterized by uncommon sweetness and melody. They moved as naturally, smoothly and laughingly along, as do the waters of a summer brook gliding through meadow lands, and anon rippling over a pebbly bed.

Halleck spoke several modern languages —French, Italian, and, I believe, Spanish, fluently, and learned Portuguese so that he might read Camoens in the original. He was a great reader of books, and devoted his time during his latter days between reading and writing letters to his friends, and I scarcely need add that his letters were highly prized by his correspondents, and always—even the briefest notes—contained something suggestive and pleasant.

In a letter dated Guilford, Connecticut, March, 1862, Mr. Halleck writes:

"I am very sorry to hear that our friend, the general (Geo. P. Morris), has been so long a sufferer from illness. Please assure him of my deep condolence, and of my anxious wish for his speedy recovery. Beg him to take good care of his health until the war is over, for the sake of the 'Brave fallen in battle,' who will then claim their immortality from his song. Remind him of Campbell's words of truth and beauty:

> 'And though, young Hero! when the pall
> Is crossed with mournful sword and plume,
> When public grief begins to fade,
> And only tears of kindred fall;
> Who but the bard shall deck thy tomb
> And greet with fame thy gallant shade?'"

In reply to this letter, I reminded Mr. Halleck that he, in his "Marco Bozzaris," "The Field of the Grounded Arms," and "Lines on the Death of Lieut. William Howard Allen, of the American Navy," had not forgotten the "Brave fallen in battle," and that in the last-named poem he had paid a tribute to the memory of a kinsman of my own, and that from my earliest years I had been instructed, on this account, to love and revere the poet's name. I further informed him of the fact, of which he had either never heard or else had forgotten, that on the monument erected to the memory of Lieut. Allen, in the cemetery at Hudson, N. Y., the following lines from his poem were inscribed:

> ——"Pride of his country's banded chivalry,
> His fame their hope, his name their battle-cry;
> He lived as mothers wish their sons to live,
> He died as fathers wish their sons to die."

This letter brought from him, in reply, one of his most charming epistles; but which,

with several others of his letters to me, I regret being unable to find.

Under date of March 19, 1868, in acknowledgment of a set of card pictures of myself, which I sent to him, he writes:

"A thousand thanks for your kind presents. * * * Together they form a perfect charade, embodying their original. Its *First*, the mythical Barry Gray; its *Second*, the mysterious we of the *Home Journal;* the *Third*, the affectionate husband of Mrs. C——, and the *Whole*, one of my dearest friends."

A package of letters, comprising all written to me by Mr. Halleck, between the summer of '63 and the winter of '66, is missing; though I have little doubt but that it will "turn up" safely one of these days. In a letter of February 4, 1867, he writes in reference to the death of N. P. Willis:

"Although the long illness of our friend, Mr. Willis, had prepared me for the sad tidings of his death, I feel it not the less sensibly and deeply. You and I have lost a most pleasant and gentlemanly companion, and the admirers of his many able and admirable writings will, in vain, seek among his survivors for his equal in his peculiarly graceful and courtly style."

A little later in the same month he writes, acknowledging a volume I had the privilege of sending him:

"I have your very complimentary letter of the 7th, and its scarlet-plumed comrade, to whose pages I look forward for a feast of good things, from a *potage à la Julien* to a *paté de fois gras*."

As an indication of the interest he took, even at this late period of his life, in the fleeting literature of the day, I transcribe the following from a letter received at about the same time as the previous one:

"The only weekly papers of a literary nature that I meet with here in the country are the *Home Journal*, the *Round Table*, and the *Albion*. In their occasional criticisms upon authors and books, I feel more or less interested, and should like much to know the names of the critics now and then, if you can, consistently, furnish them, together with such literary gossip and goings on around you as you may be kind enough to instruct and enlighten me with. By so doing, you will make me, from day to day, more and more yours, very truly,

"FITZ-GREENE HALLECK."

Under date of February, 1867, he writes thus playfully:

"From the old proverb, 'one good turn deserves another,' I infer that my receiving from you *two* good deeds entitles me to a *third*, and I, therefore, wait for your kindly ascertaining, if not putting you a single step out of your daily walk, the fate of Ticket No. 351,403 in Thomas & Co.'s Fair, and not, I hope, *unfair* lottery, drawn on the 14th ult. They assured me that, without doubt, it would soon be worth 10,000 dollars. When they pay me that sum, I shall esteem it a great favor and a convincing proof of your friendship, if you will accept the one-half of the amount, say $2,500 in greenbacks, and the balance in gratitude."

About this time I sent to Mr. Halleck a copy of a brochure, entitled "Ale, in prose and verse, by Barry Gray and John Savage," and printed solely for private circulation by my friends, the Messrs. Taylor, whose good brewage it celebrates. It brought from the genial poet, the writer of those clever verses, commencing,

"There's a barrel of porter at Tammany Hall,"

the following sparkling and witty letter:

"I take great pleasure in thanking you, and your generous and genial coadjutors, the Messrs. Taylor and Mr. Savage, for your munificent present, and for the delight its perusal and its pictures have given me.

"The volume, whether regarded as a work of artistic excellence, mental and mechanical, or fancifully, as a vase worthy of containing the 'celestial beverage' it immortalizes, is, indeed, one of those 'things of beauty' which our favorite John Keats, whom Lord Byron used to call John Ketch, has poetically pronounced 'a joy forever.'

"I have hitherto believed that Shakespeare, in the two lines from the experienced lips of the good judge of the article, Christopher Sly, on his imaginary marriage eve, viz.,

'Bring our lady hither to our sight, and, once again, a pot of the smallest ale,'

had anticipated all future eulogies upon the subject of your volume. How well he expresses the affinity between beer and beauty, between matrimony and mild ale, and the luxury enjoyed by bride and bridegroom 'when,' as Coriolanus says, 'their wedding day is done and tapers burn to bed-ward,' in blending their hopes of happiness with a mug or two of XX half-and-half, in one harmonious whole.

And I cannot pay your ale a higher compliment than by saying that, under its inspiration, you four gentlemen have, by your elaborate searches for the facts of ancient and modern song and story in honor of your exalted theme, most marvellously

'gilded the refined gold, painted the lily, and added a perfume to the violet' of Shakespeare and Christopher Sly.

"Repeating my thanks for your courtesy, I beg you to believe me, my dear sir, alike in boyish jest and manly earnest,

"Faithfully yours,

"FITZ-GREENE HALLECK."

Under date of March 13, '67, while daily expecting the arrival of a barrel of ale, he writes:

"I have delayed answering your letter of the 1st inst., in the expectation of receiving the present you have so kindly requested our generous friends, the Messrs. Taylor, to send me, and of being enabled by the inspiration of a glass of it, to more worthily express my grateful sense of the increasing debt of kindness I owe you.

"In the meantime, I am enjoying a pleasure, which Tom Campbell, were he living and in my place, would beautifully empoem in his next edition, as one of his hitherto omitted 'Pleasures of Hope.'

* * * * * *

"I have also," he writes in the same letter, "to thank you for your prompt attention to the lottery affair. I find that I am within one of a prize, and, like the soldier who boasted of having come within one of being chosen corporal, by having stood next in the ranks to the one who was chosen, I am quite satisfied with my success."

On the 22d of the same month a brief note reaches me:

"The town bells are announcing the arrival of the Beer, and will assist in its public reception as soon as it has recovered from the fatigue of its journey. In haste, yours aleingly."

In a letter of the last of March, he writes:

"I had the honor of being one of two persons empowered by the publisher of an 'Illustrated Album,' to award a prize of fifty dollars to the author of the best among several hundred contributed manuscript poems, and saw Mr. Willis smilingly pocket a check for the amount as our conscientiously declared winner in the contest. My introduction to him at that time—he was then, I think, still a student in Yale College—was the commencement of our long and pleasant intimacy with each other. As soon as I can find access to a volume of his collected poems, I will point out to you the one in question. It was promisingly characteristic of his future poems—the egg to the bird, the acorn to the oak of his renown."

In a letter of May 27, '67, after alluding to an article sent him by Mr. Thurlow Weed, of the *Commercial Advertiser*, on the authorship of the "Letters of Junius," he said:

"I expressed a doubt as to the correctness of his (Mr. Weed's) belief in Sir Philip Francis as the author of 'Junius' and his silence indicates his own doubt on the subject. For my part, if ninety-nine witnesses would hang the 'author,' I would not insure Lord George Taskill's life at any premium. Wanting the one hundredth, he would be acquitted, and the secret still a secret. Have you any favorite candidate in the matter? With me, as an old reader, the theme is a favorite one."

Mr. Halleck's last letter to me was dated August 27, 1867, and though quite long, contained nothing which would interest the general reader, though to me, not only from its being his last, but from the nature of its contents, it is one of the most precious I received.

I wrote to him once after the receipt of this letter, some time in October, but no answer ever came, and I feared from that circumstance—for he was always most punctual in replying to my letters—that he was ill; and then soon afterwards the news arrived, without any previous warning of his dangerous state, that he was dead.

I knew, when he was last on in October, that he had returned home to Guilford sick, for calling at the St. Denis, where he stopped when in town, but too late to see him, unfortunately, I learned it. The last time I saw him was early in July, when I had a couple of hours' chat with him in the reading-room of the St. Denis, and afterwards walked down Broadway with him to Goupil's at Ninth Street, where I obtained for him a copy of the engraving of Durand's picture, "A Sunday Morning," which he had expressed a wish to see; and there, at the door, I parted with him forever, watching him until he was across the street on his way back to the hotel.

Few men have lived who possessed the power of making themselves as endeared to those with whom they came in contact, as did Halleck. He won the hearts of all whom he met, and especially did he attract to him the young, whose society he enjoyed as much

as they did his. He was always youthful; and though years made his step feeble, turned his locks white, dimmed the lustre of his eyes, and closed his quick ears, they could not destroy the blithesomeness of his spirit, nor chill the warmth of his heart. Fitz-Greene Halleck was always, whether "in boyish jest or manly earnest," the genial companion, the true friend, the courtly scholar, and the Christian gentleman.

UNIVERSITIES OF THE PAST.

By M. E. Henry.

THE PAST—MODERN VIEWS OF IT—SCHOOLS OF ANCIENT LEARNING—THEIR DECLINE IN IRELAND AND RISE IN FRANCE—THE GREAT UNIVERSITY OF PARIS—ARISTOTLE, THE SCHOLASTIC PHILOSOPHY AND THE CHURCH—ST. THOMAS—SIXTY-SIX GREAT SEATS OF LEARNING IN EUROPE BEFORE THE REFORMATION.

Amid the various erroneous opinions current in this century, none has taken such a steadfast hold of the popular mind, none is tightening its grasp so firmly, as the one idea of breaking altogether with the "past." But in the ceaseless ebb and flow of the human race there is a continual action and reaction of one generation on another, perpetuated through various mediums which cannot be counteracted; there is an indissoluble bond that cannot be severed; a golden link that cannot be loosed without at the same time robbing us of many of our most precious gifts and priceless heirlooms.

To none more than to the student does the distant era of the past present such beautiful and charming pictures; for none does it open up a wider or a grander field of investigation; in none does it excite such enthusiastic and glowing sentiments of respect and admiration, as in ascending the stream of time with the torch of learning in the one hand, and the lamp of history in the other, he gazes with ineffable delight on the ever-varying scenes depicted there, or scans with a discriminating eye the lights and shades of the different groupings presented.

But, as in casting our eyes over a smiling landscape that stretches far away in the distance, although we drink in the beauty of the whole combined, still there are some objects on which the attention is riveted, some features on which we hang entranced, and from which we cannot turn away our eyes without some feeling of regret; so with the student in glancing over the bright landscape of the past, the "centres of thought," the universities, are for him the great and paramount attraction: they are the "central form," the majestic intellectual light giving systems around which he perceives all the others revolving

And let me ask, with what feelings of regret and with what sorrowing emotions, does he not turn from the contemplation of those brilliant lights whose bright rays penetrated the thickest darkness and illumined the world, to the dim, the feeble, the waning lights that flicker here and there in this age of so-called unprecedented enlightenment.

Although this is an age of amazing progress in one sense of the word, an age in which the prodigious powers of the press send forth volume after volume, tome after tome, and reviews, periodicals, and newspapers, in such a rapid, inexhaustible stream as to have the literary mart always at the flood; still, if we examine its intellectual life, if we analyze its essential traits, we fail to find that keenness of perception, that solidity of judgment, that lucidity of exposition, so characteristic of those ages in which the universities flourished in their pristine force and vigor.

If we wish to find really great minds, if we be desirous of coming in contact with massive intellects which were wont to grapple with the subtlest difficulties, which sounded the lowest depths of truth, and dissipated at a glance the cloudy mists of ignorance and

falsehood, we must return to the days in which the universities stand out before us in all their stateliness, loveliness and grandeur. We shall have to betake ourselves to the palmy days of learning and sound knowledge, to the "centres of thought," that could boast of an Abelard, a William of Champeaux, a Thomas Aquinas, to the time of a sparkling Erasmus or a Louis Vives.

What mingled feelings of honest, legitimate pride and sorrow swell up in the breast of a Catholic student as the ancient glory of Paris, Oxford, Cambridge, Salamanca, flashes upon his mind, proud that the Catholic Church can present such a crushing reputation of the calumnies alleged against her; weighted with woe when he sees that those brilliant lights have waned, have sunk below the horizon, leaving him in almost utter darkness and gloom.

Reverting to the period in which were laid the foundations of those magnificent institutions, we of the present day can hardly realize the very many difficulties that had to be encountered, the almost insurmountable barriers that had to be overstepped, before they reached the point of dazzling effulgence that shed such a flood of light upon the outer world. Europe, torn and distracted by the ruthless ravages of the wild barbarians of the North, now the Vandals, again the Goths,—who, rushing like so many mountain torrents, carried in their mad course ruin to every quarter—in the reign of Charlemagne, enjoyed comparative rest and quiet. Nearing the close of this period, affairs assumed more smiling aspects, and letters, which hitherto had fallen into decay, now commenced to revive. Not that the rays of learning were ever totally extinguished, for, long before this time, Ireland had been the great nursery of knowledge, the glowing lamp at which were lighted the tapers of so many nations and countries; but already had the tidal wave of invasion lashed her beach, and sweeping over the face of the conntry, extinguished those brilliant lights.

And here we do not behold the providence of God manifested in an unmistakable manner; for no sooner are the institutions of the "Isle of Saints" on the decline, than we behold others of surpassing beauty rising amid the vine-clad hills of France? There we find the germ of all the Christian schools to be the episcopal seminaries, a part of the bishop's household, presided over by the bishop himself, who instructed his pupils in those things necessary for the fulfilment of their duties. These expanded in course of time into the monastic schools, which attained their zenith in the eighth and ninth centuries. "The monks," says an author who knew them well, "had a world of their own. Heedless alike of fame or profit, they were patiently laying the foundations of European civilization; they were forming the languages of Schiller, of Bacon, and of Bossuet; they were creating arts which modern skill in vain endeavored to imitate; they were preserving the codices of ancient learning, and embalming the world, lying in wickedness, in the sweet odors of their manifold virtues."

A vast change gradually took place in the world of letters. The time was quickly approaching when the human mind demanded a more extended basis. The public schools, opened under the liberal patronage of Charlemagne, gave the first impulse to that spirit of study by which a whole nation was roused into free development, and concentrated into one grand harmonious whole those scattered elements which, when thus cemented, revealed a system of thought and action never before witnessed. Schools and teachers multiplied indefinitely; students, burning with a yearning love of knowledge, poured in from every quarter. The little stream which glided so smoothly before, was now swelled into a mighty river, until at length, in the 11th century, we behold inaugurated that gigantic intellectual revolution in which men's minds, bursting the trammels with which they had been so long fettered, rose higher and higher, grasping grander and more sublime ideas. Those schools were the potent elements which entered so largely into the formation of that majestic institution, the "University of Paris."

What a host of ideas rushes spontaneously to the minds of those who have read its history, as the magic words ring upon their ears! What a scene of activity did not Paris present in those days! What pen can depict the turmoil, the confusion, the excitement, of a city of students who flowed in from all parts? Here might daily be seen the hardy son

the North arm in arm with the fiery, impetuous son of the South; here might be witnessed Eastern magnificence blended with Western simplicity. Poverty and wealth, ignorance and intelligence, all make their way to Paris. It is the great loadstone to which all are attracted. Even those who had spent their time "far from the busy haunts of men," amid the quiet and lovely scenes of the country, whose eyes were wont to rest on the rich fields of waving corn, on the placid stream, or the mountains rising aloft whose craggy tops were lost in the clouds; all bent their steps towards Paris. The monks even, who had passed their time in meditation, prayer, fasting, and teaching in their humble and lowly cells, are roused into action, and carried away by the resistless stream. From the hillside and valley, from the distant hamlet and populous city, from the highways and byeways, all swelled the surging throng. "Who would study at other places when he could go to Paris? Who would care to slake his thirst at the tricklings of the mountain-side when he could quaff copious draughts at the reservoir itself?"

But the strong religious spirit with which everything was imbued previous to this era, was somewhat modified, although its main characteristics remained unchanged. The works of Aristotle, which up to this had never been fully translated, were now for the first time brought into play, and cultivated with boundless zeal and unremitting assiduity. The human mind ever bent on novelty began to imbibe false notions and ideas; Aristotle was wrongly interpreted; the dangers assumed more startling and formidable proportions, professors were silenced and dismissed, but all in vain: the evil grew apace, the faith and morals of Europe were trembling on the brink of ruin. How were they to be rescued? Where was the effective alkali to neutralize the effects of this deadly poison? Where the powerful hand to hurl back the deadly weapon aimed at the very church of God?

It was found in the church herself. She it was that formed of the scholastic philosophy a shield that was not only a defence and a protection, but from which rebounded the weapons hurled by her adversaries, into the breasts of the marksmen themselves. She fashioned of this poilosophy stepping-stones to her heaven-reaching ladder of Faith, Hope, and Charity. The schools were the battle-grounds on which the mighty contest was to be waged; and on them did the Catholic Church wage it, arising from the contest with the laurel wreath of victory on her fair brow, more radiant and beautiful, more heavenly sublime, than before.

Here we behold groups of illustrious men whose name shall shine forever, pure and unsullied, in the pages of history,—men whose brilliant genious and talents shed such a lustre on the age in which they lived, which still flow brightly and will continue to do so until time shall be no more. But the fame of all, even the most brilliant lights of this century, must pale before that of St. Thomas, "the angel of the schools"—the greatest scholar of his century, and one that achieved the grandest success of the thirteenth century, by subjecting reason to Faith; who cast in a philosophical mould the truths of revealed religion, making them harmonise beauti fully with reason.

What we have said of Paris is equally true of every other institution of learning. What the Pope and Bishops of Rome had done for it, the same they performed for Oxford, which sent forth so many and such eminent men. In that abode of knowledge on which Cromwell, "ere he bade farewell to all his glory," had lavished the munificence of his princely gifts, classic erudition, not trite nor shallow, but profound and accurate, found a home. Insular students no longer sighed for the time-honored universities of Italy, and no school produced a greater or richer growth of men skilled in all kinds of learning. The same they did for Bologna, which was celebrated as the first law school of Europe. The same they coutinued to do in Germany, Poland, Bohemia, Spain and Flanders; so that sixty-six magnificent seats of learning studded the literary horizon of Europe, each of which was a star of the first magnitude long before the stormy tempest of the so-called Reformation swept across it, bearing in its course destruction and ruin. Then it was that men's minds revelled in chaos and confusion.—Every man wished to dictate, none to obey, Tyranny and prescription were the order of the day. The universities

passed into other hands, and then their glory departed.

While we linger over the glories of ages that have passed away, we cannot help harboring in our breast the hope that at some future period the visions that have gone will reappear and gladden the earth. Yes! our bosoms swell with the hope, that, under the victorious guidance of our illustrious Cardinal, the day is not far distant when we shall behold some pleasant site crowned by a magnificent institution, which shall not only equal, but eclipse the splendor of those ancient seats of learning. An institution to which shall resort students from all countries and climes, yearning to quaff at its clear and limpid waters. An institution where the young may receive an education which shall render them capable of taking a noble and conspicuous part on the broad stage of the world. A place where the sciences may be developed, arts embellished, and literature enriched. An institution which shall send forth eminent statesmen who shall manage the affairs of their country with circumspection; orators, whose periods of fire shall keep glowing the spirit; eloquent preachers, who shall scatter broadcast the seeds of truth, men powerful to meet their opponents whether emperors or premiers. A place, in fine, that shall attract the affections of the young by its fame, win the judgment of the middle-aged by its beauty, and rivet the memory of the old by its associations.

CIVIL SERVICE COMPETITIVE SYSTEM.

An Official Miniature. By G. A. SALA.

We all know what a time was made, a few years since, touching the fitness of persons for positions in the civil service of our country at home and abroad; and that, after considerable agitation, a commission was appointed to examine all applicants for office. The design of the reformers, who had "the honor of the country" at large, as well as that of the civil service in particular, at heart, and desired to see both represented by capable men, was not to some minds satisfactorily carried out. It was thought, on the other hand, that the politicians were rather benefited; and some are bold or unkind enough to say that the whole thing was "a blind;" and that the desired effect was produced, in preventing many honest, sensitive, conscientious, and capable persons from presenting themselves as candidates for public position after the pompous announcements made by the commission; thereby leaving the choice, as usual, in the hands of the politicians and the favorites of power. We have never heard that the examinations of those who may have presented themselves before the commission were suitably efficient, or calculated to keep the idle and incompetent from receiving wages out of the public Treasury. On the contrary, if we mistake not, the business has been conducted on such a useless and delusive system as to disgust the prime movers in the reform, and induce them to quietly retire from interference with the means and ways made and provided by the politicians in emptying and filling the public offices.

The competitive system is beautiful in theory, and, if even fairly applied, well calculated to exalt our ideas on the efficiency of our public servants. Dwelling on the impartiality with which officers of the civil service might be selected, one naturally throbs with patriotic emotion. When only capacity, industry, education and suitability have a chance for public position, one may indeed thrill with pardonable pride of satisfaction; and console himself with the thought that, if burdensome taxes lighten his pocket, he is contributing to reward special intelligence and honesty in the various branches of the civil service, and in this manner elevate the character of the country in its public departments. A citizen might feel this if the competitive system was taken out of the hands of impracticable theorists and placed in those of practical men to be fairly applied in a general way, and in accordance with that equal distribution of rights on which the American system is founded.

The competitive system is not less a mockery and a delusion abroad, than at home. G. A. Sala makes it the subject of a clever

satirical study—showing the pretensions and extensive scope of erudition supposed to be mastered by an applicant for the humblest office; and placing in contrast the imbecile conformation of the youth who could only have obtained his place on the supposition that he had triumphantly passed the examination indicated. Mr Sala's hero is his young friend Guildenspur of the Performance of Official Functions Office, Somerset House:

"At the first blush you might arrive at the very erroneous conclusion that G. does not know great A from a bull's foot. He has always appeared to me a remarkably ignorant and silly young man. When he is not engaged at the office for the Performance of Official Functions, he is usually sucking at a short pipe, or paying homage at the shrine of Miss Frisette, the barmaid at the Royal Abrakampa refreshment buffet; and I have heard that Guildenspur's evenings are usually devoted either to the Imperial Ekaterinoslav Music hall or to billiards. Yet the amount of knowledge possessed by this young gentleman when he went up for his pass examination before the Civil-Service Commissioners, was something positively astounding, both as regards its variety and its profundity. He took the largest number of marks ever gained by a single candidate for his brilliant answers in cerebral physiology, crystallography, spectrum analysis, and prehistoric history. He was examined in Urdu, Græco Sclavonic, Indo-Germanic, and Scented Pekoe. He was examined in Colenso's Arithmetic (the edition translated into intelligent Zulu), in conic sections, and in Cocker's Commentaries on the undiscovered Problems of Euclid, to which is appended the celebrated essay by Professor Gnomon, M. A., showing that Euclid was only a comic poet, and that the *Elements* were written by Hermes Trismegistus. He was examined in English literature, including Milton's *Areopagitica*, Hooker's *Ecclesiastical Polity*, Barrow on the *Pope's Supremacy*, Dryden's *Absalom* and *Achitophel* (that fine exemplar of political morality), and, above all, in the prologue to Chaucer's *Canterbury Tales*. Guildenspur, without even using Thomas Tyrwitt's Gloss, filled up his Chaucerian paper, and construed the allusions to 'chevawtrie' and 'chevisance,' to say nothing of innumerable other verbal niceties and recondite advertences, which to this day continue to puzzle students of mature age, ripe scholarship, and carefully disciplined habits of analysing the diction of a writer as difficult to read in English as Pindar in Greek.

"Such—I have said nothing about his attainments in hydraulics, pneumatics, palæontology, cryptography, Druidical theology, dental surgery, and psychic force—were a few of the subjects which young Mr. Guildenspur 'took up,' and in which he 'passed triumphantly.' It is true that G. has a very large head, but from his normal vacuity of countenance and usually idiotic conversation, I used—ere I knew the secrets of his examination prison-house—to ascribe his preternatural frontal development to water on the brain. It is clear, however, that he was not hydrocephalous, but only a genius; and when he is gathered to his fathers, it may be discovered that his skull was one homogeneous helmet or case, with no sutures, and with a single sagittal opening.

"This wonderfully educated young man was in process of time duly selected to fill the important post he now holds in the Performance of Official Functions Office. They say that his duties mainly consist in counting turnpike tickets, washing the obliterating marks off postage stamps, and translating defunct telegrams into Greek hexameters; but that is neither here nor there. He went in at a salary of ninety pounds a year, and has an annual rise of three and sixpence halfpenny. On his attaining his ninetieth birthday, and on showing to the satisfaction of the department that he had been septennially vaccinated, that he has never accepted an accommodation bill, that he has never written for the comic papers, asked for promotion, or made up his betting-book during office hours, that he is a member of the Church of England, and that his mental faculties—if he ever had any—have entirely deserted him, he will be entitled to retire on a pension calculated on the basis of seventy-two eight-hundredths of his salary at the age of seventy. For this, look you, is an age of competition, and we must be highly educated or starve."

MISCELLANY.

College Commencements.

The annual season of College Commencements has come and gone. The Scholastic Year was ended with the close of June or the first week in July; and the students who have been toiling for the past ten months—those who have graduated and bade farewell to Alma Mater, those who have won distinction and honors, as well as those less fortunate—are now scattered all over the Union, receiving the congratulations of their families and friends, or recuperating themselves for further scholastic labors and competitions, or for entrance into the battle of life in the busy world, by the seaside or the mountain brook, in the gay hotel or more comfortable farm-house. There seems to have been more than usual interest shown this year in the Commencements in our immediate vicinity. That at Manhattan College, embracing as it did a reception to his Eminence the Cardinal Archbishop, was especially noticeable for the beauty, perfection, and appropriateness of its decorations. The welcome given to his Eminence was cheerful, brilliant, and inspiring, and had a fine effect on the feelings of the audience. It is with great pleasure we record the collegiate success of the year; and present the following synopsis of the proceedings at St. John's and Manhattan Colleges, chiefly from the *New York Herald*.

St. John's College, Fordham.

St. John's College, Fordham, 30th June, attained mature age. Under the old and finely spreading elms on the College Campus was held the thirtieth annual Commencement of this institution, whose graduates during its existence have been spread all over this and other lands, and have gone forth to fill ably the duties of the different professions which were chosen by them. The train which left the Harlem depot at twenty minutes to twelve A. M., was deeply laden with clergymen, ladies, who were relatives and friends of the students and College, and a large number of gentlemen, many of whom were alumni, and who had come once more to greet Alma Mater on her festival day. His Eminence Cardinal McCloskey arrived in an early train, and was received by the venerable rector of St. John's, Rev. Frederick William Gockeln, at the depot, and was taken from thence to a suite of apartments which had been placed in readiness for him by the Jesuit fathers. Among the invited guests who came in the special train, the regular trains and the boats, were Vicar-General Quinn, Chancellor Preston, Provincial General Charaux, of the Order of Jesus; Father Farley, Secretary of the Cardinal.

General M. McMahon, Hon. John B. Haskin, Hon. Richard O'Gorman, William H. Powell, the historical painter, Henry C. Watson, E. V. Welch, Lawrence O'Connor, the distinguished architect, James Pech, M. D., of Oxford, England, Dr. Carnochan, Samuel O. Murphy, James Olwell, D. R. Sheil, Member of Assembly, Mr. McCarthy of the *Catholic World*, and many others including representatives of the daily journals. Among the distinguished clergymen present were Rev. Aug. J. Thebaud, S. J., Rev. Edward Doucel, S. J., Rev. M. Beaudevin, S. J., Rev. W. Petit, Pastor of Fordham, Rev. Charles McCready, Rev. Gabriel A. Healy, Rev. Matthias Farrelly, Rev. John Hughes, Rev. Ernest Van Dyke, Rev. Edward A. Dunphy, Rev. Father Moriarty, Rev. Father Clowry, Père Ronay, College of St. Louis; Rev. Fathers Brady, Hill and Stone, of the Order of St. Paul the Apostle; Rev. W. Keegan, Brooklyn, Rev. O. Isidore Meister, Rev. Father Sorg, and a large number of other lay and clerical guests, who had arrived from all parts of the country to assist in the exercises.

A band of music was stationed on the lawn, and discoursed popular airs while the students were preparing to assemble. Under a large group of elms a capacious stage had been erected, which was handsomely draped with the American flag. At the entrance to the stage two young palmetto trees were placed, and were trimmed with the national banner.

At a little before one o'clock his Eminence Cardinal McCloskey appeared on the platform and took his seat in a chair, over which was spread a large awning to divert the rays of the sun from the heads of the audience. The Cardinal wore a black garment trimmed with red over his ordinary robes. Vicar-General Quinn sat to the right of the Cardinal, and Chancellor Preston to his left; the Very Rev. Provincial on the left of the Chancellor, and Rev. Rector Gockeln on the right of the Vicar-General. The graduating class marched out of the main building and took seats on the platform, and soon after the exercises began. The order of exercises was as follows:—

Overture.

Our Centennial.....David J. Hogan
Catholic Association.....Peter J. Curren

Music.

Literary Labor.....John B. Dorian
The Revival of Letters .....Thomas J. Dunphy

Music.

Journalism.....William A. Dunphy
Horace Greeley.....Joseph J. Rogers

Music.

Valedictory.....Thomas O'Callaghan

Music.

Conferring of Degrees.

Address to Graduates-Charles Herbermann, Ph.D.

Music.

Distribution of Medals.

The address of Mr. Hogan was principally an analysis of the spirit and tendency of the age in which we live, with some thoughts and suggestions as to the propriety of celebrating our national hundredth birthday in a manner that would yield honor and credit to the nation. The theme selected by P. J. Curren, "Catholic Association," was treated with great ability, and demanded from the Catholics of the United States a more solid front and more close association for the purpose of defence and to attain a better social *status*. The speaker stated that the Catholics of the Union needed to organize in order that they might possess that rank and standing which is due to their wealth, intelligence and virtue. "Literary labor," by Mr. Dorian, was an able analysis of the ephemeral literature of the day, its sensationalism and the neglect of effort and of an honest purpose in the pursuit of fame. Mr. Thomas J. Dunphy made an eloquent address, entitled "The Revival of Letters," and was loudly applauded by his audience. But the gem of the day's exercise was the address made by William A. Dunphy, a brother of the former speaker, whose subject was "Journalism." It was hardly possible to be expected that a young man, who knew nothing of the practical duties of such an onerous profession as that which he treated of, could handle it as well as he did, and yet it was, perhaps, as fine, complete, concise and analytical a piece of work as was ever achieved by a college graduate. When Mr. Dunphy concluded he was cheered again and again, and the pretty parterre of summer hats, adorned with all the paraphernalia of the season, in the rear of His Eminence, shook with feminine approbation. [We elsewhere publish this paper.] It was set down in the programme that Mr. Joseph J. Rogers, of Peekskill, would deliver an essay on the subject chosen by him, "Horace Greeley," and it was certain that it would have been treated ably, as Mr. Rogers was one of the strongest men in his class, intellectually, but unfortunately a severe attack of illness compelled him to forego making the address, although he was able to be on the ground, and received his diploma. The valedictory was delivered by Mr. Thomas J. O'Callaghan in a very affecting and touching manner.

The very reverend rector then ascended the stage and conferred the degrees on the class, and, in addition, conferred some other honors.

The degree of Doctor of Laws was conferred on Mr. John Savage. of Fordham, the well known poet and author.

Master of Arts was conferred on Lucien Collière, Washington, D. C.; J. Baptiste Lamontagne, Canada, and Michael J. Quinn, Fordham, N. Y.

The degree of Bachelor of Science was conferred on Professor J. O'Kane Murray, Brooklyn, L. I.

It was decreed that the highest honors of the graduating class were won by Mr. Thomas J. Dunphy, to whom was awarded the gold medal for the best biographical essay: subject, "Bertrand Du Guesclin;" and the next in merit was declared to be William A. Dunphy. The medal was donated by Paul Jones Robert, of San Francisco, Cal., of the class of 1866.

The degree of Bachelor of Arts was conferred on the following gentlemen:—Thomas J. Dunphy, Newburg, N. Y.; Anthony J. Wagner, Philadelphia, Pa.; Michael Henry, New York; James Downing, Pittsburg, Pa.; Louis F. Haffen, Melrose, N. Y.; Thomas O'Callaghan, New York; David J. Hogan, Brooklyn, L. I.; John B. Dorian, Brooklyn, L. I.; William A. Dunphy, Newburg, N. Y.; Peter J. Curren, Flatbush, L. I.; William McCormick, New York; Joseph J. Rogers, Fishkill, N. Y.; Raymond H. de Lobel-Mahy, New Orleans, La.; Stephen A. Wall, Paterson, N. J.; Homer G. Murphy, New York.

The silver medals for proficiency were awarded to David H. Hunt, in rhetoric; John Keller Page, in "Belles Lettres;" Francis A. McSweeney, in classics, and the silver medal was given to John J. Quinn, of the second division, for good conduct.

At the conclusion of the regular exercises Professor Charles Herbermann, Ph. D., of the College of New York, delivered the address of farewell and good advice to the graduates. The address was most able and eloquent, full of learning and sound and pertinent advice, and listened to with the deepest attention. Professor Herbermann was warmly applauded by the audience, and at the close was congratulated by Cardinal McCloskey.

Just before the audience left the platform under the elms, his Eminence Cardinal McCloskey addressed a few kind and congratulatory remarks

to the graduates and to the younger lads, as well as the faculty and clergymen present, in which he stated his belief that the exercises of the day had indicated that the standard of education at St. John's was as high as that of any other institution in the country, and then he closed by wishing all present good-by and God-speed.

When the exercises were over the audience left the campus, and the invited guests entered the college buildings, and, under the kind guidance of Rev. Father John H. Finnegan, who exerted himself to the utmost to make them feel at home, about two hundred gentlemen sat down to a very elegant banquet, whereat old associations and memories were chatted over.

Manhattan College.

About 3,000 people assembled on the sward in front of Manhattan College on Friday, July 3d, to witness the closing exercises of the scholastic year. The celebration had a dual significance, as, in addition to the usual Commencement exercises, a reception was tendered to his Eminence the Cardinal Archbishop. In honor to his Eminence all the decorations were scarlet, and over the grand entrance the pontifical and national flags were intertwined.

In the centre of the campus a large pole had been planted to support the immense tent under which the exercises took place. The audience was seated in the different lanes of the garden, and the beds of natural flowers here and there through the crowd formed a strikingly pretty mosaic.

On the platform sat his Eminence the Cardinal Archbishop, surrounded by his priests. In close proximity were seated Brother Paulian, the Provincial of the Order of Christian Brothers, and Brother Humphrey, the President of the College; Brother Teliow, Rector of the Catholic Protectory, Brother Cronian of the De La Salle Institute, and others prominent in the order; and the distinguished invited guests, Hon. John R. Brady of the Supreme Court; Charles O'Conor, LL. D., Judge Denis Quinn, Dr. Cornelius O'Leary, County Clerk Walsh, John Savage, Captain Welch, Dr. O'Rourke, John Mullaly, Dr. O'Brien and Dr. S. H. Hulbert, John B. Haskin, Alderman Purroy, etc. Among the clergymen were Rev. Fathers O'Flaherty, Mooney, J. Hughes, Hurley, Hayes, Baxter, Schneider, Griffin, Kessler, Flattery, Seerin, McAvoy, and many others.

The ceremonies began by an overture of Auber's, and, after the music ceased, Mr. John J. O'Rourke came forward and addressed the Cardinal in these words:—

"May it please your Eminence—On this Commencement Day, the brightest which the circling year bears to the college, our fair mother forgets every other gladness in her eagerness to testify before her sons the joy and honor your presence gives her. She has in the past been favored with your gracious consideration, and time and again has felt how great was her indebtedness to you for the interest you manifested, the pleasure you evinced, at the successes which, one after the other, came to adorn her as with a crown. Year after year her children have gone forth with your kind words, like a benison, chiming amid the last sweet memories of college days, and in the hot pursuit of wealth, of professional ambition, of worldly distinctions, they have never been unmindful of your goodness and merit. You will then understand how great was our gladness when from the far-off city of our faith came the intelligence of the lofty honors with which our glorious Pontiff had invested you. We felt with our Catholic brethren how near to the heart of the Holy Father America had always been; we appreciated with all our fellow-citizens the dignity which had been conferred on you; but, your Eminence, this honor, this title, this recognition of your worth is prized by us from far dearer motives, for it has exalted you whom every college association had taught us to cherish. And so to-day, when you have made bright our halls with your presence, it is but meet that we, who have only just reached the goal of our youth's ambition—that our elder brothers who, on this glad day, have come to share in their mother's rejoicement, and that our venerable mother herself, surrounded by her noblest—should put aside every individual joy, and remember only the gladness we feel in welcoming you to Manhattan, and presenting you our respectful congratulations. There is no charm in eloquence, there is no power in rhetoric, to express the heart's language; and we can only hope that you will believe that among the thousand tributes which affection has offered you, none was more sincere and loving than that we present you to-day. But in the midst of our rejoicings and congratulation, your Eminence, we have not forgotten the thanks due to the Holy Father for the honor he has conferred on the Church in America, by vesting you with the scarlet. The right reverend legates will carry back with them to his Holiness an account which will be grateful to him, of the approval and thanks with which the signal mark of his favor was received by his children in the new land.

"That your Eminence may live long to wear these merited honors, is our fervent prayer. And may God so prosper you that, when future time shall speak of the first American Cardinal, they may see monuments to your worth more enduring than

brass, higher than the royal head of the Pyramids, in the million Catholics whom your zeal for education and religion will have formed into worthy citizens of our free land."

After the address the following programme of the Commencement exercises was followed out:—

"National Liberty".....Richard Condon
"The Bible".....Francis J. O'Neil

Quadrilles, Ferdinand.

"American Toil".....William A. Deering
"Conservation of Literature".....John N. Smith

Recollections, Rivière.

"Ecclesia".....Michael E. Devlin

Award of Alumni and Clowry medals.

"Valedictory".....George A. Bergan

Address to the graduates by Justice John R. Brady, of the Supreme Court.

Award of medals and Commercial diplomas.

The degree of Bachelor of Arts was then conferred on the following:—

Thomas F. Byrne, W. A. Deering, Richard J. Condon, John J. O'Rourke, John B. Greden, Felix Murphy, Hugh F. McLaughlin, James H. Byrne, John A. Smith, M. E. Devlin, Francis J. O'Neil, George H. Bergan, A. Marcey Leon, John F. Brennan, Joseph P. Brennan, Patrick F. Carr, Otis A. Hopkins, Patrick H. McCabe, Francis Walsh and Frank Sheridan.

The following young gentlemen graduated in the commercial department:—

Bernard A. Killoran, J. J. Lynch, F. F. Boylan, B. A. Johnson, John Sharkey, J F. Flynn, P. V. Divers and W. R. Larkin.

After the conferring of degrees, Judge Brady rose and address the graduates. He impressed his advice on the graduates by repeating many amusing anecdotes, which were received with laughter by the audience and students.

When the Judge had concluded his Eminence the Cardinal rose and spoke to the graduates, in substance as follows. After referring to the different addresses noticed on the programme, the Cardinal spoke of Judge Brady as the gentleman who made his own speech and furnished his own music—the laughter of the audience. He said it always gave him pleasure to attend the Commencements of the different colleges in the diocese, as each year he noticed an improvement in their educational standard. It also gave him joy to see the entrance into the world of the young men who were to support the dignity of the Church and exemplify the beauty of Catholic lives. Although the day was in some respects a sad one, owing to the parting with companions and beloved instructors, it was still a glad one, as they had the assurance of being well equipped for their struggle with the world, the devil and the flesh.

After the exercises the guests sat down to an elegant collation in the refectory of the college.

CURRENT PUBLICATIONS.

O'Kane on the Rubrics. This is a work fresh from the press, and published now for the first time in this country.

It is certainly characteristic of its indomitable publisher, P. O'Shea, 37 Barclay St., New York, who is ever on the alert to furnish Catholics with sound, able and well-approved works; and we confess that this claims from us a special notice, for we have long felt the necessity of instruction on the Rubrics in the vernacular.

Now that this want is supplied, we are glad to announce to our many friends that they cannot peruse or study a book from which they can derive more useful or profitable information.

In it the sacraments in general are treated in an able and intelligent manner, whilst Baptism, the Eucharist and Extreme Unction in particular are treated with such ability, that no one can read it without being convinced that the promise of Christ can never fail: *i. e.*, that the Holy Ghost shall teach you all truth and abide with you forever.

It would be presumption on our part to commend it, coming, as it does, sealed with the approbation of two of the most eminent prelates in the churches of Ireland and America.

Paul Cardinal Cullen, Archbishop of Dublin, commends it; and John Cardinal McCloskey, Archbishop of New York, warmly approves it. All we can add is, read it and you cannot fail to appreciate it.

The Life of our Lord Jesus Christ. By Louis Veuillot. Translated into English by the Rev. Anthony Farley, St. Monica's church, Jamaica, L. I New York: Catholic Publication Society.

The title of such a volume as the one before us would, under ordinary circumstances, be every way sufficient to indicate its contents and scope. The beauty and grandeur of the subject, and the

ability of the writer, to those who know anything of the veteran Catholic publicist of Paris, would convey a pleasurable sense of enjoyment to come in its perusal. The life of the Saviour, in ordinary, in fact, in any hands, cannot fail to be absorbing; but the value of its philosophy and teachings naturally widens with the capacity to enunciate its truths, and the intensity of faith by which the lessons of its mysteries and miracles are at once absorbed and reproduced. Hence the work of Louis Veuillot is of unusual interest. As it was suggested by a crisis of more than ordinary apprehension, the product rose to the altitude of its inspiration, and was also more than ordinary. For years, Veuillot, like a vigilant and vigorous knight, has had his lance in rest, ever ready to meet the foes of the Faith. When Renan's *Life of Jesus Christ* appeared, and by its style and teachings saddened the Christian heart, and at the same time gladdened the spirit of infidelity, Veuillot's moral power and intellectual energy received a new and fresh impetus, and this book, which he wrote to refute Renan, was the powerful result.

That a work on such a subject, written for such a purpose, and by such a man—a work which eleven years ago had received the approval of Pope Pius IX as a vindication of the outraged Godhead of the Redeemer, and which had reached its seventh edition in France, was not given to the world in an English version, awakens at once our astonishment and regret: feelings which are only palliated by the fact that the work is at all events accomplished now. The Reverend Anthony Farley is eminently deserving of appreciation and thanks for the production of this excellent work, and he need suggest no vindication for its appearance "some time after the existence of the original." In answering and exposing Renan, the usefulness of Veuillot's book does not end. It touches, explodes or covers ground occupied by other writers, perhaps equally insidious as Renan; and the firmness of its principles furnishes materials for invincible armor against the shafts of infidelity which, under various names, are being hurled by anti-Christian philosophers on all sides.

Basing everything on *faith*, M. Veuillot starts out by quoting the *Credo*, in which he sees an abridgment of all that can be said. It is at once a divine doctrine and a history. "Nothing has been said, nothing will be said, nothing can be truly said, which is not contained in the Credo. All truth flows from it, and truth is found in it, and nowhere else. Every error is here bruised and annihilated. Twelve poor fishermen of Judea received this luminary, and man issued forth from the womb of darkness." Innumerable sophists have exerted their ingenuity to get rid of Christ; but the author sees in their efforts impiety rather than unbelief. What manifests itself most in these "learned adversaries of Christ," is the desire to remain in ignorance. Alluding to the immediate cause of his work, M. Veuillot says:—

"The last of these wicked impugners of the divinity of Christ our Lord, who has rendered himself celebrated, has well understood, in a book of five or six hundred pages, how to speak of Jesus Christ without pointing him out. Perpetually avoiding all that belongs to God, with the same stroke he perverts all that belongs to *the man*. This artifice of weakness is the only strength of the book. It has drawn the apologist into the discussion of trifles in which the man-God completely disappears. The refutations are excellent, but they leave us ignorant of what Jesus Christ has done, and for what purpose he came into the world. Thus, it is not Christ who has the case gained, yet less the laborious reader of so much controversy: it is this miserable man, who has proposed to himself to betray God and his neighbor. Hence the idea of this Life of our Lord. The attacks of contemporaneous incredulity have been the occasion of it; they are not directly the object of it."

While the body of the work embraces the life of Jesus Christ, it is preceded by an Introduction in three parts, which will be received with pleasure by advanced minds and thinkers. It may be as well, however, to state to the general reader that the Introduction forms no part of the history of our Lord, which is complete in itself. The Introduction discusses the elementary question of man considered as a proof of the existence of God, of the end for which he has been created, of the fall, and of the necessity of a Mediator. After that the author touches on the pagan world, presenting the result of its discoveries on the knowledge of man. Thence he passes to the prophets as they, from the remotest antiquity, proclaimed the mission, and recounted beforehand the life and works of Christ.

In the Life of the Saviour, of course, no document but the Gospel is followed. The Gospel relates the divinity of Christ, and the divinity of Christ invincibly proves the truth of the Gospel, The cavillers, in avowing the proofs of the Gospel, falsify, while they pretend to follow, it. Our author does not pretend to prove anything: long since proofs were established. He is but the truthful relater: and herein lies his strength in behalf of Christianity, and his danger to infidelity.

The Old Chest; or, The Journal of a family of the French People. From the Merovingian times to our own days. Translated from the French by Anna T. Sadlier. New York: D. & J. Sadlier & Co. 1875.

This is not only a useful work in an educational aspect, it has an additional attractiveness in she historical romantic sense. The standpoints of French history are presented in such a manner as to be very effectually impressed on the mind, while the manners and customs of the various epochs are happily conveyed by the lives and surroundings of the personages chosen to illustrate the particular characteristic or development of each century. The work is written with suavity, feeling, and devotional strength. The latter, however, is not exhibited in gladiatorial display, but as the natural exercise emanating from a plenitude of conviction. The themes, though connected with apparent simplicity, are easily recognizable to a cultivated mind as the result of serious consideration and a luminously arranged plan. Neither is this apparent simplicity devoid of that philosophy which is taught by history. Thus, opening with Gunther, the pagan hero of the Merovingian dynasty in the fifth century, whose right was in his might, and the giving of his battle axe, it closes with old Pierre Duchaisne, the soldier of the consulate and the empire, in the nineteenth; who after his services and sufferings

failed to receive his back-pay, or his travelling expenses, or pension, place, or crosses of honor, and quietly settled down to the occupation of a gardener. Does not this suggest the wonderful transition of France from the era of Clovis, when the tribes lived by plunder and ravage, when the land was a tangle of gloomy woods and forests, to our era, when the land is radiant with productiveness, and even a soldier, bred to and cheated by war and the ambitions of generals and emperors, can leave the field of glory and seek another field where, in the industrious and gentle craft of cultivating the soil, he can find a peaceful living and personal independence—where also contemplation can give an additional beauty to content, teaching consolation in the thought, that the cross upon which a Saviour died can inspire more courage than the cross of the Legion of Honor.

The thirteen centuries intervening are as suggestively indicated by the memorials left by the representative members of a family from the earliest to the latest date, one in each century typifying its growth and tendency. Thus Goutran, the son of the pagan Gunther, becomes a Christian, and illustrates the "Conversion" in the sixth century. His grandson Sergius is a Benedictine monk in the seventh. Gherold, a nephew of the monk, typifies the soldier in the eighth century, and dictates to a relative, a religious in the Abbey of St. Sépulcre, an account of what he had seen in his campaigns under Charles Martel and Charlemagne. Hugo, a grandson of the soldier, was a peaceful farmer gathering without fear the fruits of his labor when the incursion of the Northmen occurred in the ninth century. And so on through the period of the Troubadours in the eleventh, the Crusaders in the twelfth, to the "Citizen" of the fifteenth, in which the rise of the burgher element took place. The family dissensions growing out of the Reformation, illustrate the sixteenth century in the respective careers of two brothers Duchaisne: the one, a Capuchin monk; the other, a follower of the Prince of Condé. The character of the seventeenth century, which the wars of Louis le Grand made an era of great financial necessities, is illustrated by a Treasury-clerk under Fouquet, the famous financier, whose modes of extravagance and wild expenditures he notices and exposes; upon Fouquet's fall rises Colbert, who repaired the disastrous habits of his predecessor and Mazarin, and is in turn sacrificed to the intrigues of Louvois. "The Philosopher" in the eighteenth century exhibits the misery and hopelessness of one branch of the Duchaisne family, whose members fell victims to the doctrines of the wits of "The Encyclopædia," who sought literally to tear the heart out of France, and leave her a hollow, mocking Jezabel. Such is an outline of this really clever book, which is modestly put forth, and worthy of more courtesy than is claimed for it. This English version is admirably done, showing the complete sympathy in taste, tact and talent, of the fair translator with the original.

The Fire of London; or, Rosemary. By Lady Georgiana Fullerton. Baltimore: Kelly, Piet and Co. 1875.

Lady Fullerton's knowledge of human nature is as well evinced in describing the humbler as the more exalted walks of life. Indeed, we hardly know in which her talents are to be most admired; inasmuch as in portraying both, she successfully commands a recognition of delineations which exhibit her powers of careful observation, and of sentiments which are equally natural and edifying. The interesting tale we have read—a story of persecution in consequence of religion, and of mistaken identity of two girls placed for safety, while infants, in the same custody during the great Fire of London—will reach the heart of the most simple as well as that of the cultivated reader.

Lives of the Saints, compiled from authentic sources, etc. By Rev. F. X. Weninger, D.D., S. J. New York: P. O'Shea.

This is the second part of the English version of Dr. Weninger's series of Lives of the Saints, to which in a previous we directed special attention. The characteristics of the writer's style are warmth and feeling, and at once catch the attention of the reader. The publisher has also admirably aided the writer in this respect; and it is with gratification we notice the constantly increasing efforts of book-makers in the "religious world" to present their handiwork in attractive and superior form. As there is an unqualified pleasure in reading a well-printed book, Mr. O'Shea deserves widely extended patronage from devotional readers for the unusual attractiveness in which he has dressed the labors of Dr. Weninger.

Recollections of the last Four Popes.

Tolle, lege, tolle, lege, "Take and read," was the magic wand which touched the soul of an Augustine, and raised him from the abyss of doubt and depravity to the high dignity of bishop and doctor of the Church.

Augustine read, and read well, as is evident from his after-life, labors and writings. If reading was profitable in Augustine's day, it cannot be imagined in our time that reading can be dispensed with. Every-day experience demonstrates the utility of reading, when well-selected subjects are chosen for perusal or study.

The work before us is justly, and very justly, entitled to rank in the catalogue of books which can be read or studied with pleasure and profit, coming as it does from the highly gifted and noble champion of the Church, Cardinal Wiseman.

We have read other works of his before now,—works in which he shows forth more of his knowlege of God as a theologian, more of his erudition and research as an accomplished scholar; but we have read no work of his which displays more of his filial affection to the Holy See and the Sovereign Pontiff, successor of St. Peter, than does the present.

Our space does not permit us to enter into lengthened details: suffice it to say, if England has produced men who were rebellious and bitter towards Rome, she has also given birth to men who were indefatigable in their labors and zeal to inculcate obedience, reverence, and love for the Mother of Churches.

The book is published by O'Shea, Barclay St., and it is certainly creditable on his part, in these "dull times," not to be appalled by any difficulties in the dissemination of Catholic literature.

MANHATTAN

AND

DE LA SALLE MONTHLY.

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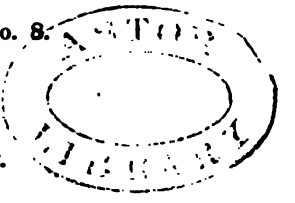

MR. MAURICE.

A TALE OF LOVE AND FAITH OF OUR OWN DAY.

CHAP. I.

It is of very little consequence, how or where they first met. *He* was a young lawyer practising his profession in the City of Churches, and on his way to New York one pleasant June afternoon, when he met *her* on a Fulton Ferry boat. The moment their eyes met, there was a conscious recognition, each of the other, though no word was spoken. They met and they parted, and but for the most casual circumstance, probably would never have looked upon each other's face again. And thus, this little romance would not have been written.

I must tell you a little more about these two individuals, before going further.

There was nothing, perhaps, particularly noteworthy about Josie Duprey. You might have met her like, any day, so far as exterior was concerned. The first impression you would get, would be that of a young lady excessively shy and reserved, almost repellent. You would have been mistaken, then, for once. She was neither of these. Her disposition was all sunshine and geniality, but she was none of your milk-and-water maidens.

She was now in the neighborhood of nineteen, just blooming into womanhood, and had, but a short time previous, graduated from the convent at Manhattanville. Her parents, who were both Catholics, had spared nothing, although in moderate circumstances, to give her a good education. At the time of which I write, she was living with her mother, who was a widow, at a lovely little spot on the Hudson, some thirty miles from New York, although she had been born and reared in the metropolis, and since her graduation, had passed the most of her time in that city.

There was one marked feature in the character of Miss Josie. With all her mildness of manner and gentleness of disposition, she had a most inflexible little will, not unaided, however, by a judgment which seemed at times almost infallible. When her mind had been once fully made up, you might as well attempt to move the everlasting hills.

I said, that after the first meeting on the boat, a circumstance had occurred on which this story hinges. After they had parted, the young lady had at once dismissed the whole matter from her thoughts. Not so Mr. Maurice. For that day and many succeeding ones, the briefs with which he was intrusted, were of much less consequence to him than how to trace the whereabouts of this bright, fair face, whose momentary appearance had quite dazzled him.

It was getting to be late in June, and the lawyers were beginning to forsake their dingy offices and dry briefs for their annual rustication. So, one day, our friend concluded he would give himself a vacation with

rest. He had friends at Irvington, who were eager to have him visit them. Then, besides, he had a standing invitation from home. But they were all very humdrum and old-fashioned at these places, and my young gentleman liked plenty of excitement, not by any means of the vulgar or dissipated sort, but as opposed to the notion of stagnation and commonplace. Once or twice, the idea had crept into his head of a brief visit to Europe, only to quietly creep out again in view of the expense, for he was not a man of very heavy purse. Lawyers seldom are, they are such a prodigal set, and do not usually leave behind them a surfeit of riches, when they die.

The firm with which our friend was connected was Lyon, Maurice and Carruthers, the first and the last being gentlemen advanced in years who had both served on the bench, and were entitled to the appellation of Judge.

In the office was a young student, by the name of Burton, as fine a specimen of a gentleman as you could meet in a day's journey, cultured, and affable in disposition, and an excellent companion for whom Maurice had formed a strong attachment.

Burton, it so happened, had a residence on the Hudson, at Claremont, and went back and forth daily. It was not far from Tarrytown, and one day, he said to Maurice who was debating the question of where he should go:

"Why not run up to Claremont for a week or two? You will be near enough to the city to come down when you wish: every day for that matter. You shall have good society, plenty of boating, fishing, and riding, and a good time generally. You had better consider it settled," he added, as he observed Maurice hesitating.

So it was decided that to Claremont he should go. On the following Saturday afternoon, they went up in the Express together.

It was one of those fresh, mellow June days, when the hush and stillness of nature are suggestive of day dreams. They had journeyed about half way, and Maurice had the seat to himself, his friend having gone forward into the smoking car. He sat, with his back to the aisle, half leaning out of the open window, when he heard a voice asking half timidly,

"Is this seat taken, sir?

He turned quickly, and rising, in utter forgetfulness of his friend, assured her that it was at her service. Up to this moment, there had been nothing remarkable in the circumstance, but then, of course, their eyes met, and Maurice saw at once that it was not for the first time. The recognition was mutual, but not a word was said. Whatever the situation for him, for the young lady it was awkward enough. Maurice thought it splendid, and if Burton would only keep out of the way long enough! But it would be just like him, to come along and spoil it all. He was on nettles to say something to her, but how should he do so, without giving offence? One thing was clear: what he proposed to do must be done quickly, for his friend might enter at any moment. The young lady, demure in her maidenly modesty, did not look at all formidable. If he could only think of something to say,—something pretty and graceful and interesting, but he could not.

At last in a fit of desperation, choosing as opportune a moment as he could, he partly turned, and said quite nonchalantly as though he had known her for years:

"I beg pardon, but is not this Miss Carpenter?"

Instead of casting upon him a glance of withering scorn, as he half expected, she replied with a very soft and encouraging negative.

"You must excuse me," he continued, with a pretty pretence of confusion, as if the rascal were not conscious that he was crucifying the truth, "but you resemble her so much, that one might easily make the mistake. She was a schoolmate of mine—that is, I mean, of my sister, and I haven't seen her in a number of years. I hope you are not offended at my mistake."

"There is no occasion for offence," she answered, somewhat shortly.

Time was slipping by, and he was making but little progress. His eyes were intent on the door.

"I believe," he began again, "that I met you, a short time ago, crossing the ferry?"

At this, there was just the slightest perceptible blush on the young lady's cheek, which Maurice took as an encouragement. But there was no reply.

Silence for a moment, and the young man was ready to give up the attempt, when she herself came to the rescue.

Half turning, she asked,

"Is your name Mr. Birkett?"

"Birkett—Birkett—" repeated Maurice. "On reflection, I regret to say that it is *not*. But if it's all the same, I have a friend who knows a man of that name."

Miss Josie thought this attempt at wit rather impudent, but kept her thoughts to herself. The truth was, that when she had met Maurice before and now, she believed that he was in reality the gentleman named, to whom she had been introduced about a year before, and had never since met.

Now that she saw her mistake, she questioned whether she ought to encourage any further advances from this stranger. It was not right, albeit he seemed very pleasant and gentlemanly. While she was thinking about it, he handed her a card. It read,

"ED. P. MAURICE,
NEW YORK."

Maurice thought it almost providential that Burton lingered so long. He thought if that young gentleman had any conscience, he would continue to linger indefinitely.

Meanwhile, the conversation had not ceased. After several petty, somewhat superficial remarks, they at length reached smooth water, and when once fairly started, they found considerable to say. It was almost a miracle, Maurice thought, that Burton did not make his appearance again, during the ride. Meanwhile, he had ascertained the name of his fair companion, although he half fancied that the name she had given him was fictitious.

It was a somewhat strange coincidence, but she was to get off at Claremont also. Before they had reached that place, he bade her good-bye, and she breathed freely again, and half hoped she had seen the last of him.

She had not asked him to call upon her. She had too much good-sense, at least, for that. Indeed, she had no idea that she should ever see him again. But Maurice was already dangerously smitten, and, if the whole truth must be told, was actually and unmistakably in *love*.

There was only one thing to do, he thought. That night, after he had been shown to his room and was left to himself he said:

"I can write to her, and ask permission to renew the acquaintance. There can be no harm in that."

So the very next day, he found time to sit down and write her a formidable letter. He had never spent so much time on any similar document before, in his life. After he had written and interlined and erased it, and whipped it into good shape, as he thought, he copied it nicely, and having addressed it, had it mailed to her on his return to New York, the following Monday.

Then he waited for an answer.

"She will get my letter, this evening," he argued, "and probably there will be a reply by to-morrow."

To-morrow came,—interminable time—and a score of to-morrows, and no word.

"Perhaps she has returned to New York," he thought. "How stupid of me not to ask her residence. Now that I think of it, she spoke of a Miss Curran whom she had visited frequently in Brooklyn."

He at once concluded to write again, in care of that young lady. The result was precisely the same as before—*nothing*. He began to think he was making a fool of himself. The name she had given him was fictitious, after all.

And so, he about made up his mind to drop the whole thing until one day there lay, quite unlooked-for, upon his desk a tiny lavender-colored envelope — post-marked, "*Claremont*."

He could scarcely believe his eyes. It had come at last, then, he said, turning the precious document over and over in his hands, in a self-congratulatory style—"I thought so," and he tore the letter out of its wrapper in anything but a respectful manner.

This was the letter:

"Mr. E. P. Maurice.

"The two successive letters which you deemed proper to address to my daughter were received in due time, but neither of us has regarded them as either demanding or meriting particular attention.

"However, I have concluded, finally, to

answer your last note. You met my daughter by chance on the cars, and chance caused both to interchange a few remarks, none of which seemed to imply any probability of future acquaintance.

"You thought proper to prosecute further the casual and mutual introduction—given by her in all simplicity. Surprised as she was, my daughter at once consulted me, and I advised her not to move in the matter.

"You will please remember that you are a stranger to her and to me. This fact alone should be sufficient to prevent your feeling at all hurt on account of her silence; and your appreciation, I trust, of feminine delicacy will still further justify in your mind the position she has taken.

"Yours sincerely,

"Laura C. Duprey."

The appearance of Maurice when he had finished reading this epistle, was a study for an artist. He seemed like one suddenly bereft of sense. Five minutes' reflection, however, sufficed to indicate the course for him to take. This was to write to *mamma herself*—in other words, "carry the war into Africa." He saw that this would have to be done, sooner or latter.

To tell the truth, the more he reflected, the more he was pleased with the turn events, had taken. While it piqued him considerably to be so contemptuously treated by the young lady, he nevertheless admired her all the more for it. It is true he might have admired her and been very fond of her, had she been prompt to respond to his first message, although he could not but have felt that this would have been a sacrifice of womanly dignity and reserve—but it would have gone no further than that. He could never have married such a girl. Now, however, he saw that he was greatly at fault if he had imagined her either a flirt, or careless of what was due to maidenly modesty. His interest in her was at once increased. He could *respect* as well as fancy such a woman as this.

That same day, he posted a letter of which the following is a copy:

"Mrs. Laura C. Duprey:

"Your favor was duly received. I know not what to say in reply, or whether any reply be expected. I can only say this: I met your daughter by chance, as you say. Something, I know not what, attracted me towards her. I am a stranger to you all, but not unknown here, and I beg that with the view to a further and better acquaintance, you will allow me to call upon you, and introduce myself, after which you will be in a better position to judge as to the propriety of proceeding any further.

"Respectfully yours,

"Ed. P. Maurice."

In due time there came a response to this letter, somewhat to Maurice's surprise, for he had scarcely believed it probable that she would take any further notice of him. The due time, however, was not until autumn had set in. The response read thus:

"In answer to your request to be permitted to personally communicate with me, I do not see any objection, although my ideas upon the matter in your mind remain as when I answered your last letter.

"An interview, however, can do no harm, so, if you will please let me know when you propose to call, I shall try to be at home.

"Laura C. Duprey."

Maurice made haste to answer that on the following Thursday he would give himself the pleasure of accepting this invitation; and on the day appointed he arrayed himself in his best, and took the train for Claremont. Walking up from the depot, he found himself possessed of very original sensations.

"Will *she* be there?" he constantly queried; "and if so, what kind of a reception will I have? Perhaps they are already having a good laugh at my expense?"

Inquiring the way, he at length found himself at the house. It was a picturesque little structure, standing back from the main street and facing the river, with tastefully ornamented grounds reaching down almost to the water's edge.

By the time he had reached the gate, knowing of course that he was expected, he half imagined he could see a dozen eyes peering out at him from behind the blinds and taking him in from top to toe: and this fancy naturally made him a trifle nervous. He, however, contrived to walk up the long path, and reached the piazza without stumbling or standing on his head, and, arrived

there, he wiped the perspiration from his forehead, and rang the bell with a nervous twitch.

A servant came to the door after he had fancied an hour had elapsed, and he was bidden to walk into the parlor, when Mrs. Duprey would see him presently.

Entering that apartment, he seated himself, and did a tremendous deal of thinking, while he waited. In a few minutes she came, and oh! instead of the stern, haughty lady, whose first words he had expected would utterly annihilate him, he beheld a comely matron—apparently but of some forty summers, quiet and amiable in appearance, and with a most engaging manner. She received his introduction of himself with a dignified grace, and waited for him to proceed. As he had been rehearsing his speech for some hours, he began, quite naturally:

"I must confess, madam, that this is quite an extraordinary visit, but as you have come to the same conclusion yourself, perhaps, I had better say what I have to say, at once. I am here, with your kind permission, to ask that I may become better acquainted with your daughter. It is a somewhat unusual method, I admit, to approach any lady, and especially when I haven't the slightest idea that it will be agreeable to her. But although a stranger to you, I think I can satisfy you that I am a gentleman, and for the rest, my conduct must speak for itself."

Mrs. Duprey did not make any immediate response to this oration, but begged permission to introduce her son the "Doctor," as she called him.

That gentleman, who happened to be not far away, was presently made acquainted with Maurice, the purport of whose visit he had thoroughly understood. The moment he entered the room, Maurice saw that he was a man calculated to awaken his regard. He felt that it would take but a short time to be on the best of terms with him. He was a man past the middle period of life, with a keen, intellectual face, and deep, penetrating eyes. His language and deportment revealed the scholar and the cultured gentleman. But Maurice was not a little chagrined, when he ascertained that the "Doctor," instead of being a physician, as he had supposed, was a Catholic priest; and still more vexed was he to hear that Josie and her mother were Catholics, as well.

Now, our young friend had been brought up a strict Presbyterian, and believed, or thought he did, firmly in the doctrines of that sect. There was something odious to him in the very term, "Catholic." It somewhat dampened his enthusiasm, but when the fact was revealed, he made no sign that it made the slightest difference to him, so far as that went. He was disappointed and provoked to ascertain that *she* was not at home, at the same time that he experienced a certain sense of relief. She had gone to the city, that morning, on a visit, and would not return for several days.

A lengthy conversation ensued on general topics, which, however, served to give each a better opportunity to judge of the character and antecedents of the other; and by the time Maurice was prepared to take his departure, he had made so favorable an impression, that after a brief consultation between the doctor and his mother in the adjoining room, he was given a brief note of introduction to Josie, which he was to present on his return to the city.

That very evening he proceeded to the address which had been given him, and sent up his card, with the letter. After waiting what seemed to him a pretty long time, considering the importance of the business in hand, he presently heard her foot upon the stairs, and the next moment she stood before him.

After hurriedly greeting him and expressing her pleasure at receiving his visit, she added, before he had opportunity to open his lips;

"But I am sorry, Mr. Maurice, that I am engaged for a sociable to-night, and shall have to ask you to excuse me. I should, however, be pleased to see you at Miss Curran's in Brooklyn, to-morrow evening, if you wish to call there."

Assuring her that it would give him very great pleasure, and feeling very much *de trop*, he began an elaborate apology for intruding at that moment, but she cut him short, by observing that she had but a few minutes to prepare for the evening, and half led the way to the door, outside of which he presently stood, wondering whether his senses had not each and all suddenly taken French leave.

The next day he found on his desk a note from the young lady, informing him that she was sorry, but mamma had written for her to come home at once, and she would therefore be obliged to break her engagement for that evening. "But," she added, "if you should ever come to Claremont, I should be pleased to receive a visit from you."

Now, to say that Maurice was beginning to be puzzled, would be but faintly to indicate the bewildered state of his ideas. It was the queerest case he had ever heard of, in fact without precedent, take it altogether. Had he best involve himself any further? Evidently she did not appear to be especially concerned about him, and yet, unless she was favorably impressed with him, why should she encourage him to a further acquaintance?

One week from that day, he was at Claremont. This time his visit was rather more satisfactory. He made excellent progress, and they were all on such good terms, before evening, that he remained to tea. Before he left, he had her permission to correspond with her, and during the succeeding three weeks letters passed to and fro frequently. By the end of that time, it was rather evident that Maurice, at least, was in love.

Then she came to the city again, and he called upon her, of course, and evening after evening was passed in her society. As yet she had made no sign, even the slightest, that she was particularly interested in him. By innumerable little artifices he endeavored to get a clue to her sentiments regarding him, but without avail. She was playful and frank at one moment, and the next would be serious and silent. Sometimes she acted towards him as though she were very fond of him, and then again, by certain other words or acts, would indicate that she was perfectly indifferent. And so she kept him blowing hot and cold. Often when he imagined that the occasion was opportune for a little display of sentiment, she would suddenly, to use a borrowed figure, "pour cold water down his back."

All this but added fuel to the flame, and ere he was himself aware of it, he found himself worshipping this sweet, tantalizing, charming, perverse little maiden to such an extent, that when he was not with her or writing to her, or hearing from her, he was miserable.

CHAP. II.

At length Josie was to return home. She had been absent in the city now nearly two weeks, and nearly every evening during that time had been blessed with the society of the young lawyer. It was arranged that he should accompany her up, on the succeeding Sunday morning, and early on that day he called for her, and they were whirling over the road, while the rest of the world were bending their steps church-ward.

Maurice had fully made up his mind, while contemplating this journey and visit, that he would not suffer the occasion to pass without giving utterance to his sentiments. He wanted the thing decided. He felt that he was somewhat premature, perhaps, in bringing matters to a climax thus early, but he was ever a headstrong, impetuous youth, and thoroughly satisfied of his own deep love for her, as he was, he could see nothing to be gained by procrastination. They were almost at the end of their journey, however, before he could properly dispose his ideas for the ordeal. When he thought he was properly equipped in that regard, he began, somewhat mysteriously:

"Miss Josie, do you believe in dreams?"

As she glanced up quickly, and looked into his face, he half surmised that his secret was no longer such.

"That depends," she said equivocally. "They are usually too absurd to cause me much uneasiness. Why, have *you* been dreaming?"

Maurice did not know what to say next. Her answer scarcely fitted in, as he had expected. He began to be a little confused, but she looked so encouraging, that he answered:

"Yes, I had the queerest dream last night. No doubt you will think this one particularly absurd," pausing for a request to proceed.

"I cannot say, I am sure, until I have heard it."

"But you might be offended—no, I don't mean that, but it——I think I had better

not tell you now. Some other time I may," and then he felt more than ever foolish.

She was just perverse enough not to urge him further, and the conversation, after a long pause, turned on other topics, and kept thus until their ride was ended.

She seemed so perfectly unconcerned and so self-possessed, in view of the magnitude of the subject, for Maurice was convinced that she was wiser than she pretended as to the possible nature of his dream, that he began to be afraid of her. He was not the man, however, to take the back track in anything, much less would he be frightend by a girl; so, on their way from the depot, he again essayed the attack.

"Miss Josie, do you know I dreamed last night that I was in love? You see, at the outset, how absurd it was. Well, after thinking the matter over and over for a long time, I concluded to do something even more absurd, to wit, speak my sentiments. When I did so, I was politely informed by the young lady that it was quite out of the question. In other words, she, too, thought it absurd. I asked her to be my wife if you will believe it, and her answer was a plain, plump *no*."

You might have kindled a shaving on the young man's face, as he concluded, while Josie, who now took in the whole situation, and who was just the least bit agitated in spite of herself, endeavored to nerve herself to hear the rest, which she was sure was coming.

Oddly enough, he dropped the subject entirely. After all, he had only contemplated a *reconnaissance*, and as he seemed to be satisfied with the result, although she had not said a word, he concluded to pospone the main attack.

As they passed up the street, Josie suddenly took it into her head to enter the church at which she worshipped, when at home, and which was located on their street, although the service was about half finished. He had not bargained for this, exactly; but what could he do but follow? For the first time in his life he found himself a spectator of the celebration of the Mass, that most significant and important of all the ceremonies of the Catholic Church. It was a plain little edifice, almost poverty-stricken in its appointments; and for a few moments the young man found himself sadly out of place. It seemed almost like a profanation of his own religion to be thus present and countenancing such wicked mummery, and his concience sorely troubled him.

Let my good reader, who has been born and bred a Catholic, not think strange of this. None but a convert can thoroughly understand how instinct with prejudice—*blind* prejudice and ignorance—are the followers of the Protestant faith, on this subject. You cannot make them believe that there is any virtue at all in the "Romish" Church, as they term it. They have from their cradle up been taught that even to reason about it is to doubt the true faith, and that the only treatment suited to such works of the devil is utter contempt. To look upon the doctrines and history of the Catholic Church with clear eyes, is out of the question. To listen to and believe, on the faintest testimony, all that is barbarous and soul-polluting in the Church and among its priesthood, at least, is the easiest possible task.

Now, Maurice had been a thorough Presbyterian, and prided himself on his consistency as such. He had never once questioned that his faith was the only true faith. He had imbibed the belief when a child, and accepted it afterwards as a matter of course and without questioning. It is not to be wondered at, then, that he felt exceedingly uneasy in his present situation. The whole thing was thoroughly distasteful, and when he left the church with Josie, he felt that he had grievously offended his God, and desecrated his holy Sabbath.

He could not but observe, however, that his companion had exhibited the deepest devotion during the service, and had seemed so absorbed in it as to have utterly forgotten that there was such a personage as himself present. He could not but respect the apparent devoutness which characterized her whole demeanor in church, while at the same time he sorely pitied her for being so thoroughly duped by such Popish nonsense.

"Oh! well," he thought, "who knows but I may some day be the means of her conversion? She may be a good Presbyter—yet, before she dies."

Not a word was said about the sti

except that Maurice casually remarked upon the excellent quality of the music. He had not expected such in so insignificant a church.

"We always have good music," she said. "It is one of the features of our form of worship."

Maurice simply regarded it as one of the blandishments which the Church held out to captivate the imaginations and senses of its votaries.

"Pomp and ceremonial and fine music will always influence certain weak minds;" and of such he contended the Catholic Church was chiefly made up; then adding aloud:

"I do not believe I could ever be persuaded to become a Catholic. And yet, forced to admit the fact, in all candor, I cannot but believe that there are some truly devout and worthy people in your Church. I need not go further than *yourself*."

"Let me ask you, Mr. Maurice," returned the young girl, not noticing the compliment conveyed in his remark, and speaking with an expression of earnestness which he had not before observed in her, "have you ever given this subject any thought, any *serious* thought, or do you speak simply from the force of a habit which has led you to take for granted that Catholics are all wrong in their belief?"

"There are some things, Miss Duprey, which it is unnecessary to reason about. I judge a tree by its fruits."

"And what are those fruits, pray?"

"Pardon me," he replied, evasively, "but I would rather not discuss such topics with a lady."

"Oh! you need have no scruples on that score," she retorted quickly. "Have no fear of offending me—I waive all delicacy so far as that goes: and I challenge you to answer my question," laughing good-naturedly.

"*History* sufficiently answers that, Miss Josie," was all he could say.

"History—what history? If you mean Protestant history, perhaps it has much to say. The books which your Sunday schools have placed in your hands have very likely painted the Catholic Church as a monster in iniquity. But you, Mr. Maurice, are a reasoning man. Is that the method by which you dispose of an ordinary matter of business, to say nothing of a question of such importance as this? Have you ever, let me ask you again, given this subject that fair, impartial consideration that you give to the ordinary affairs of life?"

"But we see the depraving effects of the Catholic religion all about us, if I must be frank with you. God forbid that I should say that very many, perhaps the majority of its intelligent followers, are not sincere and worthy Christians, but I am speaking of the Church as an *Institution*. Its tendency is to debase and degrade the conscience and the intellect."

"Can you tell me any one of the doctrines of our Church which debase and degrade, as you say?"

"I do not know that I could name any one, specifically. It is the effect of them all together, all their teachings. Take for instance the confessional. To me it seems utterly blasphemous that a priest, who is but a man, should arrogate to himself the prerogative of forgiving sins and bestowing absolution. All that a Catholic need do according to his creed, is to come to the priest, confess his sins, and pay the fee demanded, and then he gets absolution, which is nothing more nor less than a license to go and do the same thing again."

"And this is really your idea of the confessional? You, Mr. Maurice, who have been educated by your very profession to reason from *facts*, and not from *hearsay*,—do you believe in the forgiveness of sins, at all, Mr. Maurice?"

"Do I believe?—why most assuredly; but by Him who alone has that power."

"And to whom do you suppose the Catholic confesses his sins?"

"Why, to the priest, of course."

"And do you believe that the priest who hears the confession, pronounces absolution of himself alone?"

"I do."

"Do you not know that when a priest acts as confessor, he becomes for the time being simply the instrument and mouthpiece of God himself, and that what he hears and does, he hears and does only as God acts through him?"

"I confess I cannot see the distinction,

unless you show me some authority, better than the priest's, for assuming that he is God's mouthpiece."

"The authority for that is to be found in our Saviour's own words when he instituted the Church, and established its bishops and priests. 'Whatsoever ye shall bind on earth shall be bound in heaven, and whatsoever ye shall loose on earth shall be loosed in heaven!' Do you believe these words have any meaning? If you do, in what other sense do you understand them?"

"Oh! these sayings are like a good many others, merely figurative."

"Figurative—of what?"

But Maurice could not say of what, and before he could frame any answer at all, they had reached the house.

"After dinner, Mr Maurice, we will continue our discussion, if you like. I want to convince you how mistaken you are, on this one point, at least."

Mrs. Duprey and the doctor were both pleased to see him again, and he received a cordial welcome. It was a delightfully cosy little home. The rooms, although not richly furnished, were very tasteful and homelike, and there was an atmosphere of comfort and quiet about the place which made Maurice feel as if he could just settle down, and be content there for the rest of his life.

While waiting dinner, the doctor and he engaged in conversation, and the latter was amazed to observe in his new acquaintance intelligence and acquirements, which made him feel at once his inferiority. As a logician, the doctor was at home, and in a conflict of words or ideas, a most wary and impetuous adversary. Nor was his knowledge confined to theological questions. In general literature his accomplishments were equally remarkable.

Maurice saw before many words had passed between them, that he was on dangerous territory.

"This man" he thought," could make black appear white."

Nevertheless, he was so assured of his own firm position on matters of religious belief, and convinced that the pretence which Catholics had set up was utterly shallow, that he ventured to broach that topic.

He observed that the doctor had as yet studiously avoided any reference to such subjects, but with a nice discrimination, had kept up a running conversation on such questions as might be supposed to have most interest for the young man.

"Doctor," at length Maurice said, "do you know I attended your service to-day, for the first time in my life?"

"Yes?" without particular display of interest.

"Yes, I confess to having had a new experience, although I had some slight idea of your doctrines and form of worship, before."

"And do you think you have a better idea, now?" quietly, without looking up from the paper he held in his hand.

"Well, I should say yes, in one sense," replied Maurice, rather surprised at the question and the manner in which it was put. "But it is all a muddle to me: perfectly meaningless."

"Like everything else which you do not understand."

"Miss Josie and myself have been having quite a discussion on the subject," Maurice continued. "I was quite willing that she should convince me, if she were able," he said, laughing, as if the idea of convincing him were absurd.

"Many a man as wise as you, and as sincere in his views as you may be, has been convinced, as you say, before you," the doctor remarked, as if indisposed to discuss the matter further.

"Perhaps so," Maurice rejoined, "but it would take a very strong argument to satisfy me that the Catholic belief is the correct one."

"If I were to ask you," the doctor began, laying aside his paper, and contemplating Maurice thoughtfully a few seconds, "concerning any one of the doctrines or sacraments of the Church, ten to one, you could not give me an intelligent statement of what they really signify."

Maurice conceded that, strictly speaking, this might be true, but he thought, as he had said before, he had a general idea.

"But you have'nt even a *general* idea, *correct*," the doctor insisted. "If you had, you would be on the way to becoming a Catholic, to-day."

"You seem very confident about it."

"Because I know it. Did you ever know any man, woman or child to reject the Catholic religion, after they had given it a fair, conscientious and sincere consideration? No, and you never will. The difficulty lies in getting people to that point. There is so much prejudice among Protestants, if you will pardon me, that they cannot give the matter a candid examination. Now, I venture to say that even you have never given it more than a passing thought."

Maurice felt the ground giving way. It was dangerous to attempt a theological discussion with this keen, subtle-witted priest. Goodness only knows where it might end. He might make short work of his Presbyterianism. He wanted to ask some questions, but he dared not.

The doctor, however, had taken hold of him, and was not going to let go.

"You are a man of discrimination and intelligence," he proceeded. "You can reason and judge for yourself. Now, I have a little volume here," going to the library, "which I would like you to read at your leisure. You need not be afraid of it. The truth never yet hurt anybody, and if it is not true, your reason will soon find it out."

Maurice, of course, thanked him, and, for politeness' sake, promised to read it. He had, however, slight purpose of bestowing much attention upon it.

To tell the truth, his thoughts were just now not so much on religion as about Josie.

Everything was so delightfully congenial and agreeable in the bosom and surroundings of this little family, that Maurice had almost imagined that he had been there for years instead of hours. There was something so genuinely sincere and cordial in the hospitality extended to him, attended at the same time with a grace and dignity natural and unconstrained, that he was quite at his ease at once.

After dinner, the young people were left to themselves, and gravitated to the piano.

She sang one particular solo, which seemed to him perfectly exquisite. There was something singularly pure and simple, and yet almost tender in the melody itself, but it seemed to have an added charm in the expression which was given to it by the soft, sweet voice of the singer. He thought he had never heard anything half so charming. Certainly no music had ever gone so straight to his heart. Perhaps it was the situation which made it memorable. In after days, when the subdued strains came trembling over his recollection, it was always accompanied by the vision of a sweet, earnest-faced lady, who, after all, if the thing were analyzed, would have been found to be the secret of its power and beauty to him. Somehow, nobody else could play or sing it, so as to stir his heart as she did. It seemed suddenly to have lost all its warmth and melody.

After she had played it through once or twice to please him, Maurice suddenly closed the book in front of her, and said:

"There, Miss Josie, you have made a martyr of yourself, long enough. Will you let me talk to you a little?"

"I don't know," smiling mischievously. "On one condition, perhaps."

"And that?"

"That you will let *me* do a little of the talking. You know I haven't finished what I began this morning."

"Yes, I know, but never mind that, just now, please," he said impatiently; "we can talk about that afterwards."

"Well?" demurely.

"Well."

She stood leaning over the piano, while he had taken her seat, and was drumming on the keys. He had thought his story all nicely arranged, but now that he had come to the point, it seemed ridiculous. The silence for a moment could almost have been felt.

"Miss Josie," at length he began, still running his fingers carelessly over the keys, and staring as hard as he could away from her,—"I—you remember I spoke this morning of a dream I had last night. They say all dreams have some interpretation. What do you suppose, this being interpreted, would signify?"

"I am sure I don't know," she said, laughing and blushing at the same moment. "I would advise you to consult a fortune-teller."

Maurice looked flustered. "This will *never* do," he thought; "I must think of something better."

(To be continued.)

A TRANSLATION FROM THE CLASSICS.

By Dr. James Pech, of New College, Oxford.

[Horatius, Liber iv, Ode vii.]

Diffugere nives: redeunt jam gramina campis,
Arboribusque comæ:

Mutat terra vices; et decrescentia ripas
Flumina prætereunt:

Gratia cum Nymphis geminisque sororibus audet
Ducere nuda choros.

Immortalia ne speres, monet annus, et almum
Quæ rapit hora diem.

Frigora mitescunt Zephyris: ver proterit æstas
Interitura, simul

Pomifer autumnus fruges effuderit: et mox
Bruma recurret iners.

Damna tamen celeres reparant cœlestia lunæ.
Nos ubi decidimus
Quo pius Æneas, quo Tullus dives, et Ancus,
Pulvis et umbra sumus.

Quis scit an adjiciant hodiernæ crastina summæ
Tempora Di superi?

Cuncta manus avidas fugient heredis, amico
Quæ dederis animo.

[Horace, Book iv, Ode vii.]

The snow dissolves before the breeze:
Fresh flowery verdure robes the plain;
Rich foliage decks the rustling trees,
And spring with smiles resumes her reign.

All nature blooms; the furious floods
That spend their desolating tide
O'er prostrate plains, through echoing woods,
Down to their native channels glide.

The Nymphs, by wintry blasts appall'd,
Start, with the Graces, from their trance;
Nor fear, by whispering Zephyrs call'd,
In naked charms to weave the dance.

The seasons revolve, and disappear;
Hours, quick succession! come and fly:
Each fleeting day, each changeful year,
Proclaims to man Mortality.

Rough Winter melts with vernal gales,
These yield to Summer's scorching ray;
Then Autumn pours his fruits, and fails,
Dethron'd by Winter's circling sway.

Thus seasons soon revolve, and soon
Night flies the glittering shafts of Morn:
Earth fades and blooms; the waning Moon
Fills with new light her silver horn.

When once frail man resigns his breath,
The rich, the virtuous, and the wise!
All-darkling in the cell of Death,
A victim unredeem'd he lies!

Who knows if that controlling Power,
The fount of life! when this day's sun
Is set, will add another hour
To those that have already run?

Then bid adieu to cares and strife,
Thy soul let festive pleasures cheer;
Infuse with mirth the cup of life,
Nor heed thy disappointed heir.

Cum semel occideris, et de te splendida Minos
Fecerit arbitria:

When gloomy Death shall interpose
His shroud between this sun and thee;
And once for all the book shall close,
That holds the judge's stern decree;

Non, Torquate, genus, non te facundia, non te
Restituet pietas.

Nor eloquence, nor splendid birth,
Will then avail to change thy doom:
Not virtue warms the clay-cold earth,
Or opes the portals of the tomb.

Infernis neque enim tenebris Diana pudicum
Liberat Hippolytum:
Nec Lethæa valet Theseus abrumpere caro
Vincula Pirithoo.

A goddess great, a hero brave,
Found love alike and friendship vain:
Her votary chaste she could not save,
Nor he his friend, from Lethe's chain.

FELICIA HEMANS.

Although, as Walter Scott hinted, there are too many flowers for the fruit in the poetry of Mrs. Hemans, and it is constructed rather for the fancy and the ear than for the heart and the intellect, still her place in literature and the purity of her sentiments gives her a rank which justly entitles her to a pleasant and respectable memory in connection with the month in which she was born.

Felicia Dorothea Browne was born in Liverpool on the 25th September, 1793, and died in Dublin, 1835. Her father, who was a merchant in business, removed his family to Wales, in the picturesque scenery of which Felicia developed that love of nature which found expression in poetry, and led her to publish in her fifteenth year. Perseverance overcome her first want of success, and she ventured again in print in her nineteenth. Having been unhappily married in 1812, thenceforth she devoted herself to the study of languages and the cultivation of poetry. In 1819 she obtained a prize of £50 for the best poem on Wallace, the Scottish hero, and in 1821 obtained a prize awarded by the Royal Society of Literature. She next essayed a tragedy, which, though sustained by the acting of Kemble and Young at Covent Garden in 1823, was not successful. Her best poem, *The Forest Sanctuary*, appeared in 1826, which was followed by the *Records of Woman* in 1828. She produced several other books with various success; and her position as a sweet and felicitous poet of the affections was recognized by complimentary attentions on the part of Scott, Wordsworth, Jeffrey, and others when she visited Scotland and the lake country in 1829 and '30.

On her return from the lakes Mrs Hemans took up her residence in Dublin, where she mainly devoted herself to the education of her five boys. Ill-health, the natural consequence of anxiety and continuous mental labor, overtook her, and for the next five years disputed precedency with literary exertion. The latter triumphed to a degree, and the fading poetess published two volumes, *Hymns of Childhood and Scenes of Life*, and dropped away in her forty-second year. Her works are distinguished by graceful tenderness, romantic feeling and melancholy of an emotional character. She is buried in St. Ann's Church, Dublin; and the following lines from a dirge by herself are inscribed over her tomb:—

Calm on the bosom of thy God,
Fair spirit! rest thee now!
Even while with us thy footsteps trod,
His seal was on thy brow.
Dust to its narrow home beneath!
Soul to its place on high!
They that have seen thy look in death,
No more may fear to die.

DANIEL O'CONNELL.

AN ADDRESS DELIVERED AT THE CELEBRATION OF THE O'CONNELL CENTENARY, AUGUST 6TH, 1875, DURING THE GRAND ANNUAL VISITATION OF THE MUNICIPAL AUTHORITIES AND THE PUBLIC TO THE NEW YORK CATHOLIC PROTECTORY.

BY JOHN SAVAGE, LL. D.

Mr. Chairman, in rising to address this large assemblage to-day, I must confess that the occasion is one peculiarly calculated to inspire timidity and misgiving rather than a sense of encouragement and self-reliance on my part. The too-confiding appreciation of the committee of arrangements, while laying me under flattering obligation for the honor conferred by the selection, has, at the same time, placed me in a predicament, the numerous difficulties of which I failed fully to realize, until brought face to face with them, and from which I find it impossible to escape.

The impatient desire to do homage where homage is due—the influence of that electric touch of nature which unites us with the feelings and devotion of the branch of the human family of which we are a scion or a disciple—the retrospective monitions of the head and heart that make us thankful for the opportunity to pay tribute to a reputation or a philosophy, from which our eyes may have been diverted or averted by the eager step and concentrated gaze of impetuous youth—the fact that as Time flies Truth rises stronger before us—and the conviction that, as the foam of passion breaks into fascinating fragments and falls back harmless into the wave which drove it against the iron shore of fact, or dies out in drowsy murmurings on the level beach of History—all that is good and usefully great remains; and that thus cleared, as well of their own imperfections of temporary expediencies, as of the mismeasurements of enmity and offensive coloring of faction, the great characters who have in any way benefited their fellow-men, attract and compel the generous homage of unbiassed if not grateful minds:—these desires and facts, and the anticipated pleasure of recognizing and illustrating them on such an occasion as the present, might naturally delude even one less sympathetic into the thought or the involuntary feeling that fervor and capacity were identical; and that appreciation of the subject was all that was necessary to do it justice. As I approach it, however, I realize unconsidered difficulties. At a proper focus the proportions of the giant only strike us for their manly symmetry. As we approach, however, a sense of our own insignificance accompanies the realization of the magnitude of the unique form that attracted our attention. But while I thus, by way of preface, indulge a hope that I may somewhat disarm criticism, I am fully conscious that I must face the duty I have accepted; and will therefore proceed to give, not the life of O'Connell, but some memories of his career in its most important phases, which will tend to illustrate his life and contribute to a just estimate of his character.

In one of the most remote southwestern districts of Ireland, in a wild mountainous region on the coast, where crags and ravines and cloud-piercing peaks and reverberating cascades on land, and the ever-foaming, rock-dotted and dangerous estuaries of the sea, present aspects of nature at once impressively picturesque and romantically grand; with the beauties of Killarney sleeping beyond

Kerry wilds to the east, and within the sound of the ever-wakeful thunder of the Atlantic, as it sweeps round Valentia Island and breaks on the main-land—there, one hundred years ago to-day, was born Daniel O'Connell.

Of an old sept and respectable connection, his father was Morgan O'Connell, and his mother, also of ancient Irish stock, a sister of the O'Mullane of Whitechurch in the county of Cork. The place of his birth was Carhen, within a mile of the present town of Cahirciveen. In this place, and with occasional and sometimes protracted visits to Derrynane in the neighborhood, the seat of his Uncle Maurice, the childhood of the boy was passed.

And what a grand teacher was this Nature amid whose domain the boy was born! True! but equally impressionable, sympathetic and ever-loving was the soul upon whom her lessons of health, vivacity and freedom fell. He seemed inspired by her beauty, endowed with her variety, and transfused with her power. Whether in her gloom or grandeur —her solemn wrath or joyous glee—her storm or sunshine—her violence or vivacity, Nature found an eager student—a devouring listener, —an impassioned worshipper—a human illustrator in Daniel O'Connell in after-life. As an infant, the shadow of the mountains fell over his cradle like a curtain, and the lullaby of the ocean put him to sleep. As a child on the shore, the green waves chasing and eluding each other by dissolving into merry spray, lifted him into ecstasy, and widened his vision and his developing fancy. The wilds and hills which hid Killarney—the Tuomies, the Purple Mountains, the Hags' Teeth, the Reeks, Carnthual himself with his head three thousand four hundred feet above the shore, could not keep from him the legends which wrapped them in romance, and peopled the glens, and moved the magic waters of Loch Lene. As a boy the spirit of liberty, as he said, came to him on the wings of the storm. The great caves at Dowles Head, the opening apertures of which can scarcely admit a man standing erect in a boat, expanded inside to cathedral vastness. In their solemn gloom eternal anthems rose, and must at once have hushed his soul with awe and swelled it with mysterious reverence and the spirit of religion.

Here, too, may the bright, ambitious boy have been first startled and glorified at the sound of his own voice—that voice, judging from the millions who hung upon it, the most potent in modern times. In the chief of these cathedral caves is a strange echo, which, when a person speaks, reverberates from all sides with increasing clamor and effect. The poet truly says, "The child is father of the man." We have heard how our naval hero, Paul Jones, when a boy stood on a hill over the port of Carsethorn on the Solway, and indicated his future naval career by shouting orders to the ships standing in or tacking for the harbor. We know that the martyred Lord Edward Fitzgerald as a boy foreshadowed the military passion which distinguished his manhood, by planning fortifications in the orangery, and listening with delight to the mimic thunder of his guns echoing over the Garonne. In like manner can we not imagine—can we not *see* the boy O'Connell, overtaken by wave or wind on one of his excursions, seeking refuge in the great cave? Through the irrepressible buoyancy of his nature, or to dispel loneliness, his thoughts take form in words, he addresses the invisible audience in the vast subterranean cathedral, and with delight not unmixed with dread, stands transfixed at the reverberating thunders he aroused. He is applauded into silence. He cannot hear his own words. The echoes of his boy-voice outroar the sea. He has, as it were, cloven the gloom, created a multitude in the empty air, and into it put a vocal soul, which indicates the power he will wield, the spirit he will create, the clamors he will evoke, the thunders he will arouse, the darkness he will dispel, the isolated potency he will enjoy in the upper and the outer world. Thus, strengthening body and soul, the boy was being accoutred physically and mentally for the great part he was to play among a people of whom he was to be a leader and idol, and in an age of which he was to be a chief figure. Some incidents of his boyhood exhibit his aptitude, energy and ambition. His earliest educational achievement was mastering the letters of the English alphabet in about an hour and a half when only four years old. His instructor on the occasion—let his name be mentioned with honor—was a poor hedge-schoolmaster, named David Mahony. His father's elder brother,

Maurice O'Connell, of Derrynane, being childless, had adopted Daniel, and taken upon himself the charge of his education. At the age of thirteen he underwent regular tuition at the hands of the Rev. Mr. Harrington, a Catholic priest at Cove; and in the following year his uncle sent him and his brother Maurice to the Continent to acquire a good education. Proceeding to Liege, it was found he had passed the age for admittance as student there, so he was compelled to return to Louvain and await instructions from home.

While detained here, his course affords a sample of that energy to which I have alluded as marking his boyhood. Instead of amusing himself as his brother did, he entered as a volunteer into one of the halls at Louvain, and by the time letters had come from Ireland he had asserted his position, and risen to a high place in a class of one hundred and twenty. He subsequently studied at St. Omers and Douai. At the former he took the first place in all the classes, and the president, Dr. Stapylton, writing to his uncle, said of young Daniel: "I have but one sentence to write about him, and that is, that I never was so much mistaken in my life as I shall be, unless he be destined to make a remarkable figure in society."

Driven from France by the horrors of the revolution, starting for home on the 21st December, 1793—the very day Louis XVI was brought to the guillotine in Paris—the moment he set foot on the deck of the English packet at Calais, he passionately tore the cockade, which had been his safe-conduct through the country, out of his cap, and flung it contemptuously from him. The wild passions of the revolution influenced his whole life. The next few years were occupied with the study of law in London, and he was in due time called to the bar. The reminiscences which have been preserved of this period of his life, exhibit intimations of that conscious power—that immortality, if you will, which needed only time to develop and secure. Writing to his uncle in his twenty-first year, he says he had only two objects in view: one, the attainment of knowledge; the other, the acquisition of the qualities constituting "a polite gentleman." Beside the immediate pleasure yielded by the first, he was convinced that it was "calculated to raise him to honor, rank and fortune;" and he knew that the second was a general passport, or first recommendation to all. "I have," he says in the confident earnestness of gifted youth and health, "a glowing, and—if I may use the expression—an enthusiastic ambition, which converts every toil into a pleasure, and every study into an amusement." His "longing after immortality, and his conviction that he could grasp the chaplet of fame, breaks out even in the delirium of fever. In one of his vacations while in his native hills, he contracted the typhus by having sat too long in his wet clothes in a peasant's cabin. In the very crisis of the fever—in the delirium which threatened fatal results, the future Tribune, whose centennial to-day civilization celebrates, whose statue is before the eyes of nations at various parts of the globe, and whose name and fame are on every tongue,—the future Tribune, then a fever-stricken, raving, stalwart youth, continually repeated, as in despair and a death struggle for life, the lines from the tragedy of Douglas:—

"Unknown I die; no tongue shall speak of me;
Some noble spirits, judging by themselves,
May yet conjecture what I might have proved,
And think life only wanting to my fame."

It is not a little remarkable, especially as illustrating the uniqueness of O'Connell's career, that his very first speech in public—which was made in Dublin, January 13, 1800—united him with the two great themes which occupied his life. The occasion of the meeting, which was mainly gotten up by his efforts, was to protest, not only against the Union, but to protest as Catholics; an unusually bold step, as following the rebellion of '98. Terrorism stalked over the land, and even Protestants of liberal views were made victims of intolerance. O'Connell admitted that the enlightened mind of the Catholics had taught them the impolicy and injustice of separating themselves on any occasion from the rest of the people of Ireland; but, as the minister, in pushing the Union, sought to implicate the Catholics in his crime—as it was circulated in subsidized journals and pamphlets, for the purpose of deceiving the nation, that the Catholics were favorable to the Union,—young O'Connell, without fear of

public officials, and at some risk even of private favor—as the disadvantages and dangers of such a course alarmed his family and friends—boldly stepped to the front, and declared it was imperative they should meet as Catholics—as a separate and distinct body as Catholics, and prove by an open declaration that they were incapable of concurring in any way in so foul and fatal a project. As they had failed individually to resist the torrent, the Catholics should oppose it collectively. Here, then, at the very outstart was the touchstone of O'Connell's whole struggle: a union of Catholics against Legislative Union.

The Union of course proved a failure, so far as Ireland was concerned. It was so intended by British ministers, and to them it was a success. The promises of Pitt amounted to nothing; and when the No-Popery administration of Perceval, Canning, and Castlereagh, succeeded to Fox, the Irish must have exerted more than their proverbial hopefulness to have expected any amelioration of their grievances. At this time O'Connell took his decided step, and henceforth became the ruling mind, the potential voice, the prominent figure, in Irish politics.

The despair of the Irish Catholics now evoked the exercise of a courage which had been postponed by hopefulness. They banded together, and for the first time in a hundred years they had found a voice. The Catholic Committee was formed.

Growing timid at the prosecution of its leaders, it was disbanded. It was succeeded by the Catholic Board, which in turn was suppressed by the Viceregal government. But O'Connell was not silenced. They might prosecute committees and boards, but they could not suppress him. They might as well try to chain the storm that hunted the ocean into the caves at Dowles Head, or to suppress the echoes that laughed at the contention that bred them.

As organizations were put down, O'Connell organized himself into a leadership and took occasion to speak and write, and annually addressed a message to the people on public affairs with the memorable motto:

"Hereditary Bondsmen, know ye not,
Who would be free, themselves must strike the blow."

For years he called meetings, made speeches, and issued his annual addresses, agitating the people, sustaining the timid, strengthening the vacillating; and concentrating public opinion and by degrees extensive, and, as events proved unchangeable confidence in himself. His physique, not less than his patriotism, attracted attention, while it gave himself that splendid and humanizing flow of animal spirits which continued his boyhood from seventeen to seventy. From Sheils' vivid reminiscences of this period we see him "tall and muscular—with erect head and expanded chest—precisely such a figure as befits a typical man of the people. - In his face he has been equally fortunate: it is extremely comely. The features are at once soft and manly; the florid glow of health and a sanguine temperament is diffused over the whole countenance, which is national in the outline and beaming with national emotion. The expression is open and confiding, and inviting confidence; there is not a trace of malignity or wile: if there were, the bright and sweet blue eyes, the most kindly and honest-looking that can be conceived, would repel the imputation." And he describes the irrepressible Daniel—marching to the law courts, shouldering his umbrella as if it were a pike; and flinging out one factious foot before the other, as if he had already burst his bonds, and was kicking the Protestant ascendency before him.

A glance at the principles upon which this man of men, almost single-handed, makes his mighty war for civil and religious liberty.

It was charged that the Catholic religion was Antichristian, and so slavish as to unfit its professors for the enjoyment of freedom. Dr. Doyle had vindicated his Church; and O'Connell, in alluding to the charges and the vindication, tersely echoed the points of the latter, in showing that that religion cannot be Antichristian with which Christianity began; nor slavish, which first disseminated freedom, in establishing the British constitution—nor slavish, which established it in free states, before they became monarchical; and in monarchical governments, before they became absolute.

The Catholics then were, as they now are in some quarters, charged with wishing to oppose the progress of education. In reply

he showed it was a peculiarity of the English character to claim liberality as a quality belonging exclusively to the Protestant religion, and to proclaim that the Catholic was the reverse. But he asked did those who thus argue, forget that a Catholic state was the first to proclaim liberty of conscience? Did they forget Catholic Maryland? Did they forget that Catholic Hungary first gave emancipation to Protestants, who, though but one-third of the population, enjoyed equal privileges, and were free from tithes to the Catholic Church, whilst at the same time their ministers were paid by the state in proportion to their flocks? Did the exclusively liberal Protestants forget that in Catholic France the Protestant clergy were allowed one-fifth more than the Catholic, as they were liable to get married; and also that in France Protestants were eligible to fill every public station? Did they forget that in Catholic Bavaria Protestants were emancipated? Did they forget that in the history of any Protestant state, there are no such instances of liberality, but that wherever the Protestants had the upperhand, the Catholics were a persecuted race?

At a meeting in Limerick in 1812, at which he introduced himself as a "professed agitator" as an excuse for speaking, he made a most brilliant and powerful harangue, in which he took occasion to acknowledge the liberality of the Irish Protestants, the zeal of the Irish Presbyterians, and the friendly exertions of the Irish Quakers for contributing to the progress of the cause. Combating the cry of disloyalty made against the Catholics, with picturesque power and historical vigor he showed what the Catholics had suffered through their strict sense of allegiance in supporting the Stewarts—what they had suffered by keeping unbroken faith with William III, when he was established on the throne, and how, under every persecution, their loyalty was beyond impeachment. He took the records of their enemies in proof; and vigorously denounced the danger of the cry of "No-Popery" at a time when Napoleon ruled the Continent from St. Petersburg to the verge of the Irish bayonets in Spain; aye, when invasion of their own territory was imminent. He deemed it a base and dastardly insult on their understandings and principles to demand securities from a people who had always held faith—even with those who broke it. In allusion to the threatened invasion, he said:—

"Yes, if Ireland be fairly roused to the battle of the country and of freedom, all is safe. Britain has been often conquered. The Romans conquered her—the Saxons conquered her—the Normans conquered her: in short, whenever she was invaded, she was conquered. But our country was never subdued; we never lost our liberties in battle, nor did we ever submit to armed conquerors. It is true, the old inhabitants lost their country piecemeal, by fraud and treachery; they relied upon the faith of men, who never, never observed a treaty with them, until a new and mixed race has sprung up, in dissension and discord; but the Irish heart and soul still predominate, and pervade the sons of the oppressors themselves. The generosity, the native bravery, the innate fidelity, the enthusiastic love of whatever is great and noble—those splendid characteristics of the Irish mind remain as the imperishable relics of our country's former greatness—of that illustrious period, when she was the light and the glory of barbarous Europe—when the nations around sought her instruction and example in her numerous seminaries—and when the civilization and religion of Europe were preserved in her alone. You will, my friends, defend her: you may die, but you cannot yield to any foreign invader. Whatever be my fate, I shall be happy, whilst I live, in reviving amongst you the love and admiration of your native land, and in calling upon Irishmen—no matter how they may worship their common God—to sacrifice every contemptible prejudice on the altar of their common country."

Almost at the first meeting of O'Connell and Sheil, a collision occurred. It was with reference to the proposed *Veto* by which government was to have the approval or endorsement of Catholic bishops when appointed. Grattan had accepted the *Veto*. O'Connell would not accept it, and he was right; not because he differed from the great leader who had rocked the cradle and followed the hearse of Irish Independence; but because on the point on which he differed, he was

right. Sheil espoused the side of Grattan; and I allude to the speech of O'Connell on the occasion; not that it is against Sheil, but that it admirably helps to illustrate O'Connell's principles. The resolution declared that either as Irishmen or as Catholics they would never consent to allow the crown, or the servants of the crown, any interference in the appointment of the bishops. O'Connell supported this resolution both as an Irishman and a Catholic; for, as the first, he saw such interference would be injurious to public liberty; and as the second, he knew it would be destructive of the Catholic religion. He was opposed to the growth of influence in the state, and declared in his impassioned but unexcited manner that, "he is no friend of liberty—he knows not how to appreciate freedom—he is fitted for slavery who can behold unmoved the progress of this terrific disease in the state influence." He pictured the result of such influence as making the bishops and priests electionary agents, and protested that Emancipation would lose its value and its meaning were it made to embrace such doctrines.

"By Emancipation," he said, "I mean a participation in the free constitution of this country—not a chance of sharing in the public plunder." He deprecated the idea of animosity against a Protestant. "He is an Irishman as I am," he cried. "If I could not elevate the Catholic, I wish not to depress the Protestant. I would advance both if I could; I would depress neither; and if the Catholic be still a slave, it is some comfort to my mind, that the Irish Protestant has some share of freedom." Sheil asked if O'Connell was content to be a slave that others might be free. "I answer it at once," said O'Connell: "If I can procure freedom for my country, I am content with torture —death—with what is worse than either—slavery!" He concluded this speech on what he called the splendid fascinations of his young friend, with this profession of faith and advice:—

"I am of the faith of the Catholic barons, who with their swords extorted the great Charter of Liberty; I am of the religion of the Catholic Parliament that passed the statute of provisors; firm in my attachment to her ancient faith, ardent in the pursuit of liberty. Let my young friend join this standard, and soon shall he become a leader. To the superiority of his talent we shall easily, cheerfully, yield, and give him that station in his country's cause to which his high genius entitles him. Let him devote himself to the uncompromising advocacy of Ireland—glory will await him, and the sweeter satisfaction of serving his country. Let him reject party and adopt Ireland, who in her widowhood wants him; and in her service let his motto be—'God and our Native Land.'"

Sheil and O'Connell subsequently united their brainful forces with the grandest effect. Sheil, the "iambic rhapsodist" of 1823, became the "twin leader" of the Irish Catholics from 1825 to '29. His energy was invincible, his passion electrical, his services beyond estimate. His startling eloquence—its energetic denunciation of wrong, rhetorical persuasiveness of right, rapid accumulation of imagery, poetic symphathies and nervous declamation dazzled, captivated and astonished his hearers into adhesion.

For "twins," the leaders of the Catholic movement had not the slightest family likeness. No two could well be more different in form, size, physical power and oratorical manner than Sheil and O'Connell. One was as the commingled voices of the rapids lashing over the rocks and throwing up beautiful and brilliant spray in profuse diamonds; the other, in one word, the broad cataract. The mould and manner of each was typical of the individual power, and there could be no greater contrast than in the personal characteristics of the two. O'Connell, massive and self-contained, the impersonation of impassioned stolidity, if I may unite the words; and Sheil, small, slight and nervous-looking inspired restlessness. In two points, however, there was a similarity; both had been educated in France, and both had Irish genius.

It were needless, even if time permitted, to dwell at any length on the general grievances of Ireland and special grievances of the Catholics during this period of O'Connell's tremendous efforts. We all know how the union of Ireland and England was carried—we know what the penal laws were, and that, though some redress occurred in the last

quarter of the last century, infamous Catholic disabilities existed in the first quarter of this. A slight reference, by way of historical note, is therefore only necessary, and I shall take that, not from an Irish, but an English source.

The year before O'Connell took his firm stand and first organized the Catholics, Sydney Smith, in 1808, described the penal laws as a code which reflected indelible disgrace upon the English character, and explained but too clearly the cause of the hatred in which the English name was held in Ireland:—"It would," he declared, "require centuries to efface such an impression; and yet," he adds, "when we find it fresh, and operating at the end of a few years, we explain the fact by every cause which can degrade the Irish, and by none which can remind us of our own scandalous policy."

Twenty years after when the agitation stood at its highest, and O'Connell on the very top and pinnacle of the agitation, the same writer, Sydney Smith—who had as a clergyman and an Englishman sustained the claims of freedom of conscience with a wisdom whose solidity was illuminated by wit, and with a wit, whose brilliancy was fed by wisdom—addressed both English lords and Irish agitators with his usual practical force. While he regarded the disgraceful nonsense of the Catholic question as treated by English noblemen, as "fit only for the ancient females of a market-town," he thought the unbounded license, claimed and enjoyed by English Dissenters, should teach them some charity to Irish Catholics. His words to England and to Ireland explain at once the exigency of the one and the altitude of the other, so far as the agitation on the Catholic question had affected both. Touching his countrymen in a vital part, he said he was astonished that the brains of rich Englishmen did not fall down into their bellies; that they did not reason through the cardia and the pylorus—in fact he was astonished that all their organs of digestion did not become intellectual in view of the Catholic question. He admitted to the English nobility that "No-Popery" was a very convenient cry at an election; but it had answered their end. "Do not push the matter too far," he said; "to bring on a civil war for no-popery is a very foolish proceeding in a man who has two courses and a remove! As you value your side-board of plate, your broad riband, your pier-glasses—if obsequious domestics and large rooms are dear to you—if you love ease and flattery, titles and coats of arms—if the labor of the French cook, the dedication of the expecting poet, can move you—if you hope for a long life of side dishes—if you are not insensible to the periodical arrival of the turtle fleets—emancipate the Catholics! Do it for your ease, do it for your indolence, do it for your safety! Emancipate and eat, emancipate and drink; emancipate and preserve the rent-roll and the family estate."

Looking at the other side, over the channel, he appreciated the pluck and encouraged the policy of O'Connell. He laughed down the common excuse for withholding Emancipation—that the Catholics were their own enemies, and but for the boisterous course of O'Connell and Sheil, the question would have been settled.

"The answer to this nonsense and baseness," said Sydney Smith, "is, that the very reverse is the fact. The mild and the long-suffering may suffer for ever in this world. If the Catholics had stood with their hands before them simpering at the Earls of Liverpool and the Lords Bathurst of the moment, they would not have been emancipated till the year of our Lord four thousand. As long as the patient will suffer, the cruel will kick. No treason—no rebellion—but as much stubbornness and stoutness as the law permits—a thorough intimation that you know what is your due, and that you are determined to have it if you can *lawfully* get it. This is the conduct we recommend to the Irish. If they go on withholding, and forbearing, and hesitating whether this is the time for the discussion, or that is the time, they will be laughed at for another century as fools—and kicked for another century as slaves."

At length the Catholic Association was formed with a regularly organized financial system of Catholic rent; and at last the agitation for emancipation was placed on a practical basis. The association afforded a noble arena for the display of Catholic talent; its deliberations took a legislative form, with

committees of law, finance, grievance and petition; and its debates were spread before the country through means of the press. It put itself between the people and the ruling power, criticizing the one and instructing the other. It had means to carry out its purposes, to expose tyranny and correct many abuses. Through it the people reached the ear of parliament; and government beheld in the association a still more dangerous, because more powerful, body than either the committee or the board. In two years it had enrolled peers and peasants; and among its effective phalanx counted fourteen hundred Protestants, two thousand priests and twenty-four Catholic bishops.

Of this association O'Connell was the centre and the life. He was the sun of its system—the heat, light and motive power of its effulgence and effectiveness. It, too, was virtually suppressed, though permitted to dissolve itself. Another followed—for O'Connell was not yet in a state of dissolution.

He widened his measures to a broader field. From tactics he went to strategy, and in the general election of 1826 unexpectedly presented a new front to the government. He started popular candidates in several counties against the anti-Catholic members, and beat them. The government was greatly excited, and success equally elevated the new association, which pledged itself to oppose every government candidate. This fight was carried to its grand culmination in 1828 when O'Connell himself stood for Clare—contesting it with Vesey Fitzgerald, who had always voted in favor of Catholic emancipation, but who had accepted place in the cabinet of the Duke of Wellington. After, perhaps, the most memorable election contest on record, O'Connell was returned. The Iron Duke, the Irish conqueror of Napoleon, who saved Spain, and gave the very breath of life to the potentates of Europe, was conquered by the Irish agitator directing Irish opinion. For the Clare election forced Wellington to recommend emancipation as a peace measure, and wrung the signature from a king who, in attesting the act, shed bitter tears of agony and rage.

The great victory was won. That victory was O'Connell's. And in the hour of victory, his beaten, baffled, disconcerted and disgraced foes thought, by a mere political trick, to annoy the giant—to humiliate, perhaps to entrap, the Liberator.

When O'Connell presented himself in the House of Commons for admission to his seat and under the oaths prescribed by the new act, the old oaths were tendered to him; Sir Robert Peel having taken this means to vent his splenetic humor on the great Irish Agitator. He had provided in the new law that members only elected after its commencement should be empowered to take the new oaths. The old ones were consequently offered to O'Connell, who had been elected before the passage of the act. One of these—the oath of supremacy—declared the Sovereign of England Head of the Church; and the other, that the sacrifice of the Mass is impious and idolatrous. O'Connell declined to take them. Having been accorded a hearing at the bar of the House, he claimed his right of admission, his right to sit and vote. His appeal was disallowed. The old oaths were again tendered to him. He read the form over carefully and with emphasis; and then raising his head, with that self-controlled audacity peculiar to him when hurling defiance, he paused, then slightly bowing, said: "I decline, Mr. Clerk, to take this oath. Because part of it I *know* to be false, another part I *do not believe* to be true." A new writ was issued, and he was reëlected without opposition. On the dissolution of parliament in the following year he was elected for Waterford, and subsequently sat in parliament for Kerry, Dublin, Kilkenny and Cork. During his parliamentary career he wielded a greater influence than any man ever before exercised.

And here, crowning the pinnacle of his labors in behalf of his Catholic fellow-countrymen—here having been victorious in Ireland, and the defiant commentator on English insolence and British bigotry on his very first step into the senate—here bearding the lion in his den—the centre of all hearts in Ireland— the centre of all eyes in England—the monumental figure of the day, standing as it were even apart from the very movement he directed, we must pause in recognition of his abilities, his intellectual means and his nature: for, to follow him, would be to present the history of his time.

The great objects of O'Connell's life were,

Catholic Emancipation and Repeal of the Union. He achieved the one, and in the pursuit of the other wrought his countrymen to such a pitch of enthusiasm and personal devotion, as no tribune of the people in Ireland or out of it ever before or since enjoyed. By persistent endeavor, by the marvellous exercise of genius the most despotic and irresistible, and resources at once the most reliable and variable—opportune and unsuspected,—audacious and evasive—daring and non-committal—ingenious and ingenuous—offensive and defensive—subtle and supercilious—artful and artless—aggressive and repressive—in a word, all-powerful to attract his friends and distract his enemies, and to control both by the unceasing exercise of these wonderful gifts directed and wielded in a wonderful manner, O'Connell elevated the people of Ireland to a state of affection and frenzy as no people in history attained, having a political purpose in view, without breaking into armed revolution.

His meetings were attended, not by hundreds or thousands, or even tens of thousands, but by hundreds of thousands, almost millions. His call changed routine into excited vitality. Men, women and children heard it in the hills and vales, and streams of people for miles poured along the highways and byways leading to a Mullaghmast or a Tara Hill meeting. Whole districts were vacated, towns moved, cities were emptied in obedience to his will, to hear his voice, and to authorize him, in their name, to protest against the degradation of one nation making laws for another, and to demand with such emphatic dignity and force as the moral splendor and magnificence of such scenes would dictate, the repeal of the outrageous and illegal compact by which the legislative Union of Ireland with Great Britain was effected.

That O'Connell could control the mighty element he had aroused under the exigencies of hope deferred, is one of the marvels of history, even more wonderful than that such assemblages were evoked. It is clearly evident that he was the symbol of the popular faith—that he had schooled the people into either a complete identification with his desires, or into an unquestioned confidence in his capacity. This popular confidence we all know has been regretted, and the policy which created it, condemned. But here we are assembled, not for the discussion of policies, but for the recognition of facts. Let us remember moreover, in justice to O'Connell, that he never was a revolutionist—always and ever proclaimed himself and his purposes within the constitution, and professedly sought, not the separate nationality, but the legislative independence of Ireland. Hence he is to be judged, and will be judged in history, not by the policy of others; but by the power and ability he brought to the propagation and support of his own policy. In this view he will live as the greatest moral-force political agitator and philosopher the world has ever seen. No man has ever achieved what he has, with the same means. At the formation of the Catholic Association in 1823 he said: "I am to speak of six centuries of sufferings. I know not where to begin; and when I have begun, I know not where I shall end." At first he had to meet in the drawing-rooms of Coyne the bookseller in Dublin, and sometimes was at a loss for a quorum of even ten to transact business and carry out his plans. His project for raising the "Catholic rent" was adjourned for want of a quorum. On the next meeting, only eight were present. We can imagine the disappointment of one so deeply impressed with his mission and the necessity of means to carry it out. But he was equal to the dilemma. He went down stairs into the bookseller's shop, and found a couple of students from Maynooth College in search of books. He persuaded them to go up stairs, propounded his plan, adopted it in conformity with the rules, and thence issued a report "on the best means of establishing a fund for the legal purposes of the Catholic Association." From these difficulties we see him rise with a force which can only be estimated by the exercise of the freed conscience of a people. From the want of a quorum in a private room we see him agitating and arousing the people, till he overwhelms the greatest statesmen of the empire, and meets whole counties in the face of heaven in the day and with millions at his back.

I have often thought what a gallery of portraits might be selected from his speeches and writings—portraits of political con-

poraries, which would be interesting and instructive. He had great power in condensing epochs—giving the key to history—and a racy, rough and sarcastic facility in hitting the likenesses of the great actors in them. If sometimes these likenesses rather partake of the nature of caricature, they are all the more recognizable to the multitude; and lose nothing of interest to the more critical by their grotesque exaggeration.

The administration of Pitt he denounced as "unqualified despotism," and with brief but powerful suggestiveness indicated its root and growth; and how the thinking classes, as well as the people at large, are bought and sold, and gradually seduced and subjugated into utter demoralization. It was true, he said, Pitt encouraged commerce, "but it was for the purposes of taxation; and he used taxation for the purpose of corruption; he assisted the merchants, as long as he could, to grow rich, and they lauded him; he bought the people with their own money, and they praised him. Each succeeding day produced some new inroad on the constitution, and the alarm which he excited by reason of the bloody workings of the French Revolution, enabled him to rule the land with uncontrolled sway."

The principles of the famous and infamous administration of Spencer Perceval, premier of the "no-popery" cabinet, he stigmatized as peculating bigotry—bigoted peculation: and waggishly characterized Pervecal himself as "a pious and enlightened statesman," who "in the name of the Lord plundered the people" and "would take their money only for the good of their souls."

This was in his jocose and satirical mood. He was naturally and justly fierce on Perceval and Castlereagh. His allusions to them are not the less true because they are bitter, nor less historically descriptive of their principles and persons, because expressive of his utter disgust and contempt. He sneers at the "barren petulance" of Perceval, and the "pompous inanity" of Castlereagh. The former he described as "a narrow-minded bigot, a paltry statesman, and a bad minister," in whom "every species of public corruption and profligacy had a flippant and pert advocate." At one time he declares he would not believe Castlereagh on his oath, and gives his reasons. At another, he finds even his copious vocabulary insufficient to supply his indignation. "In speaking of Lord Castlereagh," he says: "I do not know how to select words to adequately express my feelings. I should become an old man in foaming out the torrent of hatred and indignation with which my bosom teems;" and in opposing a vote of censure hastily introduced into the Catholic Board against John Philpot Curran, to whose transcendent merits he found it impossible to do justice, he described Castlereagh with galling truth and irony. He reminded the Catholics that they had enemies enough, and to spare, without censuring one so friendly to their cause as Curran for contesting the election at Newry. "Have we not," said O'Connell, "Lord Manners and his Grace of Richmond in front, whilst the Attorney-General and the Dublin grand jury hang on our rear? Have we not on our flank the bigoted Liverpool and *that* Castlereagh, long exercised in every dark stratagem of ruin, who would, for emolument, barter a seat in heaven, if he had any interest in that country?"

The fate of these cold-blooded politicians was even more wretched than the powerful hatred of their denouncer could devise—darker than he could even contemplate without a shudder. They both fell by the hand of an assassin. Perceval fell by the hand of a lunatic. Castlereagh fell by his own hand.

The Lord Manners alluded to, he further described as "just such a man as bigotry would select as her choice instrument," as he had the "natural propensity of a small mind to the practical details of intolerance." As to his utter disconnection with Irish interests—having no stake or habitation in the land, he alluded to him as "a dry lodger, in furnished lodgings," who, when the hour of his departure shall arrive, will only have to put on his hat and turn his savings into bills which the poor Irish will have to pay. He surely was not measured in his terms on those he knew to be bigots, or deemed to be hypocrites. Dr. Duigenan, "the Duke of Richmond's privy councillor," he compared to a tanner's dog, chained all day, and only let loose at night. "This religious bull-dog," he says, "is particularly fitted for worrying popish bishops; no tanner's dog ever hating a thief at night, as he does a popish priest at noon-

day." The mean spite and narrow-minded intolerance of the pious Lord Eldon, and that "immaculate distributor of criminal justice," Lord Ellenborough, supplied his tongue with many a jeering adjective. Eldon was esteemed a most eminent judge and chancellor, whose only drawback was caused by delays growing from his doubts. In politics and religion, however, he had neither delays nor doubts, his intolerance being only equalled by his impatience. About this time Wilson or Dr. Maginn in *Blackwood's Magazine* jeeringly spoke of Ellenborough as having neither blood, lands or money; and he subsequently proved himself deficient in other respects when his mismanagement in India compelled his withdrawal.

Although O'Connell was as much opposed to African slavery as Wilberforce, the "head of the Clapham Church," who had made it his hobby for years, yet the Irish agitator deemed the English philanthropist not so much too anxious about the abolition of slavery abroad, as too little anxious about its abolition at home. Hence he puts him on record as the "place-procuring, prayer-mumbling Wilberforce." In a still happier, because more grotesque vein, he draws Lord Kenyon as "a religionist of the jumper denomination, who, bounding into the clouds, imagines he can lay hold of a limb of the Deity."

But let me transport you as by a wave of the wand of Cleena, the fairy queen of Munster glens, from the public arena upon which O'Connell has been figuring, to his home at Derrynane which he inherited in 1825, when his Uncle Maurice, old "hunting cap," as he was called, passed away to the "happy hunting-ground" at the age of ninety-one. He made the old house suitable to his position, and enjoyed himself as a prince, and gave princely entertainment to his friends. He was enthusiastic about the scenery among which he had passed his boyhood, and loved to roam about with his guests, and to point out to them the cloud-capped mountains of Coomakisth and Kilcrohan, and climb with them to the Scholar's Cave, there to feast the eye on the sea in all its grandeur, and the ear with the unceasing and never-tiring chorus of the Atlantic.

He kept a large establishment during his visits to Derrynane, and the old retainers and their children and children's children flocked about him at home, like the sea-birds round a rock on the seashore, or as the multitude circled him on political occasions. He loved the music of the pack by day as well as he loved the music of the piper when the day's doings had closed, and the evening's merriment had commenced. At the head of his table, he showed to such advantage that one could scarcely think so wide a wealth of sunshiny nature could ever be transformed into stormy wrath. No word of political or religious significance was indulged in, that could suggest, much less indicate, a difference between host and guest. And like a true old boy as he was, he ever loved the society of the young and the fair. Florence MacCarty, who has written a poem for the Irish celebration of the Centennial, has described O'Connell at Derrynane in lines which I am sure you will be glad to hear:

"Where foams the white torrent and rushes the rill
Down the murmuring slopes of the echoing hill;
Where the eagle looks out from his cloud-crested crags,
And the caverns resound with the panting of stags;
Where the brow of the mountain is purple with heath,
And the mighty Atlantic rolls proudly beneath,
With the foam of its waves like the snowy Fenane,
Oh! this is the region of wild Derrynane.

"And who is the chief of this lofty domain?
Does a slave hold the land where a monarch might reign?
Oh! no, by St. Finbar, nor cowards, nor slaves
Could live in the sound of those free-dashing waves!
A chieftain, the greatest the world has e'er known—
Laurel his coronet, true hearts his throne;
Knowledge his sceptre, a nation his clan—
O'CONNELL, the chieftain of proud Derrynane.

"But here he is only the friend and the father,
Who from children's sweet lips truest wisdom can gather,
And seek from the large heart of nature to borrow
Rest for the present, and strength for the morrow.
Oh! who that e'er saw him with children about him,
And heard his soft tones of affection, could doubt him?

My life on the truth of the heart of that man
That throbs like the chieftain's of wild Derrynane."

Born in the year when America struck its first blow for freedom—a concidence he often alluded to as significant of his mission for Ireland—he died in the city of the discoverer on the 15th of May, 1847, the anniversary of his refusal of the oath in parliament —thus adding another historical memory to Genoa the Superb—the cradle of Christopher Columbus. He gave his body to Ireland which he inspired, his heart to Rome whose faith inspired him, and his soul to God, the Creator and eternal hope of both.

O'Connell owed everything to his eloquence; and if we are to measure its power by its results, he must be esteemed as not only one of the great orators of his day, but of all time. He may not have the special gifts by which orators, like poets and painters, are particularly distinguished. But he was not a special man, save in his devotion to his cause; in his power of utterance he was universal. Comparing him with all the orators of his time, French, English, Irish and American, it would seem that he will stand in a more easily recognizable position than any. If he had not the combined vehemence and imagination of Grattan, or the statuesque construction of Lord Plunkett, or did not exercise the philosophic care by which Burke built up his great oratorical fabrics, or possessed not the condensed frenzy of Curran, he had a power which was greater than all. He had that touch of nature which makes the whole world kin. When the cynical John Randolph of Roanoke heard him, he exclaimed; "These are the lips, and this is the tongue of human eloquence." And a splendid orator, Wendell Phillips, adds his more important and more welcome testimony to the position of O'Connell as an orator. Phillips has listened to the impressive solemnity of Webster, been delighted with the grace of Everett, dazzled with the rhetoric of Choate, he has felt the iron strength of the logic of Calhoun, and the magnetism of Henry Clay; it has also been his fortune to sit at the feet of the great speakers of the English tongue on the other side of the water; yet he says: "I think O'Connell's oratory blended into one harmonious whole the solemnity of Webster, the grace of Everett, the logic of Calhoun, and the magnetism of Clay. Nature seems to have intended him for a Demosthenes of our epoch."

But O'Connell as an orator cannot be judged by any rules of oratory, or any special phases or concomitants of it. As an orator he was Shakesperean, as he felt all moods, and inspired and voiced them. He was unlike any one who had gone before him—none who have followed are like him. As he imitated no one—he is himself inimitable.

His style is the absence of style as laid down by the schools. His school was formed on the feelings of the people with whom his own feelings seemed to have an electrical understanding. He spoke not so much to please himself as to suit the people, and by degrees he elevated his tone as he elevated them; and so the mutual understanding progressed until there was that identification between them which made him irresistible in their eyes, and made them the finest peasantry in the world in his. He thought less of the mere effect of oratory, than of his mission to be effected by it. He thought of his mission ever. It was the element in which he lived, moved and had a being, and he made everything tributary to it. Hence the desire to succeed supplied involuntarily his plan of speech, which was varied, copious or epigrammatic, to suit the exigencies of the occasion and his audience. Having caught their attention, he permeated them with his views and hopes, and then refracted back on them the lights and shadows of the passions and humors he had aroused, accompanying them with the additional points, appeals, innuendoes and suggestions which they had created in himself. He, so to speak, sounded his audience; and whether he found the element a summer sea, or a multitudinous force of wrath and tempest, he soon mastered its bosom and rode triumphant, seeming the smiling spirit of the sunshine, or the dangerous voice of the storm.

O'Connell never separated the triumph of religion from the triumph of liberty; and this feeling, not less than his early-developed love of nature, robed him as with perennial freshness during life, and supplied his imagination and his hopes with resources ever varied,

and with illustrations ever healthful and beautiful. The spirit of Freedom which inhabited the hills, was ever present to him. The brilliancy of the brooks and the babbling of mountain rills played through and gave a sparkle to his fancy. The deep gloom of the Atlantic storm coming inland sat upon his brow when brooding or oppressed. The caroling of the birds was with him in his pleasantry, and the shriek of the eagle roused his anger into action. When drawing comparisons or lessons from nature, he was always happy and felicitous, because he carried about with him so much of nature's bounty, that his tongue found no difficulty in translating her whisperings into language. As he himself said, the memory of the green vales and the fertile plains which filled his mind, "gladdened his fancy, and made his thoughts more sweet than the poet's dream." The unctuousness of his delivery, and the mellow lustre of his intonation on such occasions would alone have captivated his audience into harmonious vassalage to him, if the thoughts themselves, in their simple and poetic appositeness, did not seize on the sympathetic and anticipative imagination of his people. In such a mood the grand old hills enveloped in the evening clouds remind him of "Ireland in her sorrow;" and then again expanding in the sunshine of hope, he follows the spirit of Freedom, and exclaims: "I look at home, and I am not disheartened. I look abroad, and my spirit is exalted. From the coast of Labrador to where Cape Horn beholds two oceans commingle, Liberty is everywhere extending her dominion. Her voice is heard above the storm, and, like summer music in the heavens, gladdens the car of seven millions of Irishmen." Such a feeling to-day gladdens the hearts of more than seven millions of Irishmen in two hemispheres from the coast of Labrador to below Cape Horn to the Southern Cross—who are engaged as we are in commemorating the Centennial of this wonderful man—this tribune of orators and greatest orator of tribunes.

Let me, in conclusion, speak in the name of the thousands present—in the name of the venerable clergy—in the name of the Christian Brothers and Sisters of Charity who have charge of this noble Institution—in the name of the two thousand Catholic children who are the recipients of its care—and place the simple wreath I have, with so deep appreciation, however imperfectly, woven as our tribute, on the centennial monument—raised not only in brass and marble in his native land and here, but in the hearts of his countrymen and their descendants all over the world, in honor of Daniel O'Connell.

AN OLD LATIN POET.

The Boston correspondent of the *Springfield Republican*, in alluding to the admirable manner in which the Monthly Bulletin of the Boston Public Library—"the largest of American Libraries"—is annotated, recommends the form of cataloguing to other institutions of the kind, and contributes an interesting note by calling attention to the first edition, he believes, of the Latin poems of Matthew Casimir Sarbrewski, a Polish Jesuit, contemporary with Milton, and with whom Coleridge, who translated one of his odes, says: "If we except Lucretius and Statius, I know no Latin poet, ancient or modern, who has equalled Casimir in boldness of conception." The edition before me was printed in detestably small type, at Autwerp in 1634, and is dedicated to the learned pope, Urban VIII, who had patronized Casimir. It is a little book of 236 pages, bearing the imprimatur of the Society of Jesus in Lithuania, 1631, and of Philip IV of Spain, who gives Balthasar Moretus the copyright, 1632, for a period of seven years. The poems are strongly Horatian in form, though treating of Christian subjects, and are chiefly odes and epigrams. The writer thinks the poems do not deserve the high praise of Coleridge, any more than Vincent Bourne's poems, a century later, deserved Cowper's praise, who thought Bourne "a better Latin poet than Tibullus, Propertius, Ansonius, or any of the writers in *his* way, except Ovid, and not at all inferior to him." Dr. Watts also thought highly of Casimir, and translated (in his Horæ Lyricæ) several of the poems, or, rather, paraphrased them, for the translation is not very close. Of the "G. Hills," who, according to Coleridge, translated the whole of Casimir into English, the writer can learn nothing, and thinks it probably is meant for Aaron Hill.

THE RENAISSANCE.

BY THOMAS J. DUNPHY.

No task is dearer to the Catholic student than that of vindicating the now universally acknowledged claims of the eleventh, twelfth and thirteenth centuries, and over no annals does he more willingly linger than over those, which, when conscientiously studied, shed a halo of inaccessible light around the period which the adversaries of truth have shrouded in darkness. We will not, however, permit ourselves to be enticed by the allurements of the mediæval times. We will not lead you into any lengthy discussion on their beauty and importance. It is our simple purpose, in the brief time allotted to us, to endeavor to show that the Church during the revival of letters did not assume an attitude antagonistic to learning, nor was the grand revolt of the nations against the Church attributable to that revival.

The Renaissance was undeniably a period of intellectual beauty and splendor. With the rapidity of a northern spring all the flowers of literature blossomed and bloomed. Poets, orators, historians vied with each other in their efforts to rival the masterpieces of Greece and Rome. Nor was originality of conception and execution wanting. Europe, roused from its mental lethargy, awoke to perceive in its midst the edifice of learning suddenly springing up, like the palace of Aladdin, into imposing and magnificent proportions. But, alas! the misty spectre of error was weaving its incantations over this colossal structure. The pride of man, corrupting both mind and heart, begot the haughty spirit of Rationalism. Rushing like a tidal wave, unbridled freedom of thought, following in the train of unbounded license of passion, swept into shoals of Pantheism and unbelief every barque that had not by the aid of the beacon-light of faith steered clear of its dangerous current. We may remark by the way that the history of this period cannot be devoid of interest for us. Living as we do in a time when the educational problem has assumed a phase of highest importance, when its solution may produce great national results, the revival of letters will impress us more forcibly with the truth, that the mental training in all its branches must be based on healthy moral direction, and look for its guidance to religious principles.

This union of the moral with intellectual development has been from the beginning the doctrine and practice of the Catholic Church. In the glorious era which we are contemplating, the Church, true to her teachings, placed no obstacle in the way of the advancement of knowledge. In the twilight of her history, before the fall of the Turkish empire, we see her bursting the shackles of Roman tyranny, and arming for battle against ignorance, and returning triumphant from her conquests while untold victories graced her chariot wheels. Through the so-called "dark ages" the stream of learning, constantly augmented by the zeal of ecclesiastical institutions, flowed on in silence, but yet flowed on without interruption; the spark that otherwise would have been extinguished was kept alive by the children of the Church, till at last from a feeble glow it burst into a brilliant flame. Her devoted sons preserved traditions of value, and rescued art and literature from oblivion. What but a spirit of Catholic fervor first conceived and impressed upon canvas and marble those living, breathing forms of beauty which hold us spellbound after the lapse of so many centuries? What but the inspiration of faith blended those varied tints of beauty into models which surpassed in excellence all the ideals of Greece or Rome?

As in all times, so, during the revival the Catholic Church was the sun of literature sometimes eclipsed by a passing shadow, but

extending its brilliancy beyond the range of ordinary powers, and penetrating the recesses of the human heart. Nor was the power of the Church exercised less in promoting a pure literary taste, than in expanding the mind of man by deep philosophical thought. It is easy for us to talk flippantly now of the darkness of those benighted ages, and yet who would dare to say that the name alone of a St. Thomas would not clear from the impeachment the fortunate period that was blessed by his labors?

Though the impartial investigations of Protestant and even infidel historians have proved abundantly that the preceding ages were not ages of darkness, who is bold enough to assert that the enthusiastic response which greeted the efforts of the Church would not have made the age of Leo X the brightest in the history of literature and of the world, had the spirit of rationalism, despite the watchful energy of the Roman Pontiffs, persistently endeavored to apply the principles of Paganism to laws intrinsically opposed to them?

The Reformation followed the Renaissance; but not in consequence of that new birth of letters, much less through any fault on the part of the Church. For proof of what we have hitherto advanced, we have no time to refer to the pages of history. Testimony, more than amply sufficient, may be gathered from the pen of every writer, even of those who would have spent their last breath in calumniating and reviling our faith.

In those times sensuality held out its allurements—and for the mass the fascination was irresistible, religion was despised, and the guiding hand of the Church was cast off by those who devoted themselves exclusively to the study of the pagan letters. The result was fallacy. The most important study of the human mind became filled with error. The principles of philosophy and faith, once so harmonious, remained in unison no longer. Like two noble gladiators, friends by nature and country, they have been placed by wicked men in the arena of battle, and urged on ever since in the deadly conflict which shallow thinkers imagine must leave on the sands not a single survivor. In the spiritual world indifference to religion prevailed. The alluring flow of pagan letters sped rapidly on its mighty course, and nearly all the nations of Christendom drank deeply of its waters as they passed. The devotees of Petrarch and Boccaccio worshipped at the shrine of Homer and Virgil, but they excluded from their ritual everything based on the teachings of faith. Such, especially, was the condition of Italy when upon its shores there arrived from the heart of Germany a man clothed in the habit of a monk, whose desire for letters had prompted his journey to this home of science and of art. Luther returned to his native country, and there opened the floodgates of a rebellion which has been unprecedented in the whole history of the world. He fired the hearts of the disaffected, and, by an eloquence already tainted by the poison of rationalism and materialism, he attempted to subvert the very foundations of religion. Upon the Scriptures alone did he and his followers build their faith; and to-day Lutheranism and all Protestantism stands a living contradiction, denying as it does all revelation, yet trusting to that revelation for the validity of the book it pretends to revere.

It would not be difficult to maintain that this movement of pure rationalism, while perverting the use of learning, added no new idea to literature. Breathing a spirit cold and austere, it could not give birth to the sublime and beautiful. It was the Church that inspired the minds of men who studied beneath the shadows of her cross-crowned domes. It was she alone that enabled them to rise superior to nature and their passions, and to make the creations of their genius redolent of the higher atmosphere in which they spent their days.

The impulse given has not been weakened. Not only then, but, even now, painters, sculptors, architects and literati flock to Rome, the centre of genius and of learning, there to seek inspiration, heavenly in its essence, catholic in its spirit, and throbbing with all the traditional glories which crowned the old masterpieces in every department of literature and of art. When war disturbed the nations around her, even from the time of the Augustan age to that of the great revival, the Church garnered up the treasures of the human intellect, and preserved them through all the trials and vicissitudes of succeeding times.

It cannot be supposed that in a short discourse of this nature it is in our power to treat this subject in all its details, or in any of its details, completely. If, however, the question be asked, What was the part which the Church played in the literary drama of this age? we may reply that no question can be more easily answered, and none does greater honor to her patronage of letters. "It was the liberality of the Church that gathered around her every head that could devise, and every hand that could execute. Her spirit conferred immortality upon the genius of her children, and beneath the tender care of her Pontiffs the progress of elegant literature and of the fine arts was proportioned to that of public prosperity."

Such are the benefits that arise to the world when intellectual activity is directed by the teachings of an unerring guide on the dangerous pathway to the temple of knowledge. If, then, the so-called Reformation arose in consequence of the revival of letters, we may conclude from the conduct of the Church during that period and in previous and subsequent times, that Luther and his followers misunderstood the lofty mission of literature. Their efforts had no root in religious feeling. Pandering to the lusts of the masses, conniving at the rapine of princes, they arrayed themselves against truth, inaugurated a new era for the nations, who, falling from depth to depth, are now reaping the harvest of their revolt, and making of their sects another paganism which must result, if not in utter annihilation, at least in irreligion and despair.

THE PRESENTATION NUN.

By A. T.,—Ellicott City.

I.

Long may St. Vincent's daughters walk
  Like angels through the land,
And read a lesson to the world,
  Men needs must understand;
But no more lofty mission yet
  Hath minstrel ever sung
Than that with which our God hath charged
  The Presentation Nun.

II.

Men do not see her good works shine,
  And scruple not to say,
Her talent hid within the earth
  Can only rust away.
Her place is still beside the desk,
  Her labors in the school;
Her whole perfection twined about
  The one unvarying rule.

III.

But do men think that God is tired
  Of looking kindly down
On labors he alone has seen,
  And he alone shall crown?
Or do they think a less reward,
  His sated love to pay,
Because that patient drudgery
  Goes on from day to day?

IV.

From out his view they do not pass,
  Who crowd the schools to-day,
And thence to varying scenes and haunts
  Are swept or drawn away.
He knows what kept that soul so pure,
  Through black temptation's strife;
He knows what won the wanderer back
  To the fresh spring of Life.

V.

And yet another day shall dawn,
  And she shall know it too,
That meek-souled nun whose toils ne'er a—
  What good they yet might do;
Who saw His life of failure here,
  Who knew His death of shame,
Who never cared His cross to part
  Till she her crown could claim.

THE COMING HOME.

By Mary J. Hoffman.

"Well, yes, what *I* think, if you would rather use my name than your own."

There was an air of protective kindness about her as she said this. Yes, she might use her name if it gave offence: she was better able to bear it than that gentle, loving heart. Mr. Lester, glancing at the clock and saying something about its being "chore time," arose and went to the barn. Mrs. Lester arose and went back to her loom; she was weaving a briiliantly striped carpet for Phebe's new home. It was the very pattern of the one in the parlor, and would be almost like taking a bit of her old home with her. How hard she had worked that summer and fall, spinning, twisting and coloring it, and now she was putting the last touch to it by weaving it herself. No one but she had put a hand to it; she would not let them. Phebe, in looking at it, must feel that every part of it had been done by the one loving hand; though far away, it would be another link binding her to the olden time; another reminder of the old hearts that loved her so devotedly. No danger she would ever forget them. No, no, Phebe was not that sort. Mrs. Lester had to pause in the throwing of her shuttle to wipe away the tears that gathered and dimmed her keen eyes as she let her thought wander on to Phebe's future home.

Phebe, left alone in the kitchen, proceeded to get the evening meal. The roaring of the winds round the house, their sweeping over the snow-clad fields, called up the time when, a little girl, she had in the same old kitchen listened to them and watched the whirling snow and tried to get a glimpse of the sky. She remembered that she failed, that, let her look as sharp as she would, only a confused, blurred canopy, as unlike the calm blue sky of the summer before as it was possible to be, met her gaze. It was but one of the many days of her childhood that every now and then came up before her; and how minutely every little incident connected with it came back—her uncle stopping at the schoolhouse and taking her and her brother and sister home; the green silk hood lined with pink which she wore, the snug little green cloak with its two capes, and her white pink-dotted mittens fastened together with a long, thick, pink-dotted cord. Of the sullenness of her sister when they got home, and her brother's cheerful, helpful ways, Uncle Gilbert calling her his nimble little squirrel and gazelle-eyed rabbit. He had never seen a gazelle, but he had read of them, and insisted she had eyes exactly like them. Aunt Amy's term of endearment was "bright-winged snow-bird," referring to her pink and green suit. With what distinctness of outline the simple scene rose up before her: her aunt's welcoming smile as she came in from the sleigh, the supper she enjoyed so much, and the long evening after it that while she sat in her little chair, by the fireplace—that was before they got their stove—and knit on a striped mitten for her uncle, was rendered solemn and impressive from the storm anthem of the winter king.

But what had that past, with its white-winged memories, to do with her present, her future? Why did it haunt her so? Rufus did not belong to it, he had nothing to do with it; it was only three years since he came to the place, now he had left it, and would probably never again be a resident there. The far-off West claimed him, and soon would claim her too; as he was to be master, so she would be mistress of the home they were to build up. *They?* Yes, for she was not to be an idle gazer-on; she was to do her part, and do it bravely and cheerfully. Aunt Amy, with her worrying temper, was

afraid he was going to attempt too much, and would in consequence fail; but she had no misgiving. Her hope did not in the least falter; her trust in him knew no bounds. Aunt Amy did not dream of the extent of his abilities; even Uncle Gilbert, whose appreciative powers were on the whole as great as she ever saw in any one,—were in truth about twice as great as any two need have, was far from knowing all his worth. As to the Hernes, with all her good-nature, she could hardly put up with their hateful, fault-finding remarks. They judges of character, when they said he was only a conceited, ill-mannered, hard-hearted piece of selfishness! They knew him, and pitied her blindness, and were indignant at Uncle Gilbert's and Aunt Amy's stupidity. Yes, actually had the audacity to pronounce her blind and their aunt and uncle stupid—went even farther, and called them all fools to see anything in Rufus Deanwood but the most unqualified rudeness and the most intense and shameless selfishness. As to abilities, they would not own he had any but the gift to make the most of himself at the expense and exertion of somebody else. For, with the rest of their cruel injustice, they declared him none too fond of work. No wonder she had stopped going to Uncle Herne's, and when she wanted a little change, ran over to Aunt Olive's. She was very silent about Rufus, but then she was careful not to speak harsh of any one, however deserving, and, of course, she did not, and could not, have anything to say against him. She never extolled him, but that was not because she was so miserably blinded as the Hernes. She was not one to rush to extremes in praising up or running down; she was very discreet. Phebe liked her, and felt she was one to be depended upon. How she longed to show her Rufus's letter, and watch her dear, grave countenance as she read it. She would surely run over and see her the next day. Tilda was with her, and had been with her for a week past. The pain in her side, aggravated by a cold, troubled her so much that Aunt Amy thought she ought to have Tilda home to help her. She would send Tilda back to Aunt Amy, and stay a few days with her herself. There was a strange restlessness over her; Aunt Olive's patient face, and sweet, gentle voice would quiet and do her good, while she on her part could do more to help her and lighten her burden than a child like Tilda. When Mr. and Mrs. Lester had eaten their supper, and were resting from the labors of the day, she laid the matter before them, and they cordially gave their consent.

CHAPTER VII.

The next day it snowed continuously. The heavy flakes came down with a quiet persistency, and lay like a soft downy quilt over the fields and meadows, and covered the tracks in the road. A smooth, unbroken surface they left on field, meadow and highway. By and by Phebe knew the winds would congregate from all quarters, and then what a grand carnival they would have, clearing the fences, trees and every board and projecting bit of cornice of its load, and piling up the feathery particles against the old snow banks or drifts; making them higher, broader, sharper, and more imposing in every way than ever. Phebe was so glad to go to Aunt Olive's; she felt if she did not go that day, it might be a week and even longer before she would see her; for if the wind rose as it certainly would, there would be no getting out till after the storm passed, and the great piles of snow had been cleared away.

It was with a joyous little laugh she shook the snow from her cloak, and looking round Aunt Olive's neat, comfortable kitchen, exclaimed:

"O Aunt Olive! I am so glad to see you, and you did not expect me?"

"No, dear, I did not, but you know for all that you are welcome. Gilbert, won't you sit down?" She brought up a chair to the stove.

"No, Olive, I have got to be back. Where is Tilda? I must take her back with me. You still continue better?"

"Yes, thank God, I am much better. Tilda is in the front room. She saw you as you drove up, and ran for her cloak and hood."

"She knew Amy and I would want her."

"Yes, as Phebe was with you, she felt you would not want to go back without her."

"She was right, I don't. Amy would be disappointed if I did not bring her back with me. And here she is," he exclaimed, as, all ready for the ride, she made her appearance. "And you are glad to come with me?" he added, noticing the bright glow on her cheek.

"Yes, uncle," she answered, "mother is so much better she can spare me. And as Phebe is going to stay with her, she won't be alone. How long, Phebe, will you be with her?"

"A whole week."

"This is indeed a favor. I know how mother likes to have you with her, and what a pleasant time you will have." She stepped up to her, kissed her, kissed her mother, Willie and her two sisters, and then followed her uncle to the sleigh. Mrs. Martin from the window watched her brother settle the grave litle Tilda in the sleigh, wrap the robes about her and seat himself beside her, then she glanced round the kitchen and into the bedroom, and as she noted their comforts, and thought of her well-filled pantry and the ample supply of wood in the woodhouse, her eyes filled.

"God bless him, and God bless Amy for their thoughtful kindness to the widow and fatherless," she fervently exclaimed, coming up to the stove.

Phebe, in her old-fashioned, well padded and very easy chair, was holding out her hands to the cheering warmth.

"With this big storm coming on," she said, "it is, dear Aunt Olive, a great mercy you have everything to make you comfortable. And how nice your place looks. Who would think with a few rolls of paper on the walls, and plain white curtains to the windows, and the rag carpet, and the blacked stove, and old chairs, table and stands freshly painted and polished, that the old house could be made so cosy and homelike?"

"I often look around me and think the same," Mrs. Martin said, sitting down to her sewing. The little girls and Willie, gentle, quiet children that they were, gravely amused themselves with their playthings, while they industriously munched a great red apple apiece; Willie every little while coming up to Phebe and his mother, and reaching up the apple in his chubby fist for them to take a bite; and they humored him with the belief that they did, by just putting their lips to it. Phebe wanted to tell about Rufus's letter; she had come for that very purpose, but now that she was there, she shrank from it with a shy, strange, and to her altogether new feeling. She had been so open with her dear Aunt Olive, and her mind was so full of the one theme, that, in spite of her sudden embarrassment in her gentle presence, she attempted once or twice to broach the subject, but her cheeks burned, her hands trembled, and her words drifted from her. At last it was Mrs. Martin herself that in her sweet sympathizing voice said:

"Gilbert told me when he called yesterday that he had a letter for you from Mr. Deanwood. I hope he is well."

"Yes, Aunt Olive, he is well."

"And why did he not write before?"

"Because he was busy looking up a new place." She took the letter from her pocket, opened it, and laid it on her lap.

"Read it," she said, "and tell me how you like it."

As Mrs. Martin perused it, she was conscious a pair of bright, searching eyes were intently fastened upon her, and whatever she felt, an impassible calmness rested on every feature. With an even, silvery voice she asked on finishing it,

"And what does Gilbert think of his taking this new place?"

"Oh, he likes the idea, but Aunt Amy is not at all pleased with it." Then she went on and told her the reason of her objection, and ended by saying: "But you know, Aunt Olive, though one of the best and truest-hearted creatures in the world, Aunt Amy is not apt to take hopeful views of any new thing."

"Did she at first like Rufus?"

"No, indeed. If you believe me, she did not at first like him any better than Uncle Herne himself; but as she got used to him, she learned to have a better opinion of him. So I am in hope she will in the end change her mind about this new place too."

"But if she should not?"

"Why then, Aunt Olive, I trust she w

have the kindness to keep her dislike of it to herself; for I would not have Rufus on his return in the spring embittered by any fault-finding on her part."

"I think, my dear, you need have no fears on that hand. Amy loves you too much to mar the pleasure of your last days at home by any such thing."

"Indeed she does. I know it too well to fear. Aunt Amy may be very sharp when she likes, but with her sharpness she is always thoughtfully kind."

Then she told her of her advice about answering his letter. After that her tongue rambled on as it generally did about her new duties. Rufus, and Rufus's home, his tastes, his ways, his excellence, were dwelt upon till only to a patient listener like dear, kind Aunt Olive, it would have been to the last degree intolerable. But to Phebe Rufus was the most pleasant of subjects, and in her enthusiasm she failed to see how pale her auditor grew; and as the hours wore on, and she rose from her sewing to prepare the dinner, how haggard and worn she looked. The dinner over, Phebe cleared the table, tidied the room, rocked Willie to sleep, and then to her sewing again. Aunt Olive was surprised at her readiness with her needle, but then what was there in the way of making home and its inmates comfortable, she was not ready at?

That evening the wind which had been pretty active during the latter part of the day, shrieked and howled madly round the house. The cold grew intense; the widow lighted candles, put more wood in the stove, drew up the stand, got some rosy-cheeked apples which she knew Phebe and the children would like, thinking all the time how merciful our dear Lord had been to her and her fatherless ones, and how soothing and strengthening the thoughtful kindness and generous sympathy of her brother and his wife were. Strangers to her holy faith, how faithfully they carried out its lessons. And Phebe, in the midst of her pure love and innocent hopes, how respectfully she always referred to Aunt Olive's religion, and how many times she paused in her calculations for the future, and dear little confidences to make inquiries about it, and comment in her simple, warm-hearted way on its wonderful power of comforting and strengthening one under the direst affliction. It was not long before this power particularly attracted her notice.

Before she left the widow she answered Rufus's letter, but she did not mail it till her return home, so her uncle and aunt could read it. She wanted Aunt Amy to see how careful she was to say nothing discouraging, and Aunt Amy did see it, approved of it, and determined in her heart to act upon the hint so delicately given. After the letter, came another time of waiting. The weeks passed, and no answer; months glided by, winter gave place to spring, still not a line, not a word came. Phebe at first made one loving excuse after another for his silence; but as the weeks and months passed and she still heard nothing from him, nothing from even the second letter she in her anxiety wrote to him, her excuses failed her. Aunt Amy and Uncle Gilbert were at first annoyed at his remissness; nothing more than annoyed, because they attributed it to the carelessness of one intent on his business of getting along. He did not realize how Phebe shut up in her home would worry, and how important to her peace of mind a few lines were. He knew he had left her in good hands, that she would be true to him; and easy in his own mind, he kept the object that parted them for the time in sight, and labored on with all his might. But, as the spring advanced and still no tidings, their feelings changed. Fear came over them. Not the fear that he had forgotten Phebe and his sacred engagement—they had no fear of that, but that something had happened to him; he was sick, he had met with some accident, may be he was dead. But why then did not his brother write to them and let them know it? May be he had written, and not knowing their exact address, his letter had gone astray. Any way Uncle Gilbert would write to him. The suspense poor Phebe was in was wearing away her life; she had grown pale, hollow-eyed and thin. From the first, with an unwonted silence she had borne her disappointment. When after repeated callings at the post-office and no letter came, her face no longer flushed, and then grew deadly pale as her uncle returned from the village empty-

handed: the flush had ceased, the deadly paleness alone remained. Her voice, it was noticed, had grown faint and weak, but her eyes, hollow though they were, never were so bright. Sometimes the light in them was almost fierce, and again tender and gentle in its luminous softness. Her little confidences to dear Aunt Olive died away. She ceased to mention Rufus's name, and never referred to the new duties about to devolve upon her. Her things were all made, but she put them away out of sight, and never seemed to think or care about them. She no longer called on the Hernes, and when they called to see her, acted annoyed, and could find little or nothing to say to them. As to the other neighbors, she neither shunned nor sought their society; when she met them she tried to receive them in her old, bright, joyous way, but her laughter had in its ring a hollow mockery, her words a dash of bitterness that seemed to spring more from temper than from deep, consuming grief. Free as they had been in their good-natured, bantering remarks, they now were very careful never to refer to her wedding, and in her presence seemed utterly to have forgotten that such a being as Rufus Deanwood ever existed. Behind her back they openly expressed their opinion of Rufus Deanwood: it was far from flattering to him, or despairing for Phebe. She was all right; they liked to see the flash of her eye, and hear the sharp, stinging tones of her voice; pale and haggard as she looked, she was not going to sink down weak and spiritless under the blow. She was, as it was natural she should be, a little shocked, but she would get over it and be none the worse. And the dear old ladies, that thought themselves so wise, recounted several incidents of their own knowing, proving the truth of their assertion. There was nothing light or frivolous about her, she was no weak, vapid sentimentalist; she was sensible, she was strong. And they were right in thinking her strong. She was strong, stronger than they dreamed, so strong that sorrow took with her almost the form of madness. It would hardly have been suspected in one so gentle, but the tide of bitterness that rolled over her spirit at times brought with it a wildness that made sleep flee from her eyes, weariness from her limbs, and gave her fancies and strange thoughts that were far more soul-crushing than the fear that her affections were slighted, and the sacred promises made to her, and which she had fondly trusted, coldly forgotten.

When her Uncle Gilbert got a letter from Adelbert Deanwood in answer to his own, and learned from it that Rufus was well and settled and would not return, was in fact married to his (Adelbert's) wife's sister, Phebe heard the news without comment. She grew deadly pale and large drops stood on her brow, but not a word fell from her lips. Her silence pained Mr. and Mrs. Lester more than tears and sobs. It seemed so unnatural, so unlike her old self. After that it was noticed she staid mostly in her own room; she could tolerate the presence of no one but Tilda. The dear child's thoughtful kindness and gentle, endearing ways, the sweet tones of her voice, the loving beam of her eye, and above all, her deep, earnest and unobtrusive piety, made her a blessing to Phebe in her sore affliction. As soon as the morning's work was done with Tilda she at once ascended to her room, and betook herself with all assiduity to the knitting of conforters for the neck, tidies and lamp mats—not for herself or Aunt Amy, for they both had a full, over-abundant supply—but for the widow and some other friends. The family sewing was done: the work of the house did not take all or near all the time, but left a good while of leisure on her hands. This leisure must be filled up; in her present need she must have something to keep her busy, so dear, shrewd Aunt Amy became aware that Mrs. Martin could not possibly get along without these very convenient articles, and Phebe was set to manufacturing them. Mrs. Lester showed the greatest anxiety about them; so much so indeed that she had no thought about anything else. Rufus Deanwood's name seemed forgotten; it was never mentioned. Phebe's disappointment was of small moment compared to the tidies, comforters, etc., which Mrs. Martin and the dear old Widow Whitman stood in such need of. If Phebe appreciated her kind motives she made no sign, but passively accepted the task as if her very life depended upon it. There were

times when she would pause and watch Tilda's movements with a grave, pensive air. If Tilda addressed her she answered in a hushed voice, as if speaking in the presence of the dead. Never a tear dimmed the brightness of her eye, and hard as she worked, and fast as she progressed, never a look of weariness stole over her face. Only one expression was there, an awestruck loneliness. One day, however, there was a change. It was a beautiful afternoon; light, fleecy clouds floated over the deep blue of the sky, the sunshine streamed through the open window, and the fragrant breeze gently rustled the curtains, and stirred the masses of worsted lying on the table. Tilda on the stool at her feet was telling her of just such a day when the clouds and the sky and the breeze seemed the very same, and she sat at the bedside of her father, and read to him out of the dear little book her mother loved so much, "The Way of the Cross."

At first Phebe listened vacantly as was her wont, then an interest in the child's words shone in her face, question after question fell from her lips till bending forward she caught her in her arms, and wept over her as if her heart would break. When Tilda told her mother of the incident, she raised her eyes and thanked God for the timely relief. After that, though the tears were laid aside, questions were kept up. Why did Tilda have the little crucifix hung just at the foot of her bed every night? So she could see it the last thing at night and the first in the morning. Why did she take it down every morning and put it in her pocket? So she could be sure it was always with her wherever she was. She loved it? Oh yes, more than words could tell. Why? Because it reminded her of how much our dear Saviour loved her. He loved her unto death, unto the bitter death of the cross. And did He love her, Phebe, too? To be sure he did. She tried to be good, and He loved every one that tried. Then turning from the dear child, she dropped her knitting, and opened one of Aunt Olive's books lying on the table. It happened to be one treating of the passion of our dear Lord. She read of the last supper, the prayer in the garden, the betrayal by Judas, the scourging and crowning of thorns, the carrying of the cross and the death thereon, and bowing her head she wept aloud over the agonies of the Man-God dying for the redemption of a fallen world. From that day it seemed the chain that fastened her to her room was broken. Again she sought the widow's abode, again her tongue was loosened to pour into her patient ears the loving, tender and chastened thoughts that filled her soul.

CHAP. VIII.

As the summer deepened into the fall, a still greater change was in store for Phebe. Mrs. McCorbin, the youngest sister of Edward Martin, after a long and weary search learned the whereabouts of his widow and children and came to visit them. She wanted them back with her to her home, but to this proposal neither Mr. nor Mrs. Lester would for a moment listen. Olive and her little ones would be well cared for; she need have no fears. With Mrs. McCorbin she might see more of the grandeur of life, for Mrs. McCorbin was wealthy and the mistress of an elegant home, but now that Olive was settled among them, they could not bear to give her up. Who knew how much good she might do them! Already they were beginning to feel so different about her religion; they never were bigoted, never had any especial dislike to the Catholic Church, they thought it pretty much the same as others around them; but since Olive came among them they could see a difference, their hearts were warming to it. No, she must not leave them; Mrs. McCorbin must be satisfied with taking one of the little girls, and if she wished it, Phebe might for a while be with her. They thought the change would do her good. Mrs. McCorbin was sure it would, and unable to get the widow and all her children, she gladly took Phebe and the youngest little girl back with her. Two years sped quickly on, years of trial and triumph to Phebe. She struggled bravely with the grief that still rankled in her heart, and at last cast it out root and branch. Rufus Deanwood was forgotten, or, if remembered still, remembered with a feeling of surprise

that she had ever cared for one so utterly selfish. Her eyes were open; she did not wonder the Hernes had never liked him, and were loud-mouthed in their disapproval of the match. What an escape she had made, and how truly grateful she was for it. What blessings had been showered upon her. She was now a member of the one true Church, her dear Aunt Amy and Uncle Gilbert were no longer attending different churches; they both went to one, and that one her own, Aunt Olive's and dear, precious little Tilda's. Aunt Olive's coming home was the coming home of them all. They were no longer outside the Fold, they were kindly gathered in, and experienced a peace and security they had never before known.

It was at the close of a mild October day when a carriage stopped before Mr. Lester's door, and a young lady and a gentleman alighted. In the elegance and grace of the young lady Aunt Amy and Uncle Gilbert at the first did not know her. But when she rushed to them and seized Mr. Lester's two hands in her own, and suddenly dropping them, threw her arms round Mrs. Lester's neck, they knew her. It was Phebe, their beloved Phebe. But how changed she was, how grand and beautiful she looked.

"I declare," Mr. Lester exclaimed, admiringly resting his eyes upon her, "it hardly seems possible this splendid lady can be our own dear Phebe."

"It is no one else, uncle," she laughingly answered, "and now allow me to introduce to you and Aunt Amy Mr. McCorbin, a nephew of the Mr. and Mrs. McCorbin I have been staying with."

They bowed and shook hands, and then led the way into the house. Phebe was in such a flutter of joyous excitement she could hardly sit still a moment. Tilda had grown so she would not have known her only for the sweet, restful calm of her face. In that was no change, in that she was her old dear self. It was the same with Mrs. Martin, who now lived altogether at her brother's. She had grown older, her hair was more silvery, her brow more deeply lined, but there was a restful peace in her whole bearing, and Aunt Amy and Uncle Gilbert, though older too, how happy *they* looked. Oh, she was so glad to be with them again, if it was only for a little while.

"But surely," said Mrs. Lester, "you don't think of leaving us again."

"Dear Aunt Amy, I can only stay a week with you, then I must be back."

Her aunt and uncle looked at her with open-mouthed astonishment. "Only a week!" they both exclaimed.

"That is all, and now let us have some supper. I see the table is set, the meal ready."

She hastily removed her hat and scarf, and led the way to the dining-room. Mr. McCorbin stayed with heriduring her short visit, and won for himself golden opinions on all sides. Every one liked him; he was so courteous, so intelligent, and devoted to Phebe. In one little month they were to be married, and what a contrast he was to the rude, selfish and sullen Rufus Deanwood. No one was more sincerely glad of her escape than dear Aunt Olive, and no one was more rejoiced at the brighter prospects opening before her. The Hernes, that had by their outspokenness offended Phebe in the past, had now their remarks to make.

"I say, Phebe," the eldest son observed, one evening he and his whole family were at Mr. Lester's, "don't you think we were about right in our dislike to that black-hearted Rufus Deanwood?"

It was not perhaps very delicate to refer her to that time. It would certainly have been kinder totally to ignore it; but they were not over-sensitive themselves, and did not particularly care whether they wounded her feelings or not. They remembered how ungraciously she took their remarks, made in all kindness and affection, and they wanted her to own the justice of their dislike, and apologize for the resentment she foolishly showed thereat. A flush spread over her face, and she cast a troubled glance at dear, faithful Aunt Olive.

"I think," Aunt Olive answered, coming to her aid, "that she feels it as keenly as you possibly can."

"A great deal *more* keenly, Aunt Olive," was heedlessly returned, "for if she had married him, what a life she would have led. We would not have suffered for her folly, but what peace or happiness would she have ever known? She was terribly angry at us then, but now she should be just enough to

own that our opinion was right, and our hints, if broadly given, at least prompted by the kindest motives."

"I do own it," she answered in the low, subdued tones of deep feeling, "I do own it, and feel truly grateful for your kindness."

"Think no more of it," was instantly and generously returned, "let us henceforth be friends."

He extended his hand, it was warmly seized, and the hurt feelings of the past were buried out of sight forever. The week passed, Phebe returned to Mrs. McCorbin's. In a month came the wedding, to which the widow, Aunt Amy, Uncle Gilbert and the Hernes were invited. They went, and had the happiness of being present at a marriage that promised much happiness to all concerned. The things Aunt Amy and Uncle Gilbert had lovingly prepared for Phebe, were not needed in the elegant home she was called to preside over. A few of them, out of affection and gratitude, were accepted, and the rest were carefully laid aside for Tilda. A happy escape had Phebe made, and the widow's coming home had proved the joyous coming home of the whole family.

AMERICAN OFFICERS IN EGYPT.

In alluding to letters from Egypt of late date giving very encouraging accounts of the progress making by the Khedive's officers in exploring and opening up the interior of Africa, the London *News* makes mention of some American officers, which will be read with interest. It says Col. Long, the young American officer who made himself so famous by his daring and successful expedition to M'tesa, and who has since made other equally successful explorations, has returned to Cairo, bringing back five natives of different tribes, together with many curious war weapons and implements, showing the different degrees of civilization attained. He gives a most graphic account of his adventures and discoveries, and may be expected soon in Europe to make preparations for other explorations which are to be intrusted to him, to penetrate farther into the heart of Africa under the Khedive's auspices. Seven steamers now ply between Khartoum and Ragaff, above which the rapids render the Nile unnavigable. The distance between Khartoum and Gordon's headquarters is more than one thousand miles. He has established lines of post so as to keep his communication open, and has made peace with the tribes with whom Baker was at war, adroitly availing himself of Abon Saood (Baker's *bete noir*) in the first place, and then dismissing him, thus checking the slave trade most effectually by turning its instruments to other uses. Col. Purdy, an American officer in the Khedive's service, has reached the capital of Darfur, and reports that there is plenty of water in the Nile between that point and the point of his departure, so that the obstacle which baffled Baker seems no longer to exist. Col. Colston, also an American officer, is pushing on probably into the interior by another route; while Mitchell, the geologist of the Gordon expedition, who is not far from Kennar, between the Nile and the Red Sea, has discovered two gold mines, formerly worked in ancient times, the shafts still open. He reports that, with modern appliances, one of these shafts could be successfully and profitably worked.

FAMOUS MEMORIES OF THE MONTH.

A GREAT SEA-FIGHT IN A NEUTRAL PORT.

In our article on the Battle of New Orleans* we made brief allusion to the famous naval fight in the harbor of Fayal, which, according to our historians, had a most important effect on Jackson's victory. As that fight took place in September, 1814, it affords us an opportunity, in connection with our historical series, of giving a narrative of its causes, as well as a description of the exciting scene itself from an able pen.

On the 26th day of September, 1814, was fought one of the most desperate, heroic, and romantic sea-fights that ever took place: the battle of the privateer brig *General Armstrong*, with a British fleet, at Fayal, one of the Azores or Western Islands, in mid Atlantic, between the American and European coasts. It was a most befitting battle-ground for such a conflict.

The *Armstrong* was a small brigantine, of only two hundred and forty-six tons, carrying but seven guns and a crew of only ninety men, all told, including officers. She was commanded by Captain Sam. C. Reid, a young officer who had been a midshipman under Commodore Truxton. She left the port of New York on the 9th September, on a cruise, and on the morning of the 26th September ran into the port of Fayal, belonging to the Portuguese government, for water.

Capt. Reid had dined that day with the American consul, Mr. John B. Dabney, who, with a number of other gentlemen, returned with him on board his vessel. Towards sundown, the British brig-of-war *Carnation*, of eighteen guns, hove in sight, stood up the harbor, and anchored within half cable's length of the *Armstrong*. Soon after the frigate *Rota*, of forty-four guns, and the ship-of-the-line *Plantagenet*, of seventy-four guns, came to anchor in the roads. Admiral Lloyd, who commanded the fleet, had previously been informed by the pilot that the *Armstrong* was in the harbor, and he at once determined upon her capture. The brig *Carnation* immediately began signalizing with the fleet, threw out four large launches, or boats, and commenced passing arms into them. All these movements could be seen, and the orders given were distinctly heard on board the *Armstrong*. At the same time the British brig made every preparation to intercept the privateer, should she attempt to escape. Although Capt. Reid had been assured of the perfect safety of his vessel by the American consul, being in a neutral port, he now felt certain, from the manœuvres of the fleet and the preparations going on, that there would be trouble, and he accordingly told the gentlemen that they had better go on shore. After their departure a council was held among the officers of the *Armstrong*, and it was first suggested that they should make an effort to get out to sea; but the wind being very light, it was determined to haul close in under the guns of the castle for protection.

Capt. Reid immediately gave secret orders to clear the decks for action, and cautioned the crew to make as little noise as possible. He then cut his cable, got out sweeps, and commenced pulling in shore to the castle. The *Carnation* immediately dropped her topsails and made sail, to prevent the privateer from going out of the harbor should she attempt it, while the boats, which were lying alongside, were ordered in chase of the *Armstrong*. It was now about 8 o'clock in the evening. The moon, which was near its full, was gradually rising, and silver-sprinkling with its beams the beautiful bay, while not a ripple broke the stillness of the glittering surface, save the splash of the oars of the four

* "Famous Memories," January.

large launches, well armed, carrying about forty men each, which were pulling swiftly towards the privateer. Capt. Reid immediately ceased pulling to the shore, let go an anchor, and got springs on his cable so as to bring the vessel broadside to the enemy.

At this time one of the large launches, which was considerably in the advance, pulled up under the stern of the *Armstrong*, when Capt. Reid, with speaking-trumpet in hand, being in his shirt-sleeves, and all hands at quarters, hailed the boat three times. No answer was returned except by one of the sailors, who asked in a gruff voice what was the matter. The officer replied, "Make no answer, sir—pull away, my lads," at the next moment the word was given "to toss oars," and with their boathooks they hauled alongside under the port quarter of the privateer. The officer in the boat then cried out, "Fire and board, my lads," and as the men rose from their seats, Capt. Reid instantly gave the word to his marines to fire, which was almost simultaneous on the part of both. One man on board the privateer was instantly killed, and the first lieutenant, Fred. A. Worth, a brother of the late Gen. Worth, of the United States army, was wounded. The men in the boat were severely cut up, and they cried out for quarter, while the other three boats, pulling up at full speed on the starboard side, immediately opened their fire. They were received with a full broadside of grape and canister, which was followed by the shrieks and groans of the wounded and dying. A fierce struggle now ensued, in which the enemy made a desperate attempt to board; but staggered and appalled by the galling fire of the privateer, they cried out for quarter, and the boats pulled off in a sinking condition, with great loss, Capt. Reid refusing to take them prisoners.

The *Gen. Armstrong* then weighed anchor and pulled in towards the shore, about half pistol shot from the castle, where she was moored head and stern near the beach, with her port side next to the shore. The *Carnation*, in the meanwhile, sailed down to the fleet, and it was soon evident that they had determined on a more formidable attack. The American consul at this time had written a note to the Portuguese governor, demanding protection for the privateer, but the governor simply despatched a note to Admiral Lloyd, requesting him to abstain from further hostilities. To this note Lloyd replied that as the Americans had first fired into one of their boats, without any provocation, he now determined to take the privateer at all hazards, and if protection was afforded her, he would fire into the town.

About 9 P. M., the wind having breezed up, the enemy's brig was observed standing in with a large fleet of boats in tow, numbering fourteen, and carrying between forty and fifty men each. When within gunshot, the boats cast off from the brig, and took their stations in three divisions under cover of a small reef or island of rocks, within musket-shot of the privateer. The brig kept under weigh to act with the boats, in case the privateer attempted to escape. In the meantime terror and consternation had spread through the town. The windows of the houses nearest the scene were filled with women, and the whole shore was crowded with the inhabitants, awaiting with intense excitement and breathless expectation the coming attack. There lay the little American brig, with her tall, tapering spars, sleeping on the moonlit waters as quiet and as peaceful as an overwearied child. There she lay, like the apparition of a phantom ship; not a movement was to be seen, not a sound was heard to break the stillness of her decks, and seemingly deserted, from the deathlike silence which prevailed. Notwithstanding, Capt. Reid had made every preparation to receive the enemy on all sides, and his crew were then lying concealed at their quarters. In this position the belligerents remained for nearly three hours, watching each other with painful interest. When it is considered that the crew of the *Armstrong* had nothing to gain, and had no motive for remaining by their vessel but the defence of their country's honor; when they saw the terrible odds that opposed them, and which threatened a fearful retribution, with no hope of reward except death for the defence of the American flag, while a leap to the shore held out to them the inducement of safety, it is remarkable that they stood so firm, and their wonderful discipline may be imagined.

At length, at midnight, the enemy seemed

resolved upon the attack, and the boats were observed in motion. Instead of approaching by divisions, as Capt. Reid expected, they came on in solid column in a direct line. When about twenty-five yards off, Capt. Reid ordered his men to stand by after the fire, to run in the guns and lash in the ports, in order to prevent the enemy from getting through the port-holes on boarding, as they would not have time to reload the guns before the enemy would be alongside. The men were then cautioned to wait for the word, and to be sure of their object. The "Long Tom," a heavy forty-eight pounder, placed on a pivot amidships, was sighted with fearful accuracy. On came the British boats with undaunted intrepidity, when they were again hailed by Capt. Reid, but no answer was returned. The fatal command was then given, and a tremendous fire was opened on the enemy, the thunder and crash of which broke the charmed stillness of the before quiet midnight scene. Reeling back and recoiling from the missiles of death, they warmly returned the fire, remanned their oars, and giving three cheers, came on most spiritedly. The crew of the privateer asked if they should return the cheer. "No," replied Capt. Reid; "no cheering until we have gained a victory." In a moment they succeeded in gaining the bow and starboard quarter of the *Armstrong*. The cry of the officers commanding the boats was, "Up and board, my lads—give the enemy no quarter!" At the same instant they opened a terrific fire with carronades, swivels, blunderbusses and musketry. They were gallantly met by the crew of the privateer in their black leather boarding-caps strapped with iron, looking like demons, with boarding-pikes, muskets, battle-axes, pistols and cutlasses. The vessel soon became one broad sheet of fire, the red glare of which strangely contrasted with the brilliant light of the moon, now riding high in mid-heaven. Shrieks and yells, orders and oaths amid the clang of sabres, were heard on both sides through the din and roar of the musketry. Again and again the enemy, led by their officers, attempted to gain the decks of the privateer, but were repulsed at all times with immense loss. The battle now raged with the greatest fury. The Americans fought with the desperation of fiends. Making a last desperate effort to board, the enemy gained the spritsail-yard and bowsprit of the privateer, and were pressing their way to her decks, when the American sailors, wielding their battle-axes with the skill and might of knights of old, drove back England's best and bravest men with terrible slaughter. The second lieutenant of the *Armstrong*, Mr. Alex. O. Williams, was killed at this moment, while gallantly leading on his forward division; and the third lieutenant, Mr. Robert Johnson, also fell dangerously wounded. At the same instant, Capt. Reid, who commanded the after division, was engaged beating off two large launches, the men and officers of which had succeeded in climbing up the sides of the privateer. One of the latter, the first lieutenant of the *Plantagenet*, had engaged Capt. Reid in a hand-to-hand fight with cutlasses, and once or twice came near overpowering him. Capt. Reid, being left-handed, used his right in firing pistols, which the powder-boys handed him, while he continued to fight with the British lieutenant with his left hand, disdaining to shoot down his adversary. At last the British lieutenant, making a feint, brought down a desperate blow, which Capt. Reid had just time to break the force of. It cut him slightly across the head, and nearly severed his thumb and forefinger. Before the Englishman could recover, Capt. Reid struck him down, and he fell back a corpse into the boat.

It was at this critical juncture that Capt. Reid was informed of the death of his second lieutenant, and that his third lieutenant was badly wounded. Having succeeded in beating the boats off the quarter, and thus being left the only officer on the deck, he perceived that the fire had slackened on the forecastle. At once rallying the whole of the after division, they rushed forward with a shout, and opened a fresh fire, while he ordered the forward division to heave cold shot into the boats and sink them, as those men were out of cartridges. The enemy, appalled with consternation and dismay, fell back to their boats and retreated, when Capt. Reid bringing the Long Tom to bear upon them, fired the gun himself,—which flew off the carriage,—doing fearful destruction, and ending in the total

defeat of the British. Then it was that Capt. Reid cried out, "Now is the time, my boys, to cheer:" and three wild, enthusiastic cheers reëchoed over the bay from shore to shore. The Americans among the crowd on the beach hailed the privateer, and asked if Capt. Reid was safe, and being answered in the affirmative, gave three tremendous cheers in return.

The scene which now presented itself was one of indescribable horror. The silvered waters of the bay were crimsoned with blood. Dark forms of numerous dead bodies floated around on every side, while the groans and death shrieks of the wounded struggling around the boats pierced the very air. Many of the boats had been sunk. Two large launches belonging to the frigate *Rota* lay alongside the privateer, with two other boats, literally loaded with their own dead. In a boat belonging to the *Plantagenet* all were killed saved four. In another boat which had contained fifty souls, but one solitary officer escaped, and he was wounded. Four boats floated ashore full of dead bodies. Some of the boats were left with but a single man, while others had but three or four to row them. The termination was nearly a total massacre. This action lasted about forty minutes. The English force, estimating forty men to a boat, was about five hundred and sixty men. The English themselves acknowledged a loss in this attack of one hundred and twenty killed and one hundred and thirty wounded, but it must have been far greater. The loss of the Americans in this action was but two killed and six wounded!

The deck of the *Armstrong*, which was in such confusion, and slippery with human gore, was now cleared up, the Long Tom remounted, and preparations made for a fresh action, should the enemy again attack her. About this time Capt. Reid received the following note from the American consul:

"CAPTAIN REID—*Dear Sir:*—You have performed a most brilliant action in beating off fourteen boats of the British ships in this road. They say they will carry the brig, cost what it will, and that the English brig will haul close in to attack you at the same time the boats do. My dear fellow, do not uselessly expose yourself if attacked by an overwhelming force, but scuttle the brig near the beach, and come on shore with your brave crew.

"Yours truly,

"J. B. Dabney.

"Two o'clock, Tuesday morning, Sept. 27, 1814."

Captain Reid then went on shore, and after receiving the congratulations of the consul, was informed that the governor had again written to Admiral Lloyd, remonstrating against any further attack, but Lloyd sent for answer that he was determined on the capture of the privateer, and that if the governor suffered the Americans to injure her in any manner, he should consider the place an enemy's port, and treat it accordingly. Returning on board, Captain Reid gave up all hope of saving his vessel, but determined to defend her to the last. He accordingly ordered the dead and wounded to be taken on shore, and prepared for the worst. At daylight, on the morning of the 27th, the *Carnation* was observed under weigh, and stood close in for the privateer, when she immediately opened a heavy fire with all her force. The crew of the *Armstrong*, as if supernatural spirits, or holding charmed lives, still grimly stood by their little bark, returning broadside for broadside with wonderful effect. The main-topmast of the *Carnation* soon fell by the board, and she became so much cut up in her hull and rigging, and with the loss of men, that her guns became silenced, and she was forced to retire. It was a sublime spectacle, that of the little privateer, with but a handful of men, fighting a hopeless battle against such tremendous odds, in vindication of her rights and her country's honor, with her colors still victoriously flying in reckless defiance.

Finding all further resistance fruitless, Captain Reid scuttled his vessel to prevent the English from obtaining possession of her, and then, with his gallant crew, went on shore. The enemy soon after boarded the *Armstrong* and set her on fire, when she blew up, and thus ended the fate of this noble little craft.

Lloyd was detained over ten days at Fayal, refitting his vessels and burying his dead.

Two sloops of war, the *Thais* and *Calypso*, a part of his fleet, which arrived a few days after the battle, were sent back to England with a portion of the wounded. The expedition against New Orleans was planned by the English government at the same time with that against Washington. In proof of which, Lord Castlereagh, the British prime minister, who happened to be in Paris when the news arrived of the burning of Washington, publicly boasted that it would not be long ere Louisiana would be in the possession of his countrymen! It is well known that Gen. Pakenham and Admiral Cochrane had charge of these expeditions, and having executed the first, concentrated their forces at Jamaica, awaiting reënforcements to carry out the latter. On Lloyd's arrival, they were furious at the occasion of his delay, and heaped upon him the most bitter reproaches, while charging him with having jeoparded the success of the expedition, which only proved too true.

This remarkable battle was the last fought upon the sea, in the war with England, while, strange enough, that of New Orleans was the last fought upon the land. When Gen. Jackson afterwards learned that a portion of the fleet which was engaged in the assault upon New Orleans was composed of the same vessels which attacked the *Armstrong*, he declared to Capt. Reid that, but for his determined bravery in resisting the enemy, he (Jackson) would never have fought the battle of New Orleans, but that, most probably, the battle-ground would have been nearer the shores of his own State.

A most remarkable incident connected with these two expeditions, was related by the late Commodore Ap Catesby Jones. It seems that Lieut. G. Pratt, of her Britannic Majesty's frigate *Seahorse*, led a storming party of marines at Washington, and in looking up at the monument erected to our naval officers at Tripoli, on which was represented the Muse of History, recording with a pen the brave deeds of the fallen heroes, Pratt, with his sword, broke the hand, and took out the pen as a trophy, saying the Muse of History needed no pen to record the deeds of runaway cowards! Afterwards, Catesby Jones, then a lieutenant in command of some gunboats on Lake Pontchartrain during the attack on New Orleans, came in conflict with some British boats commanded by Lieut. Pratt, whom Jones killed with his own sword, but was, however, taken prisoner. On being removed to the ship of Lieut. Pratt, the British officers showed Jones the identical marble pen which the former had held as a trophy!

To show the unparalleled victory of the battle of the *Armstrong*, we will state that, in the great naval engagement off Cape St. Vincent, in 1797, between a Spanish fleet of twenty-seven ships-of-the-line and twelve frigates and a British squadron of fifteen ships-of-the-line and seven frigates and two sloops-of-war, the British acknowledged a loss of only 73 killed and 223 wounded. Yet in this tremendous conflict, which lasted over six hours, the English did not lose as many men as they did in trying to capture a little brig of only seven guns! Admiral Jervis, who commanded the British fleet, having defeated the Spaniards, was created an Earl by the King of England and granted a pension of $25,000 a year; while Capt. Reid and his men were granted the privilege of prosecuting their claim before Congress for nearly half a century, and died without receiving one cent of recompense!

In Lossing's Pictorial Field Book of the war of 1812, we find a sketch of this wonderful conflict, which says: "In addition to the glory won by the bravery of this heroic action in the resistance of the British squadron, Capt. Reid and his gallant men deserve the just credit of having thereby saved the city of New Orleans from capture. The squadron that attacked the *Armstrong* was a part of the expedition then assembling at Jamaica, for the purpose of seizing New Orleans, and the object of attacking the *Armstrong* was to capture her, and make her a useful auxiliary in that expedition. She so crippled her assailants that they did not reach Jamaica until full ten days later than the time appointed for the sailing of the expedition from there. That expedition waited for Lloyd, the admiral of the fleet, who attacked the *Armstrong;* and when it finally approached New Orleans, Gen. Jackson was making competent arrangements for its defence. Had the fleet arrived ten days sooner, New Orleans would have been an easy prey to the British, for it was

utterly defenceless, until Jackson's arrival with his troops."

The result of this battle proved of great importance to our country at large. It was towards the close of the last war with England: the reverses which had attended our arms on land, the bankrupt condition of the governemt, and the capture and burning of our national capital, the City of Washington, on the 24th August, 1814—of which we wrote last month—had thrown a general gloom and despondency over the country. Under these circumstances, the news of the battle of the *Armstrong*, and the extraordinary victory, sent a thrill of joy and enthusiasm through the hearts of the American people.

MUSIC.

ITS CHARACTER, EMOTIONAL AND NATIONAL.

In most music, ancient and modern, it is emotion and sentiment which have been almost exclusively translated into sound. The picturesque element is generally overlooked, except by some of the great German composers. Though, however, feeling must always be its soul, a fine melody, even of the simplest sort, should be like a poem—a union of feeling and fancy, passion and picture. In all lyrical music the expression of the impulse which elicits the sentiments and fancies, as the stem the leaves and flowers, must be primary and pervading; but the more harmonious the contrasts, and varied, symmetrical, and beautiful the outline, so to speak, of the sounds which embody the invisible spirits of heart and brain, the more complete the effect, the more mature the art displayed in the composition. In poetry an illustration of this principle is seen in Shelley's "Skylark." The metrical form which images the soaring flight of the bird, is no less charming than the fancies contained in the verses: "Naturali pulchritudine carmen exsurgit." All effect is produced by direct imitation, contrast, association. The most delicate influences of music depend on their awakening associations with feelings, scenes, recollections, sad or animated, like lights and shadows on a distant landscape, or echoes wafted on the wind, mingling with the vibrations of the melody. To produce such, music must be imitative in the picturesque sense—approach the idea of visible sound,—sound which relationally affects the other senses.

Nature's sounds are few and monotonous. Those of waves and leaves murmuring in the summer wind, or when the tempest sways the forest trees or rolls the billows to the shore, are so like, that at a distance one may be mistaken for the other. While, however, no painting can approach the power, beauty, and delicacy of the gradations of light, the human voice and musical instruments far exceed the sonorous phenomena of inorganic nature; compared with which, vocal and instrumental expression is alive. The aural nerve responds to aërial vibrations; but had we a sense by which the ethereal vibrations from space, other than thermal and luminous, were rendered sensible, we should possibly be conscious of the remote everlasting thunderings of the sun, and the sounds of motion and manifold life from the planets—nay, sonorous influences faint as their light from the innumerable stars, tones from the chords of an infinite instrument, which would realise the old Pythagorean idea of firmamental harmonies.

Observation, imagination, and emotion are the sources of all original art; only composition which includes those qualities, governed by a sense of beauty and symmetry, is likely to be pleasing. Emotion, or sensibility, is the soul of music; but while all old national melodies are the expression of moods of feeling, and as simple in their composition as the ancient ballads, that of a cultivated age is more complex and artistic. Together with a music which we feel, we have now one which we can understand. Sound has passed from the emotional into the intellectual phase: as in the compositions of Beethoven and others, which at once touch the sympathies and present ideas and pictures. The highest creations of melody and harmony are those which are ideal, picturesque, and dramatic. One of Beethoven's imaginative strains is as different from a simple national melody as a play of Shakespeare, a passage in Milton, or an idyl of Tennyson, from the rude but frequently admirable simple ballads in the collections of Percy, or those of old national poetry generally; or, as an engraving of Hogarth; which must be read and

studied to be understood, to a sketch whose subject is comprehended at a glance. The more complex is the more perfect. As in poetry, so in musical composition; the feeling regulates the form, metrical and rhythmical in the first, rhythmical in the latter. Generally speaking, composers put the feeling in the melody, and the fancy in the accompaniment, but it is not always so; many melodies unite both, and genius may yet elevate melody into a higher perfection, and music be made more poetic in its combination of all the elements and principles on which the superiority of the poetry of a cultivated age depends. Music, like sculpture, has, to be sure, a more limited range than painting or poetry, but sound may be rendered more picturesque, associative, imaginative. Whatever it cannot imitate, it may be made to indicate. As there are popular, and as there are poetic songs written in metre, so with melodies. In the one, the refrain expresses the leading idea which, recurring at the end of each verse, gives unity to all. Such refrains may be sentimental, scenic, picturesque, dramatic, and just the same effects can be produced in melody. The art of painting with sound is co-extensive with the theme selected. In all cases, what is sought to be realized is impression. By bringing imagination to bear on the feelings elicited by a theme in relation to the sense of time, many composers have painted surpassingly with sound. Lock's witch music in "Macbeth," and that in the choruses of "Der Freischutz," exhibit the same sense of picturesque "tone," of the sombre, wild, fantastic ideality, the same management of light and shade, which are seen in some of the works of Rembrandt; and so with other varieties of sonorous composition, jubilant, tender, or sublime. What artists of the brush call "tone," is just as essential in paintings or sketches in sound as in those on canvas or paper.

Just as the writer about to embody some fancy or feeling in a metrical and rhythmical shape may refresh and cultivate his sense of "form" by looking over some collection of the outlines of Greek statues or groups, so the musician similarly disposed may educate his sense of natural symmetry and grace by observing those of many trees, plants, flowers, the beauty of their curves, the capricious or exuberant combinations of the lines of branch and foliage, wandering stems and tendrils of ivy and vine, the culminating efflorescences of color, the simple arrangements of blossoms, rich notes among the subject leaves, their piquancy or droop, etc. But all nature is in a manner capable of translation into sound—the lovely or fantastic shape of the clouds, the waves, shadows, and spaces of the sea—all are fraught with an emotional and imaginative suggestiveness whose general impression may be translated into melody or harmony giving some characteristic beauty, tone, airy grace, to the accompaniment or refrain of a piece of picturesque music, as to the poetic song. For any emotion or observation which art can render pleasing by association, fancy, and harmony, is alike a subject for poetry as for music.

Almost all national anthems, or those pieces of music or songs which have been selected as expressive of the character or associations of a people, are merely popular because they are of the simplest structure. The German hymns about Fatherland, the Swiss Ranz de Vaches, God Save the Queen, etc., are as little artistic as Yankee Doodle. Patrick's Day expresses merely the gaiety of the Irish race. The French Marseillaise is a more ambitious composition, with its alternations of sombre and sad chords, its ferocious impulses, and its chorus "marchons" like rolling salvos of cannon. Its verses are like the waving of firebrands against the black background of revolutionary night and tumult. When Rouget de Lisle composed the Marseillaise, words and music together, Lamartine exclaimed, "The hymn of the country was found!"—and it is completely French in its sad echoes as from the past, its savageness and martial impetuosity. But it is neither noble, in the higher sense, nor pleasing. It is not a song of civilization, as a national anthem should be, but of destruction. A modern nation's hymn should be one expressive of the highest emotions and aspirations; its theme should be the advanced position they have attained by moral and intellectual effort; its chorus, a harmony suggestive of associations with the progress and allied glories of the entire human family—in short, a planet song indicating a nation's highest deeds, thoughts, hopes, and activities, unifying them with all the world. The best national songs are rude or simple as an old ballad, or in some cases retrograde in their sentiment; quite inferior as compared with the best arias in the operas composed by cultivated genius. They belong to the past. Whereas the national song of modern nations should be the expression of their spiritual grandeur, embodying echoes from the past and present, and aspiring vibrations reaching into the future, realizing in a manner Wordsworth's lines:

"Past and future are the wings,
On whose support, harmoniously conjoined,
Moves the great spirit of human knowledge."

THE PEASANT BOY.

By Miss Charlotte Cushman.

(A correspondent says: "In looking over a volume of the old New York *Mirror* of 45—thirty years ago—I came across the enclosed poem written by Miss Charlotte ushman. The poem, according to an accompanying note, was suggested by, and ritten on seeing a picture of a peasant-boy with a spade over his shoulder, trudging to is daily toil. The lines show that the distinguished actress is also a sympathetic oetess.")

THE PEASANT BOY.

There's poetry, boy, in that step of thine,
  Firmly and free on the greensward pressed;
And the locks that over thy temples shine
  Flow wild in the wind of the soft Sou'west.

Care lurks not, boy, in that laughing eye,
  No frowns o'ercast thy forehead's snow;
And the mellow tints of the morning sky
  Lend to thy cheek an eloquent glow.

Thy heirloom is pure, unbroken health,
  A cheerful heart to endure thy toil;
And all thou needest of this world's wealth,
  Thou can'st sturdily win from the grateful soil.

With the lark's first song thou art up and away,
  Brushing the dew from the glistening sod;
And chanting the simple roundelay
  Which innocence sings to the ear of God.

From the ardent sun of cloudless noon,
  Thou seekest the shade of a sheltered nook,
Where the ringdove murmurs its amorous tune
  To the answering sound of the gushing brook.

There, resting thy limbs on the mossy brink,
  Thou takest in peace thy poor repast,—
Bending thy feverless lips to drink
  From the wave that glideth so cool and fast.

Then to labor again, till the waning sun
  Fadeth away in the western sky,
And the shades of twilight are creeping on,
  While the birds nestle low in the covert nigh.

They are coming to meet thee, the peasant band,
  The fair-haired girl and tawny boy,
While the baby prattler clasps thy hand,
  And breathes thy name in lisping joy.

To the cottage away! to thy mother's knee,
  To thy father's side—thou art welcome there:
That mother's smile is ever for thee,
  And that father gives thee his warmest prayer.

And thou shalt rest in slumber sweet,
  Pillowed beneath the raftered eves,
While the summer rain-drops gently beat,
  And the night wind stirs the woodbine leaves.

There's poetry, boy, in that form of thine,
  And the gazer covets thy painless life:
Would that thy stormless lot were mine,—
  Passionless, careless, and free from strife.

SHAKING HANDS WITH ROYALTY.

BY MARY WALSINGHAM, NEW ORLEANS.

"Did I ever tell you how I shook hands with her august majesty, Queen Victoria?"

"No, indeed! I was not aware you had attained that honorable distinction. An enviable one for an Irishman, I must say. But let us have the story."

The above question was put to me last night by a friend of mine, William Decey, a young Irishman, brimming over with that love of fun, fondness for adventure, and free-and-easy spirit of daring and deviltry, which is so eminently and charmingly a qualification of his countrymen. When he mentioned the circumstance—difficult or improbable as it might seem to some, when we recall the almost impregnable surroundings of pomp and ceremonies with which the lady alluded to is hedged off from the rest of the world—I did not doubt for an instant that he had achieved, either by dash or stratagem, the stupendous compliment of a grip from her chubby little fingers. I was, of course, all anxiety to hear the details; and my hero, nothing loath, braced himself back against the corner of the sofa, and with an indescribable expression of enjoyment upon his face at the retrospection, proceeded to give me the following synopsis:

"Many a man—countrymen of my own, and sons, even, of this democratic, ceremony-scorning America—have left a kiss upon that dainty little five-fingered pincushion, which was the object of my adventure that day; but no one has ever given it the regular pump-handle shake I there and then administered, I'll dare be sworn! And by the way, it was done in fulfilment of a bet. It was while I was in Ireland some years ago. Her majesty, if you remember, was then on her much-mooted visit to the same beautiful spot. Dublin was crowded with the grandees of her court, and those who followed in the wake of it. Strangers and visitors flocked from all parts to behold the pageantry; and even those most bitterly opposed to British rule had no objection to take a peep at the poor little woman against whom they had no particular personal animosity, but only hated in the abstract, as the representative of a party they were born and educated to detest and contemn. On this distinction between regard for the woman, the 'exemplary wife and mother,' and hatred to her government, turned the little incident I am going to tell you.

"There was to be a grand review of troops, accompanied by a sham-battle on the *Curragh* or *Curror* of Kildare, an extensive field or race-course about thirty miles from Dublin. Twenty thousand troops were to be reviewed and handled, and the queen and prince consort were of course to be spectators.

"'Are you going to the sham fight?' asked a crony of mine, Alexander S——, editor of a prominent paper in Dublin, and one of the most talented fellows alive. By the way, I expect Sandy out here in a week or two, and you'll be pleased and attracted by his likeness to Brennan.

"'Certainly I am! Why not?' I answered. 'It is not every day one gets a chance for a peep at royalty. I'm going specially to take a squint at her majesty, and see if she is as much like Mrs. M——, of our neighborhood in New Orleans, as I have heard say.'

"Sandy burst into a roar of merriment, and made a sign for me to desist from my seducing jokes. He has a keen sense of the ridiculous, and I need not tell you that when we get together the smiles are neither few nor far between.

"'But I thought you were too good an Irishman to turn your face towards the field which held the *Sasanach*, unless with the *skian* and *craiseach* in hand?'

"'Sorra a "too good," when the *Sasanach* is a woman! I'm just too much of an Irishman

to turn my back on a woman any way, if she was first cousin to—well, we won't mention him! And as for the little woman under discussion, we can't any of us deny she's a decent branch of a bad stock. And when I see her sitting so cosily up against Albert, like a fat and tender little turtle, surrounded by her young and dutiful brood —ow! ow! man alive! it's the heart of a true man within me that makes me long to offer her my right hand and give her the regular pump-handle shake of good-fellowship and congratulation!'

"'Get out,' roared Sandy. 'Well, that's a good joke, anyway! The dome of St. Peter's shaking hands with St. Paul's! Faith, I'd like to see that "union" myself, if it isn't orthodox. And I'll give you a dispensation for it, if the Pope doesn't!"

"'Pon my word, then, Sandy S——, I hope you may live to see no worse in old Ireland! And to convince you that I'm not proud, and that I don't consider a shake-hands from Mrs. Albert as any such heinous offence against Pope or country, I've a notion to treat you to a sight of the show,' I answered, gravely.

"Sandy regarded me in silence for a moment, as if unable to decide whether I was in jest or earnest, but finally remarked with an incredulous laugh: 'Bother, man! I know you have the face of brass for anything. But that's not the sort of metal to pass you through the queen's guards, you know. So stop your swagger!'

"'Swagger, is it? Then, by the piper that played before Moses, you shall be convinced before we're two days older! What's the bet?"

"'Fifty to twenty, and James to hold the stakes. Hand over in cash or bond.'

"I handed my brother James four £5 notes, and my opponent gave his notes for the sum by which he challenged me. The next day was the day of the sham-battle, and having procured an open carriage, the finest one I could beg, borrow or hire for the occasion, and selected my driver with a view to the obedience to be required from him, obtaining one who was deaf, dumb and blind to everything outside of the immediate management of his horses, I saw my brother and his wife, and Sandy S—— and his pretty little better-half, safely ensconced within; and taking my seat upon the box with the driver, we drove off to the field of battle.

"As you are acquainted with all the parties concerned except Sandy S——, I need not tell you that many an admiring glance was cast towards our carriage as we drove along, which was not meant for its masculine occupants. I never saw my sister-in-law look better than she did as we dashed over the course of Kildare, with her cheeks glowing and her chestnut curls flying. And as for little Fanny S——, I am sure, if she had been a young girl she would have left the impression of her eyes in the heart of that grandee whose horse—— But I am running ahead of my story, and must pause, simply stating that as both these ladies were Americans, they neither knew nor cared of or for the distinctions of rank, and waved a duke's horse off here, or the carriage of a duchess off from that side, with the *nonchalance* her majesty might have used in requiring way to be made for her own vehicle.

"The royal equipage was on the field as we drove up, the queen within, dressed in plain black silk, with a close-fitting black bonnet and long veil, and exhibiting a round, fair, rosy, good-natured looking face, with mild, light-colored eyes, brown hair, rather short upper lip and prominent teeth, expression benignant rather than brilliant—in fact the very twin sister of Mrs. M. In the carriage with her sat the princesses, Helena and Alice, and one of the young princes—none beautiful, but all amiable-looking. The prince consort rode beside the carriage on one side, and some royal duke on the other, the whole surrounded by a circle of mounted guards, and followed by the queen's suite, in carriages and on horseback—the maids of honor mostly in the latter style, astonishing the ladies of our party as they dashed hither and thither over the field through the frequent showers that fell that day, in their close-fitting jackets, dark skirts and felt hats, scorning the shelter of umbrella or parasol, and shaking the rain from their saturated skirts and dripping plumes as nonchalantly as we shake off the dust of a summer's walk in New Orleans. Nor did her majesty seem any way nonplussed or un-

easy when it rained, but sat very coolly under the large umbrella held over her by a footman. The young scions of royalty received and held aloft the umbrellas received from the hands of an attendant, and the dukes, counts, lords, etc., scampered over the field, shaking the rain from their hats and wiping it from their dripping faces as if it was the best fun in the world.

"When we got within a short distance of the royal *cortége*, towards which I had been urging our driver all along, I leaned over and said to him:

"'Pull up! pull up! Owing to your bungling we are now behind time. Our place is beside that carriage there, in the centre of the circle of the guard. Dash up gallantly through the crowd to the foot of the circle, and while I show this note which I have for the prince consort, to the officer of the guard, do you drive in, and move up slowly towards the royal carriage. Do your work well to-day, Micky Delaney, and you'll never know a day's poverty while you live!'

"As neatly as I could have done it myself, Micky Delaney carried out the instructions I gave him. Away he went, dashing through the crowd up to the foot of the circle of the guard—I plunged my hand into my pocket, and pulling out an old letter with an immense red seal, flashed it towards the officer of the guard, waving it slightly towards the royal carriage. He bowed deeply, and, as if by magic, the circle opened—we slipped through—and then slowly, slowly, I reined Mickey in, and followed the royal carriage at a distance for a while, giving my Jehu instructions in an undertone, and watching my opportunity for the next move. Presently it came. There was a blast of cannonading—a swaying of the crowd, and wild pressure against the circle of the guard, accompanied by a general excitement. I gave Micky a nudge, and away he went like an arrow—whizz—jam up, and cheek by jowl with the royal carriage!

"Prince Albert was on the right side of her majesty, and, as I said before, some other grand personage on the other side—consequently, between us and the queen. He turned round and stared at us a little as we came up in such a tearing style—particularly at the ladies, more especially Fanny, who sat nearest him; but turned off again, and went on watching the manœuvres of the field. I whispered to Micky—Micky whispered to his horse by means of the reins, and when the next grand pressure of the crowd came, and general excitement, jam went Micky's carriage closer still against the royal one! The grandee darted towards the horses' heads to save himself; his horse brushed inadvertently against Fanny, and that little lady immediately pulled out her parasol and darted it wildly towards horse and ducal rider, crying indignantly, 'Take your horse away! Take him away this instant! Don't you see you are crushing our carriage?'

"By ——! well, I don't want to swear, but as sure as I'm living, he took off his hat, bowed to the pommel of his saddle, and quietly walked his horse round to the other side of *our* carriage; leaving us so close to that of the queen, that we could have reached over and taken hold of the edge of the seat against which she leaned. And there we were, side by side with the Majesty of Great Britain, surrounded by the royal guard, dukes and duchesses, earls and countesses in the rear, Prince Albert on one side, and the duke of something on the other, and everybody looking as unconcerned about it as possible! Occasionally the royal party turned round and gave us a covert glance of interest, or polite curiosity, but nothing more. And as we stepped grandly on, heralded by the peal of cannon, the chant of music, and waving of flags, I turned to look at Sandy and my brother, and it was as much as we three could do to suppress a wild scream of laughter, as we encountered each other's demure but meaning faces.

"But James made a sign to me, placing his hand upon his pocket, intimating that I had not yet won the bet. I nodded and immediately made preparations to finish the business. I made Micky slacken his pace so as to bring our carriage a little in the rear, and myself on a line with her majesty, who was sitting on the back seat. I rose in my seat, deliberately turned towards the queen, and whirling my hat around my head three times, exclaimed in a loud voice, 'Three cheers for one of the best of women—first among wives and mothers—Victoria of *England!*' The guards took up the cry—the whole field

echoed it, while yet I continued to twirl my hat. Suddenly I brought my arm down with a swoop—gave my *chapeau* a dexterous twitch—loosed my grip of it—and down it came, ker-swop! upon the head of royalty!—taking the black bonnet by the scoop, caving it slightly in upon the cheek of the astonished owner, tumbling *nolens volens* down the royal face, and nestling snugly in the very lap of royalty! The astonished queen uttered a low cry of surprise, and put up her hands to her face and bonnet. I clasped my hands, and sank upon one knee in an act of contrition—and certainly any man might do that, or pray upon one leg for an hour without absolution, after having dashed his hat into the face of a woman! The remainder of the royal party who witnessed the 'accident' took up the cry, and then for an instant there was a dead silence. I continued to pray bareheaded, and her majesty to stare at the object in her lap. Presently I glanced towards the Princess Helena, just allowing a smile to creep round my mouth, and twinkle in the corners of my eyes. That young person vainly essayed to keep a grave countenance, and finally broke into a distinct laugh. The queen broke into an accordant titter; and 'Now's your time, Will Decey!' says I to myself. Accordingly with a bold but respectful movement I stretched out my hand. Without a moment's hesitation, the queen took the hat from her lap and reached it towards me. I grasped my *chapeau;* but before she had time to withdraw her royal digits, I buckled my own around them (and a dear little handful they were, too, as I told you before—ungloved and as white as a cluster of snowdrops, and soft and warm as the breast of a pigeon), and gave them a rapid shake up and down, and backwards and forwards, so that there should be no mistake in the length and breadth of it, and, finally, with the air of Sir Charles Grandison, leaned to half my length over the side of the carriage and pressed my lips devoutly upon them. My impression is that the lady took me to be some gentle and chivalric maniac; for, though she jerked her hand away rather suddenly, she gave me many a kindly and sympathetic glance during the day, through the whole of which we moved in consort with the royal carriage. At luncheon time the waiters who served the queen and princesses, were bidden afterwards to pass their salvers to the ladies of our party. Emma and Fanny declared it was because they were strangers and Americans, her majesty having seen the printed words, 'New Orleans,' in the crown of my hat. *I* knew it was the effects of the rough slap I gave her, the wild grasp and soothering kiss afterwards administered upon the same plump little hand. She was just woman enough to like the novelty of being roughly handled first and coaxed afterwards. She might think me a cracked-pate, but, my life on it, she thought me a mighty fascinating luney!

"As for the hat, Emma and Fanny tore it in two afterwards, each taking a share in memory of my *coup d'état* that day. Sandy would'nt say boo to my brass afterwards. You may be sure I didn't forget Micky Delaney; and that original never met me afterwards that he did not ask, in a tone of drollery:

"'Your honor, whin are we goin' to take another sociable sthroll wid her majesty? Musha! but you're the boy for Galway! Bad scran to me, but you gave her the regular Freemason's twist, anyway!'

"So that's the way I won my bet, and got a squeeze of the hand from the nicest little woman in England."

Bad language easily runs into bad deeds. Select any iniquity you please; suffer yourself to converse in its dialect, to use its slang, to speak in the character of one who relishes it, and I need not tell you how soon your moral sense will lower down to its level. Becoming intimate with it, you lose your horror of it. To be too much with bad men and in bad places, is not only unwholesome to a man's morality, but unfavorable to his faith and trust in God.

LITERARY ODDITIES.

No. 2.

In the April MANHATTAN we gave some samples of literary eccentricities, which were somewhat remarkable. Such specimens of strange design and clever execution accumulate in the portfolios of the literary man and curious reader. They are in many respects interesting, and sometimes are really suggestive, the eccentric devotion or concentration, if you will, of the author's intellect producing an inquiry on the part of the reader which leads to scrutiny of a literary, historical or miscellaneous nature, resulting in the acquirement of useful and entertaining information. We take from our portfolio some curious specimens of literary exercise. The following on "Man" is a good match for "Life" in the April issue.

MAN.

1.—In this grand wheel, the world, we're spokes made all.
2.—He who climbs high endangers many a fall.
3.—A passing gleam called life is o'er us thrown.
4.—It glimmers like a meteor and is gone.
5.—Time's but a hollow echo, gold pure clay.
6.—Year chases year, decay pursues decay.
7.—To-morrow's sun to thee may never rise.
8.—The flower that smiles to-day to-morrow dies.
9.—Who breathes must suffer, and who thinks must mourn.
10.—The human race are sons of sorrow born.
11.—Born to be plowed with years and sown with cares.
12.—Nursed with vain hopes and fed with doubtful fears.
13.—And what do we by all our bustle gain?
14.—A drop of pleasure in the sea of pain.
15.—Tired of beliefs we dread to live without.
16.—Yet who knows most the more he knows to doubt.
17.—Alas! what stay is there in human state!
18.—Man yields to custom, as he bows to fate.
19.—Contrasted faults through all his manners reign.
20.—Distinguished link in Being's endless chain.
21.—Princes and lords are but the breath of kings.
22.—And trifles make the sum of human things.
23.—If troubles overtake thee, do not wail.
24.—Our thoughts are boundless, though our frames are frail.
25.—Time well employed is Satan's deadliest foe.
26.—And specious joys are bought with real woe.
27.—The fiercest agonies have shortest reign.
28.—Great sorrows have no leisure to complain.
29.—One touch of nature makes the whole world kin.
30.—For we the same are that our sires have been.
31.—Nor is a true soul ever born for naught.
32.—Yet millions never think a noble thought.
33.—Good actions crown themselves with lasting bays.
34.—And God fulfils himself in many ways.
35.—Life is but shadows, save a promise given.
36.—Of change from woe to joy, from earth to heaven.
37.—The world's a wood in which all lose their way.
38.—A fair where thousands meet, but none can stay.

39.—To sport their season, and be seen no more.
40.—Till tired, they sleep, and life's poor play is o'er.

1.—Alex. Brome. 2.—Geoffrey Chaucer. 3.—W. W. Storey. 4.—Samuel Rogers. 5.—Henry Wotton. 6.—Dr. Samuel Johnson. 7.—William Congreve. 8.—Percy B. Shelley. 9.—Matthew Prior. 10.—David Mallett, 11.—Lord Byron. 12.—Samuel Brandon, 13.—John Pomfret. 14.—Martin F. Tupper. 15.—Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes. 16.—Samuel Daniel. 17.—John Dryden. 18.—George Crabbe. 19.—Oliver Goldsmith. 20.—Dr. Edward Young. 21.—Robert Burns. 22.—Dr. Henry More. 23.————Herbert. 24.—James Gates Percival. 25.—Carlos Wilcox. 26.—Thomas Tickell. 27.—William Cullen Bryant. 28.————Goffe. 29.—Wm. Shakespeare. 30.—Wm. Knox, 31.—James Russell Lowell. 32.—James Philip Bailey. 33.————Heath. 34.—Alfred Tennyson. 35.—G. W. Clark. 36.—Robert Nicoll. 37.————Buckingham. 38.—Francis Fawkes. 39.—William Cowper. 40.—Alexander Pope.

The following lines on the number "seven" are not remarkable for any wonderful practical excellence, but are remarkable for considerable ingenuity and the "gathering together" of a large number of strange facts in history linked with the title. It is needless to make more than a simple reference to the subject, as the lines very quickly explain their drift.

SEVEN.

My full twice *seven*-fold curious rhyme
Begins with the *seven* first days of time:
In six of which God did all things create,
The *seventh* rested from his labors great.
And hence each week *seven* days does number
With *seven* nights set apart for slumber.
By Abel's murder, the most cruel Cain
A *seven*-fold vengeance for himself did gain;
And Lamech *seventy* times *seven* time
Vengeance gained for his inhuman crime.
Full *seven* days before the deluge came,
The Lord admonished Noah of the same,
Beasts by *sevens* into the Ark were driven,
The fowls too were sent aboard by *sevens*.
The *seventh* month great Noah's vessel sat
Upon the top of high Mount Ararat.
In *seven* days a raven thence was sent,
In *seven* more the gentle dove forth went.
Abimelech received from Abraham
Seven ewe lambs just taken from their dam.
For *seven* long years, Jacob, great and good,
His uncle served in lowly servitude.
But having served those *seven* years in vain,
Seven more he serves his Rachel to gain.
Jacob with Laban now no longer stays,
Laban enraged pursues him *seven* days.
As Pharaoh did upon his couch recline,
He dreamed that he had seen twice *seven* kine,
Seven of which were plump and fat and clean,
The other *seven* squalid, lank and lean.
Before his dreamy vision next appears,
Of yellow corn just twice *seven* ears.
Seven of which were full, mature and round,
And *seven* empty, blasted and unsound.
Great Joseph thus interprets Pharaoh's dream:
For *seven* years the earth with fruits shall teem
For other *seven* she will then deny
With precious food the hungry to supply.
When aged Jacob breathed his final breath,
Joseph *seven* days wailed his father's death.
The Hebrews being from strange gods released,
For *seven* days observed a joyous feast.
And when they were first to the desert led,
For *seven* days they ate unleavened bread.
The *seventh* day of the *seventh* month each year,
Was set apart for sacrifice and prayer.
When Israel's children, with hearts elated,
For *seven* days a great feast celebrated.
Each Israelite remained within his tent,
Till *seven* days and *seven* nights were spent.
Each *seventh* year was kept by strict command,
As a holy Sabbath by all the Hebrew band.
Men were exhorted to love one another,
And forgive *seven* times an evil brother,
Each *seventh* year the law was read aloud,
To the assembled and attentive crowd.
Before the Proposition loaves shone bright
Seven lamps by day and *seven* by night.
Moses chose rulers full ten times *seven*,
By virtue of a command from Heaven.
Mary from the camp *seven* days was sent,
That for her grievous sins she might repent.
For *seven* days Job's friends with him remain
And *seven* nights console him in his pain.
Seven oxen and *seven* rams they bring,
To offer sacrifice to God their king.
Balaam, that he might know God's holy will,
Full seven *seven* calves and *seven* rams did kill:
From *seven* altars incense did arise,
Cloud after cloud ascending to the skies.
For *seven* days around great Jericho,
Seven priests did *seven* loud trumpets blow.
The *seventh* day they *seven* times went round,
The *seventh* time the walls fell to the ground.
Before Canaan was to subjection brought,
Joshua *seven* years most bravely fought.

Each *seventh* year throughout all the nation,
The land all lay devoid of cultivation,
Each *seventh* year all debtors were set free,
Each *seventh* year slaves gained their liberty.
The nation, each *seven* times *seven* years,
A pious year of jubilee observes.
Lambs with their dams for *seven* days remained,
After the *seventh* day each lamb was weaned.
Oil of water was, at each solemn rite,
Seven times sprinkled by the Israelite.
And the Hebrew priests sprinkled *seven* times
Each victim's blood before the sacred shrines.
To Hannah an illustrious son was given,
Samuel by name signifying *seven*.
Jessie ordered his *seven* sons to go,
And each himself to great Judge Samuel show.
Samuel commanded great and good King Saul
To stop for *seven* days within Gilgall.
The men of Jabbath did a holy thing,
They fasted *seven* days for Saul their king.
To stay a famine which o'erspread the land,
Saul's *seven* sons died by his own command.
The wicked Philistines a victory gained,
And *seven* months the Ark of God retained.
David brought back the Ark and sacrificed
Seven oxen which he most highly prized.
And *seven* rams—an offering to the Lord,
Whilst the people thanked God with one accord.
Solomon in his Proverbs clearly states
Full *seven* things which God Almighty hates.
Wisdom's great fabric, says wise Solomon,
Has *seven* strong pillars to rest upon.
Solomon the Wise *seven* years had spent,
Building a temple to th' Omnipotent.
Which being at length brought to completion,
Seven days were spent at its dedication.
For *seven* days the high priest's eldest son
Did his own father's sacred robes put on.
The holy priests God's worship first begin,
By sacrificing *seven* days for sin.
Seven lamps the temple beautified,
By which the light of faith was signified.
Hezekiah the temple purged from stain,
And *seven* goats and *seven* rams had slain,
With *seven* oxen as a sin offering,
To appease his heavenly, eternal king.
In the *seventh* year of Ahasuerus' reign
He took fair Esther as his royal queen.
The *seventh* day he sends for his wife
To be henceforth his comfort throughout life.
Seven maids wait already to fulfil,
With promptitude, whatever Esther wills.
The king does a *seven* days' feast observe,
In whose rich palace seven handmaids serve.
Three children young in years, in virtue old,
Came from a furnace heated *seven*-fold.
Nebuchodonozor, for *seven* years,
Ate grass, well moistened with his briny tears.

Ten times *seven* years the Jewish nation
Were captive held in base subjugation.
From Abram to David, the Scriptures say,
Twice *seven* generations passed away;
And from David, twice *seven* generations
To the Babylonian Transmigration.
From thence twice *seven* generations passed,
When the promised Messiah comes at last;
And to count by *sevens* from Adam's time,
Down to the days of Christ in direct line,
The entire generations, that are given,
Are just exactly *seven* times eleven.
The Holy Ghost does *seven* gifts bestow
On those who truly love God here below.
The works of mercy God does highly prize,
Thrice *seven* of which we all should exercise.
Seven Spiritual, by which we ought
To save our neighbor's soul which Christ has bought.
And *seven* Corporal, which signify
We should our neighbor's temporal wants supply.
Opposed to the *seven* sins called "deadly,"
Are *seven* virtues most truly godly.
Christ, to prepare our precious souls for Heaven,
Seven blest Sacraments to men has given.
Magdalen did for all her sins repent,
From whom the Lord had *seven* devils sent.
Christ's Virgin Mother *seven* dolors bore,
Such as no woman e'er endured before.
Christ hanging on the Cross spoke *seven* words,
All of which the Evangelist records.
The Apostles *seven* deacons did appoint,
Whom they did for the Ministry anoint.
St. Paul's Epistles are just twice *seven*,
Written to point us the road to Heaven.
In St. John's Apocalypse we are told
Of *seven* candlesticks of purest gold.
Of *seven* mighty kings and then again,
Of *seven* thousand men in battle slain.
Of an angel with *seven* stars in hand,
Of *seven* plagues scattered o'er the land.
A lamb with *seven* horns and *seven* eyes,
Much calculated to excite surprise.
Seven lambs, *seven* angels, *seven* seals,
Are a few of the *sevens* which John reveals.
At *seven* years the child to boyhood goes;
At twice *seven* right into youth he grows;
At three times *seven* he comes to man's estate;
At four times *seven* his reason is complete,
Seven times *seven* brings on middle age;
At ten times *seven* he's rarely on life's stage.
There were *seven* heroes of Christendom,
Seven hills are covered by famous Rome.

The following lines are really clever in execution. They need, however, some prefatory remarks to fully appreciate them. We found them in an English paper, and in

a letter from the quarries of North Wales. The manufacture and designation of slates is explained, and although the lines refer to what might be termed "miners' lingo" and "trade marks," still we think they will be of interest to the general reader. Now by way of preface:—

When the slate blocks are delivered in the sheds, the work of splitting and dressing commences. The obliging manner in which a piece of slate splits up on the slightest indication of human desire, is at first sight almost miraculous. A man takes a rough block, two or three inches thick, and some two or three feet long by one or two broad. He places at one end of the block a broad chisel, gives it a tap with his hammer, works the chisel about by a motion of his wrist, another tap or two, more motion of the wrist, and lo! the block is split clean down, as if it had been a conglomeration of cardboard insufficiently amalgamated with paste. This operation is repeated as often as necessary till the slate is split into pieces of the thickness of those we see on house-roofs. This done, the dresser takes rough pieces of slate in hand, and placing them in a framework, with gauges of the various sizes required, brings down upon them, by the working of a treadle, a huge knife that cuts them as evenly as if they were sandwiches. The various sizes of slates are, throughout the trade, oddly denominated "Queens," "Marchionesses," "Duchesses," "Countesses," and "Ladies." These names were given to them in the infancy of the trade, more than a century ago, by General Warburton; and they now gravely appear in circulars and prices current. The late Mr. Leicester, a North Wales county judge, wrote a clever poem on this peculiarity, which is worth quoting. It runs thus:

It has truly been said, as we all must deplore,
That Grenville and Pitt have made peers by the score;
But now 'tis asserted, unless I have blundered,
There's a man that makes peeresses here by the hundred.
He regards neither Portland, nor Grenville, nor Pitt,
But creates them at once without patent or writ:
By the stroke of a hammer, without the king's aid,
A lady, or countess, or duchess is made.
Yet high is the station from which they are sent,
And all their great titles are got by descent;
And where'er they are seen in a palace or shop,
Their rank they preserve and are still at the top.
Yet no merit they claim from their birth or connection,
But derive their chief worth from their native complexion.
And all the best judges prefer, it is said,
A countess in blue to a duchess in red.
This countess or lady, though crowds may be present,
Submits to be dressed by the hands of a peasant.
And you'll see when her grace is but once in his clutches,
With how little respect he will handle a duchess!
Close united they seem, and yet all who have tried 'em,
Soon discover how easy it is to divide 'em.
No spirit have they—they're as thin as a rat;
The countess wants life, and the duchess is flat.
No passion or warmth to the countess is known,
And her grace is as cold and as hard as a stone.
Yet I fear you will find, if you watch them a little,
That the countess is frail, and the duchess is brittle;
Too high for a trade, yet, without any joke,
Tho' they never are bankrupts, they often are broke;
And tho' not a soul ever pilfers or cozens,
They are daily shipped off and transported by dozens!
In France, Jacobinical France, we have seen
How nobles have bled by the fierce guillotine.
But what's the French engine of death to compare
To the engine which Grenfield and Bramah prepare?
That Democrat engine by which we all know
Ten thousand great duchesses fall at one blow.
And long may his engine its wonders display,
Long level with ease all the rocks in its way,
'Till the Vale of Nant Francon of slates is bereft,
Nor a lady, or countess, or duchess is left.

MISCELLANY.

Shakespeare's Religion.

Shakespeare, of whom Goethe once spoke extravagantly as the poet of the Reformation, has now, according to the elaborate argument set forth by Dr. Reichensperger, in his essay on "Shakespeare in Relation to the Middle Ages and the Present Day," proved to be an "Ultramontane." The learned author states that Shakespeare came of a most devout Catholic family, and that his father even suffered persecution for his religion. His argument goes on to the effect that, although in 1606 the great dramatist was a favorite in court and received abundant evidences of the royal favor, he abruptly withdrew to Stratford and thenceforth lived there in retirement, in consequence of the revival of the prosecutions against the Catholics. Dr. Reichensperger further insists that the distinctive characteristics of Shakespeare's writings are their strong faith and their religious elevation. Throughout his works Catholic ceremonies are always spoken of with the profoundest respect. The monk in "Romeo and Juliet" is one of his noblest poetic creations, and while priests and monks are never turned into ridicule by him, the Protestant martyr, Oldcastle, has been bequeathed to the world's laughter as the original of Sir John Falstaff. The efficacy of prayer is repeatedly insisted upon, and Hamlet, deemed by many as his masterpiece, is indicative of his acceptance of the belief in the existence of Purgatory. So far, in Dr. Reichensperger's estimation, was Shakespeare from being, as Goethe called him, the poet of the Reformation, that the German critic pronounces him to have been essentially mediæval in his genius and preeminently the poet of the Middle Ages.

Sheridan Knowles, the Dramatist.

Macready makes a very pleasant and appreciative mention of Knowles, the celebrated dramatist, in his Reminiscences. It might almost be said of him, that he "wore his heart upon his sleeve," so unreserved and expansive was he in the expression of his feelings: to a sensibility almost womanly, and an exuberant flow of boyish spirits, he united the most manly sentiments, ready courage, and conscientious rectitude of purpose. The creature of impulse and sensitiveness, his strong good-sense, when brought to bear on his errors of precipitation, would instantly correct them; but his generous and too-confiding nature would occasionally betray him into embarrassments that tried his patience, without adding to his stock of experience. With all his genius, his want of method in his affairs made the greatest part of his life a struggle with pecuniary difficulties; but even under the pinchings of poverty, he would seek indemnity from the hard dealings of fortune, in the little swarm of children that clustered round him, and would suggest comfort to their mother in the very cause of her anxiety, exclaiming, "Look at them, Maria, are we not rich in these?" His heart was in his home, and with the greetings of friends and the plaudits of the theatre ringing in his ears, he was longing impatiently to return there. In a letter from his wife, on the news of his play's success reaching Glasgow, recounting the many visits of congratulations she had received, she observed, "Ah, James, we shall not want friends, now!" Few men have had more or truer friends, but a sort of perverse destiny rendered their efforts for many years unavailing in assisting him in the establishment of an undisturbed regularity of income.

Air Navigation.

Mr. James Hartness, of Detroit, thinks he has invented a balloon that, with a motive power, can be driven through the air against a moderate wind, and steered in any desired direction. The balloon is to be in compartments, exactly similar to the sections of an orange. Coiled steel springs are to turn wheels, and the steering apparatus, which is in front of the boat, consists of two pieces of framework covered with strong canvas crossing each other longitudinally and at right angles. This is attached to the front of the boat in such a way that it may be lowered, elevated, or swung to either side, at will. By lowering it, the wind strikes the broad surface and sends the balloon downward; by elevating it, the balloon will, on the same principle, be sent upward; if turned to the right or left, the balloon will be directed in the same direction.

Naturalization—A Double Citizenship.

The Attorney-General has decided (June 28) a question of naturalization submitted to him by the Department of State. The facts briefly are, that a Mr. A. Steinkanler, a Prussian subject by birth, who immigrated to the United States in 1848, was naturalized in 1854. When he returned to Germany he took with him his son, then four years old, and born in the United States. The son is now twenty years old, and the question at issue arose as to the son owing military service to Germany. The Attorney-General reviews at some length the United States laws and the treaty with Germany on the subject of naturalization, and also quotes recent British legal opinions, and comes to the conclusion that the boy had two nationalities, one natural and the other acquired. The father returning to Germany and resuming his allegiance, the son partakes of the status of the father, being a minor, and having enjoyed the protection of the German Government, he for the time being, or until of age, owes military duty, the obligations being reciprocal; but when the boy becomes of age he can return to the United States as an American citizen, with all the rights and privileges as such, and would even be eligible to the Presidency of the United States.

A "Hoxford" professor in search of heaven.

Our old friend Perley, who is at once a rich and Poore joker, sends the followb

Journal: "Prominent among the distinguished strangers who have honored Washington during the past season with their presence was Professor Price, or, as he preferred to be called, 'Professor Bonamy Price, of Hoxford.' He was a fussy, egotistical fellow, and those to whom he brought letters of introduction from Sir Stafford Northcote (who was here on the High Joint Commission) were very tired of him.

"One day, after his disagreeable qualities had become generally known, he was a guest at a dinner party, with some of the highest officials, and, as usual with him, determined to lead and monopolize the conversation. After a while he said, or rather shouted:

"'Now, all of you listen. I want every one to give me his or her views of heaven,' and he proceeded, in a loud tone, to ask the question successively.

"The answers were various, but brief, and finally it came to the turn of the host, last of all, who thus answered:

"'Well, I hope that heaven is a place where people can dine without money and without price.'

"There was a general roar of laughter, but the professor did not see the point of the reply, and said:

"'Oh, oh! you regard heaven as a free dining-hall. 'Pon my word, I don't see what there is amusing in that.'

"There was a general feeling of relief here when the professor returned to teach political economy to the students of 'Hoxford.'"

Liquor Money.

Dr. J. G. Holland in a Monthly contemporary says: We consume, as a nation, $600,000,000 a year in spirituous liquors, a sum which only needs a very few multiplications to pay the whole public debt of the country. If the tax could be entirely abated, the impetus that would be given, not only to our prosperity, but to our civilization, would soon place us in advance of every nation under heaven. Liquor is the bottom of all our poverty. If the tax for it were lifted, there would not need to be a man, woman or child without bread. If it could be lifted from the Southern States alone, it would not take five years to make them not only prosperous, but rich. There cannot be a more pitiful or contemptible sight, than a man quarrelling over and bemoaning his taxes, while tickling his palate and burning up his stomach and his substance with glass after glass of whiskey. Men dread the cholera, the yellow fever and small-pox, and take expensive precautions against them, while the ravages of all of them in a year do not produce the mischief that intemperance does in a month. It is worse than a plague, worse than fire or inundation, or war. Nothing but sickness, death, immorality, crime, pauperism and a frightful waste of resources, comes of it. Nothing noble is born of it. On this subject, a correspondent writes to the New Orleans *Times:* He says: The number of saloons and drinking places in New Orleans is 812. Averaging the receipts of each at ten dollars a day, we have for the year the sum of three millions one hundred and forty-five thousand three hundred dollars expended for inebriation. Now, Roundabout, as people will drink and unfortunately there is no remedy to prevent it, why can't we do something for the orphans? For instance, a State law should be passed taxing each saloon keeper one per cent on his gross receipts for the benefit of the orphans. How many have been sent to an early grave by this besetting sin of drinking. It is true that the tax would only come out of the pockets of the "drinkists," but they at least in their mad career would be placing at interest money which they deny to their families.

The Last Irish Parliament.

The *London Times* gives the following description of a picture which is attracting a great deal of attention, and is full of personal and historical interest pertaining to a remarkable epoch in Irish history:—A picture is exhibited at 30, Piccadilly, which must be especially interesting to Irishmen, and is by no means without its interest for all who sympathize with national feeling and national genius. It represents the House of Parliament in College Green during a debate in 1790, with the famous Curran addressing the House on some great occasion. The part of the House which escaped destruction by the great fire which occurred very soon after this time, has long since been the Bank of Ireland. The House of Peers has been fitted up as the bank parlor, and the spacious octagonal hall, which we see in its original state in the picture, has become the cash office and principal public part of the bank. The fine gallery with its handsome columns which surrounded the interior, was done away with by building up the spaces between the columns, leaving a series of half columns. In the picture, however, the artists, Messrs. H. Barraud and J. Hayter, have restored this important architectural feature with very excellent effect, and given their work much pictorial beauty by filling the Strangers' Gallery with a brilliant company. The point of view being from under the gallery at the side opposite the Speaker's chair and what would, we presume, be the "Bar of the House," the greater part of the gallery is seen forming the upper stage of the picture, lit up by the afternoon sunlight streaming in from the windows on one side and falling upon the broad pavement of the floor, where stands Curran in a full court suit of black, and in an energetic attitude. This figure, however, is a little too far off to have the importance and interest which attaches to the man, and, although the portrait has been painted pretty closely from that at Trinity College, the spectator finds some difficulty in making out the countenance of the orator, especially as his attention is taken up by several remarkable heads and prominent figures in the immediate foreground. The painter might have taken license so far as to place a person of such decided mark nearer to the group which surround us at the Bar or entrance of the House, and thus have concentrated the interest instead of dividing it. However, if Curran is not so impressive in appearance as he might have been painted, we have in Flood and Grattan, who stand close to us, spirited and admirable figures. Both are in the full uniform of the Irish Volunteers: Flood in the rich blue and gold of the Artillery, and Grattan in a scarlet coat of the Infantry. They were not always so near together, but this was the first time they had

spoken after a quarrel, and they had just been reconciled by Lord Charlemont. Their attention seems to be taken for the moment by a word from Collis, the Keeper of the Rolls, who leans toward them holding his despatch-box, while seated on the bench before them are the counsel: Barry Yelverton, afterwards Lord Avonmore; and not far off is Mr. Solicitor-General Toler, the future Judge, known for his severity as "the Hanging Judge," upon whom Flood is said to have passed his terrible joke when at a supper table he was asked by the Judge if the joint near him was hung beef, and Flood replied, "No, it is not, my Lord, but won't you try it?" On every side some notable face meets the eye: Sir Jonah Barrington, the author of the Memoirs; John Fitzgibbon, first Earl of Clare; and Lord E. Fitzgerald, sitting on the front benches between Lord Castlereagh and Mr. Montgomery; while close at our elbow is the courtly, clerical Marquis of Bristol, in purple and fine linen; the celebrated Bishop of Cork, and afterwards of Derry. Turning towards Curran, we look upon a crowd of distinguished men of the time. The Marquis Cornwallis, then the Lord Lieutenant; the Duke of Leinster, with the Marquis of Waterford; Earl Galway, the Marquis of Kildare, and young Plunket, O'Connell's modern Hannibal, destined to be Lord Chancellor of Ireland; while close to Curran, as if showing his natural propensity to second somebody on the occasion, stands John Egan—"bully Egan" as he was called, from his notorious aptitude for duels. Curran seems to be addressing himself to the Gallery rather than to Mr. Speaker Foster, seated under his canopied chair of state, and perhaps has caught the bright eye of Father O'Leary exactly opposite him—that friend and brother-wit who, when Curran once said how he wished he was St. Peter that he might let him into Heaven, retorted that Curran ought to wish he held the keys of the other place, because then he could let him out. If we were to attempt to follow out the personal interest of the picture, the task, however pleasurable, would be too long. Yet we cannot quite pass over the remarkable galaxy in the gallery. Here, smiling on Curran, we see the lovely sisters Gunning, one about to be Lady Conventry, the other Duchess, first of Hamilton and then of Argyll; the fascinating Dorothy Bland, with her powdered hair, afterwards mother of the Fitzclarences; and lastly, the Countess of Mornington, whose young son Arthur she little thought was to become the great Duke of Wellington.

Brands from Bismarck's Burning.

On Wednesday last says the *Catholic Review*, of July 10th, there arrived in this city no less than ninety German exiles. They are mostly ecclesiastics. Twelve are priests, sixty students of theology and fifteen nuns of various orders. The only charge brought against them is, that they belong to religious orders, and have no right as such to remain in Prussia. Some belong to very aristocratic families, and others served in the late war and bear wounds received in battle upon their persons. These unfortunate and innocent victims of persecution arrived in this city by the steamer *Rotterdam*, and were received by their fellow-countrymen with an enthusiasm which cannot be very pleasing to Prince Bismarck. A great number of German residents of New York assembled at the pier to welcome them, and to make them every possible offer of hospitality. Several prominent citizens informed the Sisters of St. Francis, in charge of the Fifth Street hospital, that they would entertain the exiles during their stay. The *Daily Telegraph* says that one wealthy Jewish gentleman has undertaken to provide for forty of them. "I am a Jew," said he, "but I hate persecution. My people have had enough of that." The crowd down by the dock on their arrival was very great. They were lustily cheered and shaken by the hands, and afterwards escorted to the Fifth Street hospital and entertained. Thence they went to the houses of the friends who will accommodate them during their stay in the city. After a brief sojourn in New York they will go out West, and take up their residence amongst the thousands of Germans who have settled down in that part of the country.

CURRENT PUBLICATIONS.

Wayside Pencillings, with Glimpses of Sacred Shrines. By Rev. James J. Moriarty, A. M. Chatham Village, Albany: Van Benthuysen Printing House.

We are indebted to the author for a copy of this bright and picturesque record of a continental trip; which embraces descriptions and observations of much suggestive force from the tourist-pilgrim's landing at Havre to his leaving, after visiting the cradle of his ancestors on the southwestern coast of Kerry. Along his route Mr. Moriarty visited, among other places of abiding interest to the Church he loves, the world-famous shrine at Lourdes, and gives a very graphic picture of the quaint, romantic-looking town in sight of the ever snow-topped Pyrenees. The congregations of pilgrims with their venerable pastors at their heads, in their picturesque mountain costumes—numbering their beads or solemnly responding to the Litany—the grotto, "the quaint old rocks of Massabielle, at the foot of which nature itself planned a niche for Our Lady's shrine," the miraculous stream constantly gushing forth, the perpetually-renewed tapers, the kneeling multitude, the murmuring Gave, and the stern-looking old castle of the Middle Ages—the key of the Pyrenees—

scene, in its brilliant and solemn variety, is depicted with a beauty which shows that veneration, as well as enthusiasm, directed the touch of the artist. A procession on the octave of Corpus Christi in Marseilles—the Holy House of Loretto—notes of Florence, Venice, Milan—the grand Septennial celebration on the occasion of the solemn exposition of the relics at Aix-la-Chapelle, exhibit the various excellences of the reverend writer as an appreciative observer and wayside penciller. His Irish notes are equally welcome, but the best are probably those suggested by the religious and architectural glories of Rome: and we cannot withhold giving his striking etching of the great Pontiff, Pius IX:—

"One look at that noble, grand and venerable pontiff would repay a journey from the extremity of the earth. Pope Pius IX, the most towering figure among the greatest men of the age, *tanquam cedrus inter Libanos, quasi cypressus in monte Sion*—'as the cedar tree of Libanus, as the cypress on Mount Sion,' pope, confessor and martyr, too, he might well be called, who has sat and ruled in the chair of Peter longer than any of his predecessors, not excepting St. Peter himself. Of scarcely more than medium size, somewhat full in figure, clothed in a plain but pure white woollen soutane, with a face in which benevolence and majesty seem wonderfully blended; an eye full, clear, kindly, yet penetrating, and beautiful silvery hair crowning his noble brow, surely he presents an appearance that can never fade from one's remembrance. Then that lovely affability towards all, that simple yet charming gaiety and winning kindness, naturally gain the love as well as admiration of every beholder.

"What a grand central figure he makes in the midst of his cardinals robed in scarlet, the bishops in purple, and the Swiss Guard in picturesque costume; and he, the Supreme Pontiff, the humblest and plainest, yet strikingly grand amongst all! No one, whether Protestant, Catholic, or infidel, ever leaves his presence without being duly impressed with reverence for his amiable and august person. He, I can truly say, is all and even more than my fancy pictured him, and one in whom all my imaginings were realized—the grand old prisoner of the Vatican.

"So strikingly remarkable is his appearance, that were he, in an assembly of his bishops and cardinals, to wear the same robes as they, without any distinction of color or material, I verily believe that a stranger would naturally single him out as the chief of the whole illustrious band. His style of conversation is natural, easy, graceful, eloquent and dignified, and is always food for deep reflection. He is, in truth, the most impressive of men."

We feel much gratified at the vivid remembrancer Father Moriarty has given us of many glorious and memorable scenes in the Old World.

The Spirit of Faith; or, What must I Do to Believe. By the Right Rev. Bishop Hedley, O. S. B. Catholic Publication Society: New York.

This admirable little pocket-book contains five lectures delivered by the right reverend author in St. Peter's, Cardiff, on topics embraced by the first title, and elucidating the query which forms the sub-title. These are: I. Belief a necessity. II. The New-Testament Teaching as to what Faith is. III. Prejudice as an obstacle to Faith. IV. Wilfulness as an obstacle to Faith; and V. Faith the gift of Jesus Christ. These titles are beautifully and strongly suggestive; and are so admirably handled in a brief and clear style, as to present a most useful and comprehensive treatise.

Lives of the Saints. By Rev. F. X. Weninger, S. J. Part III. New York: P. O'Shea.

The third part of Dr Weninger's full-hearted and devotional labor of love. The work loses nothing of fervor and feeling as it progresses. The present issue embraces the leading saints in the Calendar for March; and the lives of many illustrate what might be termed the very romance of religion, in delineating the causes which have led many saintly men and women, through peculiar vocations, to the way of the Cross. Such for instance are the lives of that tough soldier of the wars, St. John, founder of the Order of Charity; St. Patrick, whose mission was developed in slavery; St. Frances, that exquisite model of womanly virtues and household vigilance; Saints Felicitas and Perpetua, and their comrade martyrs, and many others.

There is scarcely a life of any of the saints, that, in its heroism and grandeur, in addition to its purity and ecstatic fervor, does not put the heroes and heroines of the modern novels to the blush.

In every sense they are interesting—are made doubly so for family reading, by the reflections and meditation drawn from and accompanying each.

The Two Victories: A Catholic Tale by Rev. Thomas J. Potter. New York: D & J. Sadlier & Co.

A charming Catholic story by the accomplished author of "The Rector's Daughter;" "Legends, Lyrics and Hymns." It is only necessary to say, as an indication of the popularity already achieved by this book, and as an incentive to extend its welcome, that the present is the third edition.

Mary, Star of the Sea; or, A Garland of Living Flowers, culled from the Divine Scriptures and woven to the honor of the Holy Mother of God. A story of Catholic Devotion. New York: The Catholic Publication Society.

The title, full as it is, but barely indicates the copiousness with which the subject is treated. On a sweet story of simple, domestic life, a perfect luxuriousness of gentle thought, tender feeling, suggestive sympathy and devotional enthusiasm, is introduced in a manner which cannot fail to interest and to edify.

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SOME POINTS OF SCHOLASTIC PHILOSOPHY IN RELATION TO MODERN SCIENCE.*

BY C. M. O'LEARY, A. M., M. D., PH. D., MANHATTAN COLLEGE.

It is characteristic of our times to admit fresh evidence in behalf of questions, whose issues were apparently closed, and to set up unprejudiced tribunals before which even the most hopeless cause may gain an impartial hearing. In proof of this I need but to advert to the multiplicity of topics discussed in presence of this learned convocation, and the courteous forbearance extended to all those anxious to admit their individual views and opinions to its distinguished consideration.

Among the various attempts the human intellect has made to solve the riddle of life, none for so long a time dominated the hearts and minds of men as that system of philosophy which has immortalized the name of Aristotle, bestowed on St. Thomas Aquinas the beautiful appellative of "Angel of the Schools," and thronged with votaries the great universities of mediæval Europe; none more rapidly fell into desuetude during the so-called period of revival, pursued by the triple lash of ridicule, sarcasm and invective, and none is to-day more urgently and successfully appealing to the passionless ear and unbiassed judgment of the 19th century for a calm and impartial reconsideration of its claims to be ranked among the philosophies of the day.

The charge most frequently preferred against the scholastic system is that it sacrifices facts to subtleties, mistakes names for things, is prone to hair-splitting, but powerless to grasp large conceptions and comprehensive views. These charges have but the semblance of truth to uphold them, and the utter confusion into which our later philosophical terminology has fallen, is a witness to the wisdom of the system which insists so strenuously on the refinements of verbal distinction, and admits to its vocabulary no word which has not stood the crucial test of a logical definition by proximate genius and proper difference. We may indeed inveigh against its unrealism, its love of subdistinctions, but a deeper glance reveals beneath those subtle tenuities and fine-spun reductions of language a thorough appreciation of the important bearings of philosophy on the most cherished interests of the race. Accuracy of speech is indispensable to precision of thought, and the records of philosophical controversies bear evidence to the truth that the wisest men have often argued on grounds which their adversaries entirely ignored because they had never been pointed out. The endless disputes of the Thomists and Scotists abound in instances of *ignorantia elenchi* for this reason, and Descartes questioned the correctness of Aristotle's opinion concerni[redacted]

* Abstract of a paper read before the University Convocation, State of New York, July, [redacted]

and falsity of ideas, while Locke differed from both for precisely the same reason; and to-day a more widespread ambiguity of language has become the prolific source of useless and tiresome logomachies.

In proof of the painstaking care with which the scholastic system proceeded in attaching clear and well-outlined meanings to the nomenclature it employs, we have but to consider the term "relation" which figures so conspicuously in recent physical theories. In the latest works setting forth the doctrine of the correlation, conservation and conversion of forces, we find this term employed in the most vague and unsatisfactory manner, so that it is only after a close study of the scholastic distinctions of the word the scientific mind clearly apprehends the meaning of the new doctrine, and is enabled to criticise it intelligently. In every handbook on scholastic philosophy, whether Tongiorgi's, Liberatore's or Rothenflue's, we find the following definition of the word relation: Relation is the habit, or respect, of one thing to another, and is distinguished from its foundation by a distinction, not of reality, but of reason. Such general distinction is subdivided(1)into Real, and(2)Logical. A real relation is that which subsists between objects independently of the mental act which perceives it, as between cause and effect, whereas a logical relation arises whenever, as St. Thomas expresses it, the mind apprehends any one thing, considers it as two, and discovers therein some reason for referring it to itself. Now the terms of a relation may be both really related as in the example of cause and effect, when it is called(3)mutual, or one of the terms may stand really related to the other, while the latter stands in relation only to itself, *i. e.*, possesses a mere logical relation, in which case the relation is called(4)non-mutual. Of this we have an example in the relation knowledge bears to its object, for, though knowledge cannot be without an object known, towards which it holds a real relation, it by no means follows that the object cannot be without being known, for its relation to knowledge consists in this, that the mind views it respectively to itself as the term point towards which the mind is directed in the act of knowing. A less common distinction is made between the relation which views the terms primarily as related, these being chiefly employed to express the relation, and that which, according to its principal signification, represents the objects on which the relation is based and merely connotes the relation itself. The former is denominated a relation (5) *secundum esse*, and the latter (6) *secundum dici*. The relation between father and son is *secundum esse*, since the terms are primarily intended to express the relation, and accidentally only imply more. Of the relation, *secundum dici*, we have an instance in either expression—knowledge, sensation—both which terms primarily express a certain condition of the mind, and secondarily the relation the mind bears towards the objects felt and known. The terms (7) transcendental and (8) predicamental are likewise applied to these relations respectively, the transcendental exhibiting primarily absolute entity, in the same manner as the relation *secundum dici* and the predicamental pure relationship, *i. e.*, *secundum esse*; or as Aristotle expresses it: "Predicamental relations are those entities whose whole entity consists in being related to something else."

These are the chief distinctions between relations laid down in ontology, and I have been at pains to exhibit them thus minutely, in order that it may be perceived from a close inspection of their functions to what an extent they not only facilitate, but render intelligible the application of this much-used term in all occurring contingencies. If now by the light which scholastic philosophy sheds upon relation, we examine its employment by writers on the correlation and conservation of forces, we will perceive that no little confusion and inaccuracy has arisen from an inadequate conception and a faulty definition of this important word.

Heat, light, electricity, magnetism, chemical affinity and motion are all correlative, and have a reciprocal dependence according to the advocates of the new theory, and the facts, I avow, point significantly to the existence of some relation between the forces in question. But what philosophical mind can be satisfied with the mere general statement of the existence of this relation without the least attempt to determine or specify its character?

Had the doctrine been broached by men versed in the delicate distinctions above

pointed out, their first endeavor would have been to ascertain to which class of relations the convertibility of motion into heat, for instance, ought to be referred. If the relation be real, we must view heat and motion as related predicamentally, *i. e.*, as primarily designating a real mutual relation, in which case, just as progressive motion ceases, heat becomes correspondingly developed, but the entity, of whatsoever sort we may deem it, belonging to that which awhile we called motion, perishes, and its place is usurped by a new energy or force we call heat. Such a conversion is properly substitution, and represents a real relation in which as one of the terms ceases the other begins to exist, the foundation, or basis, of the relation being the reason why, on the cessation of the one, the other is developed. If such be the correlation of forces insisted on by some modern physicists, we can perceive no objection to the acceptance of the doctrine; indeed it is rather consonant with the universal economy of mutual compensation. But if, as Mr. Grove seems to contend, the individual entity of one force becomes the individual entity of another, then we shall speedily find ourselves deep in a quagmire of confusion and contradictions. What relation can be conceived as existing between that which was itself, but is itself no longer, having lost its *raison d'etre* by being converted into something else? Motion, before it became heat, possessed a logical relation by virtue of which it was that which it was known to be, and by virtue of which it could cede its entity to nothing else except on the condition of ceasing to be altogether. If, then, motion is converted into heat, it can be so converted only on condition that, as it ceases, heat takes its place; for to say that the motion which was, has, so far as it possesses an identical entity, become heat, is equivalent to stating that what was no longer is, and yet is, since it does not cease to be, but is converted into something else. And of the latter it might be said that it is not what it is, since the motion from which it has been converted has not ceased to be, and consequently both heat and motion are at the same time. It is not the intention of this paper to attack the doctrine of correlation, which, if properly understood, is both fascinatingly beautiful, and is supported by most weighty reasons; but rather to point out the harm an inaccurate and vicious terminology may inflict on a valuable scientific discovery.

And I maintain that this is but one out of many arguments by which it can be amply demonstrated that to the unmerited oblivion into which scholastic metaphysics have fallen, are traceable the countless wrangles of modern philosophers, the deplorable tendency of modern science towards materialism, and the loose, vague and conflicting ways in which we find the important terms, infinite act and potency, employed.

Even the most recent addition to the literature of evolution and progress, a prize essay by Rev. Wm. J. Gill, thus confounds condition with cause, terms which every tyro in philosophy is early taught to distinguish. "Cause and conditions in nature," he says, "cannot be discriminated, because both are determined by the same law, that of uniform sequence." Accordingly no difference is to be allowed between the efficient agent which produces and the indispensable conditions through which it operates, since the same invariable sequence is present in both cases. Such a confusion of words representing, even in ordinary speech, thoughts as wide apart as the poles, cannot but tend to retrogression in sound philosophy. There is another doctrine of scholasticism evincing a relation to the theory of the correlation and conversion of forces, to which, in accordance with the plan of this paper, I deem it proper to invite your attention for a moment, since it exhibits a strange and unexpected approach of an almost discarded theory to the most advanced physical doctrine of the day. The scholastic explanation of the primitive constitution of matter in its strict Aristotelian and Thomistic sense, does not meet much favor just now, even among scholastics themselves, but, as modified by Suarez and some more recent authors, it lends itself, in a marvellous manner, to serve as the corner-stone of the doctrine which teaches the correlation, conservation, and transformation of force.

According to the Peripatetics, we must distinguish a first matter and a substantial form in all things. The former is defined to be an incomplete substance, which itself is the subject of all occur[illegible]

indifferent as to what form it may assume, that is equally determinable into all. It is therefore pure potency having by itself no actual being, being neither this thing nor that thing, but capable of becoming this or that on the advent of the proper form. It cannot be generated by change, since it remains one and the same forever, and is consequently the direct product of creation. And as it cannot be generated anew, so it cannot perish, but is ever adapting itself to new forms. Since it is pure potency, it cannot of itself have an actual existence, but must be always wedded to some form. Just at this point the doctrine comes in collision with the atomic theory, and has consequently been modified to meet the facts of chemistry. Indeed long before chemistry had emerged into its present maturity, Suarez had perceived the absurdity of conceiving a first matter without some actual entity, by virtue of which it possesses an objective reality. "The first matter," he says, "has of itself and through its form its actual entity of essence, though it has it not without some intrinsic determination towards the form." This modification of the purely peripatetic notion of first matter leads to a corresponding change in the view to be taken of substantial form. Substantial form, according to the definition of the books, is an incomplete substance which actuates first matter, and together with it constitutes bodies in their determinate species. It is called the first act of the natural body, because the latter, as regards its matter, had but a potential being, till, on the advent of the former, it received an actual existence preceding all accidents and operations of which it is the primary root. Hence the substantial form is that which imparts to things their proper entity, and makes them what they are. "The form of fire," says Aristotle, "is that by which fire is." Thus the sum of those properties which constitute a thing in its proper being, so as to make it what it is and nothing else, is its substantial form. From this it will be seen that all actual entity belongs to the form, and the matter is relegated to the order of pure potencies. It is not as when clay is moulded into definite shape, for the clay possessed its own substantial form erstwhile, and but lend istself to a new one. It is rather as if segregated elements, which by themselves constitute nothing actual, on being brought together, give rise to a compound possessing a specific entity and an individual identity. I say, segregated elements of themselves constituting nothing; for such is the position to which the advocates of a purely potential first matter are reduced that they must deny to it all actuality, and consequently all that which makes anything to be what it is. The modification, the necessity of which is so openly hinted at by Suarez, was completed without disturbing the essential character of the scholastic system, and has brought the doctrine into complete harmony with the most exacting data of modern chemistry. Instead of viewing first matter as something distinct from form, the later scholastics assigned to it an entity of its own, and consequently a substantial form inseparable from it. Thus the elements of matter supposed to underlie the chemical equivalents, became identical with the first matter of the ancients, preserving their indifference to the assumption of definite forms, and susceptible of numerical arrangement into molecules. As molecules differ, so do the resultant compounds; for the molecules alone impart specific character to substances capable of undergoing chemical change, and on the relation and arrangement of the molecules depends the chemical compound which thence arises. Chemistry indeed must look in the last analysis to the elements which enter into the molecules for the changes matter undergoes in obedience to its laws; but it can exercise no influence over atoms since they are inextensive, incontinuous, and by an invariable law of their nature give rise to molecules of different orders by entering into them with numerical diversity and differing degrees of repulsion and attraction.

These primary elements of matter are consequently homogeneous, indeterminate and capable of giving rise to any specific compound by the manner in which they arrange themselves in molecules. They therefore respond in all respects to the first matter of the ancients, except that they possess an actual entity which is inseparable from them. This entity may be called substantial form,

since it is through it that atoms are as they are, but it is a substantial form which cannot be lost and is opposed to the motion of pure potency. The form of the molecule which is the element of matter, as viewed by the physical sciences, is not a substantial form, since it is a form allied to something actual, but may more properly be denominated essential form, since it is through it the particular molecules of specific substance are as they are, and through it give rise to the substances in which chemistry discovers them. Atoms therefore viewed as first matter are the object term of metaphysics, while chemistry deals with molecules alone. Through all the changes matter undergoes atoms remain the same, and essential forms come and go. The atoms are the product of creation, and molecules the result of atomic action. The quantity of matter in the universe remains unchanged, since the same power which produced can alone destroy them: and this expression of scholasticism refutes Dr. Draper's assertion in his recent work on the conflict between religion and science, that the balance first demonstrated the invariability of matter in respect to quantity. Applying now this doctrine to the theory of the correlation of forces, we will find that it harmonizes with it wonderfully in all tenable and essential points. Every molecular change is accompanied by development of actual force, be it light, heat, electricity or motion, and on the conditions of the change depends the character of the force generated thereby. What therefore is denominated the conversion of one force into another, is the change of the conditions on which molecular action depends, the subject matter remaining ever the same. The physicists of the new school tell us that as motion ceases heat is developed, and that what before was motion now becomes heat.

As before remarked, this is an inaccurate mode of statement; but if we employ the terminology of the scholastics, the result will be at once more philosophical and more scientific.

There is in bodies a capacity for action which is evoked by chemical and physical influences, and is the root of the *vis viva* of the ancients, the dynamic, static and kinetic energies of the revivalists. This capacity is situated in the molecules, and depends for its character on their essential form. It is manifold as represented by the actual forces to which it gives rise, and is determined in act by the character of the agent which evokes it. Thus the capacity of bodies to generate heat resides in the molecules and is evoked by the specific physical act of friction. That same capacity generates electricity with heat, and the difference of the result depends on the special molecular constitution of the body. Thus heat, motion, light, chemical affinity and electricity are nothing more than so many different phases of the essential forms of matter, and are not strictly convertible but evokable in presence of the requisite conditions, the first matter, or atomic elements, remaining the same. All forms are accidental, and as such subject to perpetual change. The forces above enumerated are mere forms which cease or begin as the condition of bodies changes. They are not substantial forms, for the quantity or mass of the matter to which they inhere is neither increased nor diminished by them. It is the capacity to generate them that cannot cease, but becomes converted by molecular changes.

When therefore the advocates of the theory concerning the conversion and conservation of forces use these terms in the sense alluded to, they fall into the very error of the old Peripatetics, and make of form a something substantial. That which cannot cease to exist in bodies is the capacity to generate force, and this capacity is convertible according to the molecular changes which chemical action brings about. This capacity likewise can alone be the subject of conservation, since bodies cannot lose it without losing that by virtue of which they are bodies. *i. e.*, without losing their essential forms. The doctrine then of the conversion and conservation of force, properly understood, amounts to this, that bodies exhibit new forces as their capacity for producing force is changed by molecular action, and that this capacity is inamissible. It is highly unphilosophical to say that heat becomes electricity, for this would imply that heat had a substantial entity which becomes lost to it, and is transmitted into the substantial entity of electricity. The query is then suggested: What has become of the heat?

It has either ceased to exist, or it has not. If the former be the case, then the *neo-doctri-*

naires lose their point; if the latter, we ask again where is it, and we are told that it has become another force. Such reasoning is not only puerile, but fatuous. "The pent-up energies of matter," "latent forces," and such phrases as indicate a belief in the actuality of unevoked capacity, are glaring misnomers and exceedingly apt to mislead. We know that gunpowder exhibits tremendous force when ignited, and a mistaken view of nature's economy induces many scientific men to believe that it possesses the same energy beforehand, ready to manifest itself when certain conditions are fulfilled. If such be the case, that energy cannot be lost; but we know that if we submit the same powder to certain chemical changes, it will not explode: and where, we ask, has gone its pent-up energy? It certainly is not in the powder now as it was a moment ago, and it has not departed elsewhere. We should therefore rather say that a change of aptitude to produce certain effects has been wrought, changes occurring in the molecular arrangement on which that aptitude depended. This view gives no substantial entity to force. It only regards it as a mode of being, an essential form, *i.e.*, essential to the thing as it was which comes and goes like the changing images of a kaleidoscope. As before stated, this is not meant as an attack on the theory of the correlation of forces, but rather as a protest against the manner in which its advocates present it. If it is true that motion is converted into heat, it is true only on the supposition that motion as a mode of being is extinguished by reason of a change in the special molecular arrangement on which it depended, and that in consequence of the same change a new mode of being, which we call heat, has taken its place. In like manner force is conserved, not in the sense of pent-up energies and latent dynamics, but in the sense that where an actual exhibition of force is not occurring, an aptitude to produce it exists in bodies; the special aptitude to produce this or that force depending on the same special molecular arrangement above mentioned.

Thus presented and understood, I deem the doctrine true; nor do the strictures I have passed upon it in any manner conflict with the practical consequences resulting from it as set forth by its advocates. Thus then the scholastic system, as modified by Suarez and interpreted by some recent able writers, * finds itself in beautiful accord with one of the most recent scientific theories viewed and understood in a strictly philosophical manner.

The errors into which the school of Conversionists have fallen are the result of a loose system of scientific terminology, the confounding of thing physical with things metaphysical. And such errors will continue to be repeated till we return to the rigorous accuracy of expression insisted on by the followers of Aristotle and St. Thomas.

Trammelled by the rules of the convocation, I cannot extend my remarks; but, while hoping you will regard my views with an indulgence equal to the courtesy with which you have listened to them—for I know that they run counter to many prevailing notions—I look forward to the opportunity of returning to the consideration of this same theme, in your presence, at another time.

Taxation of Church Property.

The Louisville *Courier-Journal* says: "A secret anti-Papal society has been organized in Maryland, one of its prominent objects being to demand and secure the taxation of all church property in the United States. This movement will be very unpopular with both Protestants and Catholics. Their church property has been exempt from taxation for so long that any determined effort to levy it would be met by a determined resistance. The Methodists are the only denomination who favor such taxation, and not as a body. The Illinois Conference is in favor of it. The Catholics hold more church property than any other religious organization in the country. In New York city alone its value is estimated at $100,000,000, and all over the United States they hold some of the most valuable city and suburban property. This is being largely imitated by the Protestant denominations, and it will be many a day before the Maryland anti-Papal league, or any other organization of malecontents, will be able to secure the taxation of such property."

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* *Vide* especially the series of learned articles on "Matter" in the *Catholic World*.

THE DEATH OF LYON.*

BY E. V. WELCH.

Aurora, with her golden crown of light,
Has tinged the east with lines of fleecy cloud;
The birds begin their early morning flight,
Yet seem afraid to pipe their songs aloud.

The sultry air with heavy gloom is still,
A death-like sadness seems to hang o'er all;
The babbling brooks have hushed their murmuring trill,
And Freedom's camp lies sleeping 'neath a pall.

And some there are who dream of loving friend—
Of plighted vow, and feel the dear one's breath;
While others dream of battles o'er, and homeward wend
Their way with glory crowned—but never dream of death.

And one there was, who oft had dashed aside
The poisoned arrows and the treacherous blades;
Had led the trail where stealthy Indians hide,
And fought the foe amidst their everglades.
* * * * * *
'Neath tropic sun, by Montezuma's Hall,
His valor proved him worthy of his sire:
He foremost sprang at war's first bugle-call,
And led the way through thickest of the fire.

His courage bade defiance e'en to Fate:
He led the charge—was first the breach to gain,
And nobly held his post, "The Belen Gate,"
And shed his blood, with wounded and with slain.
* * * * * *
Now the grim war-clouds gather fierce and dark
O'er fair Missouri's fertile fields and plain,
With pent-up thunder-bolts whose smouldering spark
Shall scorch her meadows with their murderous rain.

The morning sun shines on two mighty hosts,
In war's dread grandeur fearfully arrayed:
Patriots who left their homes for danger's posts;
And kinsmen by vile demagogues betrayed.

The sacred shades of heroes from on high
Beheld, and pitied that misguided band;
And the low whispering breezes seemed to sigh
O'er Freedom's home, assailed by war's red hand.

No roll of drums, no bugle-note resounds,
No loud reveille floats along the air;
But each man to his post like tiger bounds,
To crush the foe within their hidden lair.

* Written on seeing Wilson McDonald's equestrian statue of General Lyon who fell at the Battle of Wilson's Creek, Missouri.

Their polished arms like waves of lightning play,
Or silver dimples on a moonlit sea;
The swaying lines move gaily on their way,
With merry laughter and with songs of glee.

With battle flags of regiments pure and bright,
Not yet baptized in blood and sulph'rous fires;
Not yet the rallying point where heroes fight
For homes and freedom, left them by their sires.

Not yet emblazoned with the dear-bought name
Of hot-contested fields—of victories won;
By charge on charge they earned their gallant fame:
And North and South applaud the valor done.

Far in the distance halts the picket line,
With measured tread moves on our gallant band
To fight for Liberty, and Freedom's shrine
Defend in every hamlet of our native land.

Along the lines the belching cannons roar,
The musketry, like lightning's flash and peal;
The battle's course is marked by crimson gore
Of warriors, on whom Death has set his seal.

The foe so oft repulsed from left to right,
Recedes like angry ocean's fiercest wave;
Triples its lines, and in its frenzied might
Resolves to perish—or the day to save.

Twice has brave Lyon felt the bullet's sting,
His charger slain, amid the battle's fray:
He now re-forms his wide-extended wing,
And cheering on his men, he leads the way.

Iowa's sons this day do valiant deeds,
Their ranks are thinned, their gallant Colonel slain:
"Our liberties and rights maintain," their motto reads,
"Ah! who shall lead us to the charge again?"

"Forward! brave men," shouts Lyon, "I will lead:
Forward! to victory! our country's call.
Forward! for evermore this day our deeds
Shall shine on history's brightest page of all."

As the wild fury of the wintry storm
By long continuance rolls up mighty waves,
That surge, and break, and then again take form,
And louder roar above old Ocean's caves;

Till, like a snow-clad mountain-range they rise,
And gather still more force as on they fly,—
While their white-crested tops shut out the skies,
And in one mighty effort break in foam, and die:

So charged our heroes on the stubborn foe,
And "Wilson's Creek" that day ran crimson tide;
Many a matron's heart was filled with woe
For those who for their country bled and died.

The battle's o'er,—the shades of closing day
Sleep on a bloody field of warriors grim;
The sun that cheered the hearts, young, brave and gay,
Now softly kisses eyes, forever dim.

Now waves the Flag of Truce! All passions cease:
Past smouldering shells, and unexploded mines
The "blue" and "gray," as in sweet days of peace,
Like brothers bear our hero to our lines.

Wounded and dying,—pillowed on the breast
Of mother earth, our bleeding hero lies.
A gallant warrior's won eternal rest,
And angels wing his spirit to the skies.

Brave, noble Lyon! thou wilt charge no more;
Thy victory's gained—thy brow with laurels crown'd:
In peace thou'lt bivouac on the other shore,
And Liberty with garlands deck thy honored mound.

The battle's o'er—Connecticut's brave son
Yielded his life on fair Missouri's meads;
Her grateful hearts, for acts of duty done,
In everlasting bronze record his deeds.

MR. MAURICE.

CHAP. II.—*Continued.*

While he was thinking, they heard the doctor calling "*Josie.*"

"Excuse me a moment please," she said, inwardly blessing the interruption.

Maurice was about to say, May the deuce take the doctor, but he checked himself. He was vexed, but still determined to have it done with. He did not know the little woman with whom he had to deal.

She was back, presently, and suggested some music.

"If you *please*, but I should like to finish what I was saying," he said.

"Oh yes, to be sure. I had almost forgotten," she answered, wickedly.

"I scarcely know how to say what I wish to," he began, not at all disconcerted. "I half believe you have guessed my thoughts already."

She looked up at him with an expression of most innocent surprise, as if she would say, "I assure you I hav'nt the slightest idea of what you mean."

"The young lady," he continued, "who said '*no*' to my question was—was—*yourself.*"

It is a matter of history that neither of the two fainted at this speech, but Josie had her two hands full of piano keys.

All of a sudden, "Have you *nothing* to say?" he questioned, with an appearance of dismay.

"Oh! am I to say anything?" she asked, looking up, with a roguish twinkle in her eye. "Well, I suppose I ought to feel highly honored at being remembered in your dreams."

"Yes: but the answer, *that* was not so nice, at least for *me.*"

Silence.

It was so profound that you might almost have heard it. With a sudden impulse born of desperation, and an energy that almost frightened her, he said:

"Josie, I can endure this suspense no longer. I came here determined to say something to you, and say it I must. Whatever the consequences may be, I shall make sorry work of it, for I have no pretty speeches at hand. I *love* you, Josie, truly and devotedly. Now, suppose, I were to ask you at

this moment the question which I asked in my dream, would your answer be the same?"

He dared not look at her. The poor man was fairly trembling before this quiet little girl.

"You do not answer," he said.

"It will be time enough to do that when you ask the question, won't it?"

"Then I do ask you," he cried, impulsively, without looking up, "I ask you to be my *wife*."

It was Josie's turn to grow serious now, and she acted her part well.

"What you have said to me, Mr. Maurice, is a great surprise. I do not know now how to answer you, I *cannot* answer you at present. I would prefer to say nothing more until mamma is consulted."

"Very well, I will consult her at once," he said quickly. But, suppose she is favorably disposed, then what?"

"You had better wait," she said.

"But can you not give me some encouragement?" he pleaded, blind, as lovers always are.

"I promised mamma long ago," she answered, evading his question, "that I would never marry without her consent—that is the very first consideration. I am afraid though she will not like the idea of my marrying a Protestant."

"Oh! I will become a Catholic at once, if that is an objection," he said excitedly.

"I am afraid," she replied quietly, "that you need a good deal of instruction before that time. You would be but a sorry Catholic to be influenced by such motives."

Maurice saw his mistake, but before he could rectify it, she had slipped out.

CHAP. III.

It was arranged during the afternoon that Maurice should partake of the hospitalities of Locust Cottage, as the place was called, until the next day. Josie had excused herself on the plea of a visit which she was obliged to make to a sick friend, and did not make her appearance again until the lamps had been lighted.

Meanwhile there had been a triangular conversation in progress in the family sitting-room.

"I don't understand it," Mrs. Duprey said. "It is so very sudden, Mr. Maurice, we hav'nt had time to think about it."

"Perhaps it is," Maurice answered. "I suppose I might have waited longer, but I am just as certain of my regard for her now, as I would be months hence."

"We can scarcely say that we are acquainted with you yet. Don't you think we ought to know a little more of each other before deciding such a question?"

"I certainly think," the doctor interrupted, speaking slowly and weighing his words, "that Mr. Maurice is perhaps a little too hasty—of course he knows his own mind best. I expected something of this kind would happen, but I must confess, not quite so soon."

"By the way, Mr. Maurice," asked Mrs. Duprey, "how many children did you say you had?"

"Two, a boy and a girl, aged eight and five."

"And have you stopped to think what a responsibility you are asking Josie to assume, in becoming a mother to these children?"

"The responsibility would not be so great as you imagine," he said: "I have always assumed the chief care of the children myself."

"Then again, do you know that, if you married her, it would have to be according to the Catholic form, and that your children would be obliged to be trained in that faith?"

Maurice had *not* thought of this, but he replied quickly:

"I would never fear to intrust the care and training of my children to so sincere and devout a Christian as Josie, whatever might be her particular creed."

"Would you then be willing to see your children Catholics, after what you profess to believe regarding that Church?" asked the doctor.

"If I am willing to have a Catholic wife," Maurice answered warmly, "I see no reason why I should object to my children being the

same. I am not so prejudiced as that; but," he added, "I should live in hopes of seeing them all good Presbyterians some day."

More stupid and blundering words Maurice could not have said.

There was the faintest perceptible frown upon the doctor's face, nor did he soon forget the remark.

"Suppose it should turn out," he said afterwards to his mother, "that Mr. Maurice should throw obstacles in Josie's way, or attempt to embarrass her in the discharge of her religious duties; should even endeavor to make *her* abandon her faith for his?"

In view of the turn which events might possibly take, this and like reflections gave them both great uneasiness.

"A woman will do much for the man she loves," the doctor said, "especially if he chanced to be the stronger in argument and will."

These were but passing doubts, which really had no permanent place in their thoughts, for they would as soon have thought of themselves becoming apostates to their religious belief, as that Josie would forsake it.

However, the main question was undetermined, and nothing further was said until the following morning.

The doctor had gone across the street to see Father Gorham, and Maurice and Josie were left alone.

"Has your mamma said anything to you since yesterday?" he asked.

"She told me of the conversation you had last evening."

"And what does she say, Josie?"

"Mamma has left the whole thing with myself," she replied.

"And you?"

"I would prefer to think further about it before giving you an answer."

"Josie!"

"You know well enough, Mr. Maurice, that this whole matter is very unexpected. Mamma thinks it premature. There is no occasion for haste. It is now the 15th of December. I want you to give me until the 2d of January to make up my mind."

This seemed almost inexplicable to Maurice. Surely, he was having a hard wooing. But the more opposition and reluctance he met with, the more determined and persistent he became.

"I will wait," he said, "and try to be patient. But I do not understand it."

It did seem to him as though she treated it too much as a mere matter of business.

It lacked ten minutes of the time for the train. Mrs. Duprey came in to say good-by.

"Well, have you settled matters?" she asked smiling.

"Yes, I am to wait for her ladyship until the 2d of January."

"I think you will see the wisdom of this yourself, Mr. Maurice."

"I do not complain, at all," he said, "but still it seems strange. I only hope," he added, "that Miss Josie will reconsider her resolution, and give me a decided answer before that time."

"Are your children living with you at present, Mr. Maurice?" asked Mrs. Duprey.

Maurice answered that they were.

"The next time you come, we should like to have you bring them," she said.

"Do they ever speak of their mother?" she continued. "You say she died a year ago, last September?"

The color came quickly to his face at the last question, but was gone before they noticed it.

"Yes," he answered, replying to the last portion of Mrs. Duprey's question, leaving the first unanswered.

And here, Maurice made the first misstep. He should have told the exact truth about his wife. Had the question come forewarned, he might probably have done so. But the situation was awkward, and the truth would have been unpleasant. So he told a falsehood. He had said but little heretofore about his former life. He had informed Josie that he had been married before, and that his wife was dead. But more than that he had not considered himself called upon to state. He had intended, when the proper time came, to apprise her more particularly of the facts concerning himself. But to-day, at the very threshold, he had told a lie wilfully, and a lie, too, for which there was no occasion. If he had reflected, the truth would have done far better. The falsehood really accomplished nothing even temporarily. He felt keenly enough the error he had

fallen into. He experienced a sense of shame and guilt which made him exceedingly unhappy. "Besides, heaven only knows in what form this falsehood will rise again to confront me," he thought. Vexed and mortified to the last degree, he felt that he could not now have an easy moment, while this hideous raven lived to flap its ugly wings over his future.

Indeed, from that moment, he seemed changed. He appeared suddenly to have lost the frank, open disposition which had hitherto characterized him. He seemed abstracted and often moody in the society of Josie, and she could not but observe it.

The matter weighed heavily upon him, and after an interview in which his anxieties were self-consciously evident, he retired to rest at night, his brain hot and restless with thinking on the subject.

The next morning he found a note on his desk, which he saw at a glance was in Josie's handwriting. His heart set up at once a most violent thumping, while a nameless dread possessed him, that there were ill-tidings in the letter.

But he was mistaken. The letter was from her, it is true, but of a vastly different character. It was, in fact, an acceptance of his proposal.

"I am sorry," she wrote, "that I sent you away without answering your question, but I have thought of it ever since, and you have my promise, and I pray God that we may have a happy future."

There was much more, besides, but this is enough for the reader. The week that followed seemed almost interminable, for the letter first mentioned contained an invitation for him to go up on the following Saturday afternoon.

His thoughts were full of plans for the future, during those days, and of course in all his imaginings and fancies she was the central figure.

On Saturday he went up in the express. Josie was at the door to meet him, cordial as ever, but first a trifle shy in her manner towards him. Maurice thought it was because of her beholding him for the first time in the new relationship which they sustained to each other.

After tea, which was ready awaiting him, the doctor proposed a game of euchre. Two or three games were played, and then to the doctor's disgust, Josie threw down the cards, and went to the piano, in the next room. Maurice had scarcely missed her before he heard the sweet, half melancholy strains of his favorite piece, and presently he was by her side.

"Do you know, my pet, I never hear that song, or think of it, without at the same time thinking of you?" he said.

"And do you really think so *very* much of *me?*" she asked, looking up into his face.

"Do I, my darling? I only wish I could tell you how much."

"And you will never change in that respect?"

"*Never*," he answered, twining his arm about the precious little head.

"Ah! men have said that before," she half sighed. "Do you really, truly appreciate what you are doing, in taking a Catholic wife, Mr. Maurice?"

She still addressed him thus, and he didn't like it. It seemed so excessively formal now.

"If you will stop calling me Mr. Maurice, I will answer you. I *do* understand it *fully*."

"And you will never seek to influence me from my religion?" she asked, looking at him earnestly.

"Influence you, my dear? Why how absurd!"

"Because," she proceeded, "I could never change in that respect. Whatever else I might do and would do to please, I could *never* do *that*." She was almost vehement in her tone.

"My own darling," said Maurice, "you have nothing at all to fear. More than that, let me tell you that you shall never, while I am your husband, have to go to church *alone*."

"You will forgive me, I know," she said, "for speaking about it, but a remark you made to the doctor caused me to fear that you *might* try to influence me after we were married: and I wanted to say to you, so that we may never have any question about it, that you could never do that, however much I loved you."

"Let me tell you, Josie, that there is far more chance of my becoming a *Catholic*, than of your becoming a Protestant."

And, in truth, there was. The little book which the doctor had placed in Maurice's hands, had been read and pondered deeply by the young man, and already had made some little impression—superficial enough, to be sure. But it was with more than ordinary interest that he looked forward to the services the next morning. No word, however, was spoken by him, beyond the remark just mentioned, to indicate what was in his thoughts.

It seemed to Maurice that a most marked change had come over Josie. He would not have believed that she could be half so serious. She seemed all that evening like one who had some oppressive burden upon her mind, which she was unable to shake off. The consequence was that, instead of the freedom and delight which would naturally have characterized all their intercourse, they seemed rather to be embarrassed in each other's presence; and whatever her thoughts may have been, those of Maurice were most unhappy.

Perhaps, after all, it was but the croaking of the raven which was flapping its black wings over his heart.

One thing Maurice had fully determined upon, and that was to confess to Josie, the very first time he saw he ragain, that he had grossly deceived her, in respect of his wife. He thought he knew her well enough to feel assured that she would reject any attempted explanation, and yet he would not but hope that she might look upon his deception, unintentional as it was, with charity.

"Will I be forgiven and mercifully dealt with," he repeatedly asked himself, "or will she drive me out of her heart and close every avenue against my approach?"

Such thoughts as these had tormented him almost every moment during his present visit. He would postpone his confession until Sunday. His happiness was to be short at best. He thought: "It will be time enough before I go."

And so the day passed, the raven still keeping up its awful croaking, and Monday morning came, with nothing accomplished. Such a beautiful clear morning as it was. It had been snowing all night, and the ground was white as with a carpet, but the sun had come with the morning, and its cheering rays streaming in through Maurice's window seemed to make him strong and courageous for the task he had set himself.

Josie, too, seemed all sunshine and happiness when he met her. It seemed as if her very kiss was warmer and more cordial, and that she clung to him as though she could never let him go.

After breakfast they were seated together, waiting for the time of Maurice's departure, and snatching a few moments of happiness before they separated.

For once, their tongues appeared stricken with silence. There are moments when silence seems sacred, and such were these.

What in the world was he thinking about? How little he seemed to realize that this was but the calm which presaged a storm furious and destructive, almost this moment. Why *did* he not speak? Even yet he might save himself. Often it was on his lips, but she seemed to cling to him so, that he could not find it in his heart to speak. The golden moments were flying by—the tide was sweeping downward ready to plunge into an unfathomable and restless sea—the opportunity which would never come again, was going—going—GONE.

Now, while the words were in his heart and on his lips, Josie, with a suddenness which he remembered long after, looked at him, and said:

"Ed, I wish you would tell me more about your wife. Did she die a year ago, last September?"

For a moment, he almost ceased to breathe. Then it seemed as if the very devil had got hold of him, his manner so changed in an instant. Down came the pretty fabric, crushing and crumbling under its ruins all his hopes. He was almost *savage* in the reply which he presently made.

"If you have any *doubts*, you had best examine the Brooklyn records."

She did not appear to observe the change in his manner at the moment, or the peculiarity of his answer. If she did, she never betrayed it.

"I don't know why I should ask you such a silly question," she said, presently.

"You say so many things, my darling, lately," he replied, recovering himself a little, "which made me think you doubtful and suspicious of me."

Bending over him, she kissed him affectionately, as though she would have said, "Forgive me for doubting, I will not doubt you any more."

And for the moment, they endeavored to imagine they were happy again. But what mockery was such happiness! It was like the fruit which is all mellow and luscious to the eye, but within is all hollow and corrupt.

They parted at length, and may God be merciful to both through the dreary days and weeks before they next meet.

Maurice was to have a letter from her by Wednesday. No letter came: he was pained, disappointed and filled with a vague distrust. The croaking of the raven was again clamorous and terrible. Thursday afternoon, he entered his office and there on his desk was the *letter!*

Louder and louder croaked the raven, even at the instant in which he held the precious missive in his hand. Tremblingly he broke the seal, and glanced at the heading. It was enough, the blow had fallen. Those tell-tale words, "Mr. E. P. Maurice," were sufficient indication of the purport of the letter, without reading further. He, however, read it all through, his hands shaking as if stricken with palsy. The knell of all his hopes had at length sounded, and he beheld all his bright visions of the future consumed in the scorching words of the letter.

All the day long, on Monday, after Maurice had left her, the words, "If you do not believe me, consult the Brooklyn records," rang in her ears. What if it were true that he had misrepresented the time of his wife's death! What if she were living, when Maurice had made her acquaintance!

"Mamma," she said the following morning, "I am going to Brooklyn to-day, on some business—don't ask me what or why. I have made up my mind to go, to satisfy myself about something of which I am in doubt."

And so, she went, and the Brooklyn records were examined, and then came the terrible revelation: his wife had died only the September before, and before that he had met and written to *her*.

The effect which the dread intelligence had on Josie, was terrible. Not long, however, did she hesitate as to her duty. As soon as she returned home, she had written and sent the letter of which I have spoken.

After Maurice had somewhat recovered from the stupor in which the perusal of her words had plunged him, he had but one thought, one impulse—*to get to her*. He fairly flew to the ferry, just in time to reach the express. It seemed as if he would never get there. Everything appeared to stand still. And what a frame of mind he was in! How his very thoughts tortured him! On the one hand, the shame, mortification and sense of guilt; on the other, the consciousness that he had utterly degraded himself in the eyes of her whose good opinion he cherished over all else, and who he now felt was forever lost to him. As the train swept along, he queried, over and over, what kind of a reception he would have, whom he should see, what he should say. He did not dare to dream of what the result was to be. In that brief hour he experienced all the torments of the damned.

At length he reached Claremont. With what different eyes he looked upon all the familiar scenes: every thing seemed to speak of the end of hope. It was like going to the funeral of all that was dear.

The house itself was silent, and the silence was ominous. He rang the bell, and instead of a greeting from some one of the family, as usual, he met the old servant, Rosina. He was shown into the parlor, and was informed that the doctor would see him presently. How desolate everything appeared. Even the little braided sack which she was wont to wear, lying carelessly upon the sofa, where it had been thrown, spoke in most eloquent language—lost, lost, lost! In the midst of all the deathlike stillness which everywhere prevailed, the croaking of the raven became diabolical.

The doctor did not keep him waiting long. His greeting, though somewhat reserved, was still cordial. The fact was, he had long since conceived a decided attachment for Maurice, and deeply sympathized with him in his present misfortune. He had seen most of the world, in his capacity of priest, and had been called upon many a time to balance the characters of men and women against their temptations and natural infirmities. For those who inadvertently tripped and fell, he

had the largest charity. He believed in this case, that, conceding the sin into which Maurice had fallen, there might still be great excellence of character in the young man, although his offence admitted of no justification. He grieved as deeply for Maurice as for his sister, that he had thus brought so much misery upon them.

"I scarcely know what to say, doctor, about this business," Maurice began, hesitatingly.

"Indeed, Mr. Maurice," replied the Doctor gravely, "there is nothing that you *can* say. I suppose you do not deny the charge which Josie makes?"

"How can I deny what is but too true?" was all Maurice could say.

"Very well, I don't see, then, how you can mend matters. You know her well enough to be satisfied that she cannot countenance deception of any kind."

"But, doctor," pleaded Maurice, "I think you all take too severe a view of this matter. I certainly never meditated any harm, and I had intended to make a full explanation to her before, but always put it off, because I dreaded the consequences. It was bad enough, I know, but I think she ought to have a little mercy."

"It would have been better, much better, for both of you, had you been frank about it, at the beginning. You would have spared yourself and all of us much suffering."

"How is Josie?" Maurice asked. "Is she well?"

He put this question so earnestly, and appeared so utterly prostrated by the events which had occurred, that the doctor could not but pity him.

"She is quite well," he answered, "but is not at home at present."

"Not at home!" repeated Maurice, his heart sinking within him, "and I am not to see her?"

The perspiration stood in cold beads on his forehead.

"It would be useless for you to attempt to see her now, even if she were here," the doctor said. "She will not see you under any circumstances, so you may as well give up that idea, and make the best of it. Bear it as well as you can."

"What *am* I to do, doctor? I cannot give her up in this way. I *must* see her."

"Nonsense, Mr. Maurice: that is not a manly way to talk. Your trouble seems very sharp for the moment, but time will work great changes. You have done wrong, and are simply suffering the penalty, as we all must when we commit a sin. Bear it as a man should. It may be that in the future Josie may relent. I cannot promise you much encouragement, I can only bid you do your duty, and hope for the best."

As he spoke, Mrs. Duprey entered. How marked the change in her manner! How haughty she appeared, as she stood before him, in her offended dignity! He almost trembled before her glance. From her manner it was evident that she had only come in for appearance' sake, and was ill at ease in his presence. Indeed she would never have extended this courtesy to him, had she not been persuaded into it by her son.

"Mrs Duprey," Maurice began, conscious that he was essaying a hopeless task, "may I not see Josie for a single moment before I go?"

"You have no right to make such a request," she replied coldly; "and I am positive she would not see you, even if it were proper."

Poor fellow! What was he to do? He had hoped against hope that something might make the way clear, could he but see her, and have a few moments' conversation with her. But he found himself face to face with a wall of granite, and there was nothing to do but submit. Realizing this and overcome with mortification and disappointment, he could not longer restrain his feelings, but gave way to almost uncontrollable grief, in the midst of which Mrs. Duprey left the room.

"If I could only have seen her long enough to beg her forgiveness, I would have been satisfied," he at length said, summoning all his resolution to overcome his weakness. "If I could only be assured that she forgives me, and bears me no ill-will, I would be content with that. But how can I endure the thought that I am never to see her again?"

"Time can do wonders, as I have said," spoke the doctor encouragingly. "There is no use in repining, nor in being discouraged. Try to think that this is only a just punish-

ment for your sin, for such it is, and leave the future to take care of the rest. I would not despair if I were you. It may be the best thing for *you* that could have happened. I will say this, that Josie was beginning to be very fond of you. Let this be your hope, but for the present, my advice to you is, do not attempt to urge her."

And so, with what little consolation Maurice could extract from this, he departed. But if a man will hope, where all is total darkness, how will he turn with eager expectant eyes and strong courage towards the faintest ray of light! That he must give her up entirely, had never entered his mind. He could not, *would* not.

Josie had requested the return of her letters and the pictures which she had given him. He of course complied, and with them he enclosed a long, appealing epistle. He put his whole heart into it, and "surely," he thought, "if ever she had one spark of love for me, she cannot disregard this."

There was no answer For days Maurice was like one demented. He could neither work, eat nor sleep, all day long; and almost all night long, this terrible calamity brooded over him. Even his little Maud, the daughter and sunshine of his heart and home, who had ever been such a comfort and solace to him, failed to give him the peace of mind for which he longed. Had it not been for a subject which came at this juncture to absorb his attention, he might have been tempted to end his miserable existence.

That the hand of a wise and merciful Providence was in it all, he could not at the moment understand. But, afterwards, it was all made plain.

CHAP. IV.

Some weeks before, Maurice had expressed to the doctor his desire to examine into the doctrines of the Catholic Church. Often they had conversed upon the subject, and more than once, Maurice had felt a strange influence at work upon him, and beckoning him thither. He felt now that it was time for him to begin the examination seriously. It would at least assist to divert his thoughts from the dreadful nightmare through which he was passing. How little he realized that he was in the hands of the divine God, and that, so far as human intelligence can judge, this was his method of bringing Maurice to a consciousness and acceptance of the truth.

The day following that on which he had written to Josie, he penned a lengthy communication to the doctor, informing him of his purpose, and soliciting his advice and instruction. The latter answered promptly and kindly, and suggested that, as it was impracticable under the circumstances to communicate personally with him, he had better call upon Father Meehan, a devout priest and a most excellent and sympathetic man, and place himself under his guidance. Maurice lost no time in doing so. He told Father Meehan, who received him with a cordial welcome, that he had for some time had very great doubts as to the correctness of his religious belief, and more and more impressed with the idea that he ought to belong to the Catholic Church.

He was determined at all events, he said, to begin the investigation: "If there is truth in the Catholic religion, the sooner I know it the better."

"I am very glad indeed," the good father said, "that you have reached this point, and I can only pray for you that God will enlighten your mind and heart, and help me to be of service to you. Of one thing you may be assured," he continued, "no person ever yet reached the point where you now stand without sooner or later entering the Catholic Church. Once you have given the matter a true, conscientious consideration, asking the blessing of Almighty God upon your investigations, you will in due time come to but one conclusion, namely, that there is but one *true* Church, and that the Catholic."

"I know that is what Catholics say," Maurice remarked, "but I must know it *myself*. I cannot suffer myself to have any doubts as to this."

"You may know it, in two ways. First, through the intellect, by means of your reason, informed by history and the holy Scriptures;

and second, by an internal sense which will, in response to your prayers, speak to you with a voice which you cannot mistake. You have but to submit yourself to Divine influence and guidance, with this prayer on your lips and in your heart: 'O my God! if this be thy true Church, help me to believe and know it,' and you will soon find your way clear. In time, there will come to you a consciousness that will be even more convincing than external facts or arguments."

"Will you allow me to ask," questioned Maurice, "upon what ground, as the corner-stone, if we may so call it, you base the claim which your Church makes to being the only true Church, and the others all wrong?"

"Certainly," replied Father Meehan, with alacrity. "In the first place, does it not stand to reason that God can have but one true Church on earth? Is it not absurd to suppose that all the different sects and creeds which people the earth are the work of his hand? Each one of these believes that salvation is secure only within its walls, and yet, strange to say, no one of them makes any pretension to being alone divinely ordained or instituted. Surely, these numerous organizations, professing such a diversity of beliefs, and constantly breaking up, and re-forming under other creeds, cannot all be right. There must of necessity be one true Church, and but one. Our Lord, when he left the earth, instituted and left behind him an organization which should be known as his Church, and which should represent him for all future time. He made this the depository of his truth. He imparted to it certain graces, and bestowed upon it authority to speak for him in all ages, as you will see by reading his words. Now, as I have said, this being granted or proved rather, the next question is to determine where to find that one *true* Church.

"Now, one evidence that none of the so-called churches, outside of our own, if the true one, may be found in the singular fact that no one of these lays claim to any such dignity. They will all tell you, that while they differ in creed, nevertheless they all believe essentially the same doctrine, that is, all Christian bodies. But can you imagine a church organization of any character, which is the only true one, and which is divinely ordained and established, without its being conscious of the fact? But the Catholic Church, differing in this respect from all the others, has always, in all ages, from the beginning, claimed to be the only true Church of God. Does not this fact strike you as pretty strong *presumptive* evidence that it is so?

"The Catholic Church," he proceeded, "has never changed. It is to-day what it was in the days of the Apostles. An unbroken line of succession in its Popes, Bishops and Priesthood from that time down, its unvarying doctrines, customs and observances, the unity of its history, demonstrate its uniformity and authority. Its creed is the same identically that it was eighteen hundred years ago, when our blessed Saviour said, 'Thou art Peter, and on this rock do I build my Church.'

"But you will have to excuse me now, Mr. Maurice," said the priest rising, "as I am obliged to attend to other engagements. I am truly glad to have met you, and I shall be glad to see you again at any time when you can find it convenient. I shall pray for you constantly, that God's holy spirit may instruct and guide you, and by the way, let me give you a little copy of the catechism, which I have here. Look through it carefully, noting any passages which are difficult or perplexing, and when we meet again, perhaps I can explain them."

From this moment, Maurice began in good earnest the consideration of this all-important subject. He endeavored to give his heart and conscience a thorough examination, and most fervently he implored Divine wisdom to enlighten and lead him. Sometimes, he doubted the motive which actuated him; whether, after all, it was not less the desire to know God's truth, than the feelings that he might advance himself in the estimation of her who was so constantly in his thoughts. One thing is certain, that between the workings of this intense yearning for peace and confidence in matters of religion, on the one hand, and the misery occasioned by his separation from the beloved one, he was for weeks after in a frame of mind bordering on distraction. Business even was neglected. The greater part of his time was occupied in religious reading and meditation, and in solitude. No one who could have observed him at this period, would have doubted

that the hand of the Almighty was heavy upon him.

One day a book was placed in his hands by Father Meehan, whom he frequently visited, which was like bread to a man starving from hunger. It was entitled "The Threshold of the Catholic Church." He read and re-read it, and pondered over it. It seemed, almost as if by a miracle, to dissipate every doubt.

A letter which he addressed to the doctor, the following day, will serve to illustrate the effect which the perusal of this book had wrought upon him.

"I do not know why it is," he said, "but since yesterday afternoon, I seem to be like one waking from a dream. Literally, almost, I have been for days in a valley of shadows, hearing only the thunders of Sinai, and seeing nothing but the uplifted hand of God's vengeance. Suddenly all is changed. I seem almost to breathe a freer atmosphere. I can express the idea no better than to say, I have *liberty*. How well I remember when I was a boy, an experience much like this. I had disobeyed my father, one of the sternest, but one of the best of fathers. The only time he ever chastised me was then. It was a terrible scourging, physically speaking, but the mental suffering was greater. I thought then that I could never again be to him what I had been. I had dishonored him, and he could not but despise me. I went to bed, but I could not sleep. I wept until the fountain of tears seemed dried up, but at length slumber came, and presently I was going over it all again, in my dreams. There came up before me the stern, angry face of my father, and it seemed as if I could shriek in my misery, when I awoke with the soft touch of a hand on my forehead! Do you know whose hand it was? It was my father's!

"It was years ago, but I shall never forget it. And now, you may know how I felt, when I tell you that I was sitting in my office, yesterday afternoon, when all had gone for the day, looking over a little book which Father Meehan had kindly given me, and wondering if I should ever discern its contents spiritually, as I did with my cold intellect, and almost begging for a crumb of comfort, when suddenly the clouds all seemed to break and lift, and there came forth a burst of sunshine which illuminated my whole heart. Once again, I felt the touch of a Father's hand. From that moment my vision grew more and more distinct. I began to feel that the great God himself was interested in me. I had always thought myself a tolerably fair Christian. I could not err, I thought. How differently I see myself now! While endeavoring to keep the letter, I was violating the *spirit* of the law. I was proud, full of self-righteousness at the very moment I lacked the first virtue of a true child of God—humility. Nay, I have since violated the very first of his commandments, in giving to *her* the place which should have been his."

* * * * * *

It so happened that Josie and her mother were absent from home when this letter was received. The trouble which had come upon the young girl had so preyed upon her spirits as to affect her health, and her mother had deemed it advisable to give her a frequent change of scene. Their absence at this time was therefore taken advantage of by the doctor to invite Maurice to Claremont, and then, and afterwards, they passed many a long evening during the winter in pleasant intercourse, and especially in conversation upon the topic at present nearest the young man's heart. The latter had but little hope, at this time, of ever recovering Josie's favor. He did not know her as well as he thought. He had reasoned himself into the belief that she had never really cared much for him, and had fancied that he had almost, if not quite, overcome his strong feeling for her. Of course he was mistaken, but it gave him assurance that, if ever he could have questioned his motive in gravitating towards the Catholic Church, he could question himself in that respect no longer.

"Josie or not," he said, "I feel that I belong to that Church."

Still, although he did not realize the fact, there was a faint hope ever and anon stirring his breast, that she would come to him yet; and the doctor, with a delicate appreciation of his position, desiring, on the one hand, to encourage Maurice, but, on the other, to abstain from any act which would seem to curtail his sister's full liberty, took occasion, now and then, to fan the hope just sufficiently to keep it alive.

Maurice had not seen her now, in nearly two months, not since the Monday morning when they parted, little dreaming for how long. He had not even written to her, except to return her notes and mementoes. He got to thinking about it, the week following his last visit to the doctor.

"Surely he must know something of her sentiments respecting me, or he would never speak as he does," he argued. And then would come the thought, "What if, as he hinted weeks ago, she has relented!"

At least, he could but take measures to ascertain. It was not to be supposed that *she* would apprise him of the fact, unasked. So one day, he sat down, and wrote a long letter, as usual, half-hoping, half-despairing, as he sent it off. He begged permission to see her, just once, before they parted forever. He alluded to what had transpired as the occasion of their estrangement, and besought her, if there was remaining in her heart one spark of love for him, not to extinguish it, that it might be to her God's richest blessing yet.

When it had gone on its errand, for days and days that elapsed before the answer came, he went over in his memory its contents, wondering to himself how this or that would impress her. Sometimes he felt confident of a favorable answer. Then again, as the days multiplied, he was depressed and dejected. Still constantly, at such moments, rang in his ears the sweet, sad notes of his favorite song, until it seemed that his heart was fuller than ever of this great love, and that unless his suspense should be ended soon, it must break.

And yet he had fancied only a few days before that he could forget her.

One morning, it lay there, on his desk. It was kindly worded, so different from her last, but guardedly avoided any display of sentiment.

"You say you wish to see me once more," she wrote. "If you think it will make you feel any better, I consent, although I fear you will feel worse. You have asked the favor, and I grant it."

Much more the letter contained, but it bore unmistakable evidence that she had indeed relented.

(To be continued.)

MONUMENT TO WASHINGTON IRVING.

The ladies of New York, Westchester, and Kings counties have inaugurated a movement to erect a monument commemorative of the life and genius of Washington Irving. It might seem strange that the prominent representatives of the gentler sex who may be likely to take a leading part in this matter, should raise a testimonial to an old bachelor, and to the glories of bachelorhood; but it is not, we suppose, to his life of isolation, pure though it was, but to the purity of his writings and their sweet and good influences, that the fair desire to raise a monument.

The erection of a monument to a man like Irving, cannot fail to result alike honorably to all who shall in any way contribute to it; for by this means his example as a writer is endorsed in the gentlest and most effective way as a teacher who cannot be feared, and recommended by appreciative women to their sisters at large. And it does seem entirely appropriate that this movement should come from the gentler sex, for Irving exhibited in his writings those moral and beautiful traits which are so greatly admired by his country-women. The address which has been issued, says: "He never wrote a line or a word which would bring a blush to the cheek of the most modest maiden." We believe this is true. His works have been read, in his own and all civilized countries, by rich and poor, the great and the humble, with pleasure and profit. Our readers are aware that we had occasion to refer often to his faithful historical portraitures, not less than to his delicate and touching feeling, when referring to matters in which history is

blended with romance. As a writer of chaste English, he stands beside Goldsmith, whom he took for his model, and has few equals. Perhaps no American author has given so much and so universal pleasure to his readers as Irving. Without going into any comparison or contrasts of his merits or peculiarities with other eminent American authors, poets, romancists, historians, and essayists, we can distinctly say he was well-balanced, of a sweet philosophy, beautiful in style and altogether unique. As a man, an American, and an author, he has won a noble place in the affections of his own country, and a conspicuous place in the general history of literature and its civilizing influences.

Washington Irving gave an interest and a characterization to American literature which it had not previously received. He opened up new and untrodden fields. He gave us the beautiful pictures in the lives of the old Knickerbockers of New York, and his own inimitable style preserved the eccentricities of the ancient Hollanders of New Amsterdam. He touched the banks of the Hudson with the magic wand of his genius, and they became classic ground. He peopled the Catskills with gnomes and fays from his fertile brain, and linked forever their rock-ribbed mountain summits with his legendary fame. He immortalized the pedagogue of Sleepy Hollow, and gave to us, in romantic and historic form, the manners and customs of the early settlers of the Hudson. His writings of the Knickerbockers have given them a place in the world's history. His long residence amidst the fallen grandeur and the ruined palaces of Moorish Spain, as given in the Alhambra and New Grenada, would alone be sufficient to establish the fame of any writer.

The simplicity of Irving's life was a distinguishing trait in his character; and whether we find him as the lionized guest of the most refined and intelligent circles of Manhattan Island, or a traveller on the vast plains of the West, or an author in the mountains of Andalusia, he was the same—modest, brave, a Christian gentleman.

The fadeless wreaths which encircled his brow were woven by the beautiful fingers of Peace. They are the victories of Peace, won not upon the ensanguined field, nor amid "the bristling battle lines," but in the pleasant paths of private life and the lovely walks of literature. These trophies were his own, they belonged to his memory and to his country, and they will endure; but we owe a tribute to Irving which has not yet been paid: the erection of a monument permanent and imperishable, as palpable evidence of his truth and fame, and of *our* gratitude and appreciation.

The present intention is to have a collossal bust of immense proportions, to place it upon a splendid granite pedestal, and to ornament the pedestal with four bronze figures, placed in niches upon four sides of the die. The figures to be Rip Van Winkle, an old Knickerbocker, and two others of Irving's original characters. The bust will be ready to exhibit at the national centennial exposition at Philadelphia, in 1876, and after that event, will be publicly erected in Central Park, in this city.

Recently, in response to a call in the public journals, meetings have taken place, and the movement formally inaugurated by the selection of an executive committee composed of many prominent ladies in New-York, Westchester County, and Brooklyn. It is proposed to have a general committee upon which there will not be less than one hundred and fifty ladies, representing many of the oldest and most prominent families surrounding the metropolis.

It is hoped that all who are disposed to join in this tribute to Washington Irving, will send their names to the Secretary, Mrs. E. F. Wait, 13 East 46th Street, New York, and their checks or money to Mr. Charles L. Tiffany, the Treasurer.

No limit is placed upon the amount to be raised, but it is believed that twenty-five thousand dollars would build a monument worthy of the age and the man. The size and grandeur of the work will be in accordance with the amount subscribed.

FAMOUS MEMORIES OF THE MONTH.

BOMBARDMENT OF TRIPOLI—FATHER MATHEW, THE APOSTLE OF TEMPERANCE—THE UNITED IRISHMEN, AND PATRIOT PRIESTS OF '98—BATTLE OF AGINCOURT—EDGE HILL, FIRST BATTLE BETWEEN THE ROUNDHEADS AND THE CAVALIERS.

As stated, Commodore Preble collected his squadron to act on Tripoli in July, 1803. A prize was put in commission and called the *Scourge*. A loan of six gunboats and two bomb-vessels ready for service was obtained from the King of Naples. Permission was also obtained to take twelve or fifteen Neapolitans on each boat, to serve under the American flag. With this addition Commodore Preble on the 21st July joined the vessels off Tripoli, which comprised the frigate *Constitution* of 44 guns, 24 pounders; the brigs *Argus*, 18 guns, 24 pounders; and *Syren*, 18 guns, 18 pounders: and the schooners *Vixen*, 16 guns, 8 pounders; *Nautilus*, 16 guns, 6 pounders; and *Enterprise*, 12 guns of the same calibre. The gunboats had each a twenty-six brass-pounder, and the bomb-ketches a thirteen-inch mortar each. The number of men counted one thousand and sixty. Such was the American armament.

On the Tripolitan Castle and batteries one hundred and fifteen guns were mounted: fifty-five of heavy ordnance, the rest long eighteen and twelve-pounders. In the harbor were nineteen gunboats, each carrying a long brass eighteen or twenty-four pounder in the bow, and two howitzers abaft; also two schooners of eight guns each, a brig of ten, and two galleys of four each. Besides the ordinary Turkish garrison and crews estimated at three thousand, more than twenty thousand Arabs were assembled for the defence of the city.*

In consequence of the weather the squadron did not approach the city until the 28th, when, after anchoring within two miles and a half, the wind shifted and compelled a retreat. On the 3d of August Preble again approached. Observing that several of the enemy's boats were stationed outside the reef of rocks covering the entrance to the harbor, he determined to take advantage of it. Signalling his squadron, the gunboats and bomb-ketches were manned and prepared for action, the former being arranged in two divisions of three boats, under the command of Captain Somers and Captain Decatur respectively. At half-past two the American boats boldly advanced to the attack, and soon a general action ensued, the bombs throwing shells into the town. The Tripolitans replied by a tremendous fire from two hundred guns, which was returned by our squadron, now within pistol-shot of the principal batteries. In the series of terrible conflicts which ensued, our sailors fought against very great odds; and several instances of adroitness, decision of character and personal bravery, are recorded. Among those who greatly distinguished themselves were Captain Decatur and his brother, who was killed; Captain Somers, Lieutenant Trippe, Lieutenant Bainbridge, Midshipman Jonathan Henly. Captains Decatur and Trippe had wonderful escapes after fierce hand-to-hand conflicts with the enemy. Decatur could extricate himself with difficulty from the killed and wounded that had fallen around him. Trippe had eleven sabre wounds. The enemy reënforced twice attempted to row out and surround the boats and prizes of the Americans. The vigilance of Commodore Preble, however, rendered their efforts futile.

At half-past four the enemy's flotilla having retreated to a station which covered them from the fire of the Americans, the latter also retired. Numbers were wounded, but only Lieutenant Decatur was killed. The Tripolitans suffered very severely. The boats captured by the Americans contained

*See Naval Temple, etc. Boston, 1875.

one hundred and three, forty seven of whom were killed and twenty-six wounded. Three other boats were sunk with all on board. Many were swept from the decks of vessels in the harbor. On shore many were killed and wounded, a number of guns were dismounted, and the town suffered considerable injury.

The affected contempt of the bashaw was quickly changed. As the Americans stood in for the attack, he said, "They are a sort of Jews, who have no notion of fighting;" and the palaces and terraces were crowded with spectators to see the chastisement in store for them. Soon, however, all was vacant—many fleeing to the country, and the bashaw retreating to a bomb-proof refuge. Some wounded prisoners sent into the town by Preble on a French privateer on the 5th, told their prince that "the Americans were fiercer than lions in battle, but in the treatment of prisoners, they were even more kind than the Mussulmans."

On the 7th, the terms on which the bashaw proposed to treat not being considered suitable, the Americans prepared for another attack. The plan was, that the gunboats should attack a seven-gun battery, while the bombs were to take position in a slightly exposed place west of the town, and throw shells with effect. The brigs and schooners were to support the former in case that the enemy's flotilla should venture out. The action commenced at half-past two. In two hours six of the seven guns in the battery were silenced; and forty-eight shells and two hundred round shot were thrown into the town and batteries. In the action a red-hot shot passing through the magazine of an American prize boat, blew her up, causing the death of ten men and the wounding of six. Midshipman Spence and eleven others were picked up unhurt.

On the 9th a flag of truce was seen flying on shore, and a letter from the French consul stated that the bashaw would accept five hundred dollars ransom for each prisoner, and end the war without any annuity, for peace. The sum would amount to about one hundred and fifty-thousand dollars. Preble rejected the proposal; but, to prevent the further shedding of blood, offered eighty thousand as ransom and ten thousand as presents. The bashaw suspended negotiations. As a consequence, the bombardment of the town was renewed from two in the morning till daybreak on the 23d; on the 27th, the weather being favorable, the Americans stood in for Tripoli, the squadron anchoring at three in the morning within pistol-shot of the enemy's lines. With springs on their cables, they opened a lively fire on town, shipping, batteries and castle. By dexterous management Preble sunk, disabled and put to flight a number of the enemy's boats by daylight, and soon after silenced the castle and two batteries. Negotiations were renewed by the French consul, but were broken off by a mistake.

On the 3d of September, having repaired damages, the commodore resolved on another attack, which commenced between three and four o'clock and soon became general and effective; but the wind veering, he retired by half-past four. He had sometime before projected the sending of a fire-ship into the harbor, in order to destroy the flotilla and injure the town. Captain Somers volunteered for the service, and he, with Lieutenants Wadsworth and Israel, fitted out the ketch *Intrepid* for the expedition. One hundred barrels of gunpowder and one hundred and fifty shells were placed in the hold. Fusees and combustibles were so applied as not to endanger a retreat.

On the evening of the 4th, Captain Somers selected two fast-rowing boats to bring off the people after the vessel would be fired. At eight they parted from the squadron, and stood into the harbor, convoyed by the *Argus*, *Vixen* and *Nautilus* until within a short distance of the batteries. On entering the inner harbor, and near her destination, the *Intrepid* was boarded and carried by two galleys of one hundred men each. At this moment she exploded with the most awful effect. "There is every reason to suppose," says the chronicler whose details we have condensed into this narrative, "that Captain Somers, on perceiving no means of escape left, and that he should inevitably be doomed to an ignominious captivity, heroically resolved to die, and with his own hands set fire to the train, when himself, his companions, and the enemy met a common death."*

* Naval Temple, p. 42.

On the 9th a long-expected squadron arrived under Commodore Barron, who, being a senior officer, superseded Preble. The government appreciated the services of the latter, but had not junior captains enough to supply all the frigates, and at the time of sending the reënforcements, news of his brilliant success had not reached America. His distinguished merit and services received universal approval and honor.

The Pope made a public declaration that "the United States, though in their infancy, had, in this affair, done more to humble the antichristian barbarians on that coast, than all the European states had done for a long series of time."

FATHER MATHEW, THE APOSTLE OF TEMPERANCE.

Among the greatest of modern reformers stands the Reverend Theobald Mathew—*Father* Mathew, as he is universally and appropriately called, the great Apostle of Temperance. His name is associated with untold blessings in thousands upon thousands of households in Ireland and America; and the prayers of millions of mothers, wives, daughters and sisters have gone up to heaven for the unpurchasable comfort and happiness his great labor and gentle influences have conferred upon them.

Theobald Mathew was born on the 10th of October, 1790, at Thomastown Castle, five miles west of "Cashel of the Kings." His father, James Mathew, being left an orphan at an early age, was adopted and educated by a kinsman, George Mathew of Thomastown, afterwards Earl of Llandaff. On arriving at manhood, James remained at the house of his protector, in whose absence he was intrusted with the management of the property. While in this position he married and had several children, who were born in the noble mansion. Of these, Theobald was the fourth son. From infancy he was the favorite of his mother. It would appear, indeed, that he stood in the same relation to all in the castle. The Earl's daughter, Lady Elizabeth, then twenty years his senior, entertained a special affection for the child,—an affection which lasted through life.

When he had attained his twelfth year, Lady Elizabeth announced her intention of educating young Theobald at her own cost, and selected a good school in Kilkenny, to which he was accordingly sent. Even before this event the boy had signified to his delighted mother his desire, and, if practicable, his intention, of becoming a priest. At nineteen he entered Kilkenny College, and his studies were subsequently completed partly in Spain and partly in Maynooth. In the Easter of 1814, he was ordained in Dublin. After a brief mission to Kilkenny he was transferred to the house of the Capuchins in Cork; which order he had entered. The scene of his labors was a little friary in an obscure lane off Sullivan's Quay, founded by the celebrated Father Arthur O'Leary; and the virtues of his character soon becoming manifest, made the "Blackamoor Lane Chapel," as it was called, one of the most frequented in the city. His whole days were almost passed in the confessional. Rich and poor, the grave and the gay, sought his serene ministrations, and from five in the morning until deep night closed around the pious conqueror's way, he was to be found at his duty. Before he had arrived at the age of twenty-six he had won a repute for gentle benevolence and piety, which extended far beyond the county. His ordinary labors did not exhaust him or absorb his intentions. He hired an adjacent store, and soon had five hundred female children attending school in it. During the cholera of 1832 he was to be found at all hours penetrating the most wretched localities in the service of the poor. At this time burial fees were a heavy burden on the needy. To overcome it, Father Mathew founded a cemetery, a large portion of which was given gratuitously to the poor, irrespective of their religious faith.

In 1830 some Protestant and Quaker gentlemen had founded a society for the suppression of intoxication. Their efforts proved fruitless; but, in 1838, Father Mathew took up the mission, and his earnestness united with his known character, and the love in which he was held, soon created immense enthusiasm. His success seemed almost miraculous. The whole country became excited, and his presence everywhere produced marvelous and unexpected results. He administered "the pledge" to thousands

at a time at Nenagh to twenty thousand in one day, at Galway, to one hundred thousand in two days; between Galway and Loughrea, to nearly two hundred thousand. The writer of this sketch has witnessed Father Mathew giving "the pledge" to thousands; and words fail to convey the mingled impressiveness, solemnity, devotion and enthusiasm of the scene. The authorities unbent their dignity to do honor to the Apostle of Temperance, and the people followed him and crowded around him with a faith, respect and enthusiasm amounting to adoration. It was stated that at one period the list of teetotallers in Ireland embraced the names of three millions.

From Ireland he went to England and Scotland. During the period of the famine, 1846–7, Father Mathew received a flattering invitation to visit Rome, but deemed it his duty to be among his countrymen while passing through the terrible ordeal to which they were subjected. In 1849, he gratified the desire of the Irish in America, as well as of a large number of prominent and benevolent persons, by coming to New York. His reception was of a national character. He was received by the Mayor and Common Council of New York, waited on by a special messenger from the President of the United States, and welcomed by hundreds of thousands of Americans. Addresses came to him from all quarters, deputations from all the great cities requested his presence in their respective States, and he was fêted as an honored guest at the White House. He underwent great fatigue in the United States, and suffered two attacks of paralysis. Partially recovering, he was advised to try the medicinal springs in the backwoods of Arkansas, and accordingly spent the month of September in a log hut in that remote locality, eight miles distant from any other human habitation. He returned to Europe in November, 1851, but never recovered his health. He visited Madeira, but in vain. He lingered on for four years, his vitality gradually yielding, but his mind remaining serene, beautiful and unclouded. Amidst great physical suffering the sweetness of his disposition shone with increased splendor to the end; and he was, during this period of retirement, visited by large numbers—applicants for spiritual aid, or to take the abstinence pledge from the hand and word of the Apostle. He removed from his brother's home at Lehena to Queenstown in the summer of 1856. He continued to fail, and on Thursday, December 2d, he was attacked with a sixth paralytic stroke. Through the mercy of heaven he still retained his mind, and with all his mental faculties in full power up to the very moment before his death. He passed away, apparently without suffering, on the Feast of the Immaculate Conception.

The estimation in which Father Mathew was held during his life-time, was only equalled by the importance of his mission, and of both we may find an eloquent illustration in the united voices of the most gifted in intellect and highest in rank and influence, who assembled at a public meeting at noon in the Theatre Royal, Dublin, on January 26th, 1843, to do him honor.

"I assure you," said the Duke of Leinster, "it gives me the greatest pleasure to take the chair on this occasion, and in every way in my power evince the respect and esteem I entertain for the Very Reverend Theobald Mathew."

"Were it possible for me," said the Marquis of Headfort, in moving the first resolution, "to pronounce an eulogium, most willingly and gladly should I do so; but, my Lord Duke, the merits of Father Mathew are beyond all praise, and the result of his labors beyond any reward the world can bestow."

Judge Moore, then old and venerable, in a low and almost inaudible tone bore his testimony, and expressed his belief that "the example of Father Mathew did more for his country—his acts conferred more lasting good upon the people—than those of any patriot or statesman who ever lived. He had not only reformed the habits of Ireland, but laid seeds which would yet fructify and flourish in the improved state of the country and the future greatness of her people."

The Marquis of Clanricarde next spoke, and showed how the efforts and merits of Father Mathew were above political party feeling; and were fully acknowledged by all parties and persons. He alluded to the docility and respect with which the people had heard and obeyed the teachings of their

beneficent Apostle; and spoke of the meeting as a union of gratitude and benevolence.

"Such a reformation, or revolution," said Thomas Wyse, "is not the revolution of a day, nor the revolution of years; it does not confine itself to two or three thousand, or to a class or a sect, but begins with an individual and extends to an entire community—a revolution which lays the solid structure of a nation's greatness in the cultivation of moral habits, and the performance of religious duties. It is an easy thing to make a law. It is not difficult to place on the statute-book prescriptions and remedies for the disorders of the country. Thousands upon thousands propose their nostrums for the removal of various evils. But let us have the man who performs good, not by words but by deeds—let us have the man who shows himself the real true apostle of political economy—the man who regenerates and reforms, at the same time that he hopes and promises."

"They met," said Smith O'Brien, "not to pay the homage of triumph to a conqueror, who had deluged many a field with blood—they met not to pay homage to rank and station with the customary adulation—they met to testify their profound respect and thankfulness to an humble clergyman, who had eradicated a national vice, and subdued it for ever."

O'Connell next spoke, "and never," said Meagher, alluding to the occasion, "never was the voice of this wondrous orator so touching. Never were his words so musical and golden. Never was his fine presence so impressive. Never did the subtle intellect break out in such copious streams of glory from their source in that deep massive brain. Never before did he so unquestionably seem to the beholders the inspired oracle of a spiritual, chivalrous and imaginative people."—"Yes," exclaimed O'Connell, "Father Mathew is an instrument in the hands of Providence. He is a meet instrument of the Almighty—an instrument of light and worth. Beams from heaven mark and enlighten his career. Blight and misery vanish whenever he appears. On such a subject I have not words to describe my thoughts. Words are nothing when such a topic comes before the mind. There is no painting the rainbow, the ray that comes from the sun, the angelic winds that hover round the throne of God."

Two days after this grand assemblage, the graphic and comprehensive pen of Thomas Davis expressed the tribute of the national journal on the same fruitful and inspiring subject:—

"Theobald Mathew's mission was to convince the people, through their reason and affections, of the virtue, and wisdom, and duty of temperance, and he did his work. He did it thoroughly, nobly, purely, wonderfully. He came clothed in plain humility. His words were the native household speech of the people. He opened the cabin door, and showed the sober man how the wife and children of the drunkard withered to supply his debauch. He rolled on the changes of time. Rent unpaid, and land untilled, and deficient food, and sick bodies, and ruined affections, were seen in the train of excess. He pointed out to them the difficulty of amendment, and the impossibility of such impetuous minds as their's compromising with vice, till they saw in his picture-words the drunkard hurrying to his fate as surely as the water, which has leaped the cliff, goes to break on the rocks at its base. And brighter visions came, too: comfort, for excess; mirth, and music, and bold sports, for sottish indulgence; the pride of virtue, for the vaunt of vice. To have regenerated the people by such means, is the glory of him who taught, and of them who learned."

These tributes, noble, glowing, philosophic and poetic as they were, did not overestimate Father Mathew's mission, manner or humility, or overstate the effect on his people. They indicated the affection of the great, and the eloquent, and the high-souled, among the nobility and still more noble commonalty and publicists of Ireland at that day; but the truest indication of the good effected was to be found in its actual realization in the houses of the artisan and the farmer, the mechanic and the peasant. Pointing to these tributes, and standing, as it were, in view of the great Reformer's tomb, the most brilliant and instinctively sympathetic orator of his time, Thomas Francis Meagher, took a characteristic inspiration from both:—"He, in whose honor," said he, "that vast multitude

came together; whose praises were in the hearts and on the lips of those surging thousands; whose wondrous works were so extolled upon that memorable day; whose presence was eagerly sought for by the haughtiest nobles of England; whose sweet influences fell like dew upon the rudest natures, and gave birth to flowers of divinest beauty where there had been the saddest wreck and weeds, and sterility and havoc; for whose footsteps the people of America listened with eagerness and love, and whose coming they hailed as no heroic guest was ever hailed before or since; he, whose persuasion was to his own people as the miraculous touch which gave vision to the blind and life to those who had been dead, and whose fame was as the shining garments of the angel who announced the Resurrection to those who sought the sepulchre; in the centre of the beautiful graveyard he had himself thrown open to the poor of every church, under the great stone Cross, this glorious good man—all that is mortal of him—sleeps. Beside that Cross—clinging to it in the agony of a breaking heart—kneels the Nation whose sorrow he consoled—whose cup of poison he changed to one of living waters—whose head he lifted up and crowned with lilies, when she had become a proverb of reproach among the Nations. As silent as the cities of Tyre and Edom shall Ireland have become, when in the shadow of that Cross, without the city of Saint Finbar, the Irish heart forgets the noblest, gentlest spirit that ever soothed it."

FOUNDATION OF THE SOCIETY OF UNITED IRISHMEN—THE PATRIOT PRIESTS OF 98.

Tone founded the first society of "United Irishmen" on the 12th of October, 1791. On the 12th of October, 1798, the seventh anniversary of the founding of practical patriotism on the American revolutionary system in Ireland, the founder, Wolfe Tone, was captured on board *the Hoche*, 74 guns, the admiral's ship of the third expedition he had projected in France and Hamburg for the aid of Ireland.

The condition of the country, at the time Tone conceived the idea of uniting the people so that they might effectively demand reform, was as follows :—

The Protestant party had been for more than a century in easy enjoyment of the church, the law, the revenue, the army, the navy, the magistracy, the corporations, and all institutions receiving or extending patronage. Not one-tenth of the population, they alone beheld security in maintaining an English interest in Ireland; and England, profiting by their weakness, augmented their fears, kept them in a state of perpetual trepidation, gave them her protection, and took in exchange the commerce and liberties of the country. The events of the American Revolution emboldened the Catholics and Presbyterians, and forced the Protestants into some slightly beneficial measures of redress, but they remained attached to their protectors, a party property, an aristocracy.

The Dissenters—double in numbers to the Protestants—were chiefly manufacturers and traders, and did not believe their existence depended on slavishness to England. They felt able to defend themselves, and had formed the flower of the Volunteer army of '82, and were the first to demand reform.

The Catholics were, in regard to number, the most formidable. They embraced the peasantry of these provinces, and a large portion of the trading class. The exactions of the Penal Laws had left them but little of the landed interest. Under the terrible system it is no wonder the peasantry were in some respects degraded, and the spirit of the few remaining Catholic gentry broken.*

Tone aspired to infuse a spirit of civil and religious liberty into the Catholics. The overwhelming injustice of their position appealed powerfully to his sense of right as a man, as well as an Irish-born man. His desire was to unite them with the Dissenters, and thus present to the party representing the government and the evils of English connection, a broad, popular front on which toleration would be written in letters of light. With these views he wrote his "Argument in behalf of the Catholics of Ireland," and addressed it to the Dissenters. Through the instrumentality of this pamphlet he became acquainted with the leaders of the Catholic Committee; and the Volunteers of Belfast elected him an honorary member: a rare

* "'98 and '48 Modern Revolutionary Hist. and Lit. of Ireland," p. 47. 1875

favor. Following up these flattering signs of approval, he went to Belfast, and on the 12th of October, 1791, founded the Society of United Irishmen; which has had such a marked influence on Irish politics, history and literature since. As stated, Tone was captured on the 12th October, 1798.

Between those dates a wonderful history was enacted in Ireland. United Irishism spread into all ranks, inflaming alike Catholic peasants and Protestant peers, and bringing round the common altar of their country patriotic clergymen of all denominations. The Rev. Wm. Jackson, a Protestant minister, undertook to sound the Irish in 1795, on the subject of an alliance with France, was betrayed by an English attorney, and died in the dock. Messrs. Warwick, Stevelly, and William Porter, Presbyterian ministers, were hanged. Rev. W. Steele Dickson of the same denomination, who had been an early and earnest advocate of the rights of his Catholic fellow-countrymen, was for nearly two years Adjutant-General of the United Irish of Ulster. "Better die courageously in the field, than be butchered in the houses," said Father John Murphy, putting himself at the head of his flock, after the yeomen had burned his chapel over his head in May, '98. The royalists did not know what a flame they kindled when they set fire to the little chapel of Boolavogue. "We must conquer or perish!" cried this priest-leader to his pikemen at the battle of Oulart-Hill, and they conquered. This same soldier-priest was heard from at the battle of Enniscorthy, at Vinegar Hill and other tough conflicts; as also were Father Philip Roche, who commanded at the bloody fight at Tubberneering, and Fathers Moses Kearns and Nicholas Redmond, who drove the dragoons into Newtownbarry and attacked and routed the garrison of that place. Father Clinch, with those named, was one of the patriot leaders on the great but disastrous day of Vinegar-Hill. Father Michael Murphy was another prominent priest-leader. The history of the patriotic priests of '98 affords a thrilling chapter of devotion and self-sacrifice. Aroused by inhuman barbarity, they made common cause with the persecuted. Fathers Roche, John Murphy, Kearns, Prendergast, Redmond, Quigley and others, died on the scaffold. Father Michael Murphy died on the field, being torn to pieces by a cannon ball while leading a division of pikemen at the battle of Arklow.

The war for independence, projected by the United Irishmen, was forced into a premature explosion by the government. On the 30th March, 1798, Lord Camden, the vice roy, proclaimed all Ireland under martial law which was an incentive to riot. Armed by it, the "loyalists" went about the country exasperating the people in "suspected localities," creating feuds for the purpose of punishing individuals, and involving individuals that whole districts might be plundered. While the people, on the one hand, were goaded into unbearable agony, the leaders were seized, hanged, banished, put out of the way, with indiscriminate fury.

Judged by the light which documentary history has thrown on the period, the chances of success of the United Irishmen loom into very great proportions, while the destinies of England seem to have been held by a very slender thread. Madden is right when he says of the United Irish Society, that, "whether viewed in its results, the character of its members, or the nature of its proceedings, it may certainly be regarded as a confederacy which no political or revolutionary society that has gone before it has surpassed in importance, boldness of design, and devotion to its principles." On the other hand, England's incontrovertible danger may be judged from the fact that, had either of Tone's expeditions been favored with a fair wind to carry it to its destination, England could not have held Ireland, and half of her prestige would have been gone. It is not disputed that England was saved by the elements that scattered Tone's expeditions.

The active civil war lasted less than five months, that is, from the rising of the people on the 20th of May to the capture of Tone; but its extent, and the vigor with which it was sustained, may be comprehended from its cost to the people and the government. The English employed 137,000 men to suppress what is called an "insurrection." Its cost in money is variously estimated at thirty millions and fifty millions sterling. The English lost twenty thousand men; the Irish, fifty thousand. The loyalists received one and a half millions sterling for damages to

property. No estimate can be made of damage done to the property of the people. It may be indicated by the fact that the Catholic churches burned, of which any account was kept, amounted to sixty-nine. This, as Madden says, "may afford some criterion by which we can judge of the number and extent" of other outrages on property belonging to persons of that communion.*

THE BATTLE OF AGINCOURT, OCT. 25, 1415.

One of the most famous memories in the history of chivalry is that of the battle of Agincourt. The surroundings of that remarkable conflict have been recently revived by the magnificent representation at a leading theatre in the metropolis of the picturesque drama-history written by Shakespeare to perpetuate its hero and its glory.

Henry V put to sea on the 13th August, and landed near Harfleur at the head of an army of six thousand men-at-arms and twenty-four thousand foot, mostly archers. He immediately laid siege to Harfleur—which was bravely defended by d'Estonville and other French nobles—and compelled it to surrender. Henry took possession, and expelled all the French inhabitants, with the intention of peopling it with English. The French were not allowed to take their property with them; which spoil made "some compensation for the fatigues of the siege," which, with the heat of the season, brought on a dysentery which proved fatal to some two thousand, and rendered an equal number unfit for service. Henry thought seriously of returning to England; but having dismissed his transports, he lay under the necessity of marching by land to Calais, before he could reach a place of safety.

A French army of fourteen thousand men-at-arms, and forty thousand foot, had by this time assembled in Normandy under the Constable d'Albret—sufficient, if properly handled, to crush out the English. Henry cautiously offered to yield his conquest of Harfleur for a passage to Calais, but it was refused. This left him no resource but the valor of his army. Not to discourage his soldiers by an appearance of flight, he made slow and deliberate journeys till he reached the Somme, which he intended to cross at the ford of Blanchetagne, the same place where Edward III had escaped from Philip de Valois. The precaution of the French, however, had rendered his passage impossible. He was obliged to march higher up the river to seek a ford, and was continually harassed by flying parties of the enemy.

His position was one of great extremity. On the opposite side he saw troops ready to oppose him; his provisions were cut off, his soldiers languished with fatigue and sickness; when, owing to dexterity, perchance, he arrived at a spot between Corbie and Peronne where he was enabled, unmolested, to move his whole army across on the 19th of October.

Henry now marched for Calais, still, however, exposed to imminent danger. After crossing the little river of Lorenois at Blangi, his surprise was great to observe from the heights the French army drawn up in the plains of Agincourt, and in such a manner, that he could not avoid an engagement. This was on the 25th October. His army was little more than half the number that had landed at Harfleur. The French were four times his number. Nothing could be more unequal. The French were supplied with every necesity. The English wanted everything. Henry's situation was exactly similar to that of Edward at Cressy, and that of the Black Prince at Poictiers; and the memory of these great events inspired the English with a courage which, as it proved, was invincible. Henry imitated the conduct of these princes under the trying circumstances, and drew up his army on a narrow ground between two woods, which protected each flank, and in that position awaited the onset of the enemy.

Had the French constable been able either to reason justly upon the present circumstances of the two armies, or to profit by past experience, he would have postponed a combat, and waited until necessity had compelled the English to move and relinquish the advantages of their position. The impetuosity of the French nobility, and a not unreasonable reliance on their numbers, brought on an action which resulted in prolonged calamities to their country.

The French archers on horseback, and

* The Struggle for Irish Nationality, p. 29. Donohoe: Boston. 1868.

their men-at-arms, uselessly crowded in their ranks, advanced upon the English archers, who had fixed palisades in their front to break the impression of the enemy. From this defence they plied the advancing French with showers of arrows which nothing could resist. The clay soil, moistened by a late rain, proved another obstacle to the attacking force of the French cavalry. The wounded men discomposed their crowded ranks, and the narrow space into which they had forced themselves, prevented them from recovering into anything like order. The whole army became a scene of confusion, terror, and dismay, more dangerous to themselves than to the invading enemy. Henry took advantage of the crisis, and ordered his light and unincumbered archers to advance upon the the French, and secure the chances of victory. They fell with their battle-axes upon the French, who, in their unfortunate position were unable to make a useful defence, and could not retreat. They hewed them in pieces without resistance, and being seconded by the men-at-arms, the field was covered with killed, wounded, dismounted and overthrown Frenchmen.

After all semblance of opposition had been removed by the slaughter, for it was nothing else, the English had leisure to make prisoners. Advancing with uninterrupted success to the open plain, they saw the remains of the French rear-guard, which still maintained the appearance of a line of battle. At the same time, they heard an alarm from behind—some Picardy gentlemen, having collected about six hundred peasants, had fallen on the English rear. Henry, seeing the enemy in front and rear, gave orders to put the prisoners to death, and many were sacrificed before he discovered the actual state of affairs and stayed the slaughter. This severity tarnished the glory of the occasion, but all the heroism of that age is blended with barbarity. No battle was ever more disastrous to France, by the number of princes and nobility slain. Among the former were the constable himself, the Count of Nevers, the Duke of Brabant, the Count of Vaudemont, the Duke of Alençon, the Duke of Barre, the Count of Marle. The most eminent persons who fell were the Dukes of Orleans and Bourbon, Counts d'Eu, Vendôme, and Richemont, and the Mareschal of Boucicaut. The Archbishop of Sens was also slain. The killed amounted to ten thousand, eight thousand of whom were said to have been "gentlemen." Henry took fourteen thousand prisoners. The chief person of note who fell among the English, whose whole loss was only forty, was the Duke of York, who fell by the king's side.*

THE BATTLE OF EDGE-HILL, OCT. 25, 1841.

Although Prince Rupert had made some reputation by a skirmish with some of the parliamentary cavalry at the gates of Worcester, it was at Edge-Hill, in the county of Warwick, that the adherents of Charles I and those of the Parliament met in battle array. As a term of reproach, the nobility who rallied round the king gave the mobility the title of *Roundheads*, on account of the short-cropped hair which they wore; and the latter retorted by ironically calling the others *Cavaliers*. Thus the epithets arose which distinguished the two great parties to the civil war in England.

The king, on mustering his army, found it amounted to ten thousand men. It was commanded by the Earl of Lindsay, who had sought soldierly experience in the Low Countries. Prince Rupert commanded the horse; Sir Jacob Astley, the foot; Sir Arthur Aston, the dragoons; Sir John Heydon, the artillery; Lord Bernard Stuart was at the head of a troop of guards, whose estates and revenue, according to Lord Clarendon, were at least equal to those of all the members who, at the commencement of the war, voted in both houses of Parliament. Their servants, under Sir William Killigrew, made another troop, and always marched with their masters.

The army of the Parliament, amounting to fifteen thousand, was under the Earl of Essex.

The king left Shrewsbury with his army on the 12th October, 1642, determined to give battle to the Parliament army as soon as possible, as he heard it was being continually augmented by supplies from London.

With this intent he marched towards the capital, knowing that the enemy would not abandon it without a fight. On the other

* Imperial History of England. T. Camden. Vol. 1, p. 265, et seq.

hand, Essex had received instructions to present an humble petition to the king, and to rescue him and the royal family from the "desperate malignants," as the Roundheads termed the king's adherents, who had possession of them. It is a notable fact that both armies were on the march for ten days, and within but a few miles of each other, without knowing it. Shrewsbury and Worcester, from which they respectively set out, are not more than twenty miles distant. They were within six miles of each other, before the generals on either side were aware of the other's proximity.

The Cavaliers lay near Banbury; the Roundheads at Keinton, or Edge-Hill. On the 23d October, Rupert sent word of the enemies' approach. Although the day was far advanced, the king resolved upon an attack. Essex drew up his men to receive him. Sir Faithful Fortescue, who had levied a troop for the Irish wars, and had been obliged to serve in the Roundhead army, was now posted on the left wing, commanded by Ramsay, a Scotchman. As the king's army approached, Fortescue ordered his troops to discharge their pistols into the ground, and put himself under the command of Prince Rupert.

This incident had a bad effect. Under its influence, together with a furious assault by Rupert, the whole cavalry wing fled, and were pursued for two miles. The right wing, chased by Sir Arthur Aston and Wilmot, took to flight; and the king's reserve under Sir John Biron, thinking, like raw soldiers, that the fight was over, and desirous of having a part in the chase, joined in pursuit of the right wing. Sir William Balfour, commanding the Roundhead reserve, saw the advantage and took it. He wheeled upon the king's infantry, now quite unfurnished with cavalry, and made great havoc among them. The Earl of Lindsay was mortally wounded and taken prisoner. His son, attempting a rescue, also fell into the Roundheads' hands. The king's standard-bearer, Sir Edmund Verney, was killed, and the standard taken—which, however, was subsequently recovered.

Such was the state of affairs on Rupert's return after chasing the enemy's left wing. He had flattered himself with a victory, and everything wore the aspect of a defeat. The king was advised to leave the field, but refused to do so. The two armies faced each other for some time. Whether the fact, that the nearest and dearest kinsmen and friends were on opposite sides, influenced them at this juncture, or that neither retained sufficient energy or courage to advance to the attack, is doubtful. Suffice it, neither army resumed the attack. All night they lay under arms, and the next morning they found themselves in view of each other. The generals, as well as the soldiers, seemed averse to renew the combat. Essex first drew off and retired to Warwick. The king returned to his former quarters. Five thousand were found dead on the field: and the loss was about equal on both sides. At this, the first battle of the civil war, animosity seemed to be wearied out, and it might have been the time for compromise or accommodation. War *in* England was a new thing—for a century no hostile camp had been pitched in the island. Such, however, was the active opening in the field of a struggle which lost the king his head, and soiled England with English blood.

DEATH OF A NEAR RELATIVE OF WASHINGTON.

The death of Mrs. Frances Parke Butler, wife of Col. E. G. W. Butler, of Iberville parish, Louisiana, is announced. The deceased was born at Mount Vernon, Va., November 27th, 1797, and was a daughter of Lawrence Lewis and Eleanor Parke Curtis, of Woodlawn, Fairfax county, Va. Lawrence Lewis was a son of Fielding Lewis and Elizabeth Washington, and was one of the executors of his uncle's estate. Eleanor Parke Custis was the youngest daughter of John Parke Custis, only son of Mrs. Washington by her first husband, Daniel Parke Custis, and her mother was Eleanor Calvert, of Maryland, granddaughter of Lord Baltimore; and she, in common with her brother, George Washington Parke, of Arlington, father of the late Mrs. Robert E. Lee, was adopted by the General and Mrs. Washington at the death of their father at the close of the Revolution. The deceased was the nearest relative of "the Father of his country," and with Mrs. Commodore Kennon and George Washington Peter, of Maryland, was the nearest living relative of Mrs. Washington.

A TRANSLATION FROM THE CLASSICS.

By Dr. James Pech, of New College, Oxford.

Lucretius, II, 342.

Præterea genus humanum, mutæque natantes
Squamigerûm pecudes, et læta armenta, feræque,
Et variæ volucres; lætantia quæ loca aquarum
Concelebrant, circum ripas, fonteisque, lacusque,
Et quæ pervolgant nemora avia pervolitantes:
Horum unum quodvis generatim fumere perge;
Invenies tamen inter se distare figuris.
Nec ratione alia proles cognoscere matrem,
Nec mater posset prolem; quod posse videmus,
Nec minus atque homines inter se nota cluere.
Nam sæpe ante Deûm vitulus delubra decora
Thuricremas propter mactatus concidit aras,
Sanguinis exspirans calidum de pectore flumen:
At mater virideis saltus orbata peragrans,
Linquit humi pedibus vestigia pressa bisulcis,
Omnia convisens oculis loca, si queat usquam
Conspicere amissum fœtum; completque querelis
Frundiferum nemus adsistens; et crebra revisit
Ad stabulum, desiderio perfixa juvenci:
Nec teneræ salices, atque herbæ rore vigentes;
Fluminaque ulla queunt summis labentia ripis
Oblectare animum, subitamque avertere curam:
Nec vitulorum aliæ species per pabula læta.
Usque adeò quiddam proprium, notumque requirit.

Translation.

The race of man, the beasts that graze, or prey,
The speechless natives of the watery way;
Birds of all wing, or those that joy to rove
In still recesses of th' embowering grove,
Or on the grassy bank their pastime take,
That sip the fountain, or that skim the lake:
Not one of all the myriad broods you find,
But some distinction marks him from his kind.
Else, could the young with conscious rapture go
To greet its dam, or she her nursling know?
But they no less the lines distinctive scan,
Than reas'ning optics man discern from man.
When, in the fane, the victim-calf expires,
While clouds of fragrance roll from hallow'd fires;
When purple currents, warm with floating life,
Pours by the shrine the sacrificial knife,
Through the green lawns the pensive mother strays;
Her anxious search the frequent step bewrays.
Each plain she traverses, each haunt she tries,
And turns, and wistful turns, her straining eyes:
Now stops, and tells in moans her ravish'd love
To listening echoes of th' umbrageous grove.
Oft at the stall, in anguish and despair,
Her darling seeks; but finds no darling there.
The tender shrubs no more with joy she views;
No herbs, sweet glistering with refreshing dews,
Can soothe the ranklings of affliction's dart,
Plung'd to the last recesses of her heart.
Of other young no semblance gives relief;
No love transferr'd can mitigate her grief.
See through gay meads the wretched wanderer go,
A pensive form of unavailing woe!

OTHO THE REDBEARD.*

A TALE.—FROM THE GERMAN OF GRIMM.

The Emperor Otho the Great was feared in all the land, for he was severe and devoid of clemency; he wore a fine red beard, and what he swore by this beard he surely and inflexibly effected. Now, it happened that he held a magnificent court at Bamberg, to which the spiritual and temporal princes must come. On Easter morning, the emperor, with all these princes, proceeded to the minster to assist at solemn Mass. In the meantime, in the castle, the tables for the feast were prepared; thereon was bread laid, and beautiful drinking-vessels set in array.

In the emperor's court was then serving a noble and handsome youth; his father was a duke in Suabia, and had this only heir. This graceful boy passed casually before the tables, and with his delicate white hands seized a soft loaf, took it up, and was about to eat it, as all children do, who gladly eat of those pretty things for which they have a desire. Now, as he broke off a piece of the white loaf, there passed by the emperor's dapifer bearing his staff, and who was wont to superintend the tables; he angrily struck the head of the child so severely and unpliantly, that its hair and head were covered with blood.

The child fell down, and wept hot tears that the dapifer should have ventured so to strike it. This was observed by a chosen hero, named Henry von Kempten, who had come from Suabia with the child, and was its preceptor; he became violently enraged that so delicate a child should have been so mercilessly struck, and upbraided, in harsh terms, the dapifer for his severity. The dapifer said that, by virtue of his office, he was permitted to check, with his staff, all rogues. The Lord Henry laid hold of a great cudgel, and clove the skull of the dapifer as he would break an egg, and the man sank down dead on the ground.

In the meanwhile, the lords, having paid their devotions to God, returned; the emperor saw the blood-stained pavement, and having made inquiry, he was given to understand what had come to pass. Henry von Kempten was summoned on the spot, and Otho, inflamed with blustering rage, exclaimed aloud:

"Now that my dapifer lies slain, I swear by my beard to be revenged on you!"

As Henry von Kempten heard this frightful oath pronounced, and saw that his life was at stake, he collected himself, and, unimpeded, sprang quickly on the emperor, and seized him by the long red beard. Therewith he swung him suddenly on the table, and the kingly crown fell from Otho's head to the ground; and as the princes sprang forward to rescue the emperor from this enraged man, Henry drew his knife, while he cried aloud:

"Let no one touch me, else the emperor lies dead here!"

All stepped back—Otho, in great distress, signed to them to do so; but the undaunted Henry spoke:

"Emperor, would you have your life, so give me assurance that I am safe!"

The emperor, who saw the knife at his throat, forthwith raised on high his finger, and promised the noble knight, on the royal honor, that his life should be granted him. Henry, as soon as he had this certainty, relinquished his hold of the red beard, and raised up the emperor. But the latter hastily placed himself in the royal chair, stroked his beard, and spoke these words:

"Knight, life and limb have I promised you—therewith go your way; but hide yourself from my eyes, that they may never again look on you, and leave my court and land. You are too heavy for a courtier, and my beard must ever shun your razor!"

* Otho I, eldest son of Henry the Fowler, whom he succeeded in 936.

Then Henry took leave of all the knights and of his acquaintances, and withdrew to Suabia, to those lands and possessions which he held in fee from the abbey, and lived solitary in honor.

Ten years after this occurrence, it came to pass that the Emperor Otho carried on a difficult war on the other side of the mountains (Italy), and laid siege to a fortified city. There he had a pressing need of men, and sent to have them raised in the tributary states; and required that those who held in fee of the crown should promptly acquit themselves of their services, on pain of forfeiture of their fiefs and rights. Now came there also a messenger to the abbot at Kempten to urge him for the contingent; the abbot, in his turn, sent his messenger to summon Lord Henry, as one of whom, above all others, the abbot stood most in need.

"Ah! noble lord, what is it you wish to do?" replied the knight. "You know very well that I have forfeited the favor of the emperor—better that I gave you my two sons, and let them go with you."

"But you are more requisite to me than these both together," spoke the abbot. "It is not permitted me to free you from this obligation, else I must grant your land to another, who will better know how to serve."

"Surely," replied the noble knight, "if such is the case, that land and honor are at stake, so will I comply with your command, come of it what may, and the menace of the emperor may pass over me."

Herewith, Henry prepared himself for the campaign, and soon came by the mountains to the city before which the German lay; still he hid himself from the emperor's face and fled him. He put up his tent a little aside from the army. One day, he saw a large number of burghers come out of the beleagured city, and ride towards the emperor to a conference which was agreed to by both parties. The faithless burghers had contrived this deceit, for as the emperor, unsuspecting and unarmed, rode towards them, they held in ambush an armed troop, and suddenly seized with bold hands the sovereign, that they might detain and beat him. As Lord Henry beheld this breach of faith and assault, he quickly grasped his sword and shield, and ran forward to the fray. He boldly threw himself among the enemy, killed and wounded many, and put all to flight; thereon he loosed the emperor from his bonds, and returned unrecognized to his tent. Otho, as he again approached his army, wished to be informed of him who had come to the rescue; angrily he seated himself on his chair in his tent, and spoke:

"I had been betrayed if two knightly hands had not helped me; but whoso knows that man, let him bring before me that man, that he may receive my favor and rich reward. There lives not here or elsewhere a more courageous hero."

Now, some knew well that it was Henry von Kempten, while they feared to pronounce his name, as the emperor had sworn his death.

"With the knight," they answered, "it so stands that heavy displeasure impends over him: might he again win favor, so place we him before you."

Thereon spoke the emperor: "If he had even slain our father, will it be forgiven him."

They named Henry von Kempten. Otho commanded that he should be immediately produced; he was, however, about to receive him ill and menacingly. As Henry von Kempten was being led forward, the emperor assumed angry looks, and said:

"How hast thou confided in thyself thus again to pass before my eyes, since thou art well aware that I am your enemy? What lofty presumption has now carried thee hither?"

"Favor, lord," said the bold champion; "forced have I come here, and my prince, who here stands, commanded it by his favor. God be my witness, how reluctantly I have made this march, but I must discharge my oath of fealty. Who takes that ill of me, I so repay him that his last word he has spoken."

Then Otho began to laugh: "You are a thousand times welcome to me, you noble hero! You have saved my life, which, without your aid, I must have lost."

So he sprang up, and kissed the eyes and cheeks of Henry; their mutual enmity vanished, and a sincere reconciliation was effected. The nobly descended emperor granted him great possessions, and brought him to honors, of which mention is still made.

CATHOLIC MEMORIES OF THE TOWER OF LONDON.

The Tower of London—that grim, old fortress which has frowned over the Thames for more than a thousand years (some say two thousand)—is about to be opened free on two days of the week to the people who pay all the expenses connected with that establishment.

John Bull and his neighbors—Patrick across the channel, and Sawney north of the Tweed—pay the taxes out of which the salaries of the Tower officials are disbursed; and yet it is spoken of as a favor to the public that on two days in the week they are to be allowed to see their own property.

How different it is in France! The poorest Frenchman, with his wife and children, may, without paying anything, roam through the unrivalled galleries of the Louvre, the wonderful "Jardin des Plantes" (the zoölogical and botanic garden of Paris), or he may for a trifle go to Verasilles and roam freely through the magnificent galleries and gardens of the finest place in the world. In London the public have, after a great struggle, obtained the free opening of Westminster Abbey, but they have not yet obtained even one day free for the full inspection of St. Paul's. However, now that the old Tower of London is more free of access than heretofore, and as so many Americans, native and adopted, visit or revisit the "old country," it will not be out of place to call to mind some of the memories connected with that historic pile, which are intimately connected with those principles of civil and religious liberty dear to every American. We wish to point out to those who may visit the Tower some of its Catholic memories, through the agency of a suggestive writer, who, in opening the topic, says: "We would wish to show Protestants all that Catholics suffered there for their faith, and we would wish to tell Catholics how proud they ought to be that within the Tower's gloomy walls our sublime religion gave many noble martyrs to the halter, the block, the stake, or to secret assassination."

We see it stated that the Poet Laureate, Mr. Tennyson—the poetic spirit of whose genius should be able to soar above the spiteful influences of bigotry—in expressing his belief in the success of his recently issued drama, "Queen Mary," bases it on the appeal made in that work to the intense Protestantism of the English people. He should remember that noble Englishmen were martyrs to their faith in Catholicity; that some of the ablest intellects in England to-day are converts from Protestantism back to the ancient Church, and that one of the most eminent of English statesmen has just been hurled from his pride of place and political leadership, for having dared the civilized sense of England to a war of bigotry, based on the defunct shibboleth of "No-Popery." Where Mr. Gladstone failed, Mr. Tennyson will not succeed. The efforts of both, however, but the more pointedly refer us to the Catholic memories associated with perhaps the most historical monument in the seat of the British Empire.

It is not our intention to go back to those old times when the gallant Wallace suffered on Tower Hill for love of his native land. His spirit animated the heart of the dauntless Robert Bruce, who struck a blow on the memorable field of Bannockburn, which gave Scotland five hundred years of independence. We desire to pass to higher and more holy interests. The guide may prattle about the murdered royal children buried in a dark corner, or of Princess Elizabeth, who swore to the truth of Catholicity, and afterwards was a ruthless Protestant persecutor; but our thoughts soar to a much loftier atmosphere.

What Catholic can enter the precincts of the Tower without feeling that he is on the spot formerly trodden by one of England's

greatest and noblest sons, the illustrious Sir Thomas More! Historians tell us that More had the honor to be Lord Chancellor of England. But the true Catholic will deem that he attained to a greater honor when he calmly and meekly laid his head on the block, rather than surrender to the ferocious Henry VIII one tittle of that sublime faith, in defence of which he was so glorious a martyr. Even the bigoted Protestant writers admit that no purer nor more stainless character adorns the pages of the history of any country.

In the history of literature, More is regarded as the first prose writer who mingled just and striking thought with his language, and was entitled to be called a man of genius. He was the first layman who held the office of Lord Chancellor, and had always been so zealous a believer in the Catholic faith, that it was with difficulty at one time he was restrained from becoming a monk. His *Utopia* is a well known work—at least by reference—the title of which has added an expressive synonym for theoretical impracticability to the English language. The most of More's writings are pamphlets on the religious controversies of the day.

Let Catholics therefore think of the great Sir Thomas More when they enter the Tower, and let them think of him with honorable pride.

And what shall we say of his noble fellow-martyr who was immured within the same walls, the saintly Fischer, Bishop of Rochester, who also gave up his life for the true faith! When the Pope heard of the great service rendered to Catholicity by Bishop Fischer, he named him cardinal. Which drew from the brutal Henry VIII the remark: —"Well, let the Pope send him a hat when he will. Mother of God! he shall wear it on his shoulders then, for I will leave him never a head to set it on." As a man, Bishop Fischer, on the authority of Erasmus, possessed many of the best points of human character; while, as a literary man, he is regarded as one of the fathers of English prose. His sermons and tracts in English were printed in Warzburg, in 1595, sixty years after his execution.

As they pass through the Tower, visitors had better trust to history than to the guides.

When we last visited that building, the guide seemed resolved to ignore everything Catholic. When we entered the dungeon in which Philip Howard, Earl of Arundel, was a prisoner for many years until he was basely murdered by poison, of which fact the guide said nothing, we were deeply moved. The despotic Elizabeth had long kept him a prisoner, but he yielded not, though he was offered freedom and wealth if he would become a Protestant. How edifying it is to read the inscriptions he wrote on the walls! We have not room for them all, but there is one so very striking that we cannot omit it.

The visitor will see on the wall these words:—"Quanto plus afflictionis pro Christo in hoc sæculo, tanto plus gloriæ cum Christo in futuro:" The greater the affliction we endure for Christ in this world, the greater the glory with Christ in the world to come.

Let us pass on. Whose cell was this? It was the dungeon of the good Jesuit priest and martyr, Father Robert Southwell. He was also a sweet and thoughtful poet. Born of Catholic parents in 1560 at St. Faith's, Norfolk, he was educated at Douai and Rome, and entered the Society of Jesus. In 1584 he returned to England as a missionary, in despite of the law threatening death to members of his profession in that country. For eight years he ministered in secret to the scattered adherents of the faith, without infringing on the peace of society. Yet in 1592 he was arrested at a gentleman's house at Uxenden in Middlesex, and committed to this dungeon in the Tower, which was at the time so filthy, that, when brought forth for examination, the priest of gentle blood was covered with vermin. His father, disgusted, begged Queen Elizabeth to consign his son to death, if he had done anything which merited such a fate; if not, to have him treated like a gentleman, as he was. The prisoner was somewhat better lodged after this, but, as Chamber says, "an imprisonment of three years with ten inflictions of the rack, wore out his patience, and he entreated to be brought to trial." Cecil is said to have made the remark that, "if he was in so much haste to be hanged, he should quickly have his desire." He confessed he was a priest of the Roman Catholic faith, was found guilty and executed at Tyburn, "with all the horrible circumstances

dictated by the old treason laws of England." As Southwell's brief life was full of grief, his poetry is full of religious resignation to severe trials. His two longest poems, *St. Peter's Complaint*, and *Mary Magdalen's Funeral Tears*, were written in prison. "It is a remarkable fact," says Chambers—but it is not remarkable to those who appreciate the sublime spirit of religion which guided the priest-poet—"that though composed while suffering under persecution, no trace of angry feeling against any human being or any human institution occurs in these poems." Eleven editions of Southwell's poems appeared between 1593 and 1600; yet they fell into obscurity until brought to light again after more than two centuries.* The following is a notable specimen of his poetry:

TIMES GO BY TURNS.

"The lopped tree in time may grow again,
Most naked plants renew both fruit and flower;
The sorriest wight may find release of pain,
The driest soil suck in some moistening shower:
Time goes by turns and chances change by course,
From foul to fair, from better hap to worse.

"The sea of Fortune doth not ever flow,
She draws her favors to the lowest ebb;
Her tides have equal times to come and go,
Her loom doth weave the fine and coarsest web:
No joy so great but runneth to an end,
No hap so hard but may in fine amend.

"Not always fall of leaf, nor ever spring,
Not endless night, yet not eternal day;
The saddest birds a season find to sing,
The roughest storm a calm may soon allay:
Thus, with succeeding turns, God tempereth all,
That man may hope to rise, yet fear to fall.

"A chance may win that by mischance was lost:
That net that holds no great, takes little fish;
In some things all, in all things none are crost;
Few all they need, but none have all they wish.
Unmingled joys here to no man befall;
Who least, hath some; who most, hath never all."

A good critic has said that some of his lines have never been surpassed in any language.

Here, too, lay the dauntless champion of the faith, Father Edmund Campion, S. J., who suffered martyrdom for God. Many, very many more, could we add to our list, but that we have not space.

But we cannot omit the great Archbishop of Armagh, the glorious Dr. Oliver Plunkett, the last man who suffered death for religion in England. He was in truth a noble prelate. Nothing could daunt him. He feared no man, and at his trial, though denied justice, he bore himself courageously in defence of the truth. But perjurers gained their end, and he was sacrificed to the vengeance of those who had resolved to imbrue their hands in the blood of the Lord's anointed.

On merely historical matters we, as we said, care not to dwell. The racks and other implements of torture prepared for those who were obnoxious to the crown can be seen by the visitors, and they will learn that never in any place in the world was there more agony endured by human beings. Many Geraldines were imprisoned here, and were barbarously executed for love of Ireland. The guide will talk of the "seven bishops" whom James II for a short time sent here, and yet they became prisoners because they, being hostile to religious equality, refused to read out his noble proclamation of liberty of conscience to all. The noblemen who gallantly fought for the Stuarts in 1715 and 1745 were also imprisoned here, and here were they put to death.

Let us hope such persecuting times are passed for ever; but let us also hope that the spirit which animated the glorious martyrs who were executed in or near the Tower, still lives; and that every Catholic from every land who visits that building, may derive fresh strength to do manly battles against the enemies of the faith. Thus may we draw sublime sermons from the Tower's gloomy but eloquent stones, and realize the beautiful lines of Father Faber:—

"Our fathers, chained in prison dark,
Were still in heart and conscience free;
How sweet would be their children's fate,
If they, dear God, could die for thee!"

* In 1818, edited by W. Joseph Walter.

THE OLD ELM.

Upon a lawn, in varied beauty clad,
There stands, alone, and lonely stands—an elm
With sapless top, and branches battered, brok'n,
That speak of strife and struggle with the storms.
Around its aged trunk fresh offshoots grow,
And hide from neighb'ring trees more young and bright,
The nakedness of its half-palsied form.
Since first the germ from which it grew dropped off
The parent stock, whole centuries have come,
And gone, and found it with the living still.
One day I sat and wondered at the scenes
It saw and might describe were speech its gift;
And fancy thought she heard it speak the way,
As gentle winds played through its rugged boughs.

II.

I'm old and broke, I'm stiff and weak,
And passing to decay;
My top is dead, my limbs harsh creak,
My life ebbs slow away.

III.

"When young I loved with storms to sport,
And drink the rainy spray;
I loved to bask in and to court
The sun's life-giving ray.

IV.

"I'm old, and broke, but scenes have passed
Beneath my shielding shade,
O'er which I would a glance now cast
Ere I in dust am laid.

V.

"In prime of life, in better days,
The red man was my friend;
I loved his sports, I watched his ways,
My joys with his did blend.

VI.

Once on this spot two lovers met;
I heard their plighted vows;
The joy that in their hearts was set,
Thrilled through my waving boughs.

VII.

"The air around with love did thrill,
And earth and sky above—
All spoke a voice which echoes still:
That we were born of love.

VIII.

"A year passed on. The dusky maid,
With dusky babe at breast,
In woful mood sought this same shade,
Her heart with grief oppressed.

IX.

The youth who won her here—his own,
On hunting grounds was slain;
Her poor heart broke in moan on moan,
Thro' woe's word-stifling pain.

X.

"I said: 'With love, with joy, with bliss,
Are grief and woe e'er bound;
Something with man there is amiss,
That joy with grief's so found.'

XI.

"A century passed A pale-faced man.
Did pause beneath my shade;
He looked fatigued, footsore and wan,
'Thy will be done,' he said.

XII.

"And while his weary limbs reposed,
Upon a book he read;
And when the holy book he closed
He knelt and silent prayed.

XIII.

"Then went his way, his spirit whole,
His visage bright to see:
The light of heaven filled his soul—
A mission priest was he!

XIV.

"Another century came and went,
A pale race grew around;
The red man to its power bent,
Till sank he in the ground.

XV.

"And other lives and other ways
Move o'er the shifting scene;
And pass absorbed in present days,
Heedless of what has been."

XVI.

"Enough, old elm," I said, "'tis ever so;
The old gives place to the new, the new grows old;
In varied round of changing all things move.
Joy runs to grief; grief runs to joy; in life
Is death: in death is life—and over all
Is the unchanging life of great and small.

THE NEW YORK CATHOLIC PROTECTORY.

By Hon. John B. Haskin.*

Most reverend Fathers and Brothers, Ladies and Gentlemen.

One of the sweetest, if not the best, of American poets—our own William Cullen Bryant—has said, "The groves were God's first temples."

The thought is sublime and beautiful, and we all realize and appreciate it to-day, who have assembled here in this beautiful grove, beneath the shade of lofty oak trees, many of which have looked down upon us for half a century—not, however, as the Pyramids of Egypt once looked down upon Napoleon, his warlike generals and hordes; but smiling down upon us in the peaceful pursuit of sweet Christian charity in favor of yon beneficent institution, the Catholic Protectory, which has conferred, and will continue to confer, if properly supported, so much benefit and advantage upon the thousands of the rising generation who may come under the generous charge of those pure God's children and tutors, the Christian Brothers, who work so assiduously and unselfishly in the care and education of its inmates.

Ladies and Gentlemen: If there be any sight more grateful than another to an American traveller's view, upon his return from abroad to his native land, it is, in steaming or sailing up the East and the Harlem rivers, to behold again with exultation and pride all of those glorious eleemosynary institutions, covering the grounds of Blackwell's, Randall's and Ward's Islands, which are the best in the world, the pride of us all, and have cost our people in taxation so much money, but which has been paid with pleasure and satisfaction, because of the institutions being so much needed, and excellently conducted for the poor, the downtrodden, the oppressed of other, and our own land, who, as *humanity*, have to be cared for at the public expense, in and for the well and humane government of society.

Not less grand and imposing to the view, when the traveller reaches here from the borders of the Harlem river, are your splendid structures, the Protectory buildings, erected in the best cause that ever actuated the mind and heart of the true philanthropist, in this country.

I know not what particularly induced the kind partiality of my most excellent friend and Christian Brother Teliow, to publish me to deliver "an address" here to-day, unless it may have been the history, the commencement, the rise and progress, of the beneficent institution under his charge, and of which he is the very able and popular manager. Why should I, a fat man weighing 230lbs., on this hot dog day in August, be expected to call you away from your good eating and drinking here, from your dancing and hilarious enjoyment, to listen to "an elaborate address" from me? Impossible!—I shall therefore not attempt an address, but shall merely "talk" to you in a familiar way, and give you a brief history of the Protectory.

It is true, I know its history well, for I happened to be in attendance upon the Legislature in Albany, during the winter of 1863, when the act for the incorporation of this great and good institution was passed. The pioneer, the Peter the Hermit, of the act and institution was the late lamented Professor L. Silliman Ives. He was an honest and faithful convert to Roman Catholicism from the Protestant Church. He devoted his time, his ability and his energies for a whole session of the Legislature to the passage of the act for the establishment of the Protectory. He was poor, very poor,

* *Verbatim* report of address delivered during the grand visitation to the Protectory, August 10th, 1875.

often borrowing money from admiring and trusting friends to pay his board-bill, while engaged at Albany in urging the passage of this act. He had to encounter the prejudices and the bitter opposition of religious sectarianism in the Legislature and to overcome them all, in the success of his bill; and finally, through the earnest support of a bad fellow, but a Legislator of great tact and ability, the exile from his country "for his country's good," Tom Field, succeeded in having his act become a law; and then the Professor's work really commenced to put his act into successful practical operations, in the organization of the Corporation, that since has so zealously and ably conducted the affairs of the Protectory. Oh! how much praise is due to this departed good man! I have frequently thought that cotemporaneous generations were sometimes unappreciative of the services of true philanthropists, and of the great benefits conferred upon the world by great discoverers and inventors—in many cases ungenerous to them when living, and ungrateful to their memories when dead; and here let me remark, that when the hour hand on the dial of time shall point to twelve o'clock on New-Year's Day, in the year nineteen hundred, the commencement of the next century, *then* the philanthropic and beneficial services of Ives, and his memory, will be appreciated and cherished at least twenty-five times more and greater than on this day. The same thing I might with propriety say of Professor Morse, and his great and wonderful discoveries and improvements in telegraphy.

The first step after the formation of the corporation was the selection of the site for the institution, and just here my connection with the project commenced. I happened to be the lawyer for the estate, that of William Varian deceased, who owned these broad acres. Shortly after the passage of the act, I was called upon one evening at my residence at Fordham, by that much-lamented, pure, good and energetic soldier of his Church, the late Father Kinsella, with the request that I should assist him in getting the Protectory located on this beautiful property. Well do I remember the eloquent appeal Father Kinsella made to me, to assist him in the matter on account of the good the establishment of the Protectory would do him and his flourishing church and flock, yonder St. Raymond's, where he so humbly lived and died as the servant of God and his faith. At the interview he said: "My friend Haskin, I have called upon you to do me a great favor." I replied: "I am ready to do you, my dear friend, any proper favor within my power." He resumed: "You know an act for the incorporation of the Catholic Protectory has been passed: now I want you, as you have the selling of the land adjoining my church, to assist me in securing it and getting the Protectory established there. I have built up my little church (yonder in Flushing Grove); and if I have done good service for my people and church, I want to have adjoining it the best institution ever founded in America! Therefore you must assist me in having the site for the Protectory located there."

Well his zeal in the matter was so great, the location so good, and the land—about 100 acres—so well adapted to the purposes desired, that I at once negotiated, through Professor Ives the President, a sale at $40,000, and my friend, John E. Develin here on this stand, was the lawyer who examined and secured the title to this valuable property. It was a great undertaking to organize and successfully establish this institution.

The corporators named in the bill were generous and magnanimous gentlemen, friends of humanity, Catholics in the broad sense of the word; and prominent among them were the names of Felix Ingoldsby, Daniel Devlin (than whom no more genial gentleman or nobler Devlin ever lived), the O'Brien brothers, John E. Develin and others. To Father Kinsella more than any other man, are the people of Westchester indebted for the location, through me, of the site here, and to Professor Ives, the managers, and Brother Teliow for the great benefits received from the successful establishment of this, to me, best public institution in this country. Here is an institution open to all with commodious buildings and accommodations for their inmates, open to Jew and Gentile alike, Protestant or Catholic—it makes no difference to which denomination the applicant belongs. The Protectory is

ready and prepared to receive all without distinction of religious belief; an institution which has not its equal in the land, and accomplishing an amount of real good of which it is difficult to form an estimate.

This corporation since its organization, for the purchase of its lands and erection of all its buildings, notwithstanding the terrible misfortune of the loss of some of the largest of them by fire, has cost about the sum of $1,200,000. They have educated, cared for, instructed and supported during that period, about twelve years, nearly 9,000 inmates. They are this year caring for over 2000 boys and girls, and fitting them for the heritage of God on this earth. Our public free schools of the city of New York cost in their support and management nearly $4,000,000 annually. For such great and good objects, nobody of any heart or soul finds fault with this large amount annually expended. And how much praise is therefore due to the managers of the Protectory for their economy, in providing for the support and education of nearly nine thousand destitute and deserving bodies and souls for whom they have provided during the past twelve years. They have not only saved the bodies of these boys and girls from pollution, but prepared their souls, under the instructions of the Christian Brothers and Sisters of Charity, for Heaven. Could there, I say, be a more beneficent institution than this? To illustrate its benefits in saving from crime and a moral death, I refer to an incident I witnessed six months since in the Court of Sessions in the city of New York. Three little boys, each under fourteen years of age, were brought to the bar of the court, when the clerk requested them to plead to the indictment which was for grand larceny, for having stolen a gold watch. The poor little fellows were choked with emotion; each cried and sobbed uninterruptedly as if his little heart would break. I could not say a word to them, but affected by their pitiable situations, requested the Assistant District Attorney to put some questions to them, which he did; and one of the boys, still sobbing, replied to him: "I—I stole the watch; those other boys had nothing to do with it; they were only in my company." Two of the boys were thereupon discharged, and the third who had spoken was sent up to this Protectory to be brought up as a Christian and to make a useful member of society. Now if this institution had not been in existence, these friendless boys would each have been sent to the State Prison or Penitentiary, and ruined for life.

You have heard so much from other speakers about the benefits conferred, that I shall refrain further from talking upon this subject.

The $200,000 of debt on the institution must be removed: $100,000 of this must come from a law of the State to be passed next winter, and the other from voluntary subscriptions of liberal citizens, and from what the managers may make out of visits like this. Last year they netted nearly $7,000 profit: this year they would have probably netted more, but for the bad conduct of Jupiter Pluvius, who has been so unkind to us in giving us wet weather during the past week. Having said this much about the Protectory, now permit me to say something about the propriety of its location here, about this particular part of our country and its history.

You know—if you don't I must inform you—I am a native, "to the manner born." I know and have passed over and upon almost every foot of soil in the southern part of Westchester.

In my case I fully realize the beauty of the lines of the poet Wordsworth:

"How dear to this heart are the scenes of my childhood,
When fond recollection presents them to view,
The orchard, the meadow, the deep, tangled wildwood,
And all the loved spots which my infancy knew:
The wide-spreading pond, and the mill that stood by it,
The bridge and the rock where the cataract fell;
The cot of my father, the dairy house nigh it,
And e'en the rude bucket that hung in the well."

Fifteen years ago, where yon noble piles of brick and mortar now stand, there stood the old farm mansion, the old well, with the old oaken bucket in it. They have been removed by the march of inprovement. The Empire City, lying at our feet, has with rapid strides advanced, so that it has nearly taken within its boundaries this property. Within the next

quarter of a century it will have likely taken it in, and then, like the Sisters of the Sacred Heart, in their removal of Mount St. Vincent from the Central Park to Fort Hill, our Christian Brothers will probably have to remove twelve miles or more beyond here.

This part of Westchester, since the time the red man lived here as in a secluded home, has always been consecrated to freedom and religious liberty. Without being too tedious, I must briefly refer to its history:—

In the year 1643, two hundred and thirty-two years ago, one Jans Throckmorton, with thirty five families, fled from Connecticut for the purpose of settling here, in a place where they could enjoy civil and religious liberty, unmolested by the intolerance of the Puritans and the savage conduct of the Indians. Only a few years previously, Calvert Lord Baltimore, a Catholic, had settled Maryland, and he and his colonists had there proclaimed freedom, perfect freedom in religious worship; and Throckmorton following his liberal and magnanimous example, guaranteed civil and religious liberty here to all within his jurisdiction in the old town of Westchester. It then contained all the land in what were the towns of Morrisania and West Farms, now the Twenty-third and Twenty-fourth Wards, and what now composes the town of Westchester, and then contained, all told, of inhabitants five hundred and fifty. Now upon the same land there are about forty thousand inhabitants. In a few years after when under the control of the Dutch Governor of New York, Peter Stuyvesant, the town was known as "Vredeland"—Peaceland. How proper, therefore, that this peaceful institution, under the Christian Brothers, should be located here! In 1681, the town authorities granted a license to sell liquor to John Hunt, to keep an ordinary inn, with a proviso in the license, which I have no doubt was as productive of as much good as "the Wilmot proviso" my friend John E. Develin supported.

The proviso was, that Hunt should not charge more than two cents per quart for beer, and three cents per gill for his rum. Eight cents a gallon for beer! Such a proviso now existing in the County of Westchester might inundate or drown some of its towns in beer and rum.

In 1667, the first patent was granted to the town by Governor Nichols under James, Duke of York.

In 1692, the Indians, the original owners of the town, conveyed all of it to town trustees, through Mamineope, and Wampage, Indian chiefs, for the consideration of two guns, two shirts, two adzes, two coats, two kettles, one barrel of cider and six bitts of money. Rather a cheap purchase!

In 1696, during the eighth year of the reign of William III, a royal charter was granted to the people of this town, one of the most liberal character, and the best charter I ever read.—I would that they had as good a one now existing for the government of the city of New York, where they have the most incongruous charter and laws for the government of that great city—with a board of estimate and apportionment consisting of four officials, only two of whom are elected by the people, and which board have the power of revising, amending and annulling the legislative action of their board of aldermen, voted for and elected by over one hundred thousand people annually. Was there ever such a libel upon democracy, as to insist upon such government being, in form and in substance, a democratic government? I refer to these charters to prove that "Home Rule," for which O'Connell battled in Ireland, was recognized as the rule of government here two centuries ago.—This charter provided for the election of six aldermen and six assistant aldermen, and a mayor, annually by the people, and the mayor and aldermen had the power to appoint a recorder and subordinate officers of the town government. In every instance of a charter government in this country, the people from time immemorial preserved the right to elect all their local officers, by whom they were to be governed and through whom they were to be taxed, and jealously maintained and preserved the right to "Home Rule."

Empires like Russia, and like the late empire of France, have their foundling hospitals founded and run in the interest of war, for nearly all educated in them are put into their standing armies and brought up in the interests of war; while here, they are educated for citizenship, for democratic sovereigns in the interest of blessed peace, in the

various trades and professions for which nature has adapted them, and on which they confer, after graduating from this institution, so much of real benefit upon the human family. Here they are educated for the practical business of life. Here they are made printers, carpenters, shoemakers, tailors, and proficient in the various trades known to our language; and the boy in the shoeshop of the Protectory, when hammering upon his last, knows not what, by good conduct, he may thereafter become; and the boy in the tailor shop, "stitch, stitching away" on his bench, may hopefully look up to heaven, and with an honest aspiration, exclaim, "I, too, may become another Andy Johnson"—"I too may be an alderman, a state senator, a member of Congress, a United States senator, a vice-president, and the president of this great republic!" How natural this thought and ambition of the boy that's to be the "self-made man!" I am one of them; and if there is anything in this life I admire more than another, it is the rise, progress, and success of the self-made man, the architect of his own fortune, by his own God-given talent, energy and force of will, and of these, in the history of our country, a greater number of our ablest and most successful public men and statesmen have emerged from our free schools, our country academies, and private schools, than from your colleges, like Yale and Harvard, whose graduates, in most instances, are the sons of the wealthy, and brought up in the lap of luxury.

If you need confirmation of the truth of this statement, look back to the career of Andy Johnson. At ten years of age apprenticed to the tailoring trade for seven years—at twenty years of age, only able to read—subsequently taught by his wife to write, and then educating himself, making himself a great statesman, the father of the Homestead Bill, and President of our Union. And again, revert to the career of another self-made man, "the Little Giant of the West," Stephen A. Douglas, a poor New England boy, with an academic education only, one of the strongest intellects and bravest statesmen of his time, the champion of "Home Rule" in this country, of popular sovereignty, a candidate of the democratic party for the presidency, and only beaten because of the treachery to it of its prominent Southern members who had become traitors to that union of States, which, because they could not longer continue to rule, they determined if possible to destroy. His memory should ever be cherished by all earnest patriots of the republic. Johnson and Douglas do not stand alone among the self-made men I have known intimately. We need not wander from this country to find another brilliant example, another poor New England boy, who at sixteen years of age migrated to your great city, and became an industrious practical printer, and afterwards became the greatest journalist of the country, and then the candidate of a great party for the presidency; but he too, like Douglas, was defeated by the treachery of his own party, and through the ingratitude of those to whom his powerful pen and services had always been devoted—the negro population. He was an honest man, always great in the pursuit of whatever he undertook: I allude to the renowned Horace Greeley, the friend of this Protectory, the friend of Ireland, the liberal, unselfish friend of all races, of all climes, and of every land.

And yet another self-made man whom I knew well, and deeply respected, I must refer to. I saw him often at St. John's College, an institution of learning controlled by the Jesuits. I have lived adjoining it for twenty-five years; and although the "Dutch deformed prejudices" of the neighbors, when the Jesuits first took possession of the college, were almost sufficient to cause an outbreak of violence against them, yet I know, from experience, that they have always "minded their own business," never interfered with the affairs or creeds of others, and have gone on uninterruptedly and successfully educating those under their charge, and doing good as Christians without reproach. I allude to the Right Reverend John Hughes, who was the great benefactor of St. John's College, as he was, while living, the great champion of the Catholic Church, advancing its interests, greater than any other in this country. He was the very St. Paul here among Catholics, and whose good deeds should never be forgotten. His memory should be religiously cherished and revered by every true Catholic in the land. He, too, was a poor, friendless

boy, a gardener at Emmetsburg, and afterwards reaching and occupying the highest position in the Roman Catholic hierarchy.

Now, before becoming too tedious upon this topic, I come down to another self-made man, sitting upon this platform. Fifteen years ago, it was my good fortune to be introduced by Senator Douglas, at his residence in Washington, to that stalwart, broad shouldered, stout old man, a Prussian by birth, the valiant Father de Smet; who had borne the cross of Christ forty years among the Indians of the Rocky Mountains, who had devoted his life and energies to the welfare and saving of the souls of the rude mountaineers and savages, on whose rugged territory his remains now repose. I refer to him as I speak of Brother Teliow, also a Prussian, who is here, because they resemble each other, and because each had devoted himself for years most zealously and unselfishly for the advancement and improvement of the human species, and to render those under their charge comfortable here, and happy hereafter. He has devoted his life to the amelioration of the condition of the poor and the lowly, and to his great executive talent and energy the Protectory owes much of its successful management, and the good it has accomplished. His knotty head and strong physical frame have enabled him to perform here herculean and most successful labors.

The time I have occupied admonishes me that I must bring my desultory remarks to a close and not detain you longer, for I shall leave this stand to be followed in an address from my able and eloquent friend, Alderman Purroy, from Fordham. My friends, we should all feel grateful that we have been permitted to live during this century. I feel, though but 54 years old, that I have livedfor over half a century, during the most important and eventful period of time in the world's history. During this century, I have witnessed and enjoyed more real history in startling events, wonderful discoveries, improvements in the arts and sciences, and in real knowledge, than could have been known or witnessed for four centuries preceding this. In common with the most of you, I have personally seen the most gigantic rebellion, with the largest armies in the field, the world ever saw. I have seen that rebellion against the best government ever devised by and for man, put down and crushed out, and the greatest republic of the world maintaining itself and flourishing as a bright and living exemplar to the whole world. I have seen in practical operation the marvellous discoveries of Professor Morse encircling the world with telegraphic wires, and almost annihilating time, in the transmission of news and intelligence. Why, only a few days since, the newspapers stated that a despatch had been sent and an answer received on that fine day from London to Wall Street in seven minutes, by which a panic in the money market might have been produced. We are indeed blessed, who have been permitted to live in this age; which is one truly of improvement, enlightenment and progress.

For any potentate or prince like Bismarck, now to attempt to repress the spreading of the Catholic religion, as has been attempted in Bavaria and Belgium, is simply ridiculous. "Thought," "ideas," "religious belief," cannot be cribbed and confined: the spread of intelligence and liberal views forbid this; free thought and the dissemination of intelligence now encircle the world with the rapidity of the lightning's flash, and Bismarck and his allies cannot prevent the spread of Catholicity, any more than he could dam up the cataract of Niagara with a table spoon.

Ladies and Gentlemen—I say this to Protestants and liberals of all creeds, in connection with this Roman Catholic institution—the word Roman is surplusage, and should be stricken out of its charter. Catholic alone is comprehensive enough—it means liberal, universal; and in that sense, I am, and all liberal minded men are, catholics. I know we are all Christians here to-day; some of you drove up here over the Southern Boulevard, some over the Central Boulevard, while others came by the Harlem and New Haven Railroad; all of you sought to reach, this goal of enjoyment and happiness: and what bides it, in our exercise of sweeet charity, in the interests of Christians, if we do differ somewhat about creeds, so long as we, by good and charitable deeds, contribute to the glory of God, though we may each take different roads to reach a common destination, that which we are all looking after—

heaven hereafter. Surely there is room and verge enough for all of us.

I do not hesitate to say as a Protestant, from my observations in life, that for certain classes of society, for their welfare and good government, the Catholic religion, with its fine discipline and organization, is the best; and in its watchful Christian care of the bodies and souls of its devotees, it has no superior. Every body should believe in the catholicity of charity; and therefore I appeal to you all, as you are Christians, desirous of doing good in this life, and having hopes for happiness in the life to come, and in the name of your wives and children, to contribute liberally as I have done, and will continue to do, whatever you can afford, towards the support and maintenance of this most excellent and deserving institution.

One other thought, and then I have done. An annual hegira, in the spring and summer months, of about twenty thousand of our people, who in many cases have not travelled over and witnessed the magnificent and grand scenery of their own country, takes place from our shores to Europe. They pack up their trunks, fill up their pockets, and go off to visit foreign strands, and there they expend annually millions of dollars, bringing home with them from abroad purchases of dry goods and luxuries sufficient in many instances to last their families for years; our own merchants, manufacturers, and tradesmen of all kinds suffering in consequence, and, as I believe, contributing here for the past four years very largely to the failure of our merchants, and the "hard times." This foolish extravagance for foreign travel and purchasing goods ought to cease, for the good of our own country: and permit me to suggest that if five per cent of the expenditures made abroad this year by *Catholics* alone, had been kept at home and contributed here for the benefit of the Protectory, the debts of the institution would have been paid off and wiped out. This should be attained in the future, and its usefulness must be continued, and its success placed on a firm and permanent basis.

Thanking you most kindly for your marked attention to my desultory remarks, I take my leave, and cheerfully give place for the treat you have in store from Alderman Purroy.

GRAVE OF THF INDIAN KING.

BY A LADY.

WHEN the hunter shall sit by the mound, and produce his food at noon, "some warrior rests here," he will say, and my fame shall live in his praise.—*Ossian.*

Nature seems to have made the fair west in one of her sweetest and kindest moods. Beyond the Onondaga hills for a long distance, there are no mountains lifting their bleak and rugged summits to the clouds to break the landscape; no beetling cliffs and shagged precipices, frowning upon the startled beholder; no dark and gloomy ravines "horrid with fern, and intricate with thorn." But the whole region, for hundreds of miles, presents a scene of placid and uninterrupted beauty, varied only by gentle hills, moderatd declivities, broad plains, and delightful valleys. The entire face of the country is moreover deversified by a succession of clear and beautiful lakes,—fit residence for the Naiads,—and traversed by rivers which wend their way tranquilly to the north, until by one mighty bound, they leap from the table land into the embrace of the majestic Ontario, and are lost in the immensity of its waters.

But of all the lesser lakes with which this charming country has been rendered thus picturesque and delightful, Skaneateles unites the suffrages of the traveled world as the most beautiful. Its very name, in the language of the proud race who once ranged its forests, and bounded along its shores with the lofty tread of heaven's nobility, or darted across its bright surface in the light canoe with the swiftness of an arrow, signifies the *Lake of Beauty*. It is true that being

thus divested of the wildness and grandeur of mountain scenery, the stranger's attention is less powerful awakened at the first view, than if it had been cast among the adamantine towers of a more rugged region. But there is a quiet loveliness in the country by which it is surrounded—an air of repose—eminently calculated to please and captivate the heart. The lands descend on all sides in a gentle slope to the margin of the lake forming as it were, a spacious amphitheatre, having a fountain of liquid silver sparkling in its bosom. Its shores are alternately beautified by the hands of man with cultivated fields, adorned by the living verdure of the meadow, or fringed with banks of flowers. While to augment the charm of variety, some of nature's own stately picturings are left, consisting of ranges of the primitive forest, here towering aloft in giant pride, and there overhanging the shore, and dipping their pendant branches in the clear, cool element, in which every object is reflected back with fresh and vivid distinctness. Combining so many of the elements of beauty, few spots on the broad map of the occidental world can be designated having equal pretensions to admiration. Still, however, in the eye of untutored man, how much more beautiful must the Skaneateles have been, before the dense forests in which it was embosomed fell, as though struck by the hand of a magician,--when it lay amidst the awful stillness and venerable grandeur which prevailed around—the dark foliage—the rich and solemn covering of the woods, giving it an air of indescribable magnificence and beauty —in perfect keeping with the moody and contemplative habits of the mighty chieftains of the wilderness!

The attractive sheet of water which we have thus briefly described is sixteen miles long and from one to two miles in breadth. The village, which takes its name from the lake, is pleasantly situated at its northern extremity, elevated but a few feet above the pebbly beach upon which the little crisped billows break so gently, as scarce to give sound enough to hush an infant to repose. The view is charming at all times; but nothing can be more delightful—more exquisitely beautiful—than the prospect from this lovely village, on a cool summer's evening, when the queen of night throws her silver mantle over the sparkling waters, lighting them up like a mirror of surpassing brightness. Behind the village the land rises, by an easy ascent, into a hill of moderate height, upon the summit of which an open grove of primitive forest trees, to the extent of some fifty acres, has been suffered to remain by the proprietor—an English gentleman, who has thus far followed the westward march of empire. From this elevated spot the prospect is enlarged, and, if possible, yet more attractive than below. It includes a wide sweep of fertile country, embracing sections both wild and cultivated, farm houses and country seats, fields diversified with gardens, meadows, orchards, copses, and groves.

Near the centre of this forest rises a little mound, covered with wild and luxuriant herbage, like a Druid's grave; and which, from time immemorial, has been respected by the pale faces, who have succeeded the dusky lords, to whom the Creator originally granted the fee-simple of the soil, as the lone and hallowed sepulchre of an Indian king. Indeed, tradition has invested it with greater interest than often attaches to the last narrow habitation even of those who may have figured largely in story and in song. Be mine the humble task to gather up the history of the sacred spot, and to rescue the fleeting tradition alike from the dangers of exaggeration, or the repository of oblivion.

The district in which the incidents of our drama occurred, is situated in the heart of what was formerly the territory of the Five Nations of Indians — the Iroquois of the French, and the Mingoes of the early English history. These nations consisted of the Mohawks, the Oneidas, the Onondagoes, the Cayugas, and the Senecas. They were a noble race of the American aboriginees, and have been appropriately designated as the Romans of this western world. Their league resembled a confederated republic, although they had not advanced much beyond the first stage in the science of government. Like the Romans, their conquests were pushed to a vast extent, so that by the right of inheritance, or of arms, their subject territory extented from the mouth of the Sorel on the St. Lawrence up the great chain of lakes to the Mississippi, thence to the junction of the

Ohio with this Father of Rivers, South to the country of the Creeks and Cherokees, and from the ocean to the lakes. Like the Romans, they added to their own strength by incorporating their vanquished foes into their own tribes. And of the prisoners thus adopted, those who behaved well were treated as though of their own blood; and if wise at the council-fire, and brave on the war-path, they were advanced to posts of honor. Like the Romans, moreover, their ambition was to extent their conquests, even while their power and influence were on the decline. They cherished a high and chivalrous sense of good faith and honor, according to their own rude notions, and carried on a war for thirty years for a single infraction of the rights of the calumet. Their prowess was great, and their name a terror to other savage nations, long after the whites had planted themselves over a wide space of the country. The grand councils of this powerful confederacy were held in the deep and romantic valley of the Onondaga, where, as they believed, "there had been, from the beginning, a continual fire kept burning."

The Five Nations, moreover, being the friends and allies of the English, were consequently much of time involved in hostilities with the French, then in possession of the Canadas, and also with the Indians who had been induced to adhere to them by the Jesuits—for "the Holy Order of Jesus" had, even thus early insinuated its priestly emissaries into every tribe.—Indeed, their fidelity to the English was sometimes brought to the severest trials; and whoever traces their history will find their conduct to have been regulated by an elevated and punctilious regard to honor and marked by disinterestedness "above all Greek, all Roman fame." "When the hatchet makers," said the eloquent Sadekanaghtie to Governor Fletcher, at Albany, in 1694, "first arrived in this country, we received them kindly. When they were but small people, we entered into a league with them, to guard them from all enemies whatsoever. We were so fond of their society, that we tied the great canoe, which brought them, not with a rope made of bark to a tree, but with a strong iron chain fastened to a great mountain. Then the great council at Onondaga planted a tree of peace at Albany, whose top will reach the sun, and its branches spread far abroad, so that it shall be seen a great way off, and we shall shelter ourselves under it and live at peace without molestation. The fire of love burns at this place, as well as at Onondaga; and this house of peace must be kept clean. Let the covenant chain be kept bright like silver, and held fast on all sides; let not one pull his arm from it." Alas! noble, generous chief! how fleeting were thy glowing visions: and thy brightest anticipations of peace with the white man, how soon, were they overcast! How soon in the bitterness of grief and disappointment, wast thou compelled to exclaim!—"Our arms are stiff and tired of holding fast the chain, while others sit still and smoke at their ease. The fat is melted from our flesh, and fallen on our neighbors, who grow fat while we grow lean. They flourish, while we decay." Even the race of the tribe which numbered the illustrious Sadekanaghtie, Tachanootia, Decanesora, and Garangula, whose simple and unstudied eloquence, clothed in the rich and beautiful imagery furnished from the storehouse of nature, shone more brightly than the blaze of their council-fires, has been swept from the face of the earth; and a few straggling remnants of the other tribes who formed this celebrated confederacy, are all now left of the once mighty and terrible *Onguehonwe*.* But, in our desire to bestow a passing tribute of honorable and well-deserved praise upon an illustrious race, whose merits have never been properly appreciated—whose noble characteristics have not been well understood, and whose proud character all history has united to calumniate,—we may have digressed too far, and will now return to our subject—"the Grave of the Indian King."

The frequent hostilities in which the Five Nations were involved with the Canadian French and Indians, in consequence of their alliance with the English, have already been mentioned. And cruel were the conflicts and retaliatory massacres on both sides, as might be instanced in the battle between the Five Nations and the Hurons near Quebec—the destruction of Schenectady, and slaughter of Montreal. Too often, moreover, were

* Signifying "Men surpassing all others"—a name which the Five Nations conferred upon themselves.

they encouraged and pushed into hostilities by the English, and in time of need left without adequate succors or supplies. In the year 1690, Count Frontenac, one of the most efficient and politic, as well, perhaps, as the most cruel of the French governors in Canada, attempted to detach the Five Nations from the friendship of the English colony, and negotiate a seperate peace. With this view, through the agency of the Jesuits, the Count succeeded in persuading the Indians to call a grand council of their chiefs at the old council-fire in Onondaga, to which he despatched messengers with his proposals. There were eighty sachems present; and the council was opened by Sadekanaghtie. The French commissioners labored assiduously to accomplish their purpose, and the conference continued several days. But a messenger from Albany informed the chiefs that a separate peace would displease the English, and the proposals were thereupon promptly rejected. Shortly afterward, the Count determined to avenge himself upon the Five Nations, for having preferred the preservation of their good faith and honor to the peace which he had proffered. For this purpose he assembled all his disposable troops, amounting to four battalions, with the Indians under his control, and departed from Montreal on the 9th of July, 1696. In addition to small arms, they took with them two light pieces of cannon, two small mortars, a supply of grenades, etc. After a wearisome march of twelve days, during which the utmost circumspection was necessary to avoid ambuscades, the Count reached the foot of Lake Cadarakui (now called Ontario,) and crossed thence in canoes to the estuary of the Oswego river, which flows from the northern extremity of the Onondaga—or Salt lake—the Onondaga river flowing into the southern end, near the great salt licks. The expedition cautiously ascended the Oswego, and crossed the Salt Lake, keeping strong scouts on the flanks to prevent any surprise that might be attempted by a crafty enemy. This precautionary measure was the more necessary, inasmuch as the Indians, against whom they were marching, with their wonted chivalry, had given the French notice that they were apprized of their hostile approach. A tree had been discovered by one of the scouts, on the trunk of which the savages had painted a representation of the French army on its march; and at the foot of the tree two bundles of rushes had been deposited, serving at once as a note of defiance, and giving the invader to understand that he would be compelled to encounter as many warriors as there were rushes in the bundles. These, being counted, were found to number fourteen hundred and thirty-four.

The castle of the Onondagoes was situated in the midst of the deep and beautiful valley to which we have already referred, and through which the Onondago river winds its way to the lake. Count Frontenac, with his motley forces had made a halt near the licks, and thrown up some temporary defences. The site of the castle was but five or six miles remove from the French camp. It was a sacred spot in the eyes of the Indians, as the seat of the grand councils had for ages regulated the affairs of the fierce and wild democracy of the Five Nations. They had therefore, resolved to defend it to the last: their women and children had been sent from the rude village deeper into the shades of the forest. Circumstances, however, changed this determination on the day upon which Count Frontenac intended to advance. Two of the Hurons deserted from the forces of the Count, and gave the Onondagoes, to whose assistance neither of their associate tribes had yet arrived, such an appalling account of the French, that they dared not remain and give battle. Yonnondio's* army, they said, was like the leaves on the tree—more numerous than the pigeons that fly to the north after the season of snows. They were armed, they said, with great guns that threw up huge balls high towards the sun. And when these balls fell into their castle, they would explode and scatter fire and death everywhere. Upon this intelligence, the sachems gathered into a group around the council fire for consultation. Their piercing eye-balls, which were at first burning with indignation, soon dropped sullenly to the earth, as they reflected upon the impossibility of contending against such weapons, while their dusky countenances gathered

* The name by which the Five Nations designated the French governor; Cayenguirago was the name they gave the English governors.

darkness with the gloom. Some of the principal chiefs having interchanged a few words in an under tone, there was a call to bring Thurensera* to the council-fire. A dozen young warriors instantly sprang to their feet, and bounded towards the principal wigwam of the village with the swiftness of an arrow. Ere many seconds had elapsed, they returned, bearing upon a rudely constructed litter an aged and venerable looking chief, whose head had been whitened by the snows of more than a hundred winters. He had been foremost on the war-path, and first at the council-fire, before the great canoes of the pale faces had touched the shores which the Great Spirit had given them. The young men treated their burden with the utmost care and deference, and the aged chieftain was seated at the foot of a tall weeping elm, against the huge trunk of which he leaned for support. A brief but solemn pause ensued, during which all eyes were directed to the venerable father of the council. At length the veteran Sachem raised his head, and looking about upon the group of chiefs and warriors gathered anxiously around him, he broke the silence as follows:—

"Why have my children brought Thurensera to the council-fire? The Great Spirit will soon call him to his hunting-grounds. Thurensera's eyes are dim, and his limbs, no longer like the bending sapling, are stiff like scathed trees of the burnt prairies. He can no more bend the strong bow, he cannot go forth upon the war-path, or recount the deeds of his fathers to the young men at the council fire. Thurensera is a woman. But his father was a great chief; and," elevating his voice he added, "I can now see him sitting upon a cloud fringed with the red lightning, and beckoning me to come. Why have my children called Thurensera? And why do their eyes rest upon the ground, and their spirits droop like the hawk when struck by the young eagle?"

After an other pause, and a moment's consultation among the chiefs, one of the bravest warriors informed the sage of the intelligence received from Yonnondio's camp, and of the peril of their situation. They had, therefore, sent to their father for counsel in this emergency.

Once more there was a silence—still as the forest shades, when not a leaf rustles in the breeze, nor a stick breaks beneath the light tread of the fox. The venerable sage hid his furrowed countenance in his withered hands, as if deeply engaged in thought, while the dark group of chiefs and warriors gathered more closely around, all ready to obey his counsel, be what it might, and all anxious, as it were, to drink in the wisdom that was for the last time, perhaps, to flow from his lips. At length the chieftain of more than thirteen hundred moons, slowly raised his head and spoke as follows:—

"My children! This council-fire, which the Great Spirit first kindled with sparks from the sun, must go out. The Great Spirit wills it. But the two logs will blaze again, and this valley gleam with red light. Then shall my children consume the battle in its rage, and the spirits of our fathers riding on the storm-clouds, rejoice!

"My children! You see my head is whitened by more than a hundred snows. Listen to my words. I have been upon the war-path with your fathers, and with your fathers' fathers. But the Great Spirit commands me to his hunting-grounds, where I shall be bounding like the young deer before the setting sun.

"My children! A cloud has gathered over our council-fire, and you must fly — Yonnondio is come among us with his people, like a flock of birds. You must not wait till you see the big ball of thunder coming to your destruction, or the star of day and night that breaks when it falls, to burn your castle and wigwams.

"My children! You have been like the lynx on the trail, and made the war-path red with the blood of your enemies. But you must fly, until joined by the Oneidas, the Cayugas, and the Senecas; then you can come back upon your enemies, and spring upon them when they are asleep, and the fire-balls cannot burst upon you, to kill my warriors and burn up their wigwams.

"My children! Thurensera will stay, to show Yonnondio's pale faces how to die. Yonnondio shall see what a Mingo can bear without a cry of pain. He will see what his

* A name among the Five Nations signifying the "Dawning of the Light."

children will have to fear when my sons assemble their warriors and come upon his settlements in their wrath.

"My children! When you pass this way, look for my bones. Bury them deep in the bosom of the earth, who is my mother, on the hill looking towards the rising sun, by the lake, that is beautiful. Put into my grave my pipe, my hatchet and my bow, that I may chase the moose and the buffalo in the hunting-grounds of the Great Spirit. Put in my canoe, that is on the beautiful lake, that, when the Great Spirit tells me I may come and look upon my children, I may paddle again on the bright waters of Skaneateles. I will come when the moon in her fulness steals over the lake to let her light sleep on its calm bosom. As I glide onward, the lovers among our young men and women will dream of other days; and the spirits of the clouds will whisper—'The grave of the old warrior, who thought Yonnondio how to die.' They will tell the white man to cross it with a soft step.

"My children! you must fly! Keep the covenant chain of our tribes bright as silver—and let it bind you together like strong iron. Put the brand to your castle and your wigwams, that Yonnondio may get no booty but the scalp of Thurensera. Let the rain of heaven wash all the bad from your hearts, that we may again smoke together in friendship in the happy country of the Great Spirit! Thurensera has no more to say."

The aged chief was listened to throughout with the most profound attention. The subsequent deliberation was brief, for time was pressing, and the decision of the council was unanimous; to avoid an engagement and retire into the forest. The chiefs and warriors, and the young men in particular, were exceedingly reluctant to leave the venerable Sachem, by whose wisdom they had so long been guided, and by whose arm so often led to victory; but he was resolute in his purpose, and inflexible to his determination. He gathered himself into an attitude of perfect composure, and, turning his face in the direction from which Frontenac was expected, prepared to meet his fate. Meantime the sachems and warriors, having hastily completed their arrangements, took their final leave of the old chieftain, applied the brand to their dwellings, and dissappeared in the thick wilderness.

The Count Frontenac, astonished at the sight of the ascending columns of smoke, as they rose in dense and curling masses toward the sky, moved rapidly forward, but it was to an empty conquest. The huts and the rude works of the Indians were already in ashes. The old chief, Thurensera, was found by the trunk of the elm, with the same stoical composure with which he had been left; and Frontenac's Indians had, by his permission, the pleasure of tormenting him. He bore their tortures with unflinching firmness. Not a muscle moved, not a limb quivered; not a sigh, not a groan escaped him. At length they stabbed him in several places.

"Go on, ye tormentors!" he exclaimed with an energy belonging to former days: "the old eagle has received the death-arrow in his breast. He will never soar again, but in the bright skies of the Great Spirit. You cannot harm him. The Great Spirit," he continued, "has touched my eyes, and I see through the clouds of death the warriors, who have raised the war, cry with me in other times. They are walking on the winds, and playing on the clouds. I see the dark waters which all must pass. Those dark waters are the tears shed by the Great Spirit for the evil deeds of his children. Go on, ye tormentors! Ye Indians who take the scalp for Yonnondio; ye dogs of dogs! but why stab me with the long knife? You had better burn me with fire, that the Frenchman may know how to die. Tear me to pieces: roast me at the war-feast: scatter my ashes to the winds: crumble my bones in the salt lake. Yonnondio's Indians! listen to the voice of the Manito, while he bids Thurensera tell what is to come upon you. Your race is to be as the river dried up—as the dead trees of the forest, when the fire has gone over it. The white man who sent Yonnondio over the great lake, in the big canoe will lose his power. A *Wolf* is to walk abroad, that will scatter the pale faces at Quebec like a flock of sheep, and drive them out of the red man's lands. The white man with Cayenguirago, who is our friend, will come over the land like the leaves. The panther is bounding to the setting sun; the bear moves slowly off

the ground; the deer and the buffalo leap over the mountains, and are seen no more. The forest bows before the white men. The great and the little trees fall before his big hatchet. The white man's wigwams rise like the hill-tops, and are as white as the head of the bald eagle. The waters shall remain; and when the red man is no more, the names he gave them shall rest. The Great Spirit has said it. A hundred warriors are coming to lead me on the trail to the happy hunting-grounds. Think of me, ye tormentors, when my sons come upon you like the chafed panther in his swiftness and his strength. Great Spirit, I come!" Thus died Thurensera, with a greatness of soul worthy of a Sachem of the Five Nations.

When the invader had retired, the Onondagoes conveyed the remains of the lofty Thurensera to the hill of the Skaneateles, and buried him in the "Grave of the Indian King." And in this hallowed spot his ashes have reposed in peace, the little mound becoming more holy by the lapse of years, and the tradition more interesting as lights and shadows were imparted to it by those whose imaginations were kindled by the relation, until the autumn of the year of grace 1829, when it was visited by an English *savant*, who spent some months with the hospitable proprietor of the consecrated mound. This gentleman had traveled much, and had been a great collector of curiosities. He had killed alligators in the Delta of the Mississippi, and chased buffaloes in California. He had hunted elephants in South Africa, and tigers in the jungles of Bengal. He had rescued an urn from the ruins of Herculaneum, and dug an Ibis, and a thigh-bone of one of the Pharaohs, from the pyramids of Grand Cairo. And he was resolved to penetrate the secrets of the Indian's grave, and, if possible, to obtain the pipe, the tomahawk, and the hunting apparatus, if not the canoe, of the venerable chief, to enrich the great museum of the capital of his native land. Accordingly, with great secrecy, he repaired thither one moonlight night in October, armed with crowbar and shovel. But, alas, for the worthy collector of curiosities, and the veracity of traditional history! a bed of compact limestone rock, within a few inches of the surface of the earth, soon taught the Gothic invader of the grave, that no grave had ever been there!

MISCELLANY.

Scrubbing Habits of the Dutch.

Austin Bierbower gives us in the following vivid picture a capital idea of the persistant efforts of the industrious Hollanders to keep every locality clean.

One o the greatest peculiarities of the Dutch is their cleanliness, or rather, their love for cleaning. This has become a passion with them and is carried to the same extreme as religious observances are in some countries—as fasting in Italy, or keeping the Sabbath in Scotland and New England. It is due, I think, partially to their great industry, and particularly to their special love for working in water. A Dutchman is always washing or scrubbing something. They keep their houses so clean that you will look in vain for a particle of dust or spot of any kind. The doors, sills, and other wood-works are kept freshly painted, and the walls are as white as new-fallen snow. On entering a Dutch house, you see the cleanliness before you see anything else. In nearly every house there is one room, a *sanctum sanctorum* of cleanliness, which nobody is allowed to enter except the woman of the house, who goes in once a week to clean it; at which time she gives every article of furniture a thorough overhauling, scrubs the floor, washes the windows, polishes the door-knobs, dust the curtains, and then religiously shuts it up till the next cleaning-day. Every Saturday morning the Dutch women wash their houses on the outside, scrubbing them from pavement to chimney. Any point that is too high for broom or ladder they reach by a forcing pump. Out of nearly every window may be seen a woman, stretching herself half way out, perhaps, with brush and cloth, reaching after some fancied dirt spot, or dashing a pail of water at it. It is understood at this time that the town is given up to cleaning, and the passers-by on the pavement below have no right to complain if they get a

shower of water and suds over their head. The spiders have been driven entirely out of Holland, or left in disgust; and I do not think I ever saw a fly anywhere in the country. No swallows are allowed to dirty up their houses or stables, and, strange to say, one sees no bird about whatever except the omnipresent storks, which are allowed by special favor to build their nest in the chimney-tops, owing to a particular veneration, which the Dutch have for this bird, likely because it is a water-fowl, or rather, a land-fowl, or. like the Dutch themselves, an amphibious swamp animal. As you go through a Dutch town, the most common sight is the woman washing in the canals. On both sides, from one end of the street to the other, they may be seen, at all times of the day, washing everything, from a baby's stocking to a table cloth; and when they have nothing else to wash, they wash out their brooms, and brushes, and tubs, and themselves. Sometimes the whole canal has the appearance of flowing with soap-suds. The Dutch have learned the art of washing, and everything connected with it, so well, that other countries often send their linens there to be washed and bleached, especially the large manufactories. The meadows outside a Dutch town are fairly white with washed articles stretched over them.

The Dutch town of Broeck. about four miles from Amsterdam, is the cleanest in the world. It has not until lately allowed a horse or wagon to enter it. No stranger is admitted into any of the houses, but must put up in the cheese-factories or cow-stables, which, however, are kept as clean as the dwelling houses. In fact, the cow-stable is a common reception-room in Holland. It often occupies part of the same building as the family; and, before entering it, a servant will meet you at the door with a wet cloth, on which you are required to wipe your feet before proceeding farther. The members of the family never enter their house with their shoes, but take them off at the door, and put on slippers, or else enter in their stockings. There is a place somewhere in Holland where it is said the people dare not even enter the town with their shoes on, but must take them off at the gate. It is common, about Broeck and other places of North Holland, to paint the trunks and lower branches of the trees to prevent them from catching the dust. They do not even allow the cows' tails to hang down, but, for the sake of cleanliness, train then to grow up. It you enter a Dutch cow-stable, you will commonly see the tale of all the cows tied to a ring in the roof. The sheep's tails they commonly cut off and sometimes they even shave the stumps.

I might add that, with all the Dutch washing and cleaning, the country is, nevertheless, the dirtiest in the world. It is perhaps this natural, dirtiness that has disposed them to so much cleaning, just as they meet every difficulty of nature, by trying to overcome it. The canals are half mud, the water rarely extending more than half way to the bottom and even at the surface, it is so thickly mixed with mud that can hardly flow. If the streets of a Dutch town were left two days without cleaning, the mud would cover your ankles. In walking anywhere in the country, you get your shoes full of sand, and your eyes full of dust. Hence it is necessary that a warfare against dirt should be prosecuted as briskly as against water; and so they clean with the same earnestness that they build dikes or drain swamps.

The persecuted Priests and People in Prussia.

The persecution of the priests in Prussia is evoking unexampled instances of noble devotion on the part of the people, which cannot fail to cement both priests and people in a manner which, as in the case of the Irish priests and people during the period of the penal laws, must triumph over Bismarckianism, and in time tend to the greater glory of the Faith. Many instances of this popular devotion have fallen under our eye which, even irrespective of the filial affection suggested by their relation to the victims of oppression as pastors, do honor to the manliness and humanity of the thoughtful shielders of those who are persecuted for the sake of their religious belief.—From all parts of Prussia we learn that the people are taking care of their priests, who have been bereft by the starvation-law of their salary or of a part of it. Especially it is touching to see the very poor people take part in this work. At Cologne a shoemaker offered [as he had no money] to make six pairs of shoes for six priests, who send him their measure. A man servant brought to his pastor 28 thalers, observing that he had received it from a maid servant for the purpose. A railway workman brought ten, saying: "I have resolved with my wife that every one of us give five every month. We have not sufficient to give more." In many places of Rhineland the people have doubled and tripled, of their own accord, the offerings for priestly services. Especially the Catholics of Coblentz are praised for their liberality. A gentleman of Coblentz presented a priest with a beautiful purse; the priest found it very heavy; it was full of gold! From the Prum district it is reported that the parishioners of Murlenback spontaneously, and without any knowledge on the part of their priest, during High Mass went round the altar and put on it their offerings, to compensate him for the lost salary The same is stated by an eye-witness from St. Johann, on the Rhine. He writes: "at the Offertory I noticed that a man left his place and went to the altar; I

did not know why he did so; but when a second, third, forth, etc., followed, I understood what they were doing: the whole congregation, young and old, poor and rich, put his offering on the altar, to save their priest from the consequences of the starvation-law." At Welling the parishioners kept with great festivity the Patron Saint's day of their parish priest: when the latter carved a cake, with which he was presented, he found the considerable sum of 150 marks, in gold, inside it. In a similar way the parishioners of Castellana and Waibern, kept the fête-day of their priest. At Tendlar a priest lost by the starvation-law 178 thalers; his parishioners have resolved to pay him now, in compensation for it, 300 thalers; and presented him, besides, on his festival with seventy thalers and other gifts. At Limburg, Weilburg, Koenigsberg, etc.. the lost salaries of the priests are compensated by way of subscriptions. Such liberal assistance is to be praised all the more, as the Germans are not accustomed to pay anything to their priests, or for church purposes, except in extraordinary cases, for instance if there is a church to be built. For the ordinary wants of the priests and the church there were donations. The *Dusseldorfer Volksblatt* tells the following touching little incident: "A large party of gentlemen took a trip to the mountains. After they had partaken coffee, etc., at an inn, the old good wife of the house wrote the following bill: "There are fify-two gentlemen, of whom four are priests; therefore forty-eight portions only are to be paid for at six silber groschen apiece; total amount—9 thalers, 18 silber groschen.'"

The late Chevalier D'Aguiar.

The recent death of the Chevalier D'Aguiar, who held for so many years a prominent international position in the city of New York calls for more than a passing notice. Luis H. Ferreira D'Aguiar late Consul General of Brazil in New York was Commander of the Order of the Rose, Chevalier of the order of Christ of Brazil, Chevalier of the order of Conception of Portugal, corresponding member of the Historical and Geographical Society of Brazil, Honorary member of the American Geographical Society, etc. etc. For the past six months Mr. Aguiar has been an invalid,and on the 15th of August died at his residence in Harlem, after having received the consoling rites of the Catholic Church at the hands of his old friend the Rev. John Hughes of St Jerome's. Mr. Aguiar was born at Rio de Janeiro on the 8th of October 1812 and was the son of Doctor Thedore F. D' Aguiar Court Physician to His Majesty Pedro I Emperor of Brazil, and Amande Françoise Calluat, a celebrated beauty of the court of France. After having served for some years with distinction in the army, he was sent as attaché to the Brazilian Legation at Washington under Señor C. De Albuquerque in Nov. 1837. In 1841 he was transferred to New York City as Consul General, where his pleasant manners soon won him an entree into society and made him many friends. Amongst the latter was the late James Wilkie, whose daughter Mr. D' Aguiar married in February 1843.

Of this union he had two sons, Luis and Alberto; the latter of whom was married last November to Alice, daughter of Hugh Cassidy Esq., a well known Catholic Gentleman, and School Trustee of New York. The wife of the consul-general died in 1846, since which time he has devoted himself entirely to the welfare of his sons, seeking but little pleasure beyond the circle of the household, and devoting his life to acts of Charity which many in this vicinity, and, indeed, various in many parts of the world will remember.

During his services in the United States which extended up to the time of his death, with the exception of the three years from 1852 to 1855—during which time he was on a special mission to Europe and the Republic of Uruguay—he was intimately acquainted with many of the leading men of this country, notably the late Secretary Seward, Father Yarela, Archbishop Hughes, and the present Cardinal Archbishop McCloskey. During the trouble between Portugal and this country, he took charge of the consulate of the latter country and received high praise from the Portuguese Government for his service. During the late war with the South he was instrumental in averting unpleasantness between his Government and that of the United States arising from the capture of a Southern Cruiser in Brazilian Waters. Lately, on the occasion of the visit of the Duke of Saxe, Admiral of the Brazilian Navy and son-in-law of the present Emperor Don Pedro II, Mr. Aguiar received special attentions from him. The Emperor and the Duke held the deceased in high esteem; his funeral took place from St. Jerome's Church (Mott Haven) where, notwithstanding the drenching rain which fell during the morning, quite a distinguished party of his friends, and the members of the Diplomatic and Consular attended the solemn Requiem-Mass which was clebrated by the Rev. J. J. Dougherty, assisted by Fathers McNamara and O'Berne. The panegyric was pronounced by the Rev. Father Hughes, who spoke of his quiet and noble life without ostentation in contrast to the Political men of our age and dwelt on his fine qualities and numerous large charities; after which the body of the late Chevalier D'Aguiar was taken to Calvary Cemetery followed by his sons and friends of the family.

O'Connell's Death-Couch.

"Connellan" the assiduous and competent Roman Correspondent of the Boston *Pilot*—inspired by the memories of the O'Connell Centennial, and disirous of adding some reliable information relative to the locality of the Irish Liberator's death—paid a visit to Genoa and gives the following account of his search in pursuit of the desired knowledge. The suggestion at the conclusion of his narrative should not be lost of sight.

"I had heard before leaving Rome that it was in the Hotel Feder in Genoa, that O'Connell died. I naturally concluded that this was the best Hotel to which I could go. On inquiry, however, nobody seemed to know anything about the fact. I was recommended to a *servitore di piazza* who gives all sorts of information to innocent travellers; but I have had sad experience of the worthlessness of such individuals' knowledge to trust one of them. They tell you what you desire, and if you ask is a certain picture by Raphael, by Raphael it shall be immediately; thus your vanity is flattered, and the *servitore* rises in your estimation accordingly I went to the Church *Della Consolazione*, and entering the sacristy, asked a priest if he knew anything about Daniel O'Connell's visit to Genoa, and his death here. It took a long time to bring the name to his mind, I informing him meanwhile he was a celebrated man, an Irishman, and so on. He finally remembered the funeral and recognized O'Connell's greatness by saying: "*Diamine! Si, era un uomo celebre; si . . . si.*" Which I may thus translate:" *Surely Yes, he was a celebrated man; yes . . . yes.*" After a long time, during which the priest was hunting up some one who knew more about it than himself, he returned radiant, and told me to go to the church of *St. Maria delle Vigne* in the parish of which O'Connell died.

After wandering through a host of narrow streets in which I lost my way appealed to a kindly-looking man he very amiably piloted me to the church and told me the names of the surrounding streets. Here I found a priest in the sacristy who was present at O'Connell's death. He began to recite some excellent verses written by a Genoese poet—their greatest at the time—but of which he only recollected six lines. I was very anxious to have this memorial, but he knew nothing about where it was to be had, nor if it was ever published; nothing, but the six lines, which were admirable in their way. He took me then through a dismantled cloister, up a narrow staircase and into a small room, one side of which was filled with old-parchment-bound books—the records of the parish.—After hunting through an index a few minutes, he drew down a volume of printed forms with spaces for entries, entitled, "*Atti di Morte,*" the register of deaths. I asked his permission to copy the entry *in toto*, which I think he would have given, but another priest who was present interfered, saying that such permission could not be granted. I was only able to note these facts, which may be of use to other searchers, that the record of O'Connell's death is No. 52 for the year 1847 that it took place on the 15th of May, at half past nine in the evening, at the Hotel Feder; that the witnesses were CanonicoGiovanni,(Canon John) Miley of Dublin, and Antoine Lacour *Docteur en Medicine*, who signed the entry in the register. This indeed is the chief information conveyed in the entry but I would have been better satisfied to have had the whole.

On the third floor of the Hotel Feder, in Genoa, the two rooms numbered 39 and 40 were those occupied by O'Connell in the May of 1847, and in the former of these, the bedroom, he breathed his last. Light, airy, elegantly-furnished, the walls painted in pale colors relieved by delicate gilding, the bedroom presents a cheerful appearance. The disposition of the furniture remains the same as on the occasion of his death. "It is a long time ago since O'Connell died," said the clerk who showed me the room, "but," he added, the furniture and decorations are the same." The foot of the bed faces one of the two windows in the room, and they look into a court-yard. The buildings opposite have open stone balustrades, which give an air of richness to the view. The saloon is a noble hall, with slightly vaulted ceiling, gilded in fine scrooll work and painted light ochre. Four large windows have yellow damask hangings and rich muslin curtains. Panels around the walls contain crayon cartoons of mythological figures, which give an air of splendor to the apartment, and the frames of these panels are formed of bas-relief figures of fauns solidly gilt. When it is remembered that this hotel was formerly the Palace of the Admiralty, the splendor and grandeur of the apartments will be easily understood. Unfortunately no record, but that in men's memories, marks the place where O'Connell died. Wherever Garibaldi passed a night in a hotel, the landlord, or some friends of the General, had the fact recorded by the placing of a marble slab bearing an appropriate inscription in the wall of the apartment. Such a perpetual record might be placed here; the cost would not be great in the Land of Marble, and Irishmen would have the satisfaction of knowing that the last place where their great Liberator rested, and gave up his soul to God, was not without a memorial of his name.

The Eye.

The eye shows character. The eyes of great

warriors have almost always been gray, their brows lowering like thunder-clouds. Inventors have large eyes, very full. Philosophers, the most illustrious, have had large and deep-set eyes. The poets have large, full eyes, and musicians' eyes are large and lustrous. Buffon considers that the most beautiful eyes are the black and the blue. Byron says the gazelle will weep at the sound of music. The gazelle's eyes have been called the most beautiful in the world, and the greatest compliment an Arab can pay his mistress, is to compare her eyes to a gazelle's. The power of the eye is well illustrated in Robert Burns. He was taken to Edinburgh very much as Samson was taken to the temple—to amuse the Philistines. He was brought to the place where the great men of Scotland were to be entertained, and was put in a back-room until the time should come when they were ready for him. When they were, he was brought in, and, having measured the company with his wonderful eyes, he recited his immortal poem, "Is there, for Honest Poverty?" Carlyle says that when he finished, the nobles and gentlemen shrunk before his eyes. Henry Clay's eyes were big gray ones, and looked black when he was excited. Webster's eyes were a lustrous black, and were like caged lions. Carlyle compares them to a cathedral all lighted up. Cleopatra had black eyes. Mary, Queen of Scots, had liquid gray eyes. Dark eyes show power, light eyes gentleness, and gray eyes sweetness. There is a defect of the eye, called squinting, which generally mars the appearance of the whole countenance, and interferes with its beauty, in spite of the regularity of every other feature. In the moral order, this defect is envy, which disfigures a character otherwise beautiful.

Practical men in the army

By way of illustrating the intelligence of the Prussian army in the Franco-Prussian war, many stories were circulated concerning the number of educated men in the ranks, and of the curious sight presented on a halt when numberless professors in the ranks adjusted their blue spectacles and, taking out their maps, unfolded them and determined what part of the enemy's country they were in. In our own war there were not many who wore spectacles, but—as our Western friends might be allowed to say—"the soldiers made spectacles which beat the Prussians by a darn'd long-sight." Our army was largely made up of mechanics and practical men, who knew how to "turn their hand" and knowledge to any kind of work, and to do it quickly and well—carpentry, machinery, blacksmithing, railroading, etc. We remember that on the movement on Mobile, the people in New Orleans were astonished to see a railroad laid down in a night and the cars running to Lake Ponchartrain—a distance of some six miles—the next day. An instance of a similar kind is given in General Thomas's recently published "Memoirs."

After the war, the rebel General, Joe Johnston, expressed to General Sherman his admiration of the rapid manner in which General Sherman's railroad builders repaired the breaks made by Wheeler's cavalry in the Chattanooga railroad, along which Sherman's troops were getting their supplies in the summer of 1864.

Johnston said that on one occasion, when both armies were employed in the deadly struggle near Kenesaw Mountain, an officer of Wheeler's cavalry came to him with the official report that Wheeler had just broken up the railroad so badly at Tuttle's Station (a long distance in the rear of Sherman's camps), that it would take two weeks to repair the break, and that Sherman's troops could get no supplies during that length of time. It was a fact that Wheeler had broken the railroad; but Johnston said that, while Wheeler's aid was in the act of telling him, Johnston, this important piece of news, they both saw from the high ground they occupied *a long train of cars running into Sherman's camp*, and that train had just passed over the break which it was to take a fortnight to repair! The interruption had lasted just long enough to enable Wheeler's aid to ride over to Johnston and tell the story.

Sedentary Habits.

Professor Blackie makes some admirable remarks on, and some good suggestions towards overcoming the evil effects of sedentary habits. A man, he says, may be healthy without being strong; but all health tends more or less towards strength, and all disease to weakness. Now, any one may see in Nature that things grow big simply by growing; this growth is a constant and habitual exercise of vital or vegetative force, and whatever checks or diminishes the action of this force—say, harsh winds, or frost—will stop the growth and stunt the production. Let the student, therefore, bear in mind that sitting on a chair, leaning over a desk, poring over a book, cannot possibly be the way to make his body grow. The blood can be made to flow, and the muscles to play freely, only by exercise, and if that exercise is not taken freely, Nature will not be mocked. Every young student ought to make a sacred resolution to move about in the open air at least two hours every day. If he does not do this, cold feet, clogging of the wheel, of the internal parts of the fleshy frame, and various shades of stomachic and cerebral discomfort will not fail in due season to in-

form him that he has been sinning against Nature, and, if he does not mend his courses as a bad boy, he will certainly be flogged, for Nature is never, like some soft-hearted human masters, overmerciful in her treatment. But why should a student indulge so much in the lazy and unhealthy habit of sitting? A man may think as well standing as sitting, not a little better; and as for reading, in these days—when the most weighty books can be had cheaply, in the lightest form—there is no necessity why a person should be bending his back, and doubling his chest, merely because he happens to have a book in his hand. A man will read a play or a poem far more naturally and effectively while walking up and down the room, than when sitting sleepily on a chair. Sitting, in fact, is a slovenly habit, and ought not to be indulged. But when a man does sit, or must sit, let him, at all events, sit erect, with his back to the light, and a full free projection of the breast. Also, when studying languages, or reading fine passages of poetry, let him read as much as possible aloud—a practice recommended by Clemens of Alexandria, and which will have the double effect of strengthening that most important vital element, the lungs, and training the ear to the perception of vocal distinction, so stupidly neglected in many of our public schools. There is, in fact, no necessary connection, in most cases, between the knowledge which a student is anxious, to acquire and the sedentary habits which students are apt to cultivate.

The Muses.

Allusion to "the Muses" often comes up in conversation in reference to the classics, poetry or general literature, and it is rarely found that any one person present can give the names of all, or state precisely the branch of art or thought over which they respectively preside. Indeed the Editor of the MANHATTAN MONTHLY has been made a "referee" of late in some genial discussions growing out of the topic, and begs to present the following as a remembrancer:—

The Muses are described in Mythology as daughters of Jupiter and Mnemosyne. They were believed to preside over poetry, music, and all the liberal arts and sciences, and were generally allowed to be nine in number.

Calliope presided over epic poetry and eloquence, and is represented as holding a loose-rolled parchment, and sometimes a trumpet.

Clio was the goddess of history, and is represented holding a half-open scroll.

Melpomene, the inventress and goddess of tragedy, is represented as holding a tragic mask, or bowl and dagger.

Erato presided over love, tender and amorous poetry. She is represented as crowned with myrtle, and holding a lyre in her hand.

Terpsichore was the goddess of dancing, and is represented crowned with laurel, and holding a musical instrument.

Euterpe, the muse of music, appears with a flute.

Urania, the muse of astronomy, is represented as holding a globe with a rod, with which she points out objects.

Thalia was the patroness of comedy. She was called "The Blooming One," with fair flowing hair, and generally holds a comic mask.

Polymnia, the ninth muse, presided over singing and rhetoric. She was represented veiled in white, holding a sceptre in her left hand, and with her right raised, as if ready to harangue.

Crossing The Atlantic.

Franklin Philip in a London letter to the Washington *Herald* says that numerous trips across the Atlantic has led him to the conclusion that on all large steamers the average of humanity is about the same. I have never crossed, he says, without a clergyman and a Catholic priest, a bride and bridegroom, a talkative Yankee girl, an old sea-dog, who has made the trip thirty or forty times, a loquacious old gentleman, a funny man, a college professor, a New England female school-teacher taking her brief vacation, a man who has crossed sixteen times and never was on board without an accident, a mysterious lady travelling alone, a man from Australia, China and Japan, who has been twice round the world, and is up to every thing, a British tourist who never talks to anybody, a young American who is making his first voyage, a New York physician, a nervous old lady, a dry-goods buyer, a diamond merchant, an agent for a Champagne grower, and a few doleful beings whose vocation "no fellow can find out."

Origin Of Feudalism.

The *Revue des Deux Mondes* of last April 15 contains a well-timed and interesting essay, by Mr. Emile de Laboulaye, on Ancient Irish Law, drawing the attention of continental scholars to the Brehon law, and to Sir Henry Maine's *Early History of Institutions*, some of the principal conclusions of which are skilfully advocated by Mr. De Laboulaye. An interesting part of his essay relates to feudalism. He adopts Sir H. Maine's theory, which traces feudalism in part to an economical origin. The chief, with more cattle than pasture, furnished the free tribes-men, who had more land than

cattle, with the necessary stock, and the borrower of the cattle sank by degrees into the tenant or serf of his creditor. M. de Laboulaye concurs with Mr. Cliffe Leslie, that the ancient Irish had both deliberative assemblies and courts of justice; but he seems to attach more weight than Mr. Leslie's article in the *Fortnightly Review* does to the *Crith Gablach* and the *Book of Rights*, the authority and and antiquity of which are questioned by Mr. Leslie, although Dr. Sullivan, of Queens College Cork, lays great stress on the former, in support of his own theory of the advanced development of Irish institutions in the seventh and eighth centuries. A translation of the *Crith Gablach* will be found in third volume of O'Curry's *Manners and Customs of the Ancient Irish*.

CURRENT PUBLICATIONS.

Hubert's Wife. By Minnie Mary Lee. Baltimore: Kelly, Piet and Co. 1875.

This story does not fulfil the promise made at the commencement. If the lesson to be taught, or the moral to be conveyed by it, means anything, it is, that numerous distractions surround the lives of married missionaries, and that missionaries therefore should not be married. This, which is self-evident to a Catholic, whose faith teaches him that its ministers and missionaries are wed to the Church and to heavenly purposes on earth, might be illustrated with very significant suggestiveness in the form of fiction for Protestant minds. Our author, however, fails to be effective, by introducing many silly and incongruous means of illustration. "Hubert's Wife" is a move in the right direction but it may in some respects be said "to overshoot the mark." We must give it credit, however, for its good intentions.

Bertha; or, The Consequences of a Fault. Translated from the French by Mrs. Mary Huntington. New York and Cincinnati: Benziger Brothers. 1875.

This cleverly told tale depicts the misery and misfortune brought on certain happy, respectable and thriving families, by the evil propensities of an uncontrollable and calumnious tongue.

The heroine, Bertha David, a chatterbox in childhood, grew up without restraint, partly from the weakness, and partly from the blind tenderness of her mother, who, in not reproving the defects of her daughter, set a bad example to her would-be friends, to tolerate the developing dangers which beset the incessant talker. In this, as in other circumstances of life, demand necessitates and creates supply: and if the perpetual talker and tale-bearer does not find a supply of subjects in the realities and occurrences of life, the supply will come from fancy and in the concoction of rumors and tales that "lie like truth." In Bertha's case it was so, and led to ruin and sorrow. The sins of the tongue and jealousy, in woman's life, have been presented with as much philosophic eloquence, as suggestive truth, by Monseigneur Landriot; and the translation before is a very touching and sad illustration of both. It opens amid scenes of comfort and success; it closes in failure, humiliations and affliction; and, though the heroine seeks in the Mission of St. Vincent to expiate her errors of the tongue, still even that course cannot restore to respectability, to peace, to life itself, those who were its victims.

A Pilgrimage to the Land of the Cid. Translated from the French of Frederic Ozanam, by P. S. New York: The Catholic Publication Society. 1875.

This interesting little book, translated from the original by a graduate of St. Joseph's, Emmetsburg, presents in a most picturesque and comprehensive style historical facts and personal descriptive reminiscences of the Pyrenees and the country of that hero of history and romantic ballad, "the Cid Campeador." The author had proposed to himself a pilgrimage to the tomb of St. James, and rejoiced at the thought of seeing old Christian Spain—"that free, poor, neglected portion of Spain, which bears fewest traces of the stranger's footsteps." His progress was arrested at Burgos; hence he returned, as he says, with his hands empty of shells, but filled with those light leaves whereon the traveller hastily traces his impressions. These he offers to friends and neighbors to help to while away the evenings in congeniality and Christian harmony, when, perchance, they gather around the winter hearth-side shielded from the blasts and storms without. The descriptions will carry the coterie to the land of romance, and the reflections will exalt them with truth. Ozanam is full of strong yet tender thought and poetry, for he says: "Let us not despise poetry as the dream of weak imagination, or the pastime of an enervated age, for God himself is the author of all poetry. He has bountifully scattered it throughout creation."

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ALL-SAINTS' AND ALL-SOULS'.

A GARLAND FOR THE GRAVE.

"The grave! dread thing, men shudder when thou'rt named."

So sang Blair in his powerfully drawn and suggestive poem entitled "The Grave." The words naturally come to mind in connection with the time-honored customs associated with "All-Saints'" and "All-Souls'"—days of emotional feeling with which the month of November opens. What "Decoration Day" is to the memory of the soldiers who have fallen for their country, All-Saints' is to the memory of the Christian dead. Indeed it is more—by associating more than earthly rewards of thoughtful remembrance with the souls of the faithful departed.

It is a beautiful Catholic custom to decorate the graves of the dead. All-Saints' is one of the four great feasts of France, one of the four days on which all stores are closed—on which all work is suspended, on which even journalists rest from their labors. Every Frenchman would consider it a very great misfortune not to spend that day in the bosom of his family; every landed proprietor looks upon it as a sacred duty to show himself to his farmers, tenants, and laborers, at the head of his family, going from his château to the *grand messe*, which the village *curé* celebrates with extraordinary pomp on such days. Few deputies will despise the time-honored tradition by deserting home on such a day. Still less will they absent themselves on All-Souls' —*le jour des morts*, the French call it. Every one is acquainted with the Frenchman's respect and veneration for the dead. There is, perhaps, no example of one perverse enough to neglect visiting the cemetery where his parents or relations repose, on the *jour des morts*.

The Christian spirit cannot regard the grave—that cold gateway to the great hereafter—without awe, and feelings as various as the ties which bind us to the beloved dead. When we visit the graveyards, those cities of the silent, our feelings are deepened as well as elevated, and thoughts of the past and the future crowd upon us in saddening though loving, and depressing though hopeful, bewilderment. The tributes we pay to the memory of the dead, on this the festival of All-Saints, bind us to the affections and delights of the past, now mouldering with their associates into dust; and link us to the future in the sweet offerings and hopeful prayers we tender to the Great Father of all, for the beautiful rest and blissful resurrection of the souls awaiting final disenthralment. Whether we glance at the past, or lift our vision to the future, we are, in the presence of the dead, forcibly compelled to feel the truth of the beautiful lines in the "Death's Final Conquest" of Shirley:

"The glories of our birth and state
Are shadows, not substantial things;
There is no armor against fate.
Death lays his icy hands on kings:
Sceptre and crown,
Must tumble down,
And in the dust be equal made
With the poor crooked scythe and spade.

"Some men with swords may reap the field,
And plant fresh laurels where they kill;
But their strong nerves at last must yield,
They tame but one another still.
Early and late,
They stoop to fate,
And must give up their murmuring breath
When they, pale captives, creep to death.

"The garlands wither on your brow,
Then boast no more your mighty deeds;
Upon Death's purple altar, now,
See where the victor victim bleeds.
All heads must come
To the cold tomb,
Only the actions of the just
Smell sweet and blossom in the dust."

We all have our days of tribulation and sorrow during the year. Perhaps the Angel of Death has visited our hearth, and removed from its most honored seat the centre and the heart of all its loving circle; perhaps he has taken one whose example cheered, or whose counsel saved us; or one whose smile made perpetual and cheerful dawn in the midst of circumstances otherwise dark and gloomy; or wafted to ethereal life one whose carolling laughter refreshed us in our daily struggles to make its future strong and happy. Few of us there are but have suffered at some time from such visitations. All of us will so suffer, or be the cause of such suffering. It is the fate of existence; but no matter what our individual losses and sorrows may have been, or how deeply we deplore them, is it not well that on this day, as by one universal throb of emotion, we should receive consolation by mingling our sorrows and affections with those of others, and by a simultaneous and delicate enthusiasm pay general respect to the memory of the dead? We may to some extent and for the time, as Phœbe Carey suggests,

"Find in another's sorrow
Forgetfulness of our own."

In a recent number we gave some suggestive stanzas on the changes of time, by the martyr, Robert Southwell, who wrote most of his poems while a prisoner for his faith. We cannot do better on this occasion than reproduce his "Image of Death," as most suitable to the theme under illustration; and as giving the ideas of one who may be said to have had death constantly before him during his imprisonment:

"THE IMAGE OF DEATH.

"Before my face the picture hangs,
That daily should put me in mind
Of those cold names and bitter pangs
That shortly I am like to find.
But yet, alas! full little I
Do think hereon, that I must die.

"I often look upon a face
Most ugly, grisly, bare, and thin;
I often view the hollow place
Where eyes and nose had sometime been;
I see the bones across that lie,
Yet little think that I must die.

"I read the label underneath,
That telleth me whereto I must;
I see the sentence, too, that saith,
'Remember, man, thou art but dust.
But yet, alas! how seldom I
Do think, indeed, that I must die!

"Continually at my bed's head
A hearse doth hang, which doth me tell
That I ere morning may be dead,
Though now I feel myself full well.
But yet, alas! for all this, I
Have little mind that I must die!

"The gown which I am used to wear,
The knife wherewith I cut my meat;
And eke that old and ancient chair,
Which is my only usual seat:
All these do tell me I must die,
And yet my life amend not I.

"My ancestors are turn'd to clay,
And many of my mates are gone;
My youngers daily drop away,
And can I think to 'scape alone?
No, no; I know that I must die,
And yet my life amend not I.

* * *

"If none can 'scape Death's dreadful dart;
If rich and poor his beck obey;
If strong, if wise, if all do smart,
Then I to 'scape shall have no way:
Then grant me grace, O God! that I
My life may mend, since I must die."

The perishable garlands with which we deck the grave are emblems of imperishable love. All that is tangible withers; only the soul and the emanations of the soul are immortal. The rose and the rosemary, the willow and the rue, which commemorate our grief and our love, die; the marble often becomes dust before the hand that raised it moulders; monuments of granite and of

brass, and all their glorious and passionate inscriptions crumble, but the monuments which tender poets and true historians raise in the hearts of humanity, sink deeper and wider with each civilized generation, and live forever.

When the poets have sung the memory of the dead beloved of themselves or their generation, they have given voice to the whole throbbing heart of humanity—for man is man. Our loves but reanimate us, our griefs but echo each other down the centuries. James Montgomery has, with a touching vigor, portrayed this "Common Lot" of man:

"The bounding pulse, the languid limb,
The changing spirits' rise and fall:
We know that these were felt by him,
For these are felt by all.

"He suffer'd—but his pangs are o'er;
Enjoy'd—but his delights are fled;
Had friends—his friends are now no more;
And foes—his foes are dead.

"He loved—but whom he loved, the grave
Hath lost in its unconscious womb;
Oh, she was fair—but naught could save
Her beauty from the tomb.

"He saw whatever thou hast seen;
Encounter'd all that troubles thee;
He was—whatever thou hast been;
He is—what thou shalt be."

Hence, while we lay our floral offerings on the graves of the beloved, let us twine a little chaplet from those flowers of the soul which have grown beneath the life-giving inspiration of the poets.

The custom of strewing flowers on the graves is an ancient Catholic custom, and is still retained in many communities. In an old heroic elegy in the Welsh language on this particular festival, the change of the season, not less than the change after death, and the uselessness of mortal conjecture upon it, are indicated in these literally translated lines:—

"On All-Saints' Day blustering is the weather,
Very unlike the beginning of the past fair season:
Besides God, there is none who knows the future."

Britton, in his "Cathedral Antiquities," tells us that, besides strewing the graves with flowers, it was a custom among the people in Wales, "both Catholics and Protestants," to beg bread "for the souls of the departed on the first day of November, or All-Saints' Day. The bread thus distributed is called *dole* bread."

With what delicious melody Milton apologizes for plucking the leaves to make a chaplet for his dead friend:

"Yet once more, O ye laurels, and once more,
Ye myrtles brown, with ivy never sere,
I come to pluck your berries harsh and crude,
And, with forc'd fingers rude,
Shatter the leaves before the mellowing year.
Bitter constraint, and sad occasion dear,
Compels me to disturb your season due;
For Lycidas is dead."

How strong and yet delicate is the Elegy by Francis Beaumont, the dramatic copartner of Fletcher: it will find an echo in many a heart which has loved and lost:

"Here she lies, whose spotless fame
Invites a stone to learn her name;
The rigid Spartans that denied
An epitaph to all that died,
Unless for war, in charity
Would here vouchsafe an elegy.
She died a wife, but yet her mind,
Beyond virginity refined,
From lawless fire remained as free
As now from heat her ashes be.
Keep well this pawn, thou marble chest;
Till it be call'd for, let it rest:
For while this jewel here is set
The grave is like a cabinet."

The contemplation of death elicits from Sir Thomas Browne, the author of that great book, the *Religio Medici*, a fervid expression of his faith in the glory of the world to come: "When I take a full view and circle of myself, without this reasonable moderator and equal piece of justice, Death, I do conceive myself the miserablest person extant. Were there not another life that I hope for, all the vanities of this world should not intreat a moment's breath for me."

To those who sorrow for friends who have died away from home and friends, the lines of Rogers will find an echo in their hearts:

"Death, when we meet the spectre in our walks
As we did yesterday, and shall to-morrow,
Soon grows familiar—like most other things,
Seen, not observed; but in a foreign clime,
Changing his shape to something new and strange,
(And through the world he changes as in sport,

Affect he greatness or humility,)
Knocks at the heart."

But in the midst of life we are in death:

. ."Let the living wander where they will,
They cannot leave the footsteps of the dead."

Yet we live to little purpose if the contemplations which the day suggests, do not deeply affect and guide us. The solicitous duties of All-Saints' Day concentrate, as it were, those thoughts which should never be wholly absent from a truly Christian spirit. Cold, indeed, must our sensibilities be, if by the sacred ashes of the dead our slumbering faith is not kindled into a flame within us; lighting us to the ways of justice, and the unpurchasable, as unsalable, honor which springs from manly principle. The garland will be an immeasurable meed of respect to the dead, if we carry away from the tomb it beautifies, a warning of that mutability of worldly affairs, which should prepare us to be worthy of the immutable hereafter.

OUR DEAR WESTCHESTER HOME.

I.

Where'er my hopeful fancy dares,
Or toiling footstep falls—
Through ancient cities' thoroughfares,
Or Fortune's festal halls;
O'er mountains grand, through forest deep,
Or crest the yielding foam,
I find no spot
Like that dear cot,
My own Westchester Home.

II.

I see inside a form of grace
Move round in wifely care,
The heaven that's pictured on her face
Enfolds my name in pray'r.
Her eyes unto the garden gate
At every opening roam,
In hopes to greet
My welcome feet
To our Westchester Home.

III.

Bedecked with every sylvan charm,
By loving Nature blest,
Embraced between the ocean's arm,
And Hudson's bounteous breast;
Westchester in her beauty smiles
To heaven's protecting dome,
For all the good
By field and flood
That crowns our happy home!

IV.

Though miles away, my spirit broods
By Harlem's rural shore;
I hear the Bronx through Fordham woods
In fairy frolic pour;
The Neperan through bosky dells
Sings with me as I roam,
For they are twin'd,
In heart and mind,
With our Westchester Home.

JOHN SAVAGE.

MONEY AND ITS MATERIALS.

A BRIEF HISTORY OF CHANGE AND EXCHANGE.

Money being an important instrument of association and combination in society, it is almost impossible to overestimate its power, or to exaggerate the disadvantages which follow from its absence or from a deficiency in its supply. The peculiar characteristic possessed by money, and that quality which gives to it its importance and influence, is the fact that in society it is the one thing which is acceptable to all men, and in exchange for which they will give any commodity which they possess. Labor being the cause of all wealth, the advance of any nation or community in material prosperity is dependent upon the extent to which labor is husbanded and directed to productive pursuits. The presence of a large supply of money in a country must therefore exert an important influence upon its advancement in prosperity, by furnishing the means wherewith labor can be paid, and thus preventing its waste; for it must be remarked that labor possesses a peculiarity in this, that "it is the only commodity that perishes at the instant of production, and that, if not then put to use, is lost for ever."

Very numerous and most dissimilar substances have been made to serve the purposes of money among different people of the world. The Jews, in addition to their shekels, talents, and silver drachms, had "jewel money." Cattle were used as money in ancient Greece and Rome; hence the word pecuniary from *pecuniæ*, and this from *pecus*, cattle. Numa Pompilius, King of Rome about seven hundred years before the Christian era, made money both of wood and leather. Under the Cæsars, lands were made money.

The Carthaginians had a kind of money made of leather, which was probably of the nature of bank notes: and in the thirteenth century, Nicolo and Matheo Polo of Venice penetrated from Constantinople, through Asia to "Combalu in Cathay," where they found the money then in use was made of the middle bark of the mulberry tree, cut in round pieces, and stamped with the mark of the sovereign. This money it was death to counterfeit, or to refuse in any part of the empire.

In Britain, at as late a date as the Norman Conquest (1066), two kinds of money were in use, known as "living money" and "dead money." The former consisted of slaves and cattle, which were usually transferred with the soil, and the latter of metal. Henry I in 1108 attached severe penalties to the counterfeiting of money, and many of the pennies and halfpennies being bent and broken, he decreed that no one should refuse to receive them if they were entire. Prior to this time the halfpenny had been semicircular, being one half part of a penny; but Henry now ordered that halfpennies should in future be regularly coined. During the reign of Stephen the money had become very much debased, as well by the frauds of the legally constituted coiners, as from the fact that "almost every baron had usurped the prerogative of issuing money by his own authority." It does not seem that up to this time the right of bishops and abbots to coin money had been disturbed by any of the monarchs of England.

At the commencement of his reign (1154) Henry II found the money so much debased and reduced in value from various causes, that he provided for a new coinage, and punished all those convicted of tampering with it. In 1207 the places of coinage were still very numerous. In 1222 dies were given to the officers for the coinage of pennies, halfpennies, and farthings of silver. In 1248 it was found that the money of England had been so clipped and otherwise defaced, that its real worth bore no proportion to its nominal value. Henry III hereupon decided that the old coins should be brought to the mint

and exchanged for new ones, weight for weight, which was the cause of such severe loss to the holders as to induce great complaint. In the reign of the same monarch, nine years later, gold coins were made of the purest metal, and the standard was fixed at twenty times that of silver. To this the opposition was so great, that the king decreed that all holders of it might have it exchanged for silver at his royal exchange on submitting to a deduction of two and a half per cent.

Prior to this time gold had never been rated so high in comparison with silver. It may be here mentioned that by some writers it has been thought that no gold was coined in England earlier then the reign of Edward III (1327-77), but this is an error. In 1279 Edward I gave orders for a new coinage of halfpennies and farthings, providing at the same time that the old, which was principally of mere fractions of pennies cut of sizes to suit, should no longer be current. Holders of the old coin were, however, allowed to exchange it at the mints for new, by paying a certain percentage as "change" or "exchange," as it was termed. During the same reign, 20 years later, so much trouble, annoyance, and loss was suffered from foreign coin of inferior value, known as "pollards," "crockards," etc., that it was enacted that all importers of such money should be punished by death and the confiscation of all their property. All persons arriving from abroad were to be searched, and those having such money were to be immediately imprisoned. All good foreign money was to be taken forthwith on its arrival to the exchange, and all false English money imported was to be seized.

Edward III, having by 1344 exhausted his exchequer, and embarrassed himself with debts, in his unsuccessful attempts to conquer France, ordered that in future 266 pennies should be made from the pound sterling, thus defrauding his creditors of 10 per cent of their claims. Two years subsequently he increased the number to 270 pennies. In 1394 it was decreed that no silver money should be melted for the manufacture of plate or for any similar purpose. Counterfeiting of English money would seem to have been a very common practice in those days; and in 1416 Parliament passed an act declaring it treason to counterfeit the money of the kingdom, and providing for the punishment, by the judges, of importers of base coin. Five years later the currency was in so bad a state that a law was passed by Parliament providing that all gold money should be passed only by weight. In the reign of Henry VII (1504) a law was passed against either taking English money into Ireland, or bringing Irish money into England. In the reign of Edward VI (1551) the currency reached its worst condition of depreciation, and was "in such a state of confusion and fluctuation, that the sellers scarcely ever knew what value they were to receive for their goods." One of the most memorable events in the monetary history of England was the establishment of the bank of England, April 25, 1694, William and Mary being then the sovereigns of England. This institution is indebted for its existence to the wants of the government, which had been obliged to pay interest at rates varying from 20 to 40 per annum. It at once relieved the government from embarrassments, and became the principal means of the success in the campaign of 1695, thus aiding materially and decidedly in bringing about the peace of Ryswick in 1697.

Of the aboriginal money of the American continent, from the mounds in and adjoining the valley of the Mississippi, specimens have been found composed of lignite, coal, bone, shell, terra cotta, mica, pearl, carnelian, chalcedony, agate, jasper, native gold, silver, copper, lead, and iron, "which were fashioned into forms evincing a skill in art to which the descendants of the aborigines now surviving are strangers." Wampum, as is well known, was used by the Indians as currency, and consisted originally of strings of small spiral fresh-water shells. It was the prevailing currency in Massachusetts about 1635—was a legal tender, and was even counterfeited. Corn and beans were used about the same period, and musket-balls passed for change, at the rate of a farthing, and were legal tender for sums under one shilling. In 1662 the accounts of the New Netherlands were kept in wampum and beaver skins; and in Virginia the receipts for tobacco placed on deposit passed as money. Adam Smith mentions that in

Scotland, in 1776, it was a custom among workmen to carry nails as money to the bakers and the alehouse. In the British West India Islands according to Mr. Madden, author of "Coins of the Jews," "pins, a slice of bread, a pinch of snuff, a dram of whiskey, and, in the central part of South America, soap, chocolate, cocoanuts, eggs," etc., serve the same purpose. In India, cakes of tea, and in China, pieces of silk pass as money. Salt is the current money of Abyssinia, codfish of Iceland and Newfoundland. At the great annual fair of Nishny Novogorod in Russia, the price of tea regulates the standard by which all exchanges of merchandise are regulated. In 1574 pasteboard was coined in Holland; and at an early day raccoon and deer skins were used as money in Illinois.

Montesquieu notices that the inhabitants of the coast of Africa in the last century had what he calls an "ideal money," "a sign of value without money," the unit being the *macouté*, which was divided into tenths called *pieces*. This "money of account," says Mr. Henry Carey Baird in the *American Cyclopædia*, "had its origin, as appears from later testimony, in the *macouté*, a piece of stuff, a fabric."

In 1792 the congress of the United States by law fixed the relative value of silver and gold at 1 to 15; and, as a consequence, says Mr. Baird, when a foreign balance had to be liquidated, silver being overvalued as compared with European standards, gold was exported, and it was found impossible to maintain a gold circulation. In 1834 the standard was altered to 1 to 16, while with other nations it was generally 1 to 15½. Now, silver was so largely exported, that the proportion was on March 3d, 1853, altered to 1 to 14.88, and silver was made a legal tender only for sums under five dollars. By the coinage act of February 12th, 1873, it was again changed to 1 to 14.95.

In 1873 the most trustworthy date showed that there were $135,000,000 of gold coin in the United States, $5,000,000 of subsidiary silver coin, which, with the issues under the National Banking system established in 1863, made a grand total of $924,228,246 of all kinds of money in the republic. A similar estimate of the circulating medium in Great Britain and Ireland at the close of 1872, placed the gold coin at £84,551,000, the silver coin at £15,000,000, and the bronze coin at £1,148,000. The paper circulation amounted to £51,942,259, making a total of all kinds of £198,181,259—or in dollars $938,860,900; nearly fifteen millions more than the amount credited to the United States.

France is very much ahead of either Great Britain or the United States in its means. Its circulation during the present year was estimated at four thousand millions of francs in coin, while the notes of the Bank of France in circulation on the 9th of October, 1874, were 2,970,881,660 francs: making a total of nearly seven thousand millions of francs, equal to 1,394,176,382 in dollars, nearly one half more than the funds in Great Britain and Ireland. These figures are supplied by the revised edition of Appleton's *American Cyclopædia*, now in course of republication.

LITERARY LABOR.

James Parton says, in a sketch of the founder of the London *Times*, a remarkable feature of the system upon which that paper has been conducted is the liberality with which it has compensated those who have served it. Writing is a peculiar kind of industry, and demands so strenuous and intense an exertion of the vital forces, that no one will ever get good writing done who compensates it on ordinary commercial principles. The rule of supply and demand can never apply to this case. There are two things which the purchaser of literary labor can do towards procuring a high quality of writing. One is, to give the writer the amplest motive to do his best; and the other is, to prevent his writing too much. Both these things the conductors of the *Times* have systematically practised. It is their rule to pay more for their literary labor than any one else pays for the same labor, more than the writer himself would think of demanding; and also to afford intervals of repose after periods of severe exertion.

SONG WRITERS, AND THEIR SONGS.

By Barry Gray.

From the earliest age to the present day, the world has possessed its song-writers: the first, of whom we have any knowledge, are Moses and Miriam, who sang a song of praise to God on the banks of the Red Sea, to celebrate the deliverance which he had vouchsafed to his chosen people, by opening to them a passage through the waters—which song is transmitted to us, in the pages of the Old Testament; wherein, too, we find the Psalms, by David, Israel's sacred song-writer; and which, to this day, are chanted and sung in all the churches of Christendom and in the synagogues of the Hebrews.

Following the Psalms, in the same inspired volume, we discover the song of Solomon, —a love-song sung by the Church to Christ; and beyond this, in the Apocrypha, is the song chanted by the three holy children in the midst of the fiery furnace.

Passing from that remote period, however, in which these sacred singers lived and died, through cycles of time, we encounter at each step in our way—marking by their presence the advancement of civilization and art—the glorious children of song. Ages pass away, and the men and women who then enacted their parts in life are forgotten, but their deeds and traditions are recorded in the ancient ballads, as sung by

"The spinsters and knitters in the sun,
Who use to chant them."

The ballads of England, Scotland, Ireland, France, and the northern countries of Europe, are so essentially different from the songs of the present time, that they—if for no other reason than for the contrast they present—merit at this point a passing notice. That portion of them which is classed under the head of ancient song, usually treats of impossible achievements and wonderful adventures both by flood and field. It deals extensively with the weird and the marvellous, and is filled with accounts of ghosts and mysterious apparitions.

The romantic ballad is a metrical tale generally devoted to the fortunes of an unfortunate maid, who, all forlorn and all for love, meets with an untimely end.

Another class of the ancient ballad—and probably it is the largest—embraces such narrative songs as have their origin in subjects of an historical nature, or of a public or private character. This includes accounts of battles, family feuds, local incidents, domestic occurrences and personal adventures.

Scotland and England are both rich in this ancient minstrelsy. Many of their ballads go back so far into antiquity, that the date of their birth is lost amid the cobwebs of time. Legends which have been transmitted orally, from generation to generation, in the guise of ballads, necessarily undergo considerable change, and, in consequence, several versions of the same story often exist; but these various renderings serve the better, by their distinctive phraseology, to show the different degrees of advancement with which adverse portions of the same country increase in knowledge and intelligence. Then, as now, poetry was a distinct art, and its votaries devoted themselves to it with a downright earnestness of purpose, that put to shame the poets of to-day. Minstrelsy was a vocation by itself. The minstrel of old wandered alone about the country singing quaint ballads; and, wherever he came,

"Lords listened, knights applauded, ladies smiled,
And all were gracious to the muses' child."

It is somewhat different, however, with the song-writers of the present age: we have yet to see that any one of them ever has gained his bread simply by singing his own songs, however sweet they may have been, by going from town to town in his native land.

The difference between a ballad and a song is, that the former is simply a story told in verse; and the latter is the expression of a sentiment written in a measure readily adapted to music. It may treat of love or war, stars or flowers, woman or wine, or, in fact,

any of the thousand-and-one trifling or important incidents, which are of daily occurrence in life. In short, a song is neither more nor less than a musical poem—but all poems are not songs, though each song must necessarily be a poem.

By what rules, however, a song should be constructed, by what method composed, it is impossible to determine. Therein, art is defied, all rules are set at naught, and the lyrist sings as the bird warbles, without premeditation and without restraint. The chief merit of a song consists in its principles of harmony. Some beautiful songs have been wedded to most execrable airs; and some delightful measures, to foolish verse; but when the poem and the music harmonize, then is produced a perfect song:

> "Such songs have power to quiet
> The restless pulse of care,
> And come, like the benediction,
> That follows after prayer."

Of this kind, indeed, are those which, in listening to their melody, we ofttimes cease to hear their words.

For the time we feel raised above earth and the things of earth, and to hear the quiring of cherubims. Not all songs, however, nor all singers, have such power over us; but our hearts must be attuned to the notes of the song itself, before such a result can be accomplished: but then, whether the song to which we are listening be one of sorrow or of joy, a mourning dirge or a bridal strain; whether it be the cradle-song our mother sung above us in our infancy, or the love-lyric with which we wooed our maiden bride; or the hymn once chanted around our now cold and silent household hearth by the dead and buried wife of long ago; or, whatever it may be, we become oblivious to our present life—its toils, its joys, its hopes and fears, and live but in the past or in the future. Such power has perfect and harmonious song!

Among all nations the ballad has invariably preceded the song. Our English forefathers, in feudal times, shouted rude ballads around the groaning board, and chanted bacchanalian choruses over their wassail-bowls. Under the shadow of the holly and the mistletoe, their descendants sung quaint, but hearty Christmas carols, which were an improvement on the earlier ballad. But it was not until the days of Queen Elizabeth, when Shakespeare, Spencer, Sidney, Beaumont and Fletcher lived and wrote, that a higher and more graceful style of versification began to be known. The sonnet of those days approximated nearer to our ideal of a song, than any form of verse which preceded it. But it remained, however, for the poets of the nineteenth century to bring the song to its present high degree. It is true that the Greek bard Anacreon, Petrarch, Horace, Shakespeare and others of the English writers, produced songs as chaste and charming as any which are now indited; but these were exceptions, and not the rule.

It is worthy of note that there is scarcely a song which has attained any degree of popularity, either in great Britain, or in this country, that has not been written within the present century; and which has not gained its popularity within a period of seventy years, dating back from to-day. With not a single exception, so far as I can learn, the charming Scottish songs of Burns—whom I place at the head of song-writers—obtained their popularity within a time somewhat less than the period I have named. It certainly is posterior to this period that the melodies of Tom Moore were first heard in England; that Thomas Haynes Bailey indited his love-lyrics for the boudoir; that Dibdin shouted forth his sea-ditties; that Barry Cornwall's songs became household sounds, or Charles Mackay swept with a strong hand the trembling chords of the lyre.

It is within the present century—indeed, since 1812—that Béranger, the song-writer of France, published his first song; while, in our own country, every song of any note, with, perhaps, a few exceptions, has been written within even a narrower space of time.

America numbers but few song-writers who have produced songs of any repute, and it is the more to be wondered at, for the reason that, as a nation, we are a band of singers. The babe with its tin rattle, or coral and bells—the ragged urchin whistling through the streets—the idle school-boy with his jews-harp or rattling bones—the sentimental miss, the coquettish belle, and the dignified matron with piano, harp or melodeon—the brass bands which straggle through the streets—the philharmonic societies—the

Ethiopian minstrels—the itinerant organ-grinders—and the love-stricken young gentlemen who awake from their midnight slumbers bewitching young ladies, by warbling under their chamber-windows romantic ballads,—each, in their way, attest the love we bear for music and for song.

The acknowledged song-writer of America, for twenty-five years prior to his death, was George P. Morris. Than his songs none were more popular, none more readily adapted to music; and none, for tender pathos and purity of sentiments, surpassed. Morris is the representative of two distinct classes of song, viz., *Pastoral* or *Rural*, which treats of the pleasures and enjoyments of the country; and *Songs of the Affection*, dedicated to love and sentiment. A striking illustration of both of these classes, united in the same song, is found in the world-wide known lyric—which has been translated into the language of all civilized nations—"Woodman, spare that tree."

This song is, undoubtedly, the best known and the oftenest sung of Morris's productions. In proof of its popularity I would mention that at a public dinner, a few years since, Charles Mackay,—author of "Cheer, boys! cheer!"—and General Morris being present, George F. Train, known as "Young America," in a racy and eloquent speech, declared that roaming the world over, "from Java to Jerusalem, from Canton to Constantinople, from Melbourne to Manhattan, I have often joined in the wakening chorus of

'Cheer, boys, cheer!'

and listened to the plaintive ballad of

'Woodman, spare that tree!'

and, in a word, wherever a Saxon meets his brother Saxon, over the wine cup, on the steamer's deck or at the piano, in almost every gathering, you will hear the soul-stirring words and the music of

"Cheer, boys, cheer!"

and the touching melody of

'Woodman, spare that tree!'"

Of this song, also, a writer for a New York city newspaper has said:—

"We may be at fault in comprehending the sinuosities of a score, and quite out in our *majors* and *minors*, but we would not exchange the profound reverence with which a Yorker receives 'Woodman, spare that tree,' as, in some sort, a stammering utterance of his best hopes and sweetest reminiscences, for all the sensuous and deliquescent raptures of Southern shores."

An English lady—herself an author of high repute—wrote, one fourth day of July, on the fly leaf of a copy of "Duyckinck's Cyclopædia of American Literature," sundry verses, entitled: "The American Muster-roll of Fame," in which, as one of "Columbia's classic sons," Morris occupies a prominent place, being inlaid between Irving and Bryant, in the following stanza:

"Morris, whose name will stand
First on the lyric annals of the free,
For the best ballad of his native land
Is 'Woodman, spare that tree.'"

Every one knows, or ought to know, the history of this song, but there are incidents, connected with its popularity, not so well known, of which I shall speak—showing that it possesses the true test of genius, touching with sympathy the human heart wherever it beats. Said an English nobleman:—

"It was just about the hour, near midnight, when the dandies turn in from the Coventry Club, or some Belgravian rout, when, except three or four of the first men in the House, no one would be endured, and no one is listened to, unless, perhaps, a buffo like Col. Sibthorp, or a Rabelaisian wit like Henry Drummond, or a flashing hussar of debate like Osborne, who rushes in every sentence at some opposition foe and levels him with his lance. The hour of twelve is death to bores. They dare not cross its threshold. At the back of the Whig benches an old man arose, tall and silvered. From his dress of top boots and drab breeches, and blue coat with gilt buttons, one would have fancied he had been dug up from some reign of the Georges, had not the fresh bloom on his check, caught in many a hunting morning, and his hale, hearty look, proclaimed 'the fine old English gentleman.' This was Caley of Yorkshire. At first the dandies stared, and were inclined to chastise such unusual audacity invading an hour sacred to Peel, Stanley, Russell, Gladstone, and D'Israeli. But, somehow, the genial, kindly presence of the man, and the good old garments he wore, to which

even *blasé* young England softens, saved him, and the House relapsed into listlessness. But listlessness soon grew into interest, when, after a most earnest and touching appeal to the Premier to save the old glory and old customs and old peasantry of England, he repeated, with a manly, touching pathos, the song of 'Woodman, spare that tree.' I cannot well describe the effect which these beautiful words, which do honor to the head and heart of their author, produced. The House was perfectly still when the old man sat down. Sir Robert Peel, against one of whose measures Mr. Caley's appeal had been made, felt it, and when he rose, his voice faltered. 'I admit,' he said, 'the touching beauty of that ballad, but I deny its application to any measure of mine.' It was some time before the sensation subsided, but, after it did so, groups gathered around Osborne and D'Israeli, to listen to a personal description of the author, who was familiar to them from the picturings of Willis and others. Morris is now as well known to many of us as if we had looked into his kindly face, or felt the warm pressure of his hand."

The striking incident at a fashionable concert in France is more recent and, perhaps, less well known; where, after this same ballad—which has made the tour of Europe, and been translated into as many languages as the Vatican can interpret—had been very effectively sung by an artist of high reputation, a tall and elegant man, rising in the midst of the concert-room, which was hushed into the stillness of emotion, and walking some distance up the passage-way till he caught the singer's eye, addressed him, in the breathless interest of the house,—"And pray, sir, can you tell us if the woodman *did* spare that tree?" The answer, "He did, sir: I give you my honor," dispelled an anxiety which could not have been greater had it been real, and gave free breath to the delighted assembly.

As strictly pastoral lyrics breathing the very spirit of rural life and repose, I know of few that can compare with the "Cottager's Welcome," and "Life in the West." In each we discover the scent of new-mown hay; hear the murmuring of bees, the singing of birds and the rustling of the leaves in the tree-tops; we see the dew on the grass, the shadow in the woods and the sunshine on the hillsides. And, in a word, we find portrayed in them, the essence, as it were, of all the excellent things pertaining to rural life, without perceiving the slightest taint of its disagreeabilities.

Of Morris's songs of affection, the love-lyrics that have the oftenest been sung by the sweet-tongued daughters of America—ay, and of Europe, too, what shall I say?

It were easy to liken them, as has Grace Greenwood, "to spring's first sunshine, the song of her first birds, the breath of her first violets," but they strike deeper and sweeter chords of the heart than do these spring-time harbingers; they kindle fires in the hearts of youth that never burned before; they fall like fresh coals on the marriage altar, and renew the almost extinct and neglected love in the bosom of the old. They are "ever-new, ever-lasting, fresh and beautiful,—a joy, and a source of joy, forever."

Morris's lays are pure, earnest, truthful. They rise from the heart and they enter the heart. They are "like apples of gold in pictures of silver." The most popular of his love-songs is, perhaps, the one entitled, "When other friends are round thee." "I miss thee from my side," and "Think of me, my well-beloved," are the thoughtful outpourings of an absent lover's heart, half sad with that delicate jealousy which wrongs not the loved one, but simply shows the tender and abiding affection of the lover.

Naming Morris's songs is like introducing to my hearers old friends who took seats at their firesides *long* time ago. And what heart, I would ask, has not throbbed with the tenderest emotion at the matchless fancy and truthful sentiment contained in "Near the lake where drooped the willow"? Of this song, the composer, Mr. C. E. Horn, declared that the poet met him more than half way; and, of his other songs, that his lines were always musical, and might be said to sing themselves. Braham pronounced Morris "the best lyrist of the age," and the one whose songs he most liked to sing.

General Morris lived to see many of his songs and ballads obtain a world-wide renown. They have become as household words not only in this country, but wherever the English tongue is spoken or sung; wher-

ever, around the festive board, jovial friends congregate, and raise the merry song; wherever, about the fireside or in the open hall, brothers and sisters meet to join their voices in the tuneful lyric; wherever, on the broad prairies of the West, within the sound of the ocean roar, or amid the city's din, manly voice shout a stirring refrain; wherever, under the gas-light or amidst the starlight, lovers plight their vows in songs of love, there, in the midst of them, we hear the song-writer of America.

The representative song-writer in America of nautical themes, or songs of the sea, is, undoubtedly, Epes Sargent, of Boston. It is very certain, however, that what are known as sea-songs, possess, after all, very little more of the flavor of salt water about them than their name. Dibdin—the most noted of his class—wrote some exceedingly clever nautical songs, that were extremely popular with landsmen and black-eyed Susans and Marys, but which never were sung by sailors. A midshipman or two, possibly, may have compromised himself and his profession by singing "Poor Jack," or "Sweethearts and wives;" but your regular old tar, believe me, never was guilty of so doing. Sailors have their songs, however, which they hoarsely shout in the very teeth of a gale, as they round Cape Horn, or sing while their vessel lies becalmed off some sunny island in the Pacific. The songs, though, which they sing, are mostly unwritten ones; and like the ancient ballads, are transmitted orally, from crew to crew, and from ship to ship. They are, generally speaking indeed, of a cha racter that will not bear to be printed. Any one who may choose to loiter about the piers of a seaport town, when ships are breaking cargo, or the anchor is being weighed, will be able to hear, without venturing upon the ocean, the songs which sailors sing. They are rude, hearty, often indelicate, but musical withal. To the accompaniment of certain airs sailors do certain kinds of work. To slow, low and monotonous tunes they perform heavy labor, and to quick, lively strains, they do their lighter toils.

Of Sargent's songs of the sea—which number some twenty-five—the most popular one is the "Life on the ocean wave." On the steamer, within the cabin, and by the passengers, after they have recovered from sea-sickness and are nearing port, this song may, perhaps, be sung, but it is not probable that a sailor down in the fo'castle ever heard of it, though it is a glorious song, and its musical notes roll forth with a majestic swell that reminds one of the waves of the ocean, as they roll on to some such pebbly shore as where, doubtless, many of my readers have whiled away a summer morning, or loitered through a moonlight night.

The history of this song is simply this. Some thirty years ago, Mr. Henry Russell, the musical composer, asked Mr. Sargent to write a song for him, leaving the subject to the author's selection. In a walk on the Battery, at New York, the sight of the vessels in the harbor dashing through the sparkling waters in the morning sunshine, suggested the "Life on the ocean wave," and the poet had finished it in his mind before the walk was completed.

Upon showing it to a friend, himself a song-writer, his criticism was, that it was "a very fair lyric, but was not a song." I draw from this the conclusion that, though a man may be able to indite clever songs himself, he may not be able to judge correctly of the merit of another's songs.

Sargent, somewhat disheartened, put the verses into his pocket, concluding that they might do to publish, but not to set to music. A few days afterwards he met Russell at Hewitt's music-store, and showed him the piece, informing him, at the same time, that it would not do, but that he would try again.

"Let us go into the back-room and try it on the piano," said Russell. They went. Russell sat down before the instrument, placed the words before him, studied them attentively for a few minutes, humming a measure as he read, then threw his fingers over the keys; tried once, twice, thrice, and finally exultingly struck out the present melody to which the "Life on the ocean wave" is set. He certainly was not more than ten minutes about it, though he gave a day afterward to scoring and writing out the music. The song, as all are aware, became immensely popular, and many thousands were sold before the year was out. In England three different music-publishers issued it in various styles. The parodies that have been made on it, are almost innumerable.

II.—IRISH COLLEGES SINCE THE REFORMATION.*

SEVILLE.

The College of Seville was founded in 1612, which is the first date we meet with in its records, although we are given to understand that a number of Irish students had died in a plague which visited the city some time previously; and from the license granted by Don Antonio Caetano, Archbishop of Capua, Nuncio in Spain in the year 1612, to collect alms for the *Junta, or body of Irish Students of Seville*, we are led to believe there was a college or seminary there of some kind; but it had no distinct form before the year 1612. Its object was to educate and train young men for the then arduous and dangerous Irish mission. Young Irishmen, who had already studied the preliminary branches, were admitted free, and were taught philosophy for three years, and theology for four; so that the course was of seven years. They made these studies in the house and went to the Jesuit College of St. Hermenigild to class. After the Jesuits took possession of the Irish College in 1619, as shall be stated hereafter, the students, besides their ordinary class, had frequent literary exercises at home in lectures, conferences, and controversy. The masters from St. Hermenigild and the superiors of the house always attended these exercises, which were calculated to make practical the theoretical knowledge they acquired in class.

Thus instructed and prepared, these worthy ministers of the Gospel, and future glorious workers in the vineyard of the Lord in Ireland, returned, disguised, to their native country to preach and teach, and administer the sacraments, and, as an old document tells us—"to encourage and sustain their fellow-countrymen in the Catholic faith, to repel and combat heretics, the sworn enemies of our young pupils, and to declare and sustain a bloody warfare against the false dogmas and heresies of the North, from which combat they came out the greater conquerors when apparently most vanquished, for some suffered exile, others the loss of liberty in chains and dungeons, and not a few laid down their lives on the public scaffold, or were beheaded by the cruel steel of the pitiless executioner." And I may here remark that all the information I give about this college is taken from documents in the archives of the Irish College in Salamanca.

Lest the horrors of the persecution to which they would be exposed in their own land, or the longing after the fleshpots of the rich and fertile Andalusia, should prevent them from either embracing the ecclesiastical state, or returning to Ireland on the completion of their studies, these young Levites had to take the following oath on their entrance into the College:—"Ego N. Collegii Hibernorum Hispalensis Alumnus, considerans Omnipotentis Dei erga me singularia beneficia, et illud in primis quod a patria ab hereticis infestata me dignatus est educere Catholicae suae Ecclesiae numero associando, cupiensque tantae misericordiae pro modulo meo satisfacere: Propono me totum ejus obsequio mancipare, hujus collegii finem, quam proxime potero, exsequendo, ejusdem Collegii instituta, ritus et regulas servando, sed et bonum ejus, quantum in me fuerit, promovendo. Juroque Omnipotenti Deo coram sacratissima Virgine Deipara Maria, nostro patrono titulari Sancto Patricio, et Curia celesti universa, me animo dehinc paratum fore ad Sacros Ordines Sacerdotii suscipiendos, et in Hiberniam (Divino me spiritu ducente) ad proximorum animas lucrandas reversurum, quando Superiori hujus collegii pro nostri instituti ratione utrumque prae-

*See MANHATTAN for August, p. 93.

cipere mihi visum fuerit in Domino. Juroque me fideliter celebraturum pro intentione Reverendi Patris Superioris hujus collegii omnes missas quas celebravero, quamdiu fuero praefati collegii alumnus, dicto Patre Superiore concedente mihi vel facultatem celebrandi pro mea intentione, vel ordinarium unius missae stipendium pro singulis septimanis; voveoque Sanctissimum Immaculatae Conceptionis Deiparæ semper Virginis Mysterium* toto conatu usque ad sanguinis effusionem (si necesse fuerit) me defensurum. Datum Hispali, anno, etc." Si est sacerdos omittatur:—Ad sacros ordines suscipiendos.

This oath was common to all the Irish colleges in Spain, and the ceremonies attending its administration were curious. After Mass the collegians were all summoned by the bell to attend in the church, on the high altar of which the Blessed Sacrament was exposed. The freshman came forward with his college costume on, but with the *beca*, or band of cloth that doubles on the breast and falls over the shoulders, folded up, and before all read the oath in a clear voice, so as to be heard by all in the church, the doors of which were open. After he read it, he signed and handed it to the rector, who then unfolded the *beca* on his shoulders, and gave him holy communion. After this, all retired to the vestry, where, with his hand on the Gospels, before a cross, the new student made a profession of faith, according to the formula of Gregory XIII, abjuring all heresies, and particularly the new ones of the North.

Besides the Irish students who were kept free, pensionists were admitted, both Irish and Spanish, who paid for their maintenance, and lived under distinct rules. We shall now go to the foundation.

Father Richard Pichardo, who was rector twice, and a great benefactor of this college, in a little work he published, called *Notes*, says, at No. 3:—"This seminary commenced to take the form of a college and community (and it would be, undoubtedly, with the approbation of the ordinary, as it could not otherwise subsist either *de facto* or *de jure*), from the year 1612, as we find from some papers and memoranda," etc. He cites and follows Don Diego Ortiz de Zuñiga, who, in his *Annales de Sevilla, Libro* 16, at the year 1618, No. 3, says:—"About this time some pious people of Seville, and particularly a devout and zealous priest, who afterwards entered the Society of Jesus, seeing the advantage which resulted to the secret Christianity of England from the college that nation had in Seville, desired to establish one in favor of the Irish, no less in need, and for many reasons more deserving of it from Spain, which took place, as I find in some records, in the year 1612. They had a house with some form of college, which was fostered and assisted by the Christianity and piety of Don Felix de Guzman, a Sevillian noble, archdeacon and canon, who thought it would be useful and advantageous if the Society of Jesus would charge itself with its government, as it did with that of the English. About which he applied to the Society, and the king," etc. I may here remark that the English College was never incorporated with the Irish, but remained distinct up to the suppression of the Jesuits, soon after which the Irish, as we shall see, was incorporated with the College of Salamanca, and the English with that of the same nation in Valladolid. The buildings, as the present writer can testify, are yet quite distinct.

It would appear the authors I have quoted did not see the license to collect alms granted by Don Antonio Caetano, already referred to, and from which I gather that we are right in fixing the first informal beginning of this college some time anterior to 1612; for, on the 8th June, the date of the license, it was already a Junta, or reunion of Irish students. The fragment called the "*Origin, Progress*, and *State* of the Irish Seminary of Seville, of the *Pure Conception of the Virgin Mother of God, Our Lady*," and, as added in the handwriting of Father Conway, "*of the Catholic faith*," gives us no more information. The date of this fragment is 1620. There are some erasures and emendations by Father Conway. It begins by briefly relating the persecution of England under Henry VIII and Elizabeth, and contains many things of

* On the 2d May, 1618, the University of Salamanca passed a statute compelling all its Doctors, Masters, Licentiates, and Bachelors to swear to defend the Immaculate Conception of the Blessed Virgin in the first instant of her being. This oath is still observed at the reception of degrees.—*Vidal, Memoria Historica de la Universidad de Salamanca*, cap. v.

which I shall make use in the present article. The following quotation is from it:—

"Finally, the Catholic laity seeing everything was against them (*de capa caida*), and in a state of irremediable desperation, sent those children whom they intended for the divine ministry, to foreign parts and Catholic countries to prosecute their studies, that the holy faith might not be completely extinguished in their country, but in the course of time preserved and augmented. Some of these came to certain districts of Catholic Spain, but particularly to Castille and Portugal, where they were received and protected by the Catholic kings and other servants of God, so that the College of Salamanca, and afterwards that of Lisbon, were thus founded, and given in charge to the Society of Jesus by his Catholic majesty. And as many noble youths, virtuous and deserving, left their country with this object, and the means of supporting them were limited, they determined to seek a remedy in other parts of Spain, and particularly in the royal and noble city of Seville, where they found shelter, favor, and protection. And although we have notice of the arrival of some of these noble youths at an early date, who all died of a fearful plague which took place here, their principal origin and beginning arose out of the following:—

"A zealous youth, called Theobald Stapleton, otherwise Galduf, with the desire of increasing the number of Catholics in his country, left Lisbon, where he was a student, without telling any one of his intention. Recommending himself to God and the Blessed Virgin, he reached the residence of the noble and pious Duke of Braganza, and told him he wanted to found a seminary of his nation in Seville. The duke gave him letters of recommendation to the archbishop and governor and other persons of Seville, with a good viaticum, a part of which he spent in purchasing a blue habit, and the cross which the students of Lisbon wore on their breast. And thus he arrived in Seville, animated more by the confidence he had in the holy Virgin than by the human favors he received. A good number of his fellow-country students united with him in a short time. He took a house and sought food for them, for which he neglected his own studies, that they might prosecute theirs with more freedom, and be able to give a good account of themselves. He procured for their direction a priest from the College of Salamanca called James Carney, who did them great service for a considerable time, till he determined on going to Ireland to comply with his obligation, and procure the salvation of his fellow-countrymen, leaving the town highly edified by his example, and the devil invidious of the good he feared might result from his work here. The devil determined to persecute Theobald through his own and strangers, and to raise obstacles at the commencement of his work. The students did not find that encouragement they might expect from the prelate, who forbade them to wear the dress of collegians, because they had neither house, nor rent, nor fixed alms. Withal they managed to support themselves, like paupers at the doors of the convents of this city, but suffered on all sides great afflictions and privations, and the good Theobald underwent manifest dangers of his life. Three soldiers, incited by the complaints of his domestic companions, conspired against his life, but died miserably without effecting their object, in different parts and in a short time. Others beat him with sticks, and the good Theobald, bruised and sore, had to keep his bed for some days; but recovering his health, and recognizing the work of the devil in all this, he gathered new strength to prosecute his good intentions." Stapleton left no stone unturned to procure the means of subsistence for his young community. He threw himself heart and soul into his work, and when he exhausted the resources of Seville, went with a companion, called Charles Reano,* to Madrid, where he procured large means. Worn out by his exertions and labors, and broken down by the many disappointments and repulses he met with, he at last returned to Ireland, where he crowned all his labors by a glorious martyrdom. When administering holy communion one day, he was stabbed with a dagger in the breast, and his precious soul passed to receive its reward in the kingdom of heaven. "He was the protomartyr of the College of Seville, which afterwards became prolific of martyrs, and

* This is the Spanish of his name, and although he was an Irishman, I know no corresponding Irish name.

where he had served his apprenticeship of martyrdom."

Among the many who assisted him in the good work of the foundation of the college, Don Felix de Guzman deserves the first place. He took a deep interest in it from the first, and assigned it a monthly subsidy out of his own resources, besides making interest for it with others, and particularly with the king and the Society of Jesus, which he induced in the end to accept its government. He died Bishop-elect of Majorca, and left the college his universal heir. Another great benefactor was Don Geronimo de Medina Farragut, who, when the students had no fixed abode, invited them to his house, and lived among them for two years, edified, as he says himself, by their piety and good conduct. When the Society took charge of the college in 1619, he made it an absolute grant of his houses, valued at four thousand crowns. Philip III deserves to be mentioned also, for he took an interest in the struggling community, and not only assigned it five hundred crowns, but wrote commendatory letters in its favor to the archbishop and the authorities of the town, whom he permitted to allot to it forty crowns a year. The archbishop never gave anything of his own, but after the king's letter he allowed the students to wear their college dress.

During all this time, from 1612 to 1619, the college was under the direction of several secular priests, who were not very successful in their government; for the carelessness and disorder which existed almost ruined it. The first, as we have seen, was James Carney, who was succeeded by another Irishman, called Maurice Reagan; and then came four Spaniards in succession, Don Nicolas Romero, Don Juan de Menessus, Don Juan de Estrada, and Don Barnabas de San Roman. Guzman and Medina, seeing things going from bad to worse, renewed their exertions to induce the Society of Jesus to accept the government. Guzman offered to support the fathers who might be sent to it, and Medina to make over, as he did, the houses the students occupied, on the sole condition that the college should be called of the "*Pure Conception of the Virgin Mother of God, Our Lady, and of the Holy Catholic Faith*," which name it retained ever after. It was also called in the town the *Colegio de los Chiquitos*, or *the College of the Little Ones*. This name is supposed to come from an expression in a letter of Philip III, where he calls them *noble Irish children*. The street to this day is called the *Calle de los Chiquitos*, and even a tavern adjoining the old college is called *La taberna de los Chiquitos*, which amused the present writer considerably when he saw it.

Father Thomas White, the founder of most of our other Irish colleges in the Peninsula, was in Rome at this time, and several persons wrote to him telling him of the state of affairs, and beseeching him to endeavor to have the College of Seville placed in care of the Jesuits, as those of Salamanca, Lisbon and Santiago, were. He applied to the General of the Society, Father Vetelesqui, to take the matter up. The general wrote to Father Augustin de Quirros, Provincial of Andalusia, who, on the 11th April, 1619, held a consultation with his most experienced fathers, and laid before them the letter of the general, another from the Protector of the College, Don Felix Guzman, offering to support the fathers who might go to it, as also the letters his majesty had written on the subject, with the reasons and motives drawn up by Father Richard Conway, to induce the Society to accept the charge. The resolution come to at this consultation was, that, notwithstanding the grave difficulties which presented themselves, it was in conformity with the zeal and spirit of the Society to receive the Irish College under its care and government. The provincial immediately communicated this resolution to the general, who answered him in the following words, on the 17th June, 1619:—

"I thank your reverence and the others who were present at the consultation, which you say you held, about taking charge of the Irish College of Seville, for the good and religious resolution you came to, for it is worthy of true sons of the Society which incessantly aims at the salvation of souls." About the same time the provincial also received another letter from the king, procured by Don Felix de Guzman, in which he renews his recommendation in the following words:—

"The King: Rev. and devout Father Augustin de Quirros, Provincial of the Society of Jesus, in Andalusia.—Persons zealous

in the service of our Lord, and for the preservation and increase of the Catholics in Ireland, have told me that it would be of great importance to encourage and direct the students of that nation who come to the college they have in the city of Seville, and that this would be best done if the Society of Jesus would take charge of it as it has of those which are in Lisbon, Santiago, Salamanca, and Flanders. And I, who have always desired and procured the increase of the Catholic faith in Ireland, have received their petition graciously, and I charge you to receive the government of said college in the same way as the Society has that of those of Lisbon and the other places I have mentioned; and besides the service of God which can result from it, I shall look on myself as served in it. Lisbon, 25 July, 1619. I, THE KING. John de Civica."

After some more consultations the matter was finally settled; and on the 20th August, 1619, the Jesuits took possession, and Father Richard Conway became the first rector. At his installation, and the taking possession, Don Felix de Guzman and Don Geronimo De Medina Farragut, the constant and munificent benefactors of the poor exiles, attended, and in neat speeches manifested the joy with which their hearts were filled on beholding the realization of their hopes, and the happy consummation of all their labors. They did not drop their connection with the house, nor lose their interest in it, till their death, but remained its steady and anxious friends.

In the First Book of Accounts, which commences on the day the Society took possession, it is said that Father Conway, the first rector, found the following collegians:—William Supple, Philip Hogan, Daniel Brodin, and James Dillon, priests; and Thaddeus Hea and Thomas Lid. There must, however, have been more, for I find in another place that the number of collegians on the occasion of Father Conway's instalment was fifteen, who made a cession of all their rights and property to the Society, as well on their own behalf as on behalf of their successors. I find the names of some of these were Peter Conrad, Christopher Cleary, Peter Sacrobosque,* William Joyce, Matthew Lynch, and John Blake.

* Hollywood.

From 1619 to 1767 nothing of importance occurred. The rectors were changed every year, and we have a complete list of them, as also of the students during that period, with the dates of their entrance and leaving, or their death. Amongst them we find many martyrs, and several bishops and archbishops.

On the morning of the 3d of April, 1767, in virtue of the pragmatic sanction of Charles III of the preceding day, and of the decree for the banishment of the Jesuits from the Spanish possessions, the deputy Mayor of Seville presented himself with an armed force before the Irish, as he did also before the English colleges, and put into execution the orders he had, by transporting the fathers to Xerez to await shipment to the Papal states. There were then only four Irish students in the house: John Blanchville, James Keating, Eugene O'Brien, and William Fitzgerald, and twenty-three Spanish pensionists. O'Brien and Fitzgerald were soon after expelled, because they had no commendatory letters from their bishops, and were besides turbulent; Blanchville went home, and Michael Brander, William Dooly, and William Travers were admitted.

His Majesty, in council extraordinary, was pleased to incorporate with Salamanca the colleges of the same nation in Seville and Santiago in 1769, with all their goods, rents, and rights. In the councils of 17th June and 17th July, the Mayor of Salamanca, Emanuel Joachim Vega Melendez, and the rector of the Irish College, were authorized to administer the property, which was declared exempt from the confiscation of the temporalities of the regulars of the Society; and the four students who remained were transferred to Salamanca on the 13th November. The material edifice was handed over to the corporation, who paid the Irish College of Salamanca the half of its value, and the government the other half.

Thus ends the history of this once famous College of Seville, which gave so many heroes of the faith to Ireland in the days of her sighs and tears, wrung from her by the persecution,—the barbarous, relentless persecution she endured; and it only remains for me to say that I paid a visit to that city in the early part of the present year. It is situated on the banks of the Guadalquiver,

and is perfumed by the aroma of its flowers and lemon and orange groves. The climate is delicious in winter; frost and snow are unknown, invalids seek its warm salubrious temperature during the cold season; but in summer it is fearfully hot, and proved fatal to many—alas! too many—of our poor Hibernian youths. I made a pilgrimage to the old Irish house, and found it, to my great satisfaction, in being; but, alas, how changed! The corporation sold it to a gentleman of the town, who has it now let in rooms to thirty-six families, not one of whom knew it had ever been an Irish college, although the very street is called from it! I entered its portals with feelings of awe and deep respect, and dreamily trod its corridors and galleries, filled with veneration for every old stone I saw; nay, when I reflected on all the hardships, privations, and degradations its first occupants had to endure to prepare themselves for the successful struggle for the preservation in their native land of that which is more precious than all the wealth of earth, and which, through their superhuman exertions, and those of others like them, I, whose lot has been cast in happier times, have now the blessing to enjoy,—I could have knelt down and kissed the bricks hallowed by their saintly and heroic feet.

Salamanca. WM. M'D.

LAURELSIDE.

BY E. V. WELCH.

Linger, sweet Muse, nor wildly fly
On thought's fleet wing from earth to sky;
But with me through the wild-woods roam,
While I portray the Poet's home.

In a green vale,
Near calm sleeping mountains,
Near a dark dale,
Where flow nature's fountains;
Warmed by Love's rosy skies,
Soothing and smiling;
Charmed by blue loving eyes,
Sadness beguiling:

Birds gaily sing,
While daylight is breaking;
Matin bells ring,
While dewdrops are shaking;
Laurels and roses sweet
Pure thoughts are wreathing
Round the old rustic seat,
Love's perfume breathing.

Fairies are there
While the Poet is writing,
Bright visions rare
The Muse is inditing;
While airy forms divine
Ever are roaming,
Mortals quaff rosy wine,
Sparkling and foaming.

Sweet sunny vale
With soft lovelight beaming,
Dark rocky dale
With crystal falls streaming;
Long may blue laughing eyes
O'er thee preside,
Making a Paradise
Of wild Laurelside.

MR. MAURICE.

How to avail himself of this fact was, nevertheless, a most delicate and difficult question. He wrote to her, asking her to name some day when he might call, and concluded by suggesting that he would, unless she advised him to the contrary, go up on the following Saturday. No reply came, but, on Friday, he received from the doctor a brief note, as follows:

"Josie has not returned from the city. Come up on Saturday. Your old room will be ready for you, and we can then settle a great many things, that we cannot arrange by pen mechanics."

Maurice felt somewhat chagrined, at the result of his correspondence: the young lady was, evidently, in no great hurry to see him. Nevertheless, he concluded to go up, as the doctor suggested.

They talked long and earnestly that evening. The doctor soon perceived that Maurice had undergone a most marked change in his religious views, and seemed almost eager to be received formally into the Church. He, however, concluded not to hasten matters. Better, he reasoned, that Maurice should thoroughly test himself in this respect, than to be precipitate, and discover afterwards that he had been mistaken in his motive.

Josie had said to him, long ago, that she hoped he would never become a Catholic solely to please her; and now the doctor reminded him that, if she said this, she merely uttered a theological truism.

"Human motives, Mr. Maurice, justify no change of faith. I need scarcely tell you this."

But Maurice was emphatic in his assertion that he was thoroughly in earnest in the step he was contemplating.

"I think I know my own heart best," he said; "and I say to you that under no circumstances could I be induced to leave the Church in which I have worshipped from childhood, and to which all my friends and relatives belong, unless I was thoroughly convinced that I could do nothing else! Of course, I am but a child in many respects as regards the Church. But I certainly know and comprehend the fundamental doctrines which underlie it. The rest is but form and ceremonial, I take it."

It was finally arranged that Maurice should, on his return to New York, present himself to Father Meehan for further instruction, and when the latter deemed him fitly prepared, he should receive baptism.

This much being settled, Maurice, after sundry embarrassing endeavors, contrived to turn the conversation upon the *other* subject. He found that matters looked rather favorable.

"I told her," said the doctor, "when I heard that she had consented to see you, that she might as well consider the matter settled. I said to her that you were a bigger fool than I took you for, if you did not so construe her invitation, or consent, or whatever you choose to term it. But you had better let her take her own time about it."

Maurice thought that, from all appearances, he would indeed be obliged to do so.

"I don't know what you may think, doctor, but I don't believe she is very greatly concerned, whether I ever see her again, or not. I have about come to the conclusion that the matter is ended. I hope I may be mistaken, but why has she not answered my letter? Does not that seem strange?"

"Do not think anything a woman does, strange," replied the doctor.

"And I must wait, wait, wait until she gets ready to reply! It seems almost cold-blooded of her."

"I don't think you will have long to wait. More than likely, you will hear from her before the week is out."

It was nearly two o'clock in the morning, before they retired; and not until al-

most dawn, that Maurice found sleep. His thoughts were so full of unrest, that he could only toss from one side to the other. This twofold subject so completely absorbed him as to exclude all else. He believed that there were two things on this earth that could make him supremely happy, namely: first, to be a true, good Catholic, with a thorough understanding and appreciation of all that meant; and, second, to regain his place in the esteem of her who was to him the woman of women, for whom his heart yearned as never before for anything human.

He returned home, somewhat encouraged, it is true, by what the doctor had said, but at the same time depressed and indignant that Josie should appear so unconcerned about him, when she could not but be aware that he was suffering greatly.

CHAP. V.

Not many days after, he received a communication from her which made his heart stand still for a moment. It was written in the most formal style, and merely stated that she had consented once before to his seeing her. It would be folly for him to suppose that she had changed her mind at all, for she had not. She had settled that *forever*. But still, if he wanted to see her, he might call that evening, or stop on his way downtown the next day. The note stated that she was with her friend, Miss Werner, in the city.

Had Maurice been a little better versed in women's ways, he would have placed a far different construction on this letter. What on earth did he expect her to do? He seemed to have an idea that she must rush to him with outstretched arms, prepared to smother him with kisses, or otherwise she did not care about him worth speaking of. He would not have thought half as much of her, had she not held herself somewhat aloof, and made the approach to, and re-conquest of, her heart more difficult.

Yet, there was every thing in the note to encourage him. Had she not desired, and eagerly, too, to see him again, she would never have written him, at all! What necessity that she should?

As I have said, however the effect of this note was depressing on him. He even questioned with himself whether he had best see her at all. Did she think he had no respect for himself that he should chase after her, when she thus distinctly gave him to understand that the further prosecution of his suit was distasteful to her? But then, again, why should she take such pains to impress upon him the utter uselessness of his attempting to persuade her otherwise?

The upshot of it all was, that he became convinced, the longer he reflected, that had she really intended to discourage him, she would have adopted some better method than to say, with such a pretty sham of defiance, "You can come to see me, but, mind you, you need not think you can persuade me to *change*, for I am positive you cannot. Nevertheless, you may try."

So he concluded he would at least try, and went to her that very day. He found her at Mrs. Wooster's, a friend of her mother, instead of at the place before indicated. When there, he even yet half doubted whether he was really to see her. He had been disappointed so often, that he half imagined she would send some excuse for not seeing him. A score or more of pretty speeches were framed, with which to greet her, and then discarded, so that, when she actually stood before him, the same benign, sweet-faced little darling as ever, he found himself, for once, *minus* that very convenient item of his anatomy—a tongue.

Only for a moment, however. He soon recovered his senses sufficiently to say:

"I am glad to see you, Miss Duprey. I presume you scarcely expected to see me here, to-day."

"To tell the truth, I did not," she answered, taking the hand which he extended. "I expected you would call on your way down, in the morning. But it's of no consequence. Will you not be seated?"

"Thank you, but I can remain only a few minutes."

He expected to stay an hour at least, the villain!

"You had better remove your overcoat, while you stay," she said half-coaxingly, and the outer garment aforesaid was instantly removed.

How like the old days it all seemed, and yet how unlike! There she sat—the same blessed little Josie, whose every glance was sunshine, and every word music. And yet how far away she seemed! He felt as if he could scarcely control the impulse to spring up and throw his arms about her. Could it be that this girl, who even now looked into his face with something of the old tenderness, was never more to be his?

They talked about the most commonplace subjects; where she had been, whom she had seen, etc., etc. In fact, she acted as if she thought the burden of conversation rested on her, and women have that advantage over men—they can talk and *talk*, when they have positively nothing to say. Occasionally, she gave him a momentary opportunity to speak, just to make him feel more at home. But he had to speak in monosyllables.

An hour had passed already, and, so far as the object of his visit was concerned, he had not progressed a step. How was he to do it? How dared he to *encroach* upon that forbidden ground? But why on earth was he there at all? Surely, to speak about this matter of all others.

Maurice, you will see, was a very simple youth, in such respects. He ought to have read Shakespeare and the poets more. They might have afforded him clearer vision, where now he was in darkness.

Twice, in despair of accomplishing his purpose, he essayed to go. And twice, with wonderful presence of mind, and by artifice which was to him imperceptible, she prevented it.

"Have you heard from the doctor lately?" she asked, planting her feet squarely on the little volcano.

"I have a letter in my pocket received yesterday," he said, rejoiced at the *chance*, as he regarded it, of getting to Claremont.

"Of course, you would not allow me to see it?" she said with a roguish glance, as though she would have added, "I shall know every word in it before he goes."

"I may let you see it, before I leave you," he said, trying to appear wonderfully unconcerned.

He knew well enough that this letter was to be a most important auxiliary in his present mission.

"I suppose you and Arthur have been corresponding regularly, since I saw you?" she remarked.

"Yes—not regularly, exactly, but quite frequently."

"I thought as much," she said laughing, "and of course you have had considerable to say, to have written so frequently."

"We have had a *great deal to say*, Miss Josie. But believe me, *you* have not been the subject, except casually."

He thought he was saying something very bright and agreeable, when he made this remark. Perhaps *she* thought so, too, perhaps *not*.

"After what you said to me some weeks ago," he continued, hesitating, "I have never mentioned your name, except when it was unavoidable."

"What a pity the necessity should ever have arisen!" she interrupted quietly.

Maurice looked at her dubiously, at this remark, then proceeded:

"I hope you will not think that your brother has been at all disloyal to you?"

She did not say what she thought, but she might have informed him that not a solitary word had been written, but she had read it, punctuation and all.

During a pause in the conversation, he drew the letter from his pocket.

"There is nothing in it that can possibly interest you," he said, handing it to her. It read as follows:—

"Dear Mr. Maurice:

"I would very much like to officiate at your reception into the Church, but as present circumstances prevent me, I shall, with your permission, take upon myself the office of your godfather.

"Perhaps after all, this will be the more appropriate position for me to occupy, owing to the *quasi*-protectorate which I have exercised over your religious affairs. I cannot go to New York for the present; hence, even though the atmosphere of Claremont had nothing to do with your present position, I would suggest to you the propriety of being baptized here.

"You may show this letter to Father Meehan, and come up on Sunday, prepared to make your confession.

"Sincerely yours,

"Arthur Duprey."

Now, it must be remembered that the young lady had been in New York some two weeks or more, and this was the very first intimation that had come to her that he was really in earnest in this matter.

She had left her seat and approached the window, the better to read the letter, the room being somewhat darkened: Maurice followed her, and scanned her closely, as she ran over its contents. She read it very slowly and deliberately, as though she could scarcely realize that she read it aright. Then, having at length finished, she folded it up carefully and handed it back to him. For a moment she said not a word, but seemed thinking very intently. Then turning towards Maurice, she said:

"This is a great surprise to me. I cannot realize that you are going to become a Catholic!"

There was a something in her words, or tones, or in her look, or perhaps in all three, that suddenly filled the breast of the young man with hope. Had he but known it, he stood before the young girl in that moment in a new aspect.

"No more can I," he replied to her remark. "It has cost me many an hour of anxiety, I can assure you. I have been so greatly perplexed at times, that, but for Arthur, I do not know when it would all have ended. He has been a dear, good friend to me, and as long as I live, I shall never forget his instruction and counsel."

"And you are really to be baptized on Sunday?"

"That is my purpose."

"Well, I would never have believed it." This was all she could say.

"I think," Maurice said after a few moments' silence, "that you have misapprehended much that concerns me. I don't think, Josie, that you ever thoroughly understood me."

"Perhaps!" she said, slowly. "But if I did not, you yourself were to blame. Nor can you say that I have not had *cause* to question you." She was speaking with much earnestness and warmth. "You cannot deny that you deceived me *grossly*. It was not an *inadvertence*. You did it deliberately. Repeatedly, you gave us to understand that your wife had been dead over a year. But that was not the worst. You were writing to me, while she was actually *alive*. That was infamous!"

Maurice did not dare to open his lips. But he felt keenly the justness of this scathing rebuke and denunciation.

"I do hope, for your own sake," she said, continuing, "that your conversion is *real*, Mr. Maurice. Think what an awful thing it would be to make a mistake in such a matter! It seems almost too much to be believed."

She had almost said too "*good*."

"Time alone can decide that," he answered. "As for the righteousness of your judgment on what has passed, I make no question. But no one, but myself, knows or can know all the circumstances. At the same time, I seek not to justify my conduct. I have nothing to say. So far as my becoming a Catholic is concerned, I am solemnly resolved, with God's help, to become and remain such. I do not believe it possible that I can change, and at present my way is perfectly clear."

He had never before seen Josie so serious as at this moment. He thought he had said enough for the present. She had intimated that she should be at home on Sunday, and he therefore knew that he should see her again, soon. But before he went, he asked her permission to talk with her again, at that time, and she readily consented. The consequence being, that he went from her presence, for the first time in weeks, a happy man. Once more he beheld life through rose-tinted spectacles. The very atmosphere seemed impregnated with exhilaration, and the future betokened only the rarest felicity, and the sweetest compensation for past miseries. Notwithstanding all that had been written of the fleeting nature of earthly joys, he began to believe that it was possible, even here, to foretaste the felicities of heaven.

Somehow, he had never visited Claremont, but it had either stormed when he got there, or when he left. But the following Sunday, when he went up to participate in the ceremony which was to be to him of such real interest and importance—perhaps the most interesting and important of his life—it seemed as if the very day itself appreciated the quiet and repose of his heart, and lent all the charms which nature could command, to the occasion. The sun gave forth a genial warmth which

betokened a day of unrivalled glory and illumination. Even the little peripatetic sparrows seemed to chirrup their simple melody with more lively glee than was their wont, as Maurice walked up the path to the house.

The family were all at church, except the doctor, who had been to earlier service, but it was nearly time for their return. The two gentlemen improved the few moments which intervened, in conversation suitable to the ceremony which was soon to be performed. It had been arranged that the sacrament should be administered at the house of the pastor, Father Curran, in the afternoon, so that there was plenty of time for Maurice to receive the instruction which he required upon the formal part of the ceremony.

Presently they heard Josie and her mother in the hall, and before the former had removed her hat, she entered the apartment, and with just the least possible color in her cheeks, gave the young man a most cordial greeting.

For her, in truth, it was no less a day of rejoicing than for him. She would gladly have given freer expression to what was passing in her thoughts, but that delicacy forbade any inordinate display of interest. She was eager to pour out her heart to him, and assure him that, notwithstanding all the misery he had occasioned, he was still her truest and best beloved. On the other hand, Maurice needed no monitor but his own quick consciousness to apprise him that a great change had taken place in the young girl. Disguise it, suppress it, as she would, he saw it, felt it, and rejoiced over it. And when he at length left the house with the doctor, to go to the priest's house, her prayer went up to the all-merciful God, that he would sanctify the sacrament, and abundantly bless its object.

In an hour or thereabouts, they returned, and then followed the warmest congratulations from all. Had not the young man good cause to believe himself thoroughly blest and happy? Few such days had ever fallen to his lot, before. *Never* had he felt such a sense of profound rapture as seemed for those few hours to take quiet possession of his whole soul. From that moment, also, the little bird of peace and good-will began to nestle in Josie's bosom, and her whole being seemed rejuvenated. All that afternoon, she was to Maurice the same delightful, winsome, merry-hearted little maiden that he had known before any trouble had come to cast its shadow over her life.

After dinner, they were left alone. They had much to say, *both*, but was ever interview so embarrassing? Either had found no difficulty in obtaining themes for a perfect stream of conversation, when the doctor and mamma were present, but now, that they were alone together, their tongues seemed tied. Both were unavoidably conscious that before the interview closed, much would be said, but for a time the silence which sealed their lips was oppressive.

By and by they talked, but it was children's talk, the merest commonplace. Maurice knew well enough that the responsibility of initiating *the* topic was with him, and after many vain skirmishes, he at length summoned courage to say:

"Josie, I have a favor to ask of you, before I return home. I am not sure that you will grant it, but there is no harm in asking." Here he paused, as if studying how best to say what was to follow. Then proceeding, "I suppose you have never found my letters very entertaining reading?"

"Your letters are always interesting, Mr. Maurice," without looking up.

"Do you really think so?" he questioned, looking down into her face.

"I certainly have never considered them dull or stupid," she answered.

"Very well, I am glad to hear it. It is *à propos* to what I wish to say. The favor I want to ask is this, that I may have the privilege of writing you some more of these interesting letters."

He held his breath after he had said this, for he was by no means sure of his answer.

"I will tell you before you go," she said, pleasantly, rising. "Suppose now, we adjourn to the other room and have some music."

The young man's face was burning, and he felt almost grateful for the relief which her suggestion promised.

Nothing more on that subject was said during the rest of the afternoon. At four, the train was to leave. It was nearly time for Maurice to make preparations.

Mrs. Duprey entered. "You are not going down, this afternoon, Mr. Maurice?"

"That is my intention, Mrs. Duprey," he answered.

He had not dreamed of receiving an invitation to remain over-night, much as he longed to do so.

"Nonsense! you must stay by all means until the morning."

"He only wants a little coaxing, mamma," said Emily, quietly.

So Maurice submitted with the best possible grace, protesting all the time that he did'nt see how he could, etc., etc.

After tea, on the plea of a headache, he excused himself for a short walk. He wanted to be alone for a while. As he walked down the quiet street which led from the house, and reviewed mentally what had occurred during the day, he could not but reflect how full of events it had been, what cause for gratitude he had to Him whose hand was so apparent in all that had transpired. When he thought of Josie, he felt assured that, so far as she was concerned, the future was in his own hands. It had not hitherto occurred to him to have the matter settled at that time. He had felt that it would be out of place to more than touch incidentally upon that topic, in view of the other more sacred events of the day. But now, after what had been said, and with the partial revelation which he had received of the state of her feelings towards him, he grew impatient again.

"Why should I not have it settled at once?"

Before he returned to the house, he had determined to do so, although there were queer forebodings in his heart that he might be mistaken; that the interest and cordiality, which she had manifested, might have been prompted solely by sympathy for him in the religious experience through which he was passing.

She was at the door to receive him, on his return.

"Surely," he thought, "this young girl cannot be acting a part in all this."

They were standing together at one of the windows, and for want of better entertainment were engaged very intently in watching the movements of the canary which fluttered about the cage in front of them.

This was all very well for a time, but it grew somewhat monotonus, and then Maurice saw that he must say something. He said it.

"Josie," he began, "I asked you a question this afternoon, which you have not answered."

It was almost time for them to separate for the night, and he was to leave in the early train in the morning.

She made him no reply, but appeared a trifle embarrassed.

After a moment, she said:

"I told you that I would give you an answer before you went."

"But it is almost that time now," he urged. "I shall probably not have an opportunity to see you in the morning. I beg of you, tell me now, will you let me write to you when I get home?"

She seemed determined not to give him a direct reply.

"If you won't ask me to answer, *yes*," she said, perversely.

"Very well, I shall be content even with that condition."

Then, for a time, there was dead silence again.

"It's of no use. I might as well have it ended at once," he thought, precipitate as ever.

"Josie, one thing more. You remember, you said once that we could never be anything more than friends to each other."

"I meant it," looking up quickly and determinedly.

"Yes, I know," he said, not at all discouraged. "You meant it *then*. Do you mean it *now*?"

She turned her head away, with the remark:

"I am not asked *now*."

"But if I *were* to ask you, now and here, Josie, do you think that you could be happy in any dearer and nearer relationship, would your answer be the same as *then*?"

She looked him straight in the eyes, and said but one word.

"No."

Of course, that was sufficient, and if it were not, the long, rapturous kiss which succeeded, settled it beyond a peradventure. And so, the harbor was safely reached again, and for the second time they were united and happy!

If ever Maurice had a lofty purpose, generous impulses, and a daring ambition, all these animated him at this moment, and constantly increased during the weeks of happiness which succeeded. Indeed, what but such impulses could actuate a man who felt that he possessed the love of a woman so pure and noble as she, who had attained so proud a place in his affections? With her smile to encourage him, he felt that he could endure all things, suffer all things, accomplish all things. In truth those were halcyon days that followed. Each succeeding Saturday found him by her side. It seemed to him that there was his home. The doctor and Mrs. Duprey were already brother and mother. He was regarded as one of the family, given the place of honor at the table, was deferred to in all respects, and consulted in matters of household interest. Nor did he allow himself, for a moment, to contemplate the possibility of any change. It was only a question of time, brief in reality, but long enough to him, when he should claim her as his own—his beloved wife, *forever*. Even the arrangements for the bridal were going forward, and to the eyes of all but Omniscience, no cloud obscured the delightful prospect.

Yet, even at this very moment, might have been heard the suppressed mutterings of the volcano almost under their feet. Maurice had often before been terrified at its ominous murmurings, but had afterwards flattered himself with the assurance that the eruption would be stayed, if not forever, at least long enough to give him opportunity to be prepared to meet it. But now, louder and louder grew the warnings of the approaching disaster; blacker and blacker the shadow cast by the impending catastrophe, and, as if in mockery of his temporary happiness, were heard again the derisive croakings of the raven, which only for a moment had deserted its place over his heart.

CHAP. VI.

It was Saturday, and Maurice was, as usual, on his way to Claremont. Never before had his heart so yearned to be there. It seemed a very haven of rest and safety. Events had been transpiring which had almost made him a maniac. Before he had left home, the volcano had burst, and scattered terror and dismay all about him.

Josie met him at the door, a smile, half tenderness, half sadness, on her lips.

"Thank God," he thought, "she at least knows nothing of what has happened."

Had he been less perturbed in mind, he would have observed that, despite his remark, there was a great change noticeable in the young girl. He had not detected the decided absence of color on cheek and lips.

He kissed her affectionately, and followed her into the little sitting-room, where he found the doctor. Then she excused herself to Maurice and left the room.

There was a trifle less of warmth in the doctor's greeting, and his look was serious. They passed the compliments of the day, and then, after removing his overcoat, Maurice prepared himself for the terrible task which was before him. By this time there had come to him a presentiment that, somehow, to him it seemed inexplicable, they had received intelligence of what had occurred.

"I have some unpleasant news to tell you, doctor," he began.

The latter, scarcely raising his eyes from the book which he had been reading, replied:

"You have nothing to tell us, Mr. Maurice, that we do not know already. Father Curran has told us all about it."

"All, doctor!"

"Yes, we have been informed that your partnership has been broken up, and that you are to *blame*."

"Yes," reluctantly.

"Now, it is useless to mince matters between us. I want to speak plainly. There are reports here already, which are very severe upon you. Josie has heard of them, and so has her mother. My advice to you is, to tell me the whole truth about it. Even if it is true, bad as it may be, I think I can find excuse for you. But tell me the *truth*."

Maurice had fully determined to tell nothing at all. To leave himself and all that had happened in the hands of Providence, and wait his time to make it all plain, he concluded was all he could do. The truth could not, *must* not be told, for reasons which will appear. If they chose to believe what they

had heard--and how they could do otherwise, he was unable to see—he could but submit and trust in the future for the explanation.

But there was something so kind in the doctor's tones, he manifested so deep an interest in Maurice's welfare, and appeared to be so depressed at the misfortune which his young friend had met with, in this, his second fall from grace, and from the place he had won in their esteem, that he suddenly conceived the purpose of reciting the history which is to follow.

And this was the revelation which Maurice purposed to make.

* * * * *

There had been a forgery committed. How it came about, I shall endeavor to tell. In the beginning, I may as well say that Maurice was implicated, and alarmingly so. The forgery had consisted in procuring three different mortgages to be signed and executed, and the money obtained upon them, the mortgages being of no value, for the reason that the person who signed them, was not the real owner.

I had better go back a little to get at the foundation of the matter. Four years before, Maurice had his office in Brooklyn, where he then resided. Up to this time his life had been almost continuous sunshine and prosperity; his career at the bar successful and promising, and his social position most enviable. About this time an event happened, which proved to be, in its consequences, of the utmost import to him. His brother had just been married. He had been to Maurice more than brother. From earliest childhood they had been close companions, until the war separated them, Maurice going into the army, and Warren into the navy. Not until the close of the war did they again meet, and then they were no longer boys, but men. But the old affection lived and constantly grew. They who had, in boyhood, shared each other's pleasures and troubles, carried the same sympathy into their maturer lives. Warren, the more successful, pecuniarily, had often opened his purse to the struggling brother, and it is questionable whether, indeed, the one would not have laid down his life for the other, had need been.

Nor did this close companionship, this warm, ready sympathy and generosity, cease when Warren took to himself a wife, and set up a home for himself. There was always a place for Maurice, and no purer happiness came to either than when together in that pleasant home, with their pipe or cigar, they rehearsed to each other their past experiences.

Warren had married a Southern girl. He thought her an angel, and such she proved. They had been married some two years—and each succeeding day served to convince him that he had won a prize. She was a quiet, mild-mannered little thing, with a vast deal of common-sense in her tiny head; and as she had been connected with the family of a wealthy planter before the war, she had been well educated, and was quite *au fait* in all the accomplishments of the feminine sex. He had met her first in Mobile, and had been acquainted with her a little less than a year before they were married. The love which then united them was still more increased by the subsequent appearance of a bright baby boy, the image of his father, but with his mother's dreamy Southern eyes.

Eugenia Colton—which was her name before she had met her husband—was the daughter of a Southern gentleman, as I have said, who had fallen during the war. Her mother, who had sorely grieved over her loss, disposed of her possessions after the war, and came North. She was a peculiar woman, high-spirited, and almost haughty in appearance, but, nevertheless, to those she loved, gentle and sweet-tempered. She had lived, since her daughter's marriage, in Warren's family. Maurice knew her well, being a constant visitor in the little circle, and had often been called upon by her for advice in matters respecting her property, of which she was supposed to have a great deal.

During their talks on business affairs connected with her property, Maurice learned that she had considerable real estate in Brooklyn. He had settled one transaction of importance to her, and although she had offered liberal compensation for the service, he had not felt disposed, under the circumstances, to accept of it.

One day, she sent for him and informed him that she had lost several thousand dollars' worth of furniture which had been shipped from the South, and that the steamship company, which had transported it, would

give her no satisfaction. Maurice at once enlisted himself in the affair, and the result was that a lawsuit was commenced. It resulted adversely, much to his disappointment and chagrin.

Conscious of the justice of her claim, and interested in its success, chiefly on his brother's account, he caused an appeal to be taken. To do this, bonds were required. Maurice and his brother finally concluded that the better way would be for her to mortgage her property in Brooklyn and deposit the money in court, in lieu of bonds.

Maurice, who was then tolerably acquainted with Judge Lyon, his subsequent partner, procured the loan to be made through the intervention of that gentleman, one of whose clients, a wealthy New York merchant, provided the money. The mortgage was made and executed by Mrs. Colton, and accepted by Judge Lyon on behalf of his client, although there had been no examination of the title, for the simple reason that the word of Maurice, that it was all right, was deemed sufficient.

Some months after this, Mrs. Colton applied to Maurice for a further loan on the same property, and this also was effected through the same parties, without question, and subsequently, a year later, still *another*.

During the whole of this time, Mrs. Colton was residing with Warren's family, and not a suspicion of anything wrong entered their mind of any one connected with the transaction.

I have said that Mrs. Colton was a woman of marked peculiarities. Some of these I have not hitherto mentioned. Nor were they sufficiently conspicuous to be worthy of particular notice, until subsequent disclosures brought them into prominence.

She was of very uneven disposition, at times erratic in her conduct. It was observed that she was disposed to long excursions about the city in solitude, preferring at such times to be unattended. Often she would betray excessive annoyance when even her own daughter came into her presence. She had been a great sufferer, mentally, by reason of the late war, and when this topic was brought up for conversation, would become almost vehement in her excitement, and would give utterance to the most remarkable statements, having no basis in fact or reason.

Maurice, who had once or twice, only, noticed these peculiarities, spoke of them to his brother, but the latter always seemed troubled when the subject was mentioned, and anxious to avoid its discussion. At length, after repeated urgings on the part of Maurice, who felt that there was some painful mystery connected with the lady, his brother, one day, with a troubled voice, and his lips almost pale with the agitation he felt, revealed to Maurice that Mrs Colton was—insane.

"For heaven's sake, Maurice," he said, "do not breathe a word of this to any one. Eugenia herself does not know it, although she has observed her strange conduct of late."

Maurice was thunderstruck.

"Oh! my dear brother, you little know what torture I am enduring over this. I have learned that insanity has been hereditary in her family, although the preceding generation escaped it. But, oh! my God, what, if it should attack *her*—my *wife!*"

Maurice scarcely knew what to say to this terrible revelation. He could only express the hope to Warren that it might not be as bad as he supposed.

It was, nevertheless, true, for the family physician, Dr. Arnold, had given it as his firm opinion, after careful and repeated scrutiny of the lady.

Meanwhile, trouble was coming to Maurice himself, which seemed to overshadow even his brother's sore distress. Some two months after the last mortgage had been given, he was horrified to ascertain that the title Mrs. Colton had claimed to hold, and upon which these several mortgages had been given, was utterly worthless. It was true, indeed, that, years before, her father had owned the property, but it had been foreclosed and sold before his death, and not even a vestige of right or ownership remained in any of his family.

The disclosure came with such a terrific crash as to throw Maurice upon a sick bed, where for weeks he lay and raved in delirium. When at last he arose, he was but the skeleton of his former self. His physician prescribed a visit to foreign parts, and

as his father had been contemplating a voyage to Europe, it was arranged that Maurice should accompany him. Although, as yet, not a living soul was aware of the occasion of his trouble, he determined to let his voyage abroad intervene, before he should make up his mind how to act. It would give him an opportunity to reflect coolly and deliberately upon the matter, and perhaps enable him to devise some means by which a public disclosure could be avoided, which he at once saw would be ruinous to all.

Three months in Europe, amid its strange old cities and ruins, wandering through the galleries of art, and breathing the quiet, exhilarating air of the Swiss mountains, had a wondrous effect upon him, and served in great measure to restore to him his wonted balance and mental equilibrium. When he at length returned, it was with his plans fully considered and matured. Two of these mortgages had five years to run. The remaining one was due in two years, and was for the smallest sum. In that time, he could easily save the amount necessary to pay them off, and thus, without being obliged to say anything of what had transpired, save his own reputation, and the good name and happiness of his brother's family. Anything but the latter. For that, he would run every hazard.

Not a word therefore should he breathe, even to his brother, but safely and securely the secret should be kept in his own breast.

It was a great mistake: and Maurice soon found it so. It was not very long before he had to make a misstatement in regard to the matter, and one falsehood led to another. After the first fatal word had been spoken, there was no retreat. Presently, he seemed to breathe in a very atmosphere of falsehood and deception. Much of his time was required in the invention of new falsehoods to cover up the old. Oh! they were an appallingly numerous brood. It seemed to him as if he had become enveloped in a vast network of lies, nay, that his whole life was a lie! It is of no consequence how the inquiries were made. It came to pass that Maurice could scarcely hear the name of any one of the parties to this transaction, but his heart would give a sudden bound, and then for the moment cease to beat. And so, for the months and years to come, he carried this terrible load, and hid, as it were, beneath a gossamer covering, the blazing volcano which it tasked all his ingenuity, all his energies, to suppress. Daily, he looked forward to the inevitable *denouement*. He retired to rest at night with the thought of it burning his brain.

But now came added trouble. The first mortgage was almost due, and *must be paid*. It was not a large amount, in ordinary times. But, as if to add to his burden, more than likely as a consequence of it, he had been having a hard year in business, and although possessed of some property, it was impossible to borrow money upon it, and how to raise the required sum, he knew not.

Meantime Mrs. Colton, who had been the cause of all the trouble, had died. This fact was as yet unknown to the parties who held the mortgages, and as the day approached for the payment, and no help seemed forthcoming. Maurice began to have strange fancies suggested to him. How he struggled against them, only God and himself know, but he was conquered. Driven almost to desperation, involved as he was, and hounded on by the very devil himself, in the wild hope that somehow it would all come right, he at length conceived the idea of drawing a new bond and mortgage for the amount due and interest, and signed Mrs. Colton's name to it. These he presented to a friend of his, who was a broker, in New York, and leaving them with him, went home and trusted to luck for the result. The following day was Friday. In the morning a note was sent to his house, bidding him to call upon the broker at once before going to his office.

It was needless to say more. These few words indicated that something had gone wrong. Maurice felt that the dire Nemesis which had pursued him so mercilessly for these long months, was at length at his heels, and ready to smite him to the earth.

(To be continued.)

FAMOUS MEMORIES OF THE MONTH.

GEORGE ROGERS CLARK—LIFE ON THE FRONTIER, AND THE CONQUEST OF THE NORTH-WESTERN TERRITORY—REVOLUTIONARY REMINISCENCES—COLONEL FRANCIS BARBER—CONFEDERATION OF THE UNITED STATES, 1777—EVACUATION OF NEW YORK, 1785—NEWS FROM AMERICA IN NOVEMBER, 1781—SURRENDER OF CORNWALLIS, IN EUROPE.

The conquest of what was known as the great northwestern territory—which embraced the present States of Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Michigan, and Wisconsin—presents a series of thrilling chapters which, without overdrawing the true history of the startling and brilliant episodes to which the lives of the pioneers gave rise, have all the effect of romance. The masters of the soil were English, French, and Indians, and the chief figure in the conquest of the territory from them was George Rogers Clark, a splendid specimen of a Virginian borderer, who seemed by nature and circumstances peculiarly fitted for the great work in which he was a leader.

Clark was born in Albemarle county, Virginia, on the 19th November, 1752, and passed his youth in those pursuits which are calculated to strengthen the body and sharpen the mental faculties. At about the age of twenty he made his appearance beyond the Alleghanies as an adventurer. The occupation of a land-surveyor had awakened in him a desire for exploration, and in 1772 he went down the Ohio in a canoe as far as the mouth of the Great Kanawha. In 1774 he was a captain in the army Lord Dunmore, then Governor of Virginia, led against the Shawnees and other Indian tribes which had been committing depredations for several years on the Virginia frontier. He fought a severe battle at the mouth of the Kanawha, and at Chillicothe a treaty of peace and friendship was effected with the Indians.

The desire to explore the wilderness aroused in Clark by his trip in 1772, took practical form in 1775 when he led a party of armed settlers to Kentucky. In that and the following year he traversed a great extent of country south of the Ohio, studied the character of the Indians, and, as Lossing says, "made himself master of many secrets which aided in his future success." The beautiful country he explored invited emigration, but the pathway to it was full of dangers from the enemies of the colonists, who sallied forth from the British posts at Detroit, Kaskaskia, and Vincennes with Indian allies.

The frontier life of the period was full of danger and self-developing interest, and a glance at it somewhat in detail will tend to throw additional life and picturesque reality into the scenes on which Clark was to operate. No parallel can be found in the world's history to the progress of the great West. Within the memory of man, it was almost an unbroken wild. It has risen to be "the grand rallying ground of the world's emigrants." Jacob Ferris's History of the States and Territories of the great West give a lively picture of life on the frontier at the period in question, and supplies us, both from his own observation of nearly all the country east of the Rocky Mountains and from the original papers of explorers, with a comprehensive sketch of locali[ties] and customs and manners.

After the general peace with the Indians it was to have been expected that settlements might be made with safety. The hostility of the Indians was found to exist not so much against the English as a government, as against the actual settlers who were crowding in upon them. Hence, when war broke out between Great Britain and the Colonies, it was easy to incite the tribes of the West against the Americans.

The frontier men,—who set out to tame the wilderness, roaming over a vast extent of

country, selecting extensive settlements for themselves, jealous of intrusion,—soon acquired habits peculiar to the exigencies of such a situation, and what might be deemed inconsistent with the development of civilization. In addition to the peculiar moods which suggested this wild mode of life, all of the frontier men had traits in common. They were daring, boisterous, enterprising. They were robust, rugged, tough—caring nothing for luxurious comforts, and capable of enduring any amount of exposure. Wild as untamed nature, as Ferris says, they could scream with the panther, howl with the wolf, whoop with the Indian, and fight all creation. Forever going through hairbreadth escapes, some of them became indifferent to every peril, and would "chaw" two inches of a live bear's tail for the toothache, quite careless whether bruin was pleased or not. One grizzly old fellow, slightly stoop-shouldered, with a great burned strip down his cheek, his left eye twisted round sideways, having been tomahawked, and had his scalp started, said he believed he might yet be killed some time, as the lightning had tried him once, and would have done the business for him, if he had'nt dodged.

Living in constant contact with the Indians, the pioneers became more than half savage in appearance and manners. Their ordinary dress was:—A coonskin cap, with the tail dangling at the back of the neck, and the snout drooping over the forehead; long buckskin leggings, sewed with a wide, fringed welt, down the outside of the leg; a long narrow strip of coarse cloth, passing between the hips and between the thighs, was fastened up before and behind under the belt, and hung down flapping as they walked; to this deerskin frock, open in front, and reaching once and a half round the body, was fastened at the middle, forming convenient receptacles on each side for chunks of hoe-cake, lynn, jerked venison, screw-drivers, and other hangings: these with Indian moccasins completed the hunter's apparel. Over the whole were slung a bullet-pouch and powder-horn. From behind the left hip dangled a scalping knife; from the right protruded the handle of a hatchet—both weapons stuck in leathern cases. Every hunter carried an awl, a roll of buckskin, and strings of hide called "whang" for thread. In the winter, loose deer-hair was stuffed into the moccasins to keep the feet warm. So much for the apparel and appearance of the pioneer hunter. While he stands in the foreground, let us take a view at his indoor arrangements.

The pioneers lived in rude log-houses, covered, generally, with pieces of timber over three feet in length, instead of shingles. They had neither nails, glass, saws, nor brick. The doors were huge slabs pinned together. The light came down the chimney, or through a hole in the logs, covered with greased cloth. A scraggy hemlock sapling, the knots left a foot long, served for a stairway to the upper story. The furniture consisted of tamarack bedsteads framed into the walls, a few shelves supported on long wooden pins, sometimes a chair or two, but more often, a piece split off a tree, and so trimmed that the branches served for legs. Their utensils were very simple; generally nothing but a skillet, which served for baking, boiling, roasting, washing dishes, making mush, scalding turkeys, cooking sassafras tea, and making soup. A johnny-cake board instead of a dripping-pan hung on a peg in every house. The corn was cracked into a coarse meal, by pounding it in a wooden mortar. As soon as swine could be kept away from the bears, or rather the bears away from the swine, the pioneers indulged in a dish of pork and corn, boiled together, and known among them as "hog and hominy." Fried pork they called "old Ned."

While the French clustered in villages, and had fields in common, the American settlers went the whole length for individual property. Each settler claimed for himself four hundred acres of land, and the privilege of taking a thousand acres more contiguous to his clearing. Each one ran out his own lines, chipping the bark off the trees, and cutting his name in the wood. These claims were called "tomahawk rights," and were respected by all emigrants. While putting up their log-houses, they slept under bark raised on crotches. It is said of one of the pioneers that he was not quite satisfied with his house when built. The door was open, the logs unchinked, the chimney wide-open, yet he thought the air "too cluss," and he had to

sleep outside for a night or two to get used to it.*

Such were the pioneers, the founders of empire, who began to hew the primeval forests, and spread themselves throughout the West, between the close of Pontiac's War and the beginning of the War of Independence.

The evidence of British agency among the Indians stirring them up against the Americans was complete; and no sooner was this known, than it was determined to carry the war into the wilderness. In 1778, Patrick Henry was Governor of Virginia, and had either planned an expedition to anticipate the designs of the British upon the Western Country, or adopted a plan submitted by Lieutenant-Colonel George Rogers Clark. At all events on the second of January, Governor Henry issued instructions to Clark, directing him to "proceed with all convenient speed to raise seven companies of soldiers, to consist of fifty men each, officered in the usual manner, and armed most properly for the enterprise, and with that force to attack the British force at Kaskaskia." Clark was also directed to apply to the commanding officer at Fort Pitt for boats, and received this caution: "During the whole transaction, you are to take especial care to keep the true destination of your force secret: its success depends on this."

"It had been ascertained that the British commissioners, at a great council, had told the chiefs that the people of the States were few in number, and might be easily subdued; and that on account of their disobedience to the king, they justly merited all the punishment which white men and Indians could possibly inflict upon them. They had added that the king was rich and powerful, both in subjects and in money; that his rum was as plenty as the water in the lakes; and that if the Indians would assist in the war until its close, they should never want for money or goods. To complete the atrocity, they offered rewards for the scalps of men, women, and children. In consequence of these representations and persuasions, the tribes had eagerly espoused the quarrel of Great Britain, and were being supplied with their weapons and ammunition, and with presents, at the various British forts from Detroit to Kaskaskia." (Ferris.)

Besides the order for boats and ammunition, Clark had been furnished with twelve hundred dollars in depreciated paper and a promised bounty of three hundred acres of land for each private. He found great difficulty in recruiting in the thinly-peopled settlements; moreover, a secret enterprise was decidedly unpopular. In June, 1778, his captains with only four companions reached Fort Pitt. With these he descended to the Falls on the Ohio, Louisville, where he was joined by Simon Kenton, another bold pioneer. After a short stay on Corn Island he took one hundred and fifty-three men, armed after the Indian fashion, down the river below the mouth of the Tennessee. Obtaining information here, he determined to march overland on Kaskaskia. Sinking his boats for concealment, he led his force through marsh and wilderness one hundred and twenty miles, each man carrying his own rations and baggage. They were often knee-deep in the marshes. Arriving near Kaskaskia on the evening of the 4th July, Clark told his men at midnight "that the town and fort were to be taken at all hazards."

A guard was stationed at every outlet. All was still in town and fort. The British commandant, Lieutenant Governor Rocheblane, felt secure in his remoteness from the settlements. Even the gate of Fort Gage had been left open. Clark had captured a guide and compelled his service. The sleeping garrison were surrounded. Rocheblane, calmly reposing by the side of his wife, was gently awakened to find himself a prisoner, and to order the surrender of the fortress.

Now the town was to be scared and secured. It contained two hundred houses and about three thousand inhabitants. It was now two o'clock in the morning. Runners were sent from house to house, who informed the people, in the French tongue, that all enemies found in the streets would be instantly shot. A patrol was established; and the Americans kept up a fearful tumult in the streets, rattling their arms and whooping like wild men; the while, a sergeant's guard entered the houses, and completely disarmed the frightened inhabitants before daylight. In

* Ferris's Great West, chap. vii, etc.

full possession of the fort, Clark had every part of the town within range of his guns. Communication from house to house or with the troops was forbidden, and every order was given and obeyed with a military effect that struck terror. At length a deputation headed by the village priest besought Colonel Clark not to sever the families, and that some support should be allowed. He replied:—

"Do you think Americans will make war on women and children, and take the bread out of their mouths? To prevent the butchery of our own wives and children, we have taken arms, and penetrated to this remote stronghold of British and Indian barbarity; and not for the purpose of plundering you. The people of Kaskaskia, their families and property, shall be safe. They shall not be molested by Americans. The British have told you lies concerning us. Tell your people they are at liberty to do as they please."

The news spread, and the bells rang and the whole population came forth to profess attachment to the United States.

The capture of Cahokia was effected with similar secrecy and celerity: and proceeding to reorganize the civil government, Clark put prominent French residents in position, and sent Rocheblane as a prisoner of war to Virginia. The change from British rule caused much rejoicing.

Overcoming some difficulties which arose from his troops having been enlisted for only three months, Clark continued to make such inroads into the Indian country, that the chiefs were anxious to open negotiations with him. Clark kept on fighting them until they sued for peace. He gave them little in the way of presents, as they deemed the giving of presents a means of conciliation, and not an indication of mastery. Before the middle of December Indian hostilities had nearly ceased. So friendly had the French become under Clark's able management, that Captain Helm with two soldiers and the volunteers held the Fort of Vincennes. The whole regular force at Kaskaskia and Cahokia was less than a hundred. In the meantime the jurisdiction of Virginia had been formally extended over the settlements of the Wabash and the upper Mississippi by the organization of the "county of Illinois."

The news of Colonel Clark's successes reaching Detroit, the British governor, Hamilton, determined on recapturing the forts. Getting together a force of eighty regulars, a large body of Canadian militia and six hundred Indians, he ascended the Miami, crossed over to the Wabash, and rapidly descended on Vincennes. Certain of success, he meant to put the garrison to the sword. The imminence of the danger only inspired unusual resources on the part of Captain Helm, the American in command. Ferris thus describes the way in which Helm met and baffled the enthusiastic assault of "red coats and savages:"—

"With an air of confidence, as if the fort was filled with soldiers to back him, he sprang upon a bastion near a cannon, and swinging his lighted match, shouted in a voice of thunder to the advancing column to 'halt!' or he would 'blow them to atoms!' The Indians scudded for the woods, and the Canadians fell back a little to get out of range. Hamilton was surprised, and thought possibly the fort might be well manned, and that it would make a desperate resistance. So he stopped to parley. Captain Helm declared he would fight as long as a soldier remained to shoulder a rifle, unless he was allowed to march out with the full honors of war. At last, the honors of war were agreed to, and then the fort was thrown open, and Captain Helm and five men, all told, marched out with due formality. The astonished Briton could hardly believe his eyes."

As the winter had set in with severity, Hamilton thought he would not recapture Kaskaskia until spring, by which time he expected large Indian reënforcements from Michili-Mackinac. The Canadian militia went home, and he sent the Indians to ravage the borders of Pennsylvania and Virginia.

Clark having heard late in January, 1779, of these occurrences, fitted up a keel-boat with two four-pounders and four swivels and forty men under Captain Rodgers. These he sent up the Wabash to near the White River with orders to wait. With his usual energy he was ready with a hundred and thirty men on the 7th February, and started for Vincennes. The march was one hundred and fifty miles through prairies and forest; the only road-

mark being one Indian trail beaten deep in the ground. All the streams were swollen. The rivers had inundated their bottoms from bluff to bluff, often miles in width. In addition to their rifles, the soldiers carried knapsacks, filled with parched corn and jerked beef. When they had arrived at the Little Wabash, the bottom-lands were inundated to the width of three or four miles. The water was four feet deep. Through these lowlands the battalion were under the necessity of marching, feeling for the trail with their feet, and holding their guns and ammunition high above their heads. In five days more they reached the Wabash, nine miles below Vincennes. The boat had not arrived. Two days were spent in efforts to cross the river. At length a boat was captured. And when the troops had been carried over, they had afterward to wade up to their armpits before reaching the highlands.

At twilight, on the twenty-third, Clark ordered a parade, near the summit of a hill, within sight of the fort, and kept the soldiers marching for a long time, in such manner, that, to Hamilton, a great army appeared to be approaching. He had seen, he thought, a thousand men, well appointed, and in good order, with colors flying. In the dead of night a deep ditch was dug, within rifle-shot of the fortress; and before morning a body of marksmen had been stationed therein to pick off the garrison. Every gunner that attempted to squint along the cannon of the fort was killed. Not a British soldier dared so much as show an eye at a loophole. On the twenty-fifth Hamilton surrendered.

During the siege, a war-party of British Indians was discovered on their return from the east, with two white prisoners. Clark gave them battle, and defeated them, recapturing the prisoners. A few days later, it was reported that a great quantity of military stores, together with Indian goods, were approaching from Detroit, guarded by an escort of forty men. Captain Helm was despatched with two companies to intercept them. He captured the entire party, without the loss of a man, and brought in the goods, which amounted to ten thousand pounds in value. The British soldiers were dismissed on parole; but Hamilton, Major Hay, and a few subordinate officers, were sent, strongly guarded, to Virginia, to answer for the crime of inciting Indian murders along the frontiers. Governor Hamilton and his associates were put in irons, and kept in close confinement, in retaliation for the massacres that had been planned and instigated by them.

After that, no further attempts were ever made by the British to recover the posts on the Wabash and Upper Mississippi. Colonel Clark, having achieved the conquest of the West, continued to hold military possession of it until the close of the Revolution, recruiting his troops, supplying his stores, keeping the Indians in check, unaided, alone, and without money, a thousand miles in the wilderness. And at the treaty for peace, Great Britain conceded that this territory belonged to the United States, mainly on the ground of its having been conquered by Colonel Clark.*

Clark's services did not end with his conquest of the great West, although that was sufficient to give him a rank forever among the heroes of the land and the founders of states. When the traitor Arnold invaded Virginia in 1781, he served efficiently under Baron Steuben. He was promoted to the rank of brigadier-general in the same year; and failing in a scheme for the organization of an expedition against Detroit, he was for a while in command at the falls of the Ohio. In the autumn of the following year, at the head of a thousand men he chastised the tribes between the Ohio and the Lakes for their marauding excursions into Kentucky. His achievements in this region led John Randolph to call Clark "the American Hannibal, who, by the reduction of those military posts in the wilderness, obtained the Lakes for the northern boundary of our Union, at the peace of 1783." He made Kentucky his home after the war, and died in retirement near Louisville in February, 1818, at the age of sixty-six.

A pioneer by choice, and having a military genius by nature, Clark was esteemed as the most competent officer that ever led an army against the Indians. To his undeniable military talents, he added great personal

*Ferris's Great West, chap. viii.

energy, daring and circumspection; and his appearance was so strikingly gallant and dignified, that he would command notice among a thousand.

REVOLUTIONARY REMINISCENCES—COLONEL FRANCIS BARBER.

A Syracuse correspondent, in referring to the various mementoes of the Revolution which are deposited at the Washington Headquarters in Newburg, on the Hudson, and which we have had the pleasure of inspecting, especially calls our attention to the sword of Colonel Francis Barber, and supplies some very interesting memories suggested by the revolutionary weapon. The sketch is reliable, as it is mainly taken from the Catalogue of the time-honored institution.

Col. Francis Barber was the son of Patrick Barber, who emigrated to this country from a place called Scotch Quarters, in the county Longford, Ireland, and settled in Orange county, N. Y., about the year 1751. Francis was educated at Princeton, N. J., and afterwards took charge of the classical department of the Academy at Elizabethtown, where he taught, among other pupils, Alexander Hamilton.

It is evident that, like most of his countrymen, he possessed an inherent love of liberty and hatred of tyranny, for, on the breaking out of the revolution, he at once entered the Continental service, where his energy and activity, coupled with his courage and fidelity, won for him the love and admiration of his companions-in-arms, and, in a short time, he attained the rank of lieutenant-colonel. Not long after, Baron Steuben was appointed inspector-general, and Col. Barber appointed assistant inspector-general, a post for which he was well qualified, but which he was subsequently compelled to resign in consequence of ill health.

He resumed active service in 1779, and accompanied Sullivan, in that year, on the expedition against the Six Nations, which tribes, with the exception of the Oneidas, were induced by the British to take up arms against the Americans. At the head of between four and five thousand men, Gen. Sullivan marched into the country, up the Susquehannah, and attacked the Indians. The latter fought with that savage bravery peculiar to them, but were finally overpowered and their country laid waste.

Col. Barber took a noble part in the memorable siege and surrender of Yorktown, where Cornwallis and his entire army surrendered to the Americans: an event of the utmost importance to the Colonies, as it virtually put an end to the struggle for independence, and compelled Great Britain to surrender all claims of allegiance from them.

Col. Barber met, however, a melancholy fate. He who had often faced death on the battle-field; he who never shirked any duty, however dangerous or arduous; he who was ever ready to plan an attack or lead a forlorn hope, perished by the merest accident. While the army were encamped at New Windsor, in 1783, Gen. Washington invited his officers together for the purpose of announcing to them the joyful intelligence that peace had been proclaimed, and a treaty to that effect signed.

Col. Barber was selected to act as officer of the day, and while passing the edge of a wood, just north of the camp ground, a tree, which some soldiers, engaged in gathering wood, were cutting down, fell on him, and both rider and horse were instantly crushed to death. Thus fell a noble and generous Irishman; one of the many to whom his countrymen can point with pride and pleasure.

There is an interesting circumstance connected with the sword here preserved. It was originally worn by Gen. Lafayette, and came into Col. Barber's possession in the following manner. At a social meeting of the American officers, assembled to exchange congratulations at the success of the siege of Yorktown, it was proposed, as a special memory of the event, that the officers there present should exchange swords. This was agreed to, and in exchange the sword of Lafayette passed to Col. Barber. It, therefore, possesses considerable interest for all admirers of the generosity and bravery displayed by foreigners in our struggle for independence, and more especially the Irish and French.

CONFEDERATION OF THE UNITED STATES, 1777.

Among the historical memories of November is the anniversary of the date on which

the Colonies, having formed themselves into States and issued their Declaration of Independence, took the second grand step towards a complete union. The Declaration of Independence, from which the birth of the republic is dated, did not in reality make the newly announced States free and independent. It actually was a declaration of the grievances on which they based a claim for independence, and the union of so many colonies in it was a guarantee of resources to sustain them collectively in the battle to come. But it was a sentiment of union, more than a union proper, that kept them together; and we have evidence of the trouble and even disasters constantly arising from the want of authority in the name of a Union. The jurisdiction of the separate States over the contingents furnished by them, led to many unpleasant conflicts of authority, and as in the case of Montgomery's command operating against Canada, was the cause of much delay, and of heart-trying anxiety to the general. Washington makes reference to the same source of trouble. On the 15th November, 1777, however, the Continental Congress made a move in the right direction by the adoption of the "Articles of Confederation." They had been maturing for some time, and were subsequently ratified by several of the State Legislatures. These articles authorized Congress to carry on war, to make peace, and enter into arrangements with foreign states. It had power also to decide on the number of men and the amount of money to be raised, and to assign to every State its proportion. But the organization of government was still very incomplete, and remained so until the framing of the Constitution.

EVACUATION OF NEW YORK, 1785.

Washington had issued his farewell address to the soldiers, the army having been disbanded by Congress on the 18th October, 1783; and orders had arrived for the evacuation of New York by the British. Washington went to West Point, where he met the few remaining troops, and moved down to Harlem.

On the morning of the 25th November, General Knox advanced to where the Third Avenue and the Bowery now meet, and awaited the withdrawal of the British troops. As the latter retired, the gallant Knox advanced, and as the last British soldier left the soil of freedom, the cannon on the Battery thundered forth intelligence of the event. Washington and Governor Clinton then made a formal entrance, escorted by a corps of Westchester light-horse. The two rode side by side, followed by the Lieutenant-Governor and Council, four abreast, after whom came General Knox and officers, eight abreast; mounted citizens next came, and the procession was closed by the Speaker of the Assembly and citizens on foot.* On the Monday following, Governor Clinton celebrated the event by a grand entertainment to the French minister and officers; and the city joined with clamorous exhibitions of popular joy.

NEWS FROM AMERICA IN NOVEMBER, 1781—THE SURRENDER OF CORNWALLIS, IN EUROPE.

One of the most thrilling memories of the revolutionary era was the reception in Europe in November, 1781, of the news of the surrender of Cornwallis.

The great event had taken place on the 19th of October. On that day the British army surrendered to Washington at Yorktown, and the British fleet to De Grasse. The British garrison, with colors cased and to the music of a slow tune, left their dilapidated works. The French and American armies, with Rochambeau and Washington splendidly mounted, respectively at their head, were drawn up on opposite sides of the road. The fields were covered with thousands of spectators who had heard of the victory, and were crazy to see the humiliation of the force that had been a terror. These crowds gazed breathless at the scene. Not a sound broke the orderly silence save the measured tread of the captured British and the mournful music of their bands. Cornwallis was so mortified at his situation that he feigned illness, and was permitted to remain in his quarters. General O'Hara brought the sword of his chief to Washington, who, in turn, directed the British officer to give it to General Lincoln, who had been appointed by Washington to receive the submission of the royal army, in the same

* See Life of Washington.

manner Cornwallis had imposed on the Americans on the capture of Charleston, eighteen months previously, where Lincoln had commanded. Lincoln received the sword of Cornwallis, and returned it to O'Hara. Twenty-eight British captains then advanced and surrendered the twenty-eight flags of the army. They were received by Ensign Wilson, a young soldier of eighteen years, who was appointed to that proud duty. The whole army then laid down their arms, and the American supremacy was complete. The results of the victory were over seven thousand men, with their arms, seventy-five brass, and one hundred and sixty iron cannon, twenty-eight standards, with all the ammunition and stores, and the entire shipping. The surrender took place on a Saturday; and Washington ordered divine service in every brigade of his army on the next day.

The glorious news flew like lightning over the land. Washington despatched Colonel Tilghman to the Congress in Philadelphia. The excited aid dashed at a gallop into the city at midnight. He went direct for the residence of McKean, then President of Congress. Thundering at the door, as though he would knock it in, he aroused the president, shouting, "Cornwallis is taken!" The watchman caught the words, and passed them over the sleeping city; and when they called the hour at "one o'clock," they added, "and Cornwallis is taken!" Windows were flung up, and the startled inhabitants listened with eager anxiety. Presently the streets were filled, and shout on shout rolled with tumultuous joy through the midnight air. The old bell-man at the state-house was aroused, and the bell that had heralded the Declaration of Independence five years previous, still proclaimed "Liberty throughout all the land to all the inhabitants thereof." The booming of cannon broke the dawn, and the thunder of guns, and shouts of joy and tears of thanksgiving, welcomed the tidings over the land.

The news was sent by a French frigate to Europe, and as if the waves and winds were eager to spread it to civilization, the vessel reached France in eighteen days. Elkanah Watson, in his Diary, chronicles its reception. He had passed the evening with Benjamin Franklin at Passy, speculating on the situation of affairs in America:—

"We feared," he says, "that the British fleet might intercept De Barras at the capes of Virginia, and thus retrieve its superiority over De Grasse, attack and overwhelm him, and landing their army, defeat and break up the combinations of Washington. The philosophy and self-possession even of Franklin seemed almost to abandon him. The vibrations of hope and fear occupied his mind, and still I could perceive in him a deep conviction of a successful issue to the operations of Washington. I left him at night in the company of Dr. Bancroft, an American, residing in London, but an ardent Whig, and returned to Paris in deep despondency, sighing over the miseries of our bleeding country.

"At dawn the next morning, I was aroused by a thundering rap at my door. It brought me a circular from Dr. Franklin, struck off by a machine somewhat similar to the copying machines of the present day; and with what unspeakable thankfulness and thrilling interest I read its contents!"

It was a note addressed to his Excellency, Dr. Franklin, from the Count de Vergennes, dated at Versailles, 19th November, 1781, eleven o'clock at night, stating that the writer could not better express his gratitude for news often communicated to him by Doctor Franklin, than by informing him of the arrival of the Duc de Lausun that evening, with the news that the combined armies of France and America had compelled Cornwallis to surrender!

"The next day," continues Elkanah Watson, "I waited on Dr. Franklin, in common with many American and French gentlemen, to offer our mutual congratulations. He appeared in an ecstasy of joy, observing, 'There is no parallel in history of two entire armies being captured from the enemy in any one war.' The delight and rejoicing of all classes of the people were excessive. Paris was illuminated for three successive nights. On my return to Nantes, along the banks of the Loire, I found all the cities in a blaze of illumination, and Nantes in the midst of it on my arrival."

The news produced a different effect in the British capital. Lord Germain, secretary of

the American department, received it in London on Sunday, the 25th November, just two days before the meeting of Parliament. Lord Walsingham, who had been selected to second the address to the king in the House of Lords, happened to be present when the official intelligence was received. Germain immediately called a hackney coach, and the two noblemen proceeded to Lord Stormount's residence in Portland Place. The three then hastened to the Lord Chancellor's, when, after a brief consultation, it was decided to go at once with the intelligence to Lord North. They reached the home of the minister between one and two o'clock. The news completely unmanned him. Pacing his apartment, with extended arms, he wildly exclaimed, "O God, it is all over!" Contemplation of the catastrophe only deepened his intensity of feeling—and he could only repeat his exclamation, "O God, it is all over—it is all over!" Lord Germain afterwards said Lord North took the tidings "as he would a ball in his breast."

At length he became sufficiently composed for consultation, and the four ministers began to discuss the matter seriously. They deemed it impossible to prorogue Parliament for a few days, therefore the first thing they had to do was to alter the king's speech, which had been already prepared. Lord Germain sent a despatch to the king at Kew. Sir N. W. Wraxall, who dined with Germain on that day, says the first public news was communicated at the table; and all were anxious to know how the king bore it when Germain read the reply to his despatch. It was calm and composed, bearing no marks of agitation, except, as Lord Germain remarked, "I observe that the king has omitted to mark the hour and minute of his writing, with his usual precision."

The opening of Parliament was the signal for the onslaught of the Opposition. This humiliation of the British arms, as Headley says, furnished them the occasion and material for the most terrible invective. Fox, Burke, and the younger Pitt, came down with the swoop of the eagle on Lord North. The stern minister, however, bore up proudly for a while against the storm, but was at last compelled to bow before its force.

WAITING FOR THE TRAIN AT ROCHESTER.

The night train from Utica "brought up" at Rochester about five o'clock in the morning, and although the weather had been unusually warm and oppressive, and the month was August, a very cold and cutting morning it was. Being bound for Niagara, on my way to the "Thousand Islands," on a pleasure and sketching tour with two friends—literary and artistic—and our progress thither being brought to a stand-still until seven o'clock, I took advantage of the time to stroll about the town, as much, I admit, for the purpose of keeping myself warm as of examining the locality. Neither the one nor the other of these inducements could tempt my literary friend to sympathize with my movement; the morning was too chill, and the town of Rochester too tame at that period, to afford either his visual organ or his "mind's eye" any recreation; so, stealthily bundling himself into one of the rail-cars, he closed the door, swung a couple of seats into a suitable position, was very soon sound asleep, and if I might judge from the complexity and the enthusiasm of the variations intoned by his nasal organ, was in all the rapture of a musical dream—such as, for instance, might have suggested the composing of the "Battle of Prague," at least that part of it in which the "volleys of musketry" mingle with, and are heard above, the clatter of the cavalry charge. My other friend, Jacob the painter, whose enthusiasm for something in the shape of effect nothing could chill, committed himself with me to the lonely pavements.

We sauntered this way and that, up this street and down the other, read the names over the stores, and reviewed the shop fronts and shutters with all the persistency of two general officers marching between the open columns of an army and inspecting their

appointment, fully conscious that in a couple of hours' time the apparently immovable and stolid mass would be raging with the heat and fever of the stormy and tempestuous Battle of Life. I will not imitate a great number of other travellers who, passing through any given or taken place, expend several chapters in recording its settlement, colonization, rise, progress, and destiny—its population and political influence—its manners, customs, chief diet, and commercial staple, its fancy stocks, and stock in trade—its births, marriges, and deaths—its preponderance of male children over female, or *vice versa*—its probable amount of gas-pipes laid down in miles—the circulation of its newspapers, or the quality of its water. I will not quote from Henry C. Carey, to prove that it needs "protection," or from Richard Cobden, to expound the blessing of "free trade," nor from Malthus, to show why its young women should not marry, nor from Joseph Smith, to show why every stage-driver should have as many wives as his fare. I will do none of these, no doubt, highly commendable things. I am not so philosophic at present, and will only say that the most remarkable things I met were a Newfoundland dog and a cup of tea; the former being very strong—the latter very weak; the first being made of cast iron and found outside a hardware establishment as a sign—the second, also a counterfeit, but found inside of a restaurant near the railway depot.

As we got back to the latter, my friend left me, and an emigrant train bound westward soon coming up, I found much occupation in making note of the picturesque crowd of fathers, mothers, sons and daughters, from the *Vaterland*, which formed its freight. As the train stopped, the windows in the long line of cars were thrown up, the doors opened, and from all proceeded such masses of round female faces, with stolid looks of fat inquiry—such fat male faces, with shaggy hair on their heads, and mute astonishment on their opening mouths—lean faces, with sunken jaws and reflective eyes—the hair on the head reduced to a mere stubble, and the lower jaw and upper lip several inches behind the profile outlined by the projecting moustache and profuse beard. And then, such a clatter and jabber poured out from the venting of female curiosity temporarily satisfied, that I almost imagined I was at the door or on the lobby of a Lowell factory, my ears surrounded with the jangle, whirr, and monotonously curious clatter of its belts, bolts, bobbins, wheels, and other machinery.

Several groups of long-tailed and short-waisted coats, loose-breeched, heavily booted, and skull-capped individuals were soon arranged in picturesque disorder along the platforms, and my eye striking on one of them. I was soon transferring some of the more prominent outlines to my sketch-book. I had proceeded somewhat before I noticed that a couple of persons were standing behind me, their heads bent over either shoulder, and their faces alternately looking at mine—following the direction of my eye to the group in the first instance and to the sketch in the second. On my looking at, now this side, then the other, the faces withdrew; but thinking, no doubt, some expression of feeling necessary to palliate or gratify their curiosity, the one over my right shoulder said:

"Right clever picter, mister."

"As like as two pays," continued the one over the left.

"Jist so, like the Dutchman's figure-head," returned the first.

"It's the born image of that chap's cap yondher, for all the world like an egg-saucepan, and a paque (a visor) to it as long as a handle," said the second.

"Say," said the first, poking his head straight over my shoulder in the direction of the group, and then over the sketch, "say, mister, you hev too many buttons on that coat," and he turned his face up to mine with a look of triumphant inquiry.

I was about to make reply, but my friend at the left was before me.

"Whisht," says he, "don't ye think the gentleman knows how many buttons it ought to have to howld it together?" then turning to me, in a tone of congratulation he continued, "it's a complate thing, sir," and pointing his conversation again to my critic, he quickly said, "and more be token, how could it be a complate thing without all the buttons? D'ye mane to tell me it niver had any more buttons nor what's on it now? No,

sir. I see the buttonholes myself on th' other side, an' if there wasn't any use for them, do ye think they'd be there? Hiven never opens a mouth, but it purvides something to go into id. Besides," nodding at me, "he knows what he's about. It's not sich a shabby old velveteen as that, wid skirts like a flyin' jib, he'd be puttin' down in cypher widout all the buttons to make it hang dacent."

"But a picter's a picter," said the immovable critic.

"Oh, be aisy," said my defender, with a careless but self-satisfied inclination of the head.

"Say, now," cried the other, growing more eager to explain himself, "say, now, a picter is a picter, but a picter ain't a picter ef 'taint 'zactly like the thing."

"An aint that picthur as like that fellow's face and whiskers as anything you ever see?"

"Well."

"Ov coorse 'tis very well, and ain't that windy curtain of a coat jist what it ought to be?"

"Ay, what it ought to be," quickly put in the Yankee, thinking he had fairly caught the Irishman, "but not what it *is*."

"Ha—ha—ha," laughed the other, "d'ye hear that, sir?—hear that man?—there's grammar and spellin' fur ye—the thing isn't what it is—what else is it? It's little use in havin' free schools fur ye, if that's the binifit they are. Sure yer own raison, if ye niver took a primer in yer fist, would tell ye that every single thing is exactly what it is. Ye might as well say that we ain't here, or that you ain't yerself, but that I'm you."

"I guess not," quoth the one spoken to, with a quiet grin.

"Ye may take yer oath of it, as sure as my name is Ned Kearney, and yours is——"

"What!" said the Yankee, driving his hands far into his breeches pockets and looking drolly at the newly announced Ned.

"Is what—is not this gentleman's to be sure."

This completely threw the Yankee off his ground, and ended the discussion about the button.

The Yankee, however, still looked at the sketch, and seeming as though he should say something, or that he took a fancy for sketching, and probably might take to that line himself, presently inquired if it was "a pleasant business?"

I informed him that it was a delightful profession!

"Make much?" was his next inquiry.

"I am not a professional artist," I replied.

"Don't folly it?"

I nodded assent to the same.

"I thought not," said he, dryly, and turning to Ned Kearney—"I knew very well he wasn't an artist."

"An' what are ye doing that for?" said Ned, pointing to the sketch.

"For fun," said I, "for our amusement."

"That bates Pat Falvey," said Ned, turning slowly round, while the Yankee persisted in knowing that I couldn't folly the business, or I wouldn't put a button on that Dutchman's coat for nothing.

The emigrant train departing, I closed my book, and having some time on hand, I interlocuted Ned Kearney in what respect either myself or my sketch beat Pat Falvey, and made other inquiry touching the individual Falvey, himself.

"Well," said Ned, "I never hear of one's doin' anything for amusement, but I think of Pat. I'm from the ould sod myself, sir, and I knew him there—knew him from the height of a stirabout-stick. He said himself that he kem into the world for fun; that he thrashed all his frinds as well, and sometimes betther, nor his enemies, for amusement, and that he would shurely die wid laughther; an' shure it would split your sides betimes to look at his capers, always purvidin' he didn't first split your head for the fun o' the thing. Once he tuck an ould fighting-cock belonging to the priest (Heaven rest him), and whin catechised by the ould gintleman about it, he sed he didn't mane to take it out an' out, only to make *game* of it, and the ould man, who loved a joke, forgave him. He med game o' me once too, that I remember to me cost. It was this ways, Pat and myself had been purty hard frinds from our mothers' knees; we were everywhere together, and grew up like two bean-stalks in the one garden a'most, and we tuk each other's part on ivery occasion when we hadn't too much to do to take our own—now and then he tuk both his own an' mine—that was at the fair

of Tralee, and was a capital thing—but I'll tell you *that*, whin I get through wid *this*. Well, luck id have it when I was risin' twenty-two I detarmined I'd get married."

"A very good determination, no doubt," said I, parenthetically.

"You're wrong there, sir, but I won't precipitate my story. As I was sayin', I detarmined, an' I had in my eye one Winny Costigan, a young daughter of a neighbor, and I believe I heard my mother say a near relative of our own—yes, one o' the Costigans married a cousin of the Downses, which was the maiden name of my mother. Well, as I was sayin', Winny Costigan was the pink o' the parish. She had an eye you could say your prayers to; it was as bright and as blue as heaven; sometimes as calm as an evenin' in the harvest, and at other times as tricksy as the wind in the heel o' spring; ay, sir, as capersome as the "wind that shakes the barley" itself; but I'm afeerd her heart was like the young ash plant—it id bend every way—nothin' id break it, nor howld it any way. However, I got along mighty fast, and, as I thought, was cock-sure of my wife; and I thought I'd let Pat into the saycret, as I might need his sarvice, besides he'd niver on airth forgiv me for actin' unfrindly wid him. So, as we were coming home from market, one Sathurday night, I ups and towld him the whole story.

"'An' that's what yer up to?' said he, when I towld him.

"The divil a less," sez I.

"'Faix an' it 'll be a long time before it's any more,' sez he.

"What d'ye mane?" sez I.

"'What I say,' sez he.

"And what *d'ye* say?" sez I.

"'What put such a notion into yer head?' sez he.

"My own four bones," sez I.

"'An' what made you allow thim to do anything so comical?' sez he.

"Because I couldn't help it," sez I.

"'Why didn't ye tell me afore this?' sez he.

"War-hawk," sez I; "then maybe it's courtin' her yourself, Pat, you'd be?"

"'An faix, between you and me, Ned, that's what I've been doing these six weeks,' sez he.

Well, if the airth had opened and swallyed me, or swallyed Winny and left me standing like a grave-stone over her, I couldn't hev got such a cowld all of an instant. My blood rushed up to my head, but it was as wake and as cowld as wather, and the perspiration rowled down my cheeks just like the steam on the copper bilers yondher. After that, we never said a word then, but wint home. Afther supper I stole round to Costigan's. It was purty late, and the door was closed. I rapped at the kitchen—for there was a light in the windy—but I couldn't see through; for one of the little children's bibs was pinned on the inside across it. I rapped at the kitchen, and called, in a little wee voice, on Winny.

"'Who's there?' said somebody—my heart would scarcely let me think who.

"Me," sez I. "Who are you?" sez I again.

"'I'm meself, likewise,' says he.

"What are you there for?" says I.

"'For fun,' sez he, 'as the ould woman said when she galloped her cat. What are you there for?'

"For fun, too," sez I.

"'Aithen you'll have enough of it, may be, if you stay there much longer,' sez he; 'I know you, my lad; you're Ned Kearney, and it's not becomin' o' you to be philanderin' round dacent people's kitchens at this hour.'

Here the light disappeared from the place.

"I know you, too," sez I.

"'Faix if you don't be off quickly, or keep a civil tongue in yer head as long as ye stay there, you'll know more of me before you know less,' sez he.

"You're Pat Falvey," sez I.

"'What if I am?' sez he; 'but as luck would have it, I'm only his brother.'

"Yer out there," sez I, "for ye can't be yerself and yer brother all at once."

"'You stupid omadhawn,' sez he, 'ain't we the one flesh and blood?'

"More's the pity for yer brother, then," sez I.

"'Have ye anything to say against my brother?' sez he.

"About as much as I have to say in your favor, and that's little," sez I.

"'Little or much, Pat Falvey can't stand to hear you abuse his brother,' sez he; at the

same time he sprang out and caught a howlt av me by the neck.

"'See here,' sez he; 'I had lots o' your impidence coming from market, when you had the assurance to tell me you were in love with Winny Costigan. Now I niver mind that, kase that's personal to me, and we are owld frinds, but I can't let your abuse of my own born brother go wid you.' An' wid that he ups and gives me a rap on the side of the head that stretched me jist like ingy-rubber.

"'What did you do that for?" sez I.

"'For fun,' sez he. An' I was jist going in afther him when I heerd Winny titthering. That was too much for me. I couldn't bear to hear her laugh at me—I loved the thing too well. I would rather Falvey would a' killed me first. We niver became frinds agin, sir—niver; for he married her in a week, and I left the place seven days afther. and came out to—hurry up, sir, there's the whistle!"

"All aboard for Niagara!" cried the conductor, and I was already on the steps of the platform.

"Here, sir—here is your dutchy, sir, that jist fell out of yer book," said Kearney, pulling me.

"Keep it, Ned—you deserve it."

"A pleasant thrip, sir," was the last I heard of the humorsome acquaintance I made while waiting for the train at Rochester.

INDIAN MOUNDS IN CALIFORNIA.

By Dr. Lorenzo G. Yates.

Dr. Yates, a prominent naturalist who resides in Centreville, California, has at his home quite a museum—a very large collection of fossils and other curiosities, the result of his intelligent and persistent explorations into the "bowels of the earth." He is constantly making additions to this collection, and his desire to extend a knowledge which may develop and illustrate the former history of America, has led him to present many valuable specimens to colleges and scientific institutions. He has recently made a communication to the *Washington Independent*, Alameda county, which, although referring to the historical remains in that county, is of sufficient importance to be of general interest to students of history and ethnology. We therefore place it before our readers, as by that means it will reach many gentlemen belonging to our learned societies and institutions who are interested in the subject.

FIRST INDICATIONS OF INDIAN MOUNDS.

Commencing at the southern extremity of the county, we find the first indication of an Indian mound on the banks of the Calera creek, near the county line, but just within Santa Clara county, about a mile from the county road to San Jose. Nothing of special interest was found in this mound, but evidences of its former occupation by the Indians are abundant in the shape of cooking stones, burned and broken bones, shells, etc. A large frame-house occupies the site, and the soil has been under cultivation many years, it being one of the old Spanish settlements, and the more interesting relics are destroyed or carried off. Following the low hills northerly, the next locality is on the bank of the Arroyo Agua Caliente, below the Warm Springs. Here are extensive mounds on either side of the creek; one occupies the angle formed by the near approach of the Mission road to the creek, on lands of Higuera. This mound is considerably elevated, and has been used for burial purposes. Human bones may be found in the bank where the creek has encroached upon and washed away part of its east and south sides. The mounds at this locality must have had a numerous population, as they cover considerable ground, and the debris in some places covers the original surface to the depth of several feet. Shells of *Cerithida sarata*, a long, pointed, spiral shell found living in the water on the salt marsh, are abundant. Their presence may be accounted for by the fact that the sturgeon

feeds on them, and the shells were probably taken from the stomach of the fish, which were eaten in large quantities by the Indians at certain seasons. The Indians now living in Livermore valley make occasional trips to the bay, and carry back all the sturgeon they can load on. The finest arrow-head we have found in this county came from this locality. It is of flint and remarkably well made, and is now in the writer's collection. On the banks of a small brook which runs past the "Gravel Bed" in Beard's Hills, near Washington, are evidences of Indian occupation, consisting principally of charred wood, fragments of bone and cooking stones.

At Mission San Jose, there are abundant evidences of Indians, the entire site of the town has been occupied by them, and the Beard orchard from the Washington road north to the J. M. Horner creek produces occasional relics. We once found a human skull imbedded in the bank of said creek some twenty feet below the surface, in the same "gravel bed" which had previously been found to contain bones of the fossil elephant and mastodon, and at first thought we had discovered incontrovertible proof of the contemporaneity of man and the mastodon; but after examining more closely, we discovered the remaining bones of the skeleton near the top of the bank, in what was evidently an Indian mound, and from which the skull had rolled down and lodged, where it subsequently became covered with the gravel of the mastodon bed; so we had another digger skull to add to our collection, and the theory that man lived on this coast at the same time as the mastodon and fossil elephant remained as before, without satisfactory proof.

We give the above as an illustration of the general unreliability of discoveries of this kind, by persons not accustomed to thorough examination of the causes and effects of natural phenomena. A few years ago, the peculiar circular depressions formed by the caving-in of the Indian sweat-houses could be plainly seen on the south side of Washington Street, below the pound in the Mission; but continued cultivation is obliterating all signs of the former presence of multitudes of a race of human beings who, from the introduction of civilization, have been melting away like dew before the midsummer sun, and whose existence, even, will in a few years be a matter of history only.

On the hillside just above the edge of the valley about a mile north from the Mission, on the lands of Mr. Brigham, a ledge of rock projects above the surface forming a rugged point, which was probably used by the Indians as a lookout or signal station, as arrow-heads and other implements have been found there, and the rocks show the work of human hands. From this point along the foothills towards Niles, many springs break out: these formed attractions for the Indians. Mr. Bingham's house and orchard were situated on a mound near John Taylor's, and the vicinities of several springs have been occupied to a greater or less extent. The old abode on the Denmark ranch (now Meyer's) stood on one of the spots most frequented by the Indians. After leaving the valley in going up the Alameda creek from Niles, the next point of any importance as a dwelling-place was the flat on which the old abode stands, on the lands of A. Rankin, near the second bridge. While building the railroad across this flat, the workmen turned up quite a number of mortars and other relics; but little attention was paid to them, and the greater part of them were covered up or destroyed. Several mortars have been found between this point and Niles; one found several feet below the surface, a short distance below Cape Horn, was the largest seen by the writer; it weighs about 200 pounds, and is now in the Smithsonian Institute at Washington. Several small mortars in flat rocks may be seen along the line of Captain Scott's fence below the first bridge, nearly opposite the point where the large mortar just mentioned was found.

THE NEW YORK CATHOLIC PROTECTORY.

BY HON. ABRAM TAPPEN, JUSTICE OF THE SUPREME COURT.*

Fellow-Citizens, we are assembled to-day within the walls and upon the grounds of an institution, whose character and aims, whose purposes and good works, are becoming appreciated by and known to the whole world. I speak of the Catholic Protectory. It is, indeed, a work at once grand, noble, useful.

By the kindness of its managers, and especially by the friendly invitation of Brother Teliow, the Rector, whose name is so intimately identified with, and whose unceasing labors have wrought so much good for, the Protectory, it has become my privilege—and a privilege which I embrace and value highly—on this occasion to address you a few remarks.

Other speakers have preceded, and others are yet to follow me during the visitation and exercises of the week,—gentlemen gifted in oratory and in all the pleasant ways of public speakers; and while I shall yield to them the palm which is due to eloquence and high position, I still shall claim, my friends, that I am at least their equal in fervent hopes for the success of this noble institution, and in a desire for its abundant prosperity: hopes and wishes and aspirations, in which I know this audience heartily shares.

Now, what is the Protectory?

Why, it is the *home* of two thousand children—is there a spectacle anything like it in the whole world?—two thousand children, some almost in infancy and some well grown, who have here that which they lacked out in the world,—a home; and not a dull, cold, cheerless home, but one that is bright and happy and attractive; and not only a home in its ordinary sense, but they have here schools, instruction, play-ground, care for the sick, and workshops where they learn industry and useful occupations.

Moreover, they are here surrounded by all the inviting charms of nature, in the midst of a pleasant land; they are welcomed by, and they may welcome in return, the smiling fields, the waving trees, the sweet, fresh air, the beautiful flowers; they dwell in plain, substantial buildings, they sleep at night in good rooms, and they have a parental care extended to and over them, which preserves them from temptation, fits them for a life of future industry and usefulness, and returns them to the community and to society fitted to become good men and good women; for, in the near future and in the years before us, which are too few to be counted, these boys and girls will take our places, they will establish their own homes, build up their own firesides, work out their own destinies, and become the fathers and mothers upon whom will rest all the burdens and responsibilities of life, and all the duties which attach to manhood and womanhood.

Now, to whom is praise due for the work that has been done, for the constant painstaking labor bestowed by day and by night, in season and out of season, at all hours and on all occasions, since the time, twelve years ago, when the great task was commenced?

I quote from an address of the Hon. John Savage, with whom I have the pleasure of a long personal acquaintance, in his remarks delivered at the Protectory on the occasion of the annual visitation in August, 1874, that "in the Christian Brothers, the founders and managers of the Protectory had their most valuable and efficient agents and directors."

Under the immediate direction and management of Brother Teliow, the able Rector, assisted by a corps of forty subordinate Brothers, this charity has grown in usefulness and in good works until its like is not to be found elsewhere.

Inspired by the Most Rev. Archbishop

* Verbatim report of an address delivered during the grand Visitation to the Protectory, August 9th, 1875.

Hughes in his lifetime, worked out in its plan and scope and purpose under the intelligent and constant care of the Rev. Dr. Ives, and put into practical operation by Brother Teliow with that talent for successful discipline and for efficient management which he has so signally manifested, the Protectory has attained a position as a public institution that assures its stability in the future, and which, in connection with its past history, gives assurance of permanent usefulness both to society, and to the children who are the objects of its care.

Nor can I omit to mention, though mere words will fail to fully describe, the substantial aid, the friendly service, the personal attention, which have been extended to the Protectory by many kind and benevolent gentlemen and ladies, who have attested the sincerity of their charity by gifts and donations to a large extent, who have given proof by their works of their regard for destitute and needy children, and who, by their personal encouragement, have worthily aided the Brothers in their self-sacrificing work.

In my personal intercourse with the Brothers, I have not failed to appreciate the devotion and earnestness they have manifested in the discharge of their duties here. These duties, as you all well know, are voluntarily assumed, they are discharged for the good of humanity and in its cause, and under the impulse of high and conscientious influences.

The Brothers have indeed occupied a large field of usefulness, and diligently pursued the task which they have undertaken. This field is to be enlarged, and here comes a practical consideration: where one child is cared for, there are ten waiting to be cared for; where one child is discharged from the Protectory at the expiration of a suitable time, there are many waiting for the vacant place.

Ten thousand children in yonder city are to-day waiting, needing, hoping, growing up to maturity, some in idleness, some in vice—all needing a helping hand, and all worthy of it. We must give them that hand by providing for the increase of the resources and accommodations of this place, and also by establishing children's homes elsewhere. We all know that they are needed, that the Brothers and their aids are constantly engaged in good works, and are never weary of well doing; and we know that liberal and substantial aid will promote this object, than which none is more worthy, and that without this aid no enterprise can be started, or meet with permanent success.

The managers say, in their annual report to the Legislature for the year 1874, that, for the eleven years previous, their friends have contributed to the expenses, and have cheerfully made up the sum which exceeded the compensation received from the public treasury.

Brother Teliow, in his report to the Board of Managers, enlarges fully upon the mission which the Protectory is intended to accomplish.

The Directress of the female department, Sister Helena, also reports the workings of that branch of the Protectory, and from these and other documents we have accurate statistical information, which enables us to say that up to this time ten thousand children have participated with good results in its benefits and privileges.

Of these ten thousand children, two thousand are with us here to day, inmates of this place, finding in it a home and school for their moral training, all the facilities and opportunities for a good and useful education, and, not the least, the further consideration that they are instructed in useful trades, that they may, if they strive, earn here their own support; and that, when they go out into the world again, they are fitted to become good and worthy citizens, to whom all opportunities are open for wealth, for honor, and for fame. With industry and intelligence going hand-in-hand, with the young people growing up under suitable instruction, with example and precept and encouragement constantly before them, you have, my friends, the making of a people who will help to build up this nation until, in the years not far away, it will rival all the nations of the earth.

We have the Proverbs of Solomon, the teachings of philosophers, the experience of all classes of people in all conditions of life, and these concur in inculcating this lesson, "Train up the child in the way he should go;" and again, "The child is father to the man," for, as the child is, so will the "man be."

There are two emotions which this occasion naturally gives rise to. One of gratitude to the managers, the Brothers, and the friends under and through whom this work has struggled and done so much good since the time of its commencement in the year 1863. The other emotion is a sense of our duty, mine, yours, every one's duty to the children, the boys and girls, whom want and misery, and poverty and temptation, and destitution expose to a life of crime and wrong-doing. They must be cared for. Some have no parents living or known, some have perhaps a widowed mother for their only support; and some have parents, whose influences, if the sad truth were spoken, do the children no good and much harm.

We know the children must be cared for, if not in their childhood, then in after years, when they have become demoralized by the temptations and dissipations which surrounded them. We know they must be cared for, where parents or friends do not or cannot care for them. Shall we do it now, when they are young and in need of care and easily disciplined, or shall we wait until the later day, —alas! too late, when the purity of youth is gone, when the day of instruction and discipline has passed, and when the children, grown to manhood and womanhood, have gone astray from the paths of rectitude, of honesty and of industry—have become the devotees of immorality in all its forms, their own worst enemies, and a reproach to and burden on the people and the public whose high duty was neglected at the proper time.

The managers will tell you, the Brothers will tell you, and your own experience will confirm them, that the time for proper care is now—in childhood—before these young people have reached man's or woman's estate: they must be fitted for its duties—they must be instructed in its responsibilities.

We have, then, three objects for our contemplation—all forcibly impressed upon us by this occasion and its surroundings.

First, the great fact that there are many thousands of children in our great cities, who must be cared for by public and private aid in some shape. No one can walk the busy thoroughfares and look at the crowded tenements of the great city that is so near us and with which so many of us are familiar, without a conviction that in thousands of cases the surroundings and experience of children there do not fit them for active and useful lives. We must seek a remedy and a preventive, so far as possible, by human effort: and this brings us to the *second fact*—which is the *opportunity*.

I speak now of the opportunity for the amelioration and improvement of the condition of these children—their mental development, their moral training, their instruction in useful trades, and the taking them from temptation and scenes of vice.

That opportunity is here: it is the Protectory. Its managers, Brothers, friends, its influences, teachings, works, its halls, its shops, its grounds—all make the opportunity for the welfare, I may say for the safety, of thousands of children of the classes I have described.

Having, then, the existence of the great necessity in those classes of the young, and the opportunity in the Protectory, its organization and discipline, let us contemplate the third object to which I have referred: that object is *our own duty*.

It is a duty that we are called upon, in trumpet tones, to perform; a duty enjoined upon us by every consideration of morality and humanity; a duty which we should meet and discharge with alacrity; a duty in which our field of usefulness is large; a duty whose demands are constant, imperative, and the performance of which is productive of immeasurable good.

Where is there a field so useful, or where can efforts be bestowed that will produce more beneficial results, where bodies and souls can be cared for alike? Youthful instincts may here be trained in the proper direction, in the very morning of life; and the youth of the land who are to take our vacant places, and who otherwise might go astray, can be brought up in that school of morality, of intelligence, of industry and usefulness, which will make them good citizens, and fit them for that career of honest and intelligent industry which is open to all.

How is that duty to be performed? By sympathy with those who devote their time and services and lives to the work. By material aid, the sinews alike of peace and of war; by personal contributions from the wealthy,

and from all of even moderate means. Many drops of water will fill a bucket, and we know that even the contribution of the smallest halfpence, or the widow's mite, indicates a good heart and a charitable disposition.

The State has contributed its aid, and more is required of it: nor can that aid be more worthily bestowed, nor more satisfactorily applied. Kind men and women have done much, and the great charity which is here developed, needs continued assistance at their hands. For all that they have done, the Brothers, the managers and the public thank them in the name of a common humanity.

Two other questions to be propounded; and, when answered, I have done.

By whom is the duty to be performed whereby this institution may be continued and grow in its field of usefulness?

The question is already partly answered, when I say that the State and individuals have alike assisted; but it may be more emphatically answered when I say it is a duty to be performed by ALL. The rich and the poor may all help according to their means, and the State, which is an aggregate of people constituting the Great Commonwealth which we call the Empire State, must build up and foster that which it has already promoted.

The other question is, When shall this duty be met?

The question almost answers itself.

Now, to-day, there is no time for good works *like the present*. With us, it is always to-day; there is no to-morrow for doing any thing. The past was ours, the present is ours, the future may be ours; but we must always work and do, and strive while it is day, for the night cometh, when no man can work.

The great orator and statesman, Daniel Webster, whose fame is world-wide, and who might almost be called the O'Connell of America, once assisted in the ceremonies at the completion of the monument known as Bunker-Hill near Boston. He said: "This shaft shall be greeted by the early light of the morning-dawn, and the western rays of the departing sun will linger and play around its summit: here is a monument whose top shall pierce the clouds."

In like manner I say to you, my friends, that there is a monument here in this Protectory and its commodious edifices which will always challenge your admiration, will always command your highest esteem, and will secure at your hands those good works that raise mankind towards that higher life and better world, for which all must hope, both here and hereafter.

In the words of the poet:

"Count the day lost, whose low-descndeing sun
Sees by your hand no worthy action done.
Count that day lost."

Fellow-citizens, it is with pleasure that I have met you and contributed in any degree to your enjoyment, and now with thanks to all, audience, managers, Brothers and friends, I give place to others.

CARE OF SMALL THINGS.

Irving, in his "Life of Washington," dwells on the particularity with which the great hero attended to the minutest affairs. The Father of his Country, as his correspondence and account-books show, was "*careful of small things*" as well as great, not disdaining to scrutinize the most petty expenses of his household; and this even while acting as Chief Magistrate of the first republic in the world. The example of Washington, in this respect, might teach an instructive lesson to those who scorn what they call "*petty*" details. There are thousands of such individuals in every community. We all know more or less of them.

Yet no man ever made a fortune, or attained to greatness in any department, without being "careful of small things."

THE MARTYR OF ECUADOR.

We encroach this month upon the space usually devoted to our "miscellany" in order to present a paper of unusual ability, which might be deemed of a political character, but that circumstances give it an historical importance of a most luminous and emphatic nature. The paper is a translation of the last message of Garcia Moreno, late President of the Republic of Ecuador, to the Constitutional Congress of 1875.

It will be remembered that President Moreno was basely and brutally assassinated at the government palace at Quito on the 6th of August. While the whole world, we may say, was engaged in the O'Connell Centennial, celebrating the glory of a great European advocate of civil and religious liberty, the machete of the assassin was dealing the death-blow to the greatest advocate of that cause who had risen in South America.

In the United States the announcement of the assassination was accompanied with statements in the *New York Herald*, not less base, cowardly and bigoted than the hand of the assassin which gave cause for the communication. These statements belied the character of President Moreno, by misconstruing his motives, misrepresenting his acts, and artfully stigmatizing the improved state of the country as "superficial;" instead of honorably crediting the labors and devotion of Moreno with the great progress and general improvement which are not only apparent, but actual, in Ecuador. It is needless to enter into any detailed remarks on the communication referred to, or the stupid haste or want of inquiry which led to its endorsement in the editorial columns of the journal which thus became responsible for so much calumny to a dead reformer. The last Message of the eminent victim is more than sufficient to place his memory in a noble position before the minds of all rational-thinking people, who do not object to see a healthy spirit of religion accompanying, guiding, guarding and protecting the achievements of material progress.

The Message we print was not delivered to the Legislative body for which it was intended. It was found on the person of the murdered chief, endorsed with the signatures of the principal officials of the republic. Thus, what was intended in a manner as an account of his stewardship to his local Legislature, speaks from his dead body to the statesmen of the whole world; and will attract astonishment not less than admiration to the wonderful efforts of his administration, and the achievements and successes which his enemies, and the enemies of civilization, thought to bury with him in his grave.

But the written word remains. As Moreno was an agent of Providence to Ecuador, it would seem that a special Providence inspired the preparation of this Message, not only for his country's honor and benefit, but to defend the memory of the writer, and be a lasting monument. It has become—what he did not intend and could not dream when he penned it—his last words, his farewell to his people, recording their progress, advising them for the future; giving thanks to God Almighty, and invoking the blessing and care of that Divine Power to whose mercy he directed credit to be given for all the benefits they did or might enjoy. The act which made this splendid and remarkable document his Farewell, also sealed it with blood; giving it a doubly solemn and important character, and making its appearance an actual expression of love, devotion and advice from beyond the tomb.

Little comparatively is known of the internal state of affairs of Ecuador. The Message of Moreno throws much light thereon, and presents a most useful amount of information, and in a style which cannot fail to deeply impress the reader. Indeed its statesmanlike review of facts is built on, and surrounded by, a spirit of religion which

lifts it above politics, and irradiates it with a devotional dignity as beautiful and touching as it is rare and unexpected in documents of such a character.

The great effort of President Moreno was to introduce into Ecuador the American system of individual independence, in contrast to the evil system pertaining to the Spanish American countries—that of hanging on for existence to the government, which tends to make the people identify themselves with the fortunes of petty leaders, which in turn leads to the creating or seizing of opportunities for revolution, and keeps the country in perpetual instability and turmoil.

The great ability of President Moreno, his services as a Christian patriot, his wisdom as a practical reformer, his success, the benefits and splendor of his administration, are read in the *results* so lucidly recorded in his Message.

A recent and reliable letter from Quito received by us, says:—"I did not think the President had so many friends, but now that they have no reason to pretend it, they show their affection for him." And among other evidences of this popular feeling of affection and sorrow, and the desire to honor the memory of the patriot-martyr, the letter instances the fact that "Congress has just changed the title of the railroad from the Southern Railroad to the Garcia Moreno Railroad."

For these several reasons, not less than from the injustice we observe on the part of some journals, which, having given currency to the calumnies on President Moreno, fail to correct them from his Message—we give the document in full. Perhaps a translation has not reached these journals. They cannot any longer have that excuse. It is, moreover, due to the memory of a really great and good man that he be at least accorded the courtesy of defence in his own words.

Moreno was, alas! a martyr more for his faith than for his politics, and in this aspect commands still higher reverence and respect. While his labors and intentions must commend his memory to the high and generous regard, natural to the true spirit of American liberty, his reputation naturally falls to the safe-keeping of those for the elevation of whose faith he fell a noble sacrifice.

MESSAGE OF THE PRESIDENT OF THE REPUBLIC OF ECUADOR TO THE CONSTITUTIONAL CONGRESS OF 1875.

HONORABLE SENATORS AND DEPUTIES:

Among the great blessings which God, in the inexhaustible fulness of His mercy, dispenses upon the republic, is that of seeing you assembled together under its tutelar protection, under the shadow of that peace which He grants and perpetuates to us, in spite of our nothingness, of our helplessness, and of our inability to repay His paternal bounty by anything but inexcusable and shameful ingratitude.

Until within the last few years Ecuador daily repeated the sad words addressed by the Liberator Bolivar, in the last Message to the Congress of 1830: "I blush to own it, independence is the only blessing we have acquired at the expense of all the rest." But from the moment we began putting all our trust in God, and placing ourselves beyond the reach of the current of infidelity and apostasy which carries the world along in this unhallowed age, and in 1869 organized ourselves into a truly Catholic nation, everything has steadily continued to turn for the welfare and prosperity of our beloved country. Formerly, Ecuador was a body whose life-blood was being sapped, and which was being devoured like a corpse, by those myriads of loathsome insects which the process of decomposition always begets in the darkness of the grave. But now, in obedience to the sovereign voice that called Lazarus forth from his fetid grave, it rises again to renewed life, even if it does still retain a portion of the bandages and habiliments of the grave—that is to say, the relics of the misery and corruption in which it formerly existed. To verify my words, it will suffice for me to give you a summary of our progress during the last two years, referring to the special reports of each ministry for all that relates to documents or details; and in order that we may realize with more exactness the extent of our advancement during this period of regeneration, I have compared our condition at the start with our situation now, not for our own glory, but for that of Him to whom we owe everything, and whom we adore as our Redeemer and our Father, our Protector and our God.

A PEACEFUL REPUBLIC.

The republic has enjoyed peace at home and abroad; and if there have been those who sought to disturb it, the government has not been compelled to resort, in its defence, to anything beyond a few measures of prudence, the most severe among which were the putting of a few of the southern provinces in a state of siege for fifty days, the banishment of two individuals from the

country, and the imprisonment of three in this capital.

PUBLIC REVENUES.

In 1873 the public revenues reached $3,064,130, being an excess of $154,782 over those of 1872. In 1874, in consequence of the reduction in Custom House duties, and because of the falling off of importations in consequence of the commercial crisis which still exists, the revenues were diminished to $2,944, 647, and, consequently, yielding for that year nearly $120,000 less than the preceding year, but still being $34,000 in excess of 1872.

The following is an exhibit of our receipts from January, 1869, to December, 1874:

In 1868 they reached.....	$1,451,711
" 1869 " "	1,678,755
" 1870 " "	2,248,308
" 1871 " "	2,483,359
" 1872 " "	2,909,348
" 1873 " "	3,064,130
" 1874 " "	2,944,647
Total for the six years.....	$15,352,547

Fully to appreciate these results, the true evidences of the country's progress, we must bear in mind that, far from increasing the amount of taxes, the following have been suppressed:

1. Port duties for anchorage, tonnage duties, clearance and buoy duties; light-house duty was reëstablished (but at very low rates, much lower than is paid in other countries,) when the six excellent beacons which now light our coast were put in service.

2. The five per cent tax paid by bishops, canons and employés with producible funds.

3. The direct tax, which, since 1837, was imposed on all pastors, lawyers, physicians and apothecaries.

4. The tax on hereditary successions, known as manumission.

And I now ask you to be pleased to reduce, by one-half, the tax on the transfer of real estate after January 1, 1876.

With the resources of the last two years, not only have we punctually paid all the salaries, pensions and claims upon our treasury, but we have paid off entirely, without mortgage, the Mackintosh and Anglo-American debt; paid $358,000 of the standing debt, and $112,588 of the floating debt; expended $142,708 in benevolent institutions, $609,841 in public instruction, and $1,943,732 in public works, such as highways, penitentiary, astronomical observatory, buildings for hospitals, colleges, schools, as will be seen in the reports of the Secretary of the Treasury.

Making a total of all the capital invested in these important objects during the last six years up to December, 1874, the amount expended will exhibit

1. EXTINCTION OF THE FOREIGN DEBT.

Mackintosh and Anglo-American.....	$525,379
2. Internal debt for capital and interest on the loan of half a million from the Espinosa Administration, liquidation of the debt for the manumission of slaves, floating and standing debt, including a million and a half dollars of capital tax returned according to the Concordat with the tenth part of its nominal value.....	4,320,219
Total amount paid for Public Debt.....	4,845,598
3. Public Charities and Education...	1,386,759
4. In Public Works	3,715,732
Total amount invested in Home and Foreign Debt, Charities, Instruction, and Public Works	$9,948,089

I have purposely presented these figures to you, separated from other expenses, because the objects on which that amount has been consumed, very large for us, were entirely unexpected in times not yet remote, when each administration bequeathed to the one that followed it the growing inheritance of its bad credit and its debts, growing out of unfinished contracts, unpaid pensions and salaries, and of military exactions, and forced loans exacted by rapacity and taken by violence. without affording the slight recompense even of some little encouragement to education, or some trifling assistance to charitable institutions, and some effective impulse to material improvements.

It is gratifying to me to be able to tell you that the Inscribed Debt will be entirely liquidated during the coming year, and that the Floating Debt, formerly so large and complicated, is already reduced as follows:

1. Balance of loan contracted by the Espinosa Administration with the Bank of Ecuador; on the 1st day of July last there was due	$123,744 74
2. Still due on capital of forced loans and military taxes from 1845 to 1860, recognized and noted by the Secretary of the Treasury..	283,042 90
3. What must shortly be paid for the discharge of the residue of embarrassed capitals and for revenues unpaid and prior to 1869 which are not yet paid.....	350,000 00

4.	The claim of the amortization of light coin, which for its liquidation has assigned a special fund by law and by contract with the Bank of Ecuador. This claim, increased through expenses incurred by the importation of silver money, since assumed by the government to meet the financial crisis, on the 1st of July of this year it amounted to	$272,562 25
5.	The running account with the Bank of Ecuador, which at the aforesaid date amounted to.....	501,555 09
6.	On the loan made by the government from Don Manuel de Ascásubi in stamped money, there is due him.....	138,000 00
	Total amount of floating debt due July 1, 1875.....	$1,668,904 98

Of these debts the first will be liquidated by the end of 1876, with the part of the funds from taxes designated for this purpose; the second, third and fourth will disappear during the present and succeeding terms of two years, and the fifth and sixth (which would already have been paid if an expense of over $1,500,000 had not been contracted for the Yaguachi Railroad) will be liquidated as soon as possible, as the government is exerting all its energies to this effect.

There is still to be settled the only foreign debt that remains against us. Its origin goes back to the heroic times of our independence, and it has not been repudiated, as has been insolently stated, and in bad faith, by interested parties. What we have rejected, after having fruitlessly exerted our strongest efforts to accomplish, is the iniquitous, fraudulent and oppressive treaty of 1854; the ignominious results of which are well known throughout the country. The Secretary of the Treasury will acquaint you with the honorable conditions which the government offered, and which were rejected, in spite of the enormous gains reaped by speculators, who to-day hold the place of old creditors. If these conditions merit your approbation, you will authorize the Executive Power to negotiate for their settlement in a definite manner.

I return to you, that you may be pleased to revoke it, the faculty you conferred upon me for contracting a loan in Europe for the completion of the Yaguachi Railroad, and to make the conversion of the aforesaid debt. In the present situation of nearly all the American republics, there is no hope of negotiating except on the most ruinous terms, which none but a usurer would propose, and which could be accepted only by a knave or a fool. I consider, however, that the railroad and other works demanded by the prosperity of the republic should be prosecuted in such a manner as we may be able, by divine protection and the most rigid economy, to carry forward to completion.

Although I have already indicated the public works begun, completed, or in progress during the last term (of two years), and although the Secretary of this Department will furnish you the minute details of the condition and cost of each, I cannot, however, omit mentioning that we have already twenty-seven miles of railroad in operation, and rails enough for thirty kilometres more; that the road from Arenal to Playas, the two largest and most necessary sections of which are finished, replaces advantageously and with safety and convenience the celebrated precipices which it was necessary to cross in going from the coast to the interior of the country; that the Manabi road, open as far as El Mirador, will be entirely available to the public next year; that the last section adjoining the coast, of the road from Imbabura to Esmeraldas, is in progress of construction; that the making of the important road from Loga to Santa Rosa has been approved and commenced, at the same time that efforts are being made to improve the most impracticable Passo del Azuay. There is only the Cuenca highway which makes slow progress, and is attended with great difficulty, affording a constant pretext for complaint to those who should be most interested in it.

To sum up, the republic, at the end of these six years, has 300 kilometres of highways, with a large number of fine, solid, stone bridges; 44½ kilometres of railroad in running order, and 400 kilometres of good and new foot-roads. An imposing and spacious Penitentiary, an Astronomical Observatory, which will be the greatest ornament to our capital, new Colleges, Schools, Hospitals, new or improved Barracks, Orphanages, a Foundling Asylum, and Reformatory, and a Conservatory of Music and Fine Arts, have been built or acquired during the time. All this appears incredible to those who know the backwardness and poverty of the country, and who are ignorant of how much fecundity there is in confidence in God's goodness. If what has been accomplished appears great in comparison with other times, it is really very little if we take into consideration what the country still requires. But, as we cannot expect to do all at once, I think we should confine ourselves for the next two years to the completion of unfinished roads, to the completion of buildings for schools in every parish, of Colleges and Hospitals in every province, of a Normal School for Teachers, and for the Medical Faculty in Quito; and to erecting at the Santa Elena Salt Works, the wharf, railroad and the depot, which are indispensable, and of great advantage to the Treasury, provided

you deem these suggestions worthy of your approbation.

EDUCATION.

But still more gratifying is the advancement made in Public Instruction in all its branches, which is religious and Catholic before everything else. In the Primaries the number of schools has been increased by 93 new ones, during the last two years, and the number of pupils has gone up to 32,000, or 237 per cent more than it was six years ago.

No. of pupils in	1867	13,495
" "	1871	14,731
" "	1873	22,458
" "	1875	32,000

You will observe that the increase in four years was very small, but from the time that primary instruction was removed from the negligent direction of Municipalities and Academic Councils, the advancement has been, and continues to be, satisfactory.

But we must not be satisfied with this. In the last report the girls do not constitute one-fourth the number. This is owing to the great difficulty in obtaining instructresses and adequate buildings, and is a great obstacle in the way of the zeal of the government. Besides this, there is the lack of interest manifested by parents in the education of their daughters; and then, again, there are the obstacles which grow out of the difficulty of getting the children to school in sparsely settled sections of the country, where very often the only means of access is along narrow and dangerous pathways. Let us continue, however, to redouble our efforts, fully convinced that, without the Christian education of the rising generation, society will perish by degenerating into barbarism.

In secondary educational institutions the progress is not what it ought to be, chiefly because of the scarcity of competent professors to carry it into the principal centres of our population, as the government would desire it. I think that, in order to overcome this evil, and for other reasons of manifest propriety, you should establish freedom of education, admitting, without distinction, to the degree of Bachelor of Arts, all who, after a course in any college during the time specified by law, pay the costs of matriculation and of the examination they must undergo, and are then approved after the trial, according to the programme laid down by the General Council of Public Instruction.

Higher education in facultied universities, and especially in the Polytechnic School, continues yearly to give satisfactory results. The Faculty of Medicine, which has notably improved, will be permanently organized in a few days, and if you order the erection of an adequate building, without which its thorough arrangement is impossible, it will reach that degree of perfection which is expected of it by the present advanced state of science.

THE ARMY.

The army continues to be the bulwark of order, and to distinguish itself by its morality and discipline. For all this, it is entitled to the gratitude and respect of the republic. I recommend to you the reformation of that part of the Penal Military Code which will be submitted to you by the minister connected with the Supreme Court Martial. These are amendments demanded by justice and counselled by experience. Of no less importance is the law on the re-organization of the army and of the National Guard, now that the use of improved arms, and the severe lessons of recent great European wars, have made it necessary to effect a new organization in keeping with the present system of modern warfare.

INADEQUACY OF INFERIOR COURTS.

I consider that you will hail with pleasure the modifications which, in accord with the Council of State, and the highly respectable opinion of the Judges of the Supreme Court, have been made in the Organic Law Bill of the judicial power, which has been pending since your former session. Many and frequent are the complaints which are drawn from the people by the inefficient administration of justice, especially in juries on criminal cases and in inferior courts; and there are provinces like Leon, where the laws, in the hands of iniquitous judges, become the means of sacrificing justice, without the action of the tribunals and the solicitude of the government being able to reach or punish this disorder. Without rectitude in the judges there is no justice, and without justice society is impossible. For this reason I appeal to you for efficacious means to put an end to prevarication; and, as far as the jury is concerned, it would be better to authorize the Executive Power to suspend this class of judges, at the request of the inhabitants and authorities of the canton, or of the corresponding tribunals.

When once the law authorizes the government to extend trial by juries to such cantons as request it, it appears natural that it should also authorize it to suppress it, when it is asked for by those who have most to fear from the impunity of evil-doers.

THE PENAL CODE.

Our Penal Code has taken no account of the habitual repetition of certain infractions, such as intoxication; no doubt because you considered that such a failing had better be cured than punished. The time has come for the adopting of this prudent and humane course, by organizing a sort of hospital for this class of voluntary lunatics, such as there is for those who are involuntarily so, and for

the victims of elephantiasis. It will be an easy matter to establish it on the banks of the Toachi, or at some other point along the Manabi road, where incorrigible inebriates, sent there and submitted to a hygienic treatment and to agricultural labor, will be put in the way of reformation, and of returning to God on awakening from their stupefaction.

THE PENITENTIARY.

Whilst speaking to you on Public Works, I told you that the Penitentiary was finished. It has not been used for some months, so as to allow the building to dry thoroughly, that it may not be unhealthy; and on summing up the number of criminals sentenced to this punishment, we find that the number to be incarcerated here will not reach 50. As it will accommodate about 300, in five different departments, and as, on the other hand, the municipal bodies have not the means to build the houses of seclusion that ought to exist in every province,—consider, in your wisdom, if it would not be advantageous and practicable that there be brought from all the provinces to the Penitentiary those persons sentenced to hard labor and imprisonment, according to the old Penal Code, and that those condemned to seclusion follow the existing arrangement, so that, remaining entirely separated, they may serve out their respective sentences, under the inspection of the Supreme Court, and thus avoid the barbarous and corrupting municipal prisons in which they languish without reforming, so long as they find no opportunity for eluding punishment by flight.

FREEDOM OF THE CHURCH.

To the full liberty enjoyed by the Church amongst us, and to the apostolic zeal of our virtuous pastors, is due the reformation of the clergy, the improvement of public morals and the decrease of crime, to such an extent, that, as you have seen, there cannot be found, in a population of over a million of inhabitants, a sufficient number of criminals to fill the penitentiary. To the Church are we also indebted for those religious communities that have done so much good in educating youth, in attending to the sick and infirm, in reviving the spirit of religion in this year of Jubilee and sanctification, and in the converting to Christianity, and civilization of more than 9,000 savages from the Eastern province, where, in consequence of its vast extent, it is necessary to erect a second Vicariate, if you will authorize me to petition for it to the Holy See. It will also be well to make arrangements at the earliest moment to promote a lawful trade and commerce in that province, removing, as on former occasions, the oppressive speculations and taxations to which the poor residents of that territory have been subjected by dishonest and heartless traders. There is, however, a scarcity of laborers in God's vineyard; and, to train them properly, it is just that you should annually assist our Most Rev. and most zealous Archbishop to build the grand seminary, which he did not hesitate in commencing, trusting in the protection of Heaven and our hearty coöperation.

Never forget, O Legislators! that all our little advancements would be ephemeral and fruitless if we had not based the social order of our republic on that ever-attacked, but always-victorious rock, the Catholic Church. Her divine teaching, which neither men nor nations can deny without destroying themselves, is the model of our institutions and the law of our laws. As obedient and faithful children of the venerable old man, the august and infallible Pontiff, who has been abandoned by all the powerful, when vile and cowardly infidelity attacked him, we have continued to send him every month the small pecuniary assistance which you voted him in 1873. Since our weakness obliges us to be the passive witnesses of his slow martyrdom, let him at least receive in this humble offering a testimony of our tenderness and affection, and a token of our obedience and fidelity.

CONCLUSION.

In a few days more I will complete the period of administration for which I was elected in 1869. The republic has enjoyed six years of peace, interrupted only for a few days in Riobamba by the partial insurrection of the aborigines against the whites in 1872, and in these six years it has steadily pursued the way of true progress, under the visible protection of Providence. The progress of the republic would, no doubt, have been more rapid, if I had possessed the administrative qualities which I am, unfortunately, destitute of; or if, for the accomplishment of good, there were no more required than an intense desire to obtain it.

If I have been guilty of shortcomings, I ask your forgiveness a thousand times over, and I ask it, in the spirit of the most profound humility, of all my fellow-countrymen, fully conscious that my will has had no part in them.

If, on the other hand, you think that I have succeeded in anything, attribute it first to God and to the Immaculate Dispenser of the priceless treasures of His mercy, and then to yourselves, to the people, to the army, and to all who, in the various departments of the government, have assisted me with intelligence and fidelity in the discharge of their onerous duties.

GABRIEL GARCIA MORENO.

FRANCISCO JAVIER LEON, Sec. of the Interior.
JOSE JAVIER EGUIGUREN, Sec. of the Treasury.
FRANCISCO JAVIER SALAZAR, Sec. of War.

QUITO, August, 1875.

MISCELLANY.

The Schoolmaster Abroad.

Our cousins across the water are quick to seize upon any of our American shortcomings, especially of a literary nature, and to read us occasional lectures on our "want of thoroughness" in matters pertaining to education. They must not therefore exhibit an over-sensitiveness, if some striking evidence of lack of care or culture is brought to their own doors, now and then. Here are some random illustrations, which tend to show that the Schoolmaster must be abroad, for he certainly cannot be at home, on the subject of geography, with our transatlantic friends:—It is the popular author of "Guy Livingstone," who, in his work entitled "Border and Bastille," describes the lights of Philadelphia as "gleaming out on the broad, dark Susquehanna." The brilliant Amelia B. Edwards, in one of her earlier novels, "Hand and Glove," describes one of her characters as "pacing backward and forward like an overseer on a Massachusetts cotton plantation." A writer in "Once a Week" declared "that Franklin, on his return from France, was elected Governor of the State of Philadelphia, and shortly afterward President of the United States." In an English novel, "Zoe's Brand," the following paragraph occurs. It gives the writer's idea of the climate and geographical position of New Orleans:—"A high, bleak, searching wind was whirling through the streets and along the levee. She stood there shivering, for the high wind, blowing straight from the wintry regions of ice-bound Canada, pierced through her slender covering." In the same novel the mocking bird is described as talking in a fluent and parrot-like style. Nor are such mistakes confined to the literature of the country. They crop up not less frequently and amusingly in social intercourse. An American lady, who had brought with her to Europe a child's nurse, black as the ace of spades, was asked by an English lady from what part of the country the negress had come. On being told from Philadelphia, the *Anglaise* gravely asked if *all* the people of Philadelphia were of that color? Whereupon our countrywoman replied, "Of course," and retired in good order. And a hospitable New York gentleman, on offering to take a young Englishman out to drive in Central Park, was solemnly requested by him to take him instead, "where he could see a prairie and a few buffaloes." No less a person than the elder Dumas describes in his novel of "Le Capitaine Pamphile," the virgin forests of Pennsylvania as infested with boa-constrictors of appalling size. His hero, too, like Mr. Guy Livingstone, "beholds Philadelphia rising like a queen between the blue waters of the Delaware and the green waves of ocean." In the first manuscript copy of "L'Oncle Sam" received in the United States, the scene of the first act was laid on board of one of the magnificent steamboats that ply between Chicago and New York. Only last winter the manager of the Ambigu, on producing a dramatized version of Hawthorne's "Scarlet Letter," was reproached by the critics with not having caused the stage in the first act to be set with tropical plants, so as to show the audience at once and unmistakably that the scene was laid in Boston.

The Sporting-Man.

A feminine delineator of character—Olive Logan—gives the following picture of the American sporting man:—

The American sporting man is easily recognizable. Away back in the misty vista of which Darwin tells, the diamond-yielding forces of the earth perceived that the American sporting man would require studs as big as your thumbnail to decorate his shirt-front, and so in the course of time Golconda was discovered, and Original Jacobs, and at last this other new diamond-man, whatever his name is, who is now getting his paste puffed in the newspapers and his puffs pasted on the dead walls. And the sporting-man is adorned. Sometimes his shirt is dirty, but no matter, the diamond stud, like our flag, is still there. This sort of man has been arriving by every train for a day or two past—by Saturday the place will be overrun with him. There is nothing "horsey" about him, as about the English turfite, no stiff white collar and neat scarf where a diminutive horse, made by a jeweller, puts his head or his hoof in it; no breeches of peculiar shape; no heavy shoes; above all, no cane which irresistibly recalls a whip; he is merely an ordinary-looking man, generally fat, sometimes dirty, with a diamond stud on him.

The Deepest Well in the World.

At about 20 miles from Berlin is situated the Spernberg, noted for the deepest well that has ever been sunk. Owing to the presence of gypsum in the locality, which is at a moderate distance from the capital, it occurred to the government authorities of the mines to obtain a supply of rock salt. With this end in view, the sinking of a shaft or well 16 feet in diameter was commenced some five years ago, and at a depth of 280 feet the salt was reached. The boring was continued to the farther depth of 960 feet, the diameter of the bore being reduced to about thirteen inches. The operations were subsequently prosecuted by the aid of steam until a depth of 4,194 was attained. At this point the boring was discontinued, the borer being still in the salt deposits, which thus exhibit the enormous thickness of 2,907 feet.

Practical Hints about Tea.

The following hints concerning the use of tea may prove useful:

1. Whoever uses tea should do so in great moderation.
2. It should form a part of the meal, but never be taken before eating, or between meals, or on an empty stomach, as is too frequently done.
3. The best time to take tea is after a hearty meal.
4. Those who suffer with weak nerves should never take it at all.
5. Those who are troubled with inability to sleep nights should not use tea, or, if they do, take it only in the morning.
6. Brain-workers should never goad on their brains to overwork on the stimulus of tea.
7. Children and the young should not use tea.
8. The over-worked and under-fed should not use tea.
9. Tea should never be drunk very strong.
10. It is better with considerable milk and sugar.
11. Its use should at once be abandoned when harm comes from it.
12. Multitudes of diseases come from the excessive use of tea, and for this reason those who cannot use it without going to excess should not use it at all.

The Origin of the Piano.

The piano began to make its appearance about the beginning of the eighteenth century. Its invention, like many others, is disputed, and England, France, Italy and Germany, claim to have a share in the honor. Pianos were certainly made for the first time in the four countries within a very few years of each other; but in Germany alone did they succeed. Silbermann improved upon the invention of Schroeter, and constructed pianos which met with Bach's approbation. From this, dates the success of the piano in Germany. Frederick the Great had no less than forty of Silbermann's pianos in his palace at Berlin; and when Bach visited him, he insisted upon the old man's trying every one. Stein of Augsburg was also a celebrated maker; and Mozart, in one of his letters, describes the care taken by Stein in seasoning the wood, which was exposed to all sorts of weather, and afterwards had the cracks filled up with slips of wood glued into them. In England the piano made no sensible progress until 1760, when twelve German workmen—afterwards called the "twelve apostles"—arrived in search of employment. Dibdin, at a concert in 1767, played on the first piano publicly exhibited, and after that the instrument became very popular, and harpsichords more and more in disrepute. Sebastian Erard made a great improvement in the touch; and Broadwood, who came to London from Scotland in 1751, introduced what he called his "grand action," which improved many defects. From that day until the present, the piano in England has been improving.

Cost of Art in ancient times.

While large prices are paid for modern works of art, still greater sums were paid in ancient times, as is seen by the following examples:—Zeuxis grew so rich that he refused to sell more pictures, and gave them away to cities, and Nicias declined an offer from Attalus of seventy-five thousand dollars for a single picture. Apelles received twenty-five thousand dollars for a portrait of Alexander, and gave sixty-two thousand five hundred dollars for each picture Protegenes had in his studio. Julius Cæsar gave one hundred thousand dollars for two pictures of single figures: one, Ajax, and the other, Medea; and M. Agrippa paid to the municipality of Cyzicus fifty thousand dollars for two more. Lucius Mummius refused two hundred and sixty thousand dollars for a picture of "Father Bacchus," which he had seized in Greece, and Tiberius gave three hundred thousand sesteriia, or nearly half a million, for a picture by Parrhasius. Cicero argued that Verres had compelled Heius, a rich Sicilian, to part with a little bronze Cupid by Praxiteles, because Verres bought it for only public debt of Cuidus—*quod erat ingens*, says Pliny—if the citizens would give him Praxiteles' statue of Venus in return, and was refused because it was the glory of the city.

Jefferson's Weakness.

Some men of a great capacity and philosophic character often betray a *faiblesse* which is remark-

able. It is known that a misunderstanding existed between Thomas Jefferson and John Randolph Roanoke. The cause of which exhibits the peculiarities of both, and an especial weakness on the part of the former:—Randolph being asked to play chess on one occasion, refused, and gave the following reason: I have not played at chess for the last seventeen years; the very sight of the board and men gives rise to painful reminiscences, for the last game I played lost me a personal friend forever. I was on the most intimate terms with Mr. Jefferson, as you may have heard, it being now matter of history, and I soon found out that, politician and philosopher as he was, he took more pride in his skill at chess than in anything else. Very few could beat him, and at last he could not endure defeat. Knowing this, and feeling that I was his match, I had always declined playing, as I did not want to quarrel with him, until one unfortunate evening, when he touched Virginia pride in so pointed a way that I could no longer refuse with honor, and we sat down to the game. It was a warm contest. Greek meet Greek. I at length cried 'checkmate,' and he never forgave me afterwards."

Physical Strength.

Professor Forbes instituted an extensive series of observations of the size and strength of the students at the University of Edinburgh, representing the middle classes of their respective countries: Professor Quetelet did likewise regarding the students of the University of Brussels. The strength indicated is that of a blow given to the plate of a spring dynamometer:

	Av. height in inches.	Av. weight in lbs.	Av. strength in lbs.
English	68¼	151	403
Scotch.	69	152¼	423
Irish...	70	155	432
Belgian	68	150	339

Mr. Field, the eminent mechanical engineer of London, had occasion to examine the relative powers of British and Irish laborers to raise weights by a crane. He communicated his results to the Institute of Civil Engineers of London. He found that the utmost effort of a man lifting at the rate of one foot per minute ranged:

Englishmen.....from 11,505lbs to 24,255lbs.
Irishmen..... " 17,325 " " 27,562lbs.
The utmost effort of a Welshman was.....15,412lbs.

CURRENT PUBLICATIONS.

The Civil Government of the States, and the Constitutional History of the United States. By P. Cudmore Esq., Counsellor-at-Law, Author of the "Irish Republic," etc. New York. Published by P. Cudmore, No. 5 Barclay St. 1875.

This work is evidently the result of much patient accumulation of legal, political and historical material bearing on the object of the author, which has been to condense into one volume the colonial, general and constitutional history of the United States. To effect this purpose, Mr. Cudmore has sought to digest the writings and other utterances of the fathers of the Constitution; the opinions of eminent jurists native and foreign on our system of government; the history and statutes of the several States as well as of the United States; decisions of the higher courts of the same; the Congressional records; with illustrations of, or commentaries bearing on any or all of these topics, or authorities. The volume also embraces the Declaration of Independence, Constitution, and the National Platforms of the great political parties since 1830, and a chapter on Soldiers' Bounties, Land Grants and the Homestead Law: but, while credit is given to General Shields, as it was proper, for his efforts in passing the bill granting land warrants to soldiers of the Mexican war, no mention is made of the continuous labors in both houses of Congress of the late President Andrew Johnson, for years, in favor of the Homestead Law.

There is really a great amount of interesting and useful matter in the volume, with thousands of references to authorities: but the plan is not all that might be desired, and fails to present the patience, reading and research of the author in their best aspect, or in the manner best calculated to carry out his admirable intention. For instance: The perfected form of the Constitution instead of being given in an isolated position (pp. 188-200) would more effectively and usefully appear in the chapter in which Constitutional Convention is discussed, and the propositions and ideas of some of its leading members presented. Again, the Declaration of Independence is out of place at the end of the chapter on Land Grants. Its position should accord with its historical precedence. The same may be said in regard to the articles of Confederation, which almost close the volume, instead of following the Declaration. This lack of order is very perplexing to a reader, and, as we stated, calculated to detract from the estimate which might be, otherwise, formed of the author's

patience, perseverance and purpose. These drawbacks are more noticeable as the work is avowedly prepared for reference. And this brings us to the great deficiency of the volume as a work of reference. It has neither a Table of Contents giving the subjects of the chapters, nor an Index by which the politician, lawyer, or editor might be enabled to profit by its numberless details. The want of an index is an inexcusable defect in any historical or political work; but it is one which can, fortunately, be remedied in a future edition.

The Orphan Sisters; or, The Problem Solved. By Mary J. Hoffman. New York: D. & J. Sadlier & Co.

This latest work by our esteemed contributor, Miss Mary J. Hoffman—whose admirable tale, "The Coming Home," has recently appeared in the pages of the MANHATTAN—is in every sense worthy of an extended circulation. On reading it one cannot fail to be greatly impressed with its truthfulness to life, its devotional as well as social interest, and its ability to produce a beneficial effect. We close the pages and lay the book down with the conscious satisfaction that our time has not been lost in the perusal.

One of the writer's objects is to place before the "mind's eye" the contrast afforded by two families, one of which is illumined by the light of divine faith, devotion, and religious confidence; the other blighted, almost driven to despair by crime and the want of belief in the Divinity. While the latter possesses all that wealth can afford, the first is poor in worldly circumstances; yet the contrast between the cheerfulness which irradiates the household of the one, and the air of desolation that rests upon the luxury, the soft carpets and elaborate furniture of the other, is instructive and depressing. The gloom surrounding the household of the unbelieving is graphically portrayed. The beauty of the flower is there without the perfume: the body without the soul. The description of the bodily frail young girl—the confirmed invalid, groping in mental darkness and wasting away, through want of rest for her soul, is touchingly drawn.

The arguments on religious topics which are introduced in a natural manner, are well carried out and do much credit to the author; while the story, as a story, produces the conviction that it is true to nature, the characters being well defined and admirably sustained. The accomplishing of such a book must be a satisfaction—must be, in a moral sense, its own exceeding great reward: and we wish the accomplished author, not less than the public, many such triumphs.

A Full Catechism of the Catholic Religion. Translated from the German of the Rev. Joseph Deharbe, S. J., by the Rev. John Fander. First American Edition. New York: The Catholic Publication Society. 1875.

This Catechism which is published *permissu superiorum* is of such fulness in design and ability in execution, that we are not astonished to learn that the German original, issued in 1847, went to twenty-one editions in the course of six years. Its use is nearly universal among German-speaking people; and it is destined to have a wide and beneficial popularity among others in its translated form. The work is at once a History and a Catechism; and while in the latter aspect suitable for children and elementary schools, it is, in its double capacity, admirably fitted for colleges, as well as for teachers and for private instruction. It is preceded by a "Short History of Religion" embracing the ante-Christian era, the era of our Lord, and the record of religion since; the periods being succinctly treated under three heads: 1. From the Ascension of Christ to the conversion of Constantine: 2. From the latter date to the rise of Protestantism in the sixteenth century; and 3. From the so-called "Reformation" to the present time of Pope Pius IX. This is followed by a chronological list of the papal succession; after which useful introduction for reference, then comes the full Catechism, under the heads of Faith, the Apostles' Creed, the Commandments, the means of Grace; which latter in its subdivisions treats of the Sacraments, practices and ceremonies in general and particular: all presenting a simple, intellectual and edifying treatise of the history, origin and ordinances of the Church.

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AND

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ASTOR LIBRARY

A MERRY CHRISTMAS.

MEMORIES OF CHRISTMAS REVELS ALL OVER THE WORLD.

As soon as December comes round, young heads and old hearts are naturally turned towards Christmas. We may say, indeed, that, as coming events cast their shadows before, the effect of the happy festival commences within the octave of Thanksgiving; for, no sooner has the echo of the one holiday died away, than the young are anxiously calculating the days to come before Santa Claus will make his appearance. Where young heads with bright eyes and expectant faces lead, loving old hearts and generous purses are sure to follow. Hence all hearts throb through December with Christmas feelings and Christmas hopes. What a word is "CHRISTMAS!" It is talismanic! It is synonymous with all good thoughts—identical with the great virtues, Faith, Hope, Charity; as well as provocative of memories inseparably linked with mirth and music, joy and generosity, love and truth; and last, but not least, good eating and drinking. Although the winds may moan through the bare and mournful forests, and pleasant streams and brooks are bridged over with ice, and the snow patters against the windows and falls in flakes down the wide chimneys of the older homesteads, and lies piled in drifts by barn gables and fences, and clothes the branches of the disrobed trees with various expressions of weird and ghastly form, —though all out of doors indicates winter with its necessities and warnings for the poor, still is Christmas associated with blissful thoughts and jollity—making it, in fact, the heart-summer of the year. Sad, indeed, must the heart be into whose recesses the coming of dear Father Christmas brings no cheering ray. Even though circumstances, which cannot be guarded against by the most far-seeing and provident, may tend to waylay our paths and disturb the equanimity of the most Christian, ought we not find elevating comfort in the grand suggestiveness of this glorious anniversary,—that He who brought us all the means of salvation, vouchsafed to come upon earth at this period of the year? How beautiful and consolatory the thought that He, who is all life, became man for man's benefit in the period of nature's discomfort and desolation! The summer of the heart overbalances the wintry chill of nature. There is a girdle of joy surrounding the Christian world at this period, brilliant with revelry and memories of the good old times.

"The brave old times are dead and gone,
  And those who hailed them passed away;
Yet still their lingers many a one
  To welcome in old Christmas Day.
The poor will many a care forget,
The debtor think not of his debt,
But, as they each enjoy their cheer,
Wish it was Christmas all the year.

"And still around these good old times
  We band like friends, full loth to part;
We listen to the simple rhymes
  Which somehow sink into the heart—
Half musical, half melancholy,
Like childish smiles that still are holy—
A masquer's face, dimmed with a tear—
For Christmas comes but once a year."

On Christmas-eve in the "brave old times" there was much rejoicing ushering in the great morn. In our own time there used to be much jollity; brewing and drinking of *lamb's-wool* on Christmas-eve as on Hallow-E'en. This beverage is made by roasting apples on a string over a bowl or tankard of ale, spiced or otherwise to suit the taste, until the former melt and drop into the latter. Brand thinks this delectable beverage derived its name from "the softness of the composition," but the derivation given by another writer we deem most correct:—"The 1st day of November was dedicated to the angel presiding over fruits, seeds, etc., and was therefore named *La Mas Ubhal* —that is, the day of the apple fruit—and being pronounced lamasool, the English have corrupted the name to lamb's-wool."

Shakespeare makes *Puck*, in the "Midsummer Night's Dream," allude to this drink:

"Sometimes lurk I in a gossip's bowl,
In very likeness of a roasted crab;
And, when she drinks, against her lips I bob,
And on her wither'd dew-lap pour the ale."

It was formerly, says Hone, a custom in England on Christmas-eve to *wassail*, or wish health to the apple-tree. Herrick enjoins to

"Wassaile the trees, that they may beare
You many a plum, and many a peare;
For more or less fruits they will bring,
An you do give them wassailing."

In illustration of this belief, it was related to Brand, in 1790, that it was customary on Christmas-eve for the country people in some parts to sing a wassail or drinking-song, and throw the toast from the wassail bowl to the apple-trees, in order to have a fruitful year.

In Ben Jonson's "Masques for the Court" we find an allegorical personification of Christmas and its attributes, which indicates a popular old form of revel. The characters are *Christmas* and his children: *Misrule*, his torch-bearer, bearing a rope, cheese and basket; *Carol*, torch-bearer, carrying an open song-book; *Minced Pie*, her attendant, bearing pie, dish, and spoons; *Gambol*, his torch-bearer, "armed with cole-staff and blinding cloth;" *Post and Pair*, "with a royal pair of aces in his hat," his squire carrying a box, cards, and counters; *New Year's Gift*, torch-bearer carrying "a march pain with a bottle of wine on each arm;" *Mumming*, in a masking suit with visor; *Wassail*, her page bearing before her a brown bowl decked with ribbons and rosemary; *Offering*, torch-bearer with basin; etc. The dresses are minutely described, and carry out the ideas suggested by the titles.

In several collections of old songs and ballads, we have specimens of the popular revels or carols enacted or sung at Christmas in England. In one of these we have one peculiarly popular among the Cornish men, which is enacted to this day, we believe. It is called "St. George." The principal characters are *St. George* and *The Dragon*, a *Turkish Knight*, an *Egyptian King*, and sometimes others. as *Father Christmas*, a *Doctor*, etc. The costumery is of course of the extra-burlesque order, something in the style of the "fantastical" corps which occasionally parade. The chief business of Father Christmas, who is armed with a cudgel, is to preserve order, and see that his festival is kept with decorum; he announces himself, singing thus:

"Here comes I, old Father Christmas.
Welcome, or welcome not,
I hope old Father Christmas
Will never be forgot."

The Turkish Knight challenges St. George:

"Here comes I, a Turkish knight,
Come from the Turkish land to fight;
And if St. George do meet me here,
I'll try his courage without fear."

The saint of course takes up the gauntlet thus thrown down, and, after a "terrific combat," despatches the turbaned Turk, much to the delight and satisfaction of the lookers-on. St. George has a busy time, like all stage heroes. His "business" consists in killing the Turk aforesaid, slaughtering the Dragon *twice*, encountering everything he meets, and, to use a South-western phrase, expressive if not elegant, "whipping his weight in wild-cats" generally. He is ultra-national, and is intended to convey a popular idea of the character known in our day as John Bull. He is not modest. Hear him:

"Here comes I, St. George,
That worthy champion bold,
And, with my sword and spear,
I won three crowns of gold.

I fought the Dragon bold,
And brought him to the slaughter,
By which I gained fair Sabra,
The King of Egypt's daughter."

The Doctor is equally good for those suffering from "the flesh and the devil." Hear him:

"I cure the itch, the palsy, and the gout,
And if the devil's in him, I'll pull him out."

St. George is like the negro preacher, and has an eye on all those who leave before the collection is taken. He doggerelizes his epilogue:

"Gentlemen and ladies, the sport is almost ended;
Come, pay to the box, it's highly recommended;
The box it would speak, if it had a tongue,
Come, throw in your money, and don't think of it so long."

This doggerel is supposed by some writers to have been invented by the Crusaders on their return from Palestine.

Sir Walter Scott, with his usual vivid felicity, gives a brilliantly suggestive and picturesque description of the religious rites, generous joy, outdoor hilarity and indoor hospitality, peculiar to the season; and pointedly alludes to the personal equality induced by the good old customs, based on the reverential acknowledgment of the occasion which brought tidings of salvation to all men:

"On Christmas Eve the bells were rung;
On Christmas Eve the mass was sung;
That only night in all the year
Saw the stoled priest the chalice rear.
The damsel donn'd her kirtle sheen;
The hall was dress'd with holly green;
Forth to the wood did merry-men go
To gather in the mistletoe.
Then open'd wide the Baron's hall
To vassal, tenant, serf, and all;
Power laid his rod of rule aside,
And Ceremony doff'd his pride.
The heir, with roses in his shoes,
That night might village partner choose;
The lord, underogating, share
The vulgar game of 'Post and Pair.'
All hail'd, with uncontroll'd delight,
And general voice, the happy night,
That to the cottage, as the crown,
Brought tidings of salvation down."

Scott's description of the feast—the grim boar's head "crested with bays and rosemary," the huge sirloin, the plum porridge, savory goose, and good brown bowls—is vigorous and appetizing; and his indication of the mummers and carollers, all that is necessary to those who have ever enjoyed the grotesque theatricals of the one, or the variously peculiar vocalizations of the others:

"The fire, with well-dried logs supplied,
Went, roaring, up the chimney wide;
The huge hall table's oaken face,
Scrubb'd till it shone the day to grace,
Bore then upon its massive board
No mark to part the squire and lord.
Then was brought in the lusty brawn
By old blue-coated serving-man;
Then the grim boar's-head frown'd on high,
Crested with bays and rosemary.
Well can the green-garb'd ranger tell
How, when, and where the monster fell;
What dogs before his death he tore,
And all the baiting of the boar;
While round the merry wassel bowl,
Garnish'd with ribbons, blithe did troll.
There the huge sirloin reek'd; hard by
Plum-porridge stood, and Christmas pie;
Nor fail'd old Scotland to produce
At such high tide her savory goose.
Then came the merry maskers in,
And carols roar'd with blithesome din:
If unmelodious was the song,
It was a hearty note and strong.
Who lists may in their mumming see
Traces of ancient mystery;
White shirts supply the masquerade,
And smutted cheeks the visor made;
But, oh! what masquers, richly dight,
Can boast of bosoms half so light!
England was merry England when
Old Christmas brought his sports again.
'Twas Christmas broach'd the mightiest ale;
'Twas Christmas told the merriest tale;
A Christmas gambol oft would cheer
A poor man's heart through half the year."

In a note to "Marmion," he illustrates a passage preceding the above, in which the wild customs of the heathen Danes at Iol, from which we get the world *Yule*, are alluded to. The humor of the Danes at table displayed itself in pelting each other with bones; and Torfæus tells a long and curious story, in the history of Hrolfe Kraka, of one Hottus, an inmate of the court of Denmark, who was so generally assailed in this manner, that he constructed, out of bones with which he was overwhelmed, a very respectable entrench-

ment to defend himself against those who continued the raillery. The dances of the Northern warriors round the fires of pine trees are commemorated by Claus Magnus, who says they danced and whirled round with such fury, holding each other by the hand, that, if the grasp of any failed, he was pitched into the fire with the velocity and force as if hurled from a sling. The sufferer on such occasions was quickly pulled out, and obliged to quaff a certain measure of ale, as a penalty for spoiling the King's fire.

In modern times a Yule-time was celebrated in Scotland in an equally wild and not so innocently boisterous a manner—not by pagan Norse warriors either, but by men claiming to be Christians, and in the very name of religion. There are records of fierce feuds among religionists. The histories of Europe, —the greatest nations of Europe, Germany, France, England, Scotland, Ireland,—are blurred and bloody with these pictures of persecution ; and we only refer to the instance under notice in consequence of its historic connection with the day, and as a sad commentary on the love, mutual forbearance, peace, and good-will among men suggested by it. In the times of turmoil consequent on the placing of William of Orange on the English throne, party complications were numerous as party hatreds were almost irrepressible. The Covenanters were disgusted with holidays and the reverence supposed to be involved in their observance. They conspired against the churches and the holiday-keepers, and in a spirit of reckless frenzy selected the day associated with the Heavenly Lamb, on which to manifest their violent opposition to days of special religious feeling or fervor. Macaulay, while palliating, to some extent, their dreadful acts, on account of the oppression suffered by them, gives a too suggestive picture of the result of their grim disgust:—

"On Christmas-day, therefore, the Covenanters held armed musters by concert in many parts of the Western shires. Each band marched to the nearest manse, and sacked the cellar and larder of the minister, which at that season were probably better stocked than usual. The priest of Baal was reviled and insulted, sometimes beaten, sometimes ducked. His furniture was thrown out of the window; his wife and children turned out of doors in the snow. He was then carried to the market place, and exposed during some time as a malefactor. His gown was torn to shreds over his head; if he had a prayer-book in his pocket, it was burned; and he was dismissed with a charge never, as he valued his life, to officiate in the parish again. The work of reformation having been thus completed, the reformers locked up the church and departed with the keys." *

And so the Covenanters kept the Christmas, A. D. 1689.

In pleasing contrast to this recital of horror is the celebration of Christmas during the siege of Orleans in 1428; when, by mutual understanding, hostilities were suspended for twenty-four hours, during which the religious duties of the occasion were observed, national dishes cooked, and the merriment usual to the festivity indulged in, in a manner worthy of Christian gentlemen, even if they were at war with each other.

In Ireland, the Christmas festival is one of great cheer and unity. It is observed also with much imposing religious ceremony. It is a custom in most Catholic families to sit up till midnight on Christmas-eve, in order to join in the devotions at that hour.

We agree with Gerald Griffin that "few ceremonies of religion have a more splendid and imposing effect than the morning mass, which, in cities, is celebrated soon after the hour alluded to, and long before day-break." On this eve, a candle called the Christmas light (previously blessed) is lighted at sunset. Griffin alluded to it:

> "The Christmas light is burning bright
> In many a village pane,
> And many a cottage rings to-night
> With many a merry strain."

It is considered a kind of impiety to touch, snuff, or use this Christmas light for aught save religious purposes, after. On Christmas-day the Irish people exchange Christmas-boxes—any gift being termed a box—but deriving the title from little boxes of turned wood stained red, which are given to young people and dependants with a coin to rattle in it:

* Macaulay's "History of England," vol. iii, p. 199.

"Gladly the boy, with Christmas-box in hand,
Throughout the town his devious route pursues;
And of his master's customers implores
The yearly mite; often his cash he shakes,
The which perchance of coppers few consists,
Whose dulcet jingle fills his little soul with joy!"

The houses are decked with holly branches interweaved with ivy leaves. The holly has come down to us from the remote past as a favorite among the evergreens, and as being allegorically typical of the Redeemer's mission. The following is quoted from an old broad-sheet of a century and a half ago:

"The holy and the ivy
Now are both well grown;
Of all the trees that are in the wood
The holly bears the crown.

"The holly bears a blossom
As white as the lily flower—
And Mary bore sweet Jesus Christ,
To be our sweet Saviour.

"The holly bears a berry
As red as any blood—
And Mary bore sweet Jesus Christ
To do poor sinners good.

"The holly bears a prickle
As sharp as any thorn;
And Mary bore sweet Jesus Christ
On Christmas-day in the morn."

All the relatives of an Irish family assemble at the house of the "head," or sometimes at that of the "most well-to-do" member, and keep up the time with wit and wassail, congratulations on the successes of the year, and words of comfort to those who may have fallen in fortune; while the young exhibit their gifts and "boxes," sing, dance, and amuse themselves with healthy hilarity. Inextricably mingled with the delight of the Irish home and heart at such and every other festival, are thoughts and feelings which have inspired one of the most beautiful and touching of modern ballads by Martin McDermott, of which the opening will be sufficiently suggestive:—

"When round the festive Christmas board, or
by the Christmas hearth,
That glorious mingled draught is poured—
wine, melody, and mirth!
When friends long absent tell, low-toned, their
joys and sorrows o'er,
And hand grasps hand, and eyelids fill, and lips
meet lips once more—
Oh! in that hour 'twere kindly done, some
woman's voice would say,
'Forget not those who're sad to-night—poor
exiles, far away.'"

There are few households among the people of Ireland, which have not some dear relative to be remembered on such an occasion—some voluntary or political exile far away.

The mummers are an institution in rural places in Ireland, as well as in England and Scotland. They have their revels and doggerel dramas for the occasion also; some of them of similar descent, but taking color in their most popular and effective points from national feeling and love of satire, without regard to history. In one of these the chief characters are a "Master of the Play," whose duties are similar to those of "Father Christmas" in the Cornish play—"Oliver Cromwell," "St. Patrick," "Beelzebub," "The Turk," and "St. George" are also introduced; but the latter does not get off so victoriously as when in his own country. Oliver Cromwell announces himself:—

"Here come I Oliver Cromwell, as you may
suppose,
I've conquer'd many nations with my copper nose;
I've made the French to tremble, and the Spanish
for to quake
And beat the Dolly Dutchman till his heart did
shake."

"St. Patrick" thus:—

"Here I come St. Patrick, the patron of the land,
I've banished snakes and serpents with my holy
wand;
I've blessed the land of Erin, I've blessed it o'er
and o'er,
And in honor of St. Patrick the shamrock green is
wore."

In reciting some of his adventures in a loud and boastful tone, St. George is flouted by the Turk.

St. George:—

"Many's the giant I did subdue:
I pierced the fiery dragon thro and thro."

Turkish Champion (advancing):—

"You lie, sir."

St. George:—

"Pull out your sword and try, sir."

They fight with great energy until the saint is killed by the Turk. After lying in

the agonies of death, he is restored by a quack doctor who carried "a little bottle in the waistband of his breeches."

On finding himself alive again, the saint exclaims:—

"A wonder! a wonder!
Was there ever such a wonder?
A man knocked out of his seventeen
Senses into eighteen;
Yet let him be a bull or a bear,
Three drops will cure him I declare."

* * * * *

This rigmarole, which can be continued *ad libitum*, and receives constant additions from the humor of the actors, is received with great glee by the audience, and concludes with the usual appeal for money. On the day succeeding Christmas, St. Stephen's-day, numbers proceed from house to house, soliciting contributions towards the "burying of the wren;" in fact, the getting up of a merry-making at night-time. They carry a wren in a rustic wicker cage, or a green branch of pine decked with ribbons, and sing—

"The wren, the wren, the king of all birds,
On St. Stephen's-day was caught in the furze,
Altho' he is little, his honor is great—
Rise up, landlady, and give us a treat.
Up with the kettle and down with the pan,
A penny or two-pence to bury the wren—
Your pocket full of money and your barrel full of beer,
I wish you all a merry Christmas and a happy New Year."

This varies in some localities. One version, after the fourth line above, continues:—

"Sing holly, sing ivy—sing ivy, sing holly,
A drop just to drink it would drown melancholy;
And if you draw it of the best,
I hope your soul in heaven may rest;
But if you draw it out of the small,
It won't agree with the wren-boys at all!"

At night bonfires are blazing in front of the house or inn where the "wren-boys" and their friends meet, and there is considerable capering, toasting, and love-making both in and out of doors. The allusion to the wren being the king of the birds involves a story common to the legends of Germany and other countries, as well as to those of Ireland.

In Germany, Christmas is the most joyous period of the year, the population entering into its celebration with serious care as well as zest and humor. Active preparations commence as early as the first of December, and supply the subject of gossip and gay anticipation up to Christmas-day. At the beginning of the month the Christ-market, or fair for the sale of toys, gifts, Christmas-trees and wax candles, is opened—the booths, presenting bright and fairy-like appearances, being handsomely illuminated and dressed with the green boughs of the fir and pine. Bayard Taylor, who gives a pleasant description of the customs as he enjoyed them in his fresh youth, thinks the Christmas celebration the most beautiful and interesting of all German festivals.

There is a custom observed on St. Nicholas'-day (6th December), which derives its significance from the belief that Nicolaus is regarded as the punishing spirit, in contradistinction to the Christkindchen, who is the blessed rewarding genius.

On the evening of the day in question, one of the family, grotesquely disguised in a fur robe, and wearing a mask and tall tapering, cap, makes his appearance, bearing a bunch of rods, a sack, and a broom for a sceptre. He makes a sudden appearance, lays about him indiscriminately with his bunch of switches, so as to make a scattering of those present; he then empties his sack of apples and nuts, during the scramble for which he taps the boys and girls on the fingers if he can. The children are taught to say, "I thank thee, Herr Nicolaus;" and the rods which are sometimes gilded are hung up and displayed in the room till Christmas-day, to remind the children that they must be good to welcome, and win reward from, the Christkindchen. On Christmas-eve the children go about singing a rhyme to this effect:

"Oh, to-morrow is a glorious day!
How happy we shall be;
The Christ-child is not far away—
We'll see the Christmas tree."

On the day of *the* festival, an interchange of gifts is general. There are great and anxious expectations for the sounding of Christkindchen's bell in the assembled families.—Hark! it rings! the darling Christkindchen's bell! The expectant troops run, leap, tumble over each other to the room, where,

amid a blaze of light, and surrounded with flowers and wreaths, and sweetmeats and gilded nuts, the offerings and rewards are arranged. The children now run shouting around the tables seeking their gifts, while older persons betray not less anxious, even if less demonstrative, pleasure in the same pursuit. As each one finds the gift intended, he or she seeks and embraces the giver. "What a chorus from happy hearts!" says Taylor, reverting to the occasion in which he took part,—"what a chorus from happy hearts went up that evening to heaven! Full of poetry and feelings and glad associations, it is here anticipated with joy, and leaves a pleasant memory behind it. We may laugh at such simple festivals at home in America, and prefer to shake ourselves loose from every shackle that bears the rust of the past, but we would be certainly happier if some of those beautiful old customs were better honored. They renew the bond of feeling between families and friends, and strengthen thus their kindly sympathy. Even lifelong friends require occasions of this kind to freshen the wreaths that bind them together."

In Italy, the Christmas festival is one of great and unusual pomp, especially in the city of Rome. In Venice, Florence, and Milan, also, there are active preparations for days preceding, and much delightful interchange of feeling and generosity on and after the festival. The animation of central and northern Italy is, however, greatly outdone by the universal fairing, marketing, and wild glee of Naples, where it is the custom to hold a fast on Christmas-eve, which is more than overbalanced by the indulgence in wine which takes place, and the hospitality which follows. When a party is invited to supper on Christmas-eve, it is understood to extend to dinner on the next two days. In Mrs. Jameson's "Legends of the Madonna," the allusions to the Italian pictures of the Adoration of the Shepherds give us glimpses of local Christmas customs. The painters paid more attention to the manners of their own time and country, than to those of the Nativity or Judea. It is the well-known custom in Italy for the shepherds of the Campagna, and of Calabria, to pipe before the Madonna and Child at Christmas time; and, adds Mrs. Jameson, "these Piffereri, with their sheepskin jackets, ragged hats, bagpipes, and tabors, were evidently the models reproduced in some of the finest pictures of the Bolognese school." As a striking proof, she instances the famous "Nativity" by Annibale Caracci, where a picturesque figure in the corner is blowing on the bagpipes with might and main.

In Norway, there is a beautiful custom associated with the great festival. On Christmas morning every gable, gate-way, barn-door, and paling is decorated with a sheaf of corn fixed on a pole, from which it is hoped "the birds of the air" will regale themselves throughout the holidays. There is a lesson in this from which many might take an example of forethought in generosity towards those whose resources may be cut off by the imclemency of the season.

At Bethlehem, the cradle of the great revelation, the festival is celebrated with peculiar and profound sanctity. On Christmas afternoon crowds of pilgrims leave Jerusalem for Bethlehem, which is about six miles distant. The road is lined with camels, horses, mules, and donkeys, bearing those who are going to participate in the ceremonies. Many pilgrims are afoot. Bethlehem is all commotion. The people are on the flat house-tops to welcome the new arrivals, while the bells clang, and amid the general stir, venders of figs and lemonade perambulate and utter their peculiar cries: "O soother of sorrows, O figs! O delight of life, O lemonade!"

The Church of the Nativity was constructed in the fifth century over the grotto which tradition has fixed as the birthplace on earth of the Saviour. The edifice is the oldest in the Holy Land. It is irregular in form, dilapidated in many places, and has several old cells beneath the main building, in one of which St. Jerome passed the latter part of his life in prayer and fasting.

The people of and pilgrims to Bethlehem gather in this church, which holds several thousand, in the evening; and a procession headed by the superbly-robed dignitaries of the Church, attended by acolytes bearing a profusion of lights, moves through the edifice. The procession halts at intervals to make "the Stations of the Cross," prayers com-

memorative of the Redeemer's progress to Calvary; and towards midnight the grand procession descends into the sacred grotto under the grand altar of the church. Of course, the limited size of the grotto precludes any but the chief persons of the crowd from entering. On the spot where our Blessed Lord was born, is a star-fringed, flat ring set in a block of marble, with a suitable inscription in Latin commemorating the glorious event; and above it are ever-burning lamps of gold and silver, which are continuously attended by a monk to see that the lights are *never* extinguished. When the ceremonies are ended in the grotto—after midnight—the bishops and priests return to the body of the church, and are hailed with shouts of joy and reverence by the pilgrims, who, amid enthusiastic confusion, rush and crowd forward to light their tapers anew from those borne by the returning dignitaries. Again the procession is formed. As it moves around the church, crowds press into its ranks; and the devotional fervor, accompanied by the chanting of voices and the sounding of bells, altogether makes the scene one of thrilling and exciting impressiveness, which never, never can be forgotten.

In the second canto of the *Jerusalem Delivered*—where Ismeno, the sorcerer, is advising Aladine, the King of Jerusalem, to desecrate the shrine, and reviles the devotions of the Christians—we find a description of the grotto and the customs associated with it:—

"Low in the Christian temple, under earth,
Stands in a secret grotto the rich shrine
Of her who gave their buried God to birth,
The Virgin Mother and the saint divine:
Before the veil that screens her image shine
Undying lamps.
* * * * * *
The sapient devotees their gifts suspend,
There in long vigils kneel, in dumb devotion bend."

Returning from the sacred grotto—the scene in which, eighteen hundred and seventy-five years ago, formed the earthly pivot, so to speak, upon which all the memories and devotions and customs we have glanced at, revolve—to our own broad land, we know that the day is variously honored; and that year after year the observance of it as a glorious holiday, as the holiday of the Christian year, becomes more and more general, more and more delightful, more and more expressive of the generosity, good-nature, charity, Christian love, fervid devotion and social amenity, which illustrate and develop the Christian virtues. Throughout the land there is a social illumination charming to think of. Hundreds of thousands of Christmas trees are brilliant with light, and typify all the resources thoughtful love and generous friendship can suggest, inspiring unbounded thanks, refreshing geniality, and innocent merriment. Let us hope that the various qualities of good-nature and good feeling, engendered or drawn forth by the happy occasion, will so bear their influences as to outlive the holidays, obliterate past trouble and ill-will, and carry "peace and good-will" far into the duties of the New Year. The conclusion inevitably arrived at by even our hasty glance at the Christian revels is, that it is healthy "to keep up the good old customs." The memory of those days often embraces the greatest blessings that linger in the mind, chastening our thoughts with the feelings and pleasures of innocent days, and guiding us from error and evil by calling back the faces of good and pure people, or some solemn devotional scene of childhood, in connection with whose virtues, or awe-inspiring splendor, we could not dare to think of ill. We believe in holidays. They refresh mind and body, and lead to that social interchange, which keeps alive the spirit of fraternal and human affection, and calls forth that charity, happily set forth as a duty by an old carol—an injunction we in conclusion earnestly echo:—

"Be merry all, be merry all,
With holly dress the festive hall;
Prepare the song, the feast, the ball,
To welcome merry Christmas.

"When you the costly banquet deal
To guests, who never famine feel,
Oh, spare one morsel from your meal
To feed the poor at Christmas!
* * * * * *
"So shall each note of mirth appear
More sweet to heaven than praise or prayer,
And angels in their carols there
Shall bless the poor at Christmas."

ORIGIN OF SLAVERY.

St. Augustine, in his famous book, "*De Civitate Dei*," informs us that sin and war are the parents of slavery. In old times the military cohort, returning from a successful expedition, dragged after it a long train of sheep, of oxen, and of human captives, whom it treated with the same brutal contempt. The working classes of the present day are the representatives of the slaves of pagan times. We see around us artisans of every species—carpenters, bakers, smiths, and shoemakers. In pagan times artisans existed similar to these, but they were invariably slaves. In the Latin language slaves are termed *servi*. The first slaves were preserved from death on the battle-field to be sold like cattle in the market-place. *Servi fiebant a servando appellati*—a condition to which they could not be reduced, says St. Augustine, without sin.

To prove that slavery likewise originated in war, this illustrious writer quotes the 9th chapter and 5th verse of the prophet Daniel. When the Jewish people were transferred by the armed legions of Assyria from the banks of the Jordan to those of the Euphrates—when his countrymen were clanking in fetters and subjected to the lash, Daniel, animated by that ardent patriotism which is inseparable from a generous nature, exclaimed: "We have sinned; we have done wickedly, and revolted against thy commandments, and gone aside from thy judgment." He ascribed national disaster to flagrant transgression. This species of evidence is perfectly satisfactory to a Christian mind. War and sin are the origin of slavery.

The oldest book in profane literature throws light upon this argument. The broils and battles, the calamities and reverses, which rage, lament, or roar in the twenty-four books of Homer's "Iliad," originate in a quarrel about two slaves or prisoners of war. The king, Agamemnon, was obliged to relinquish his slave—he was obliged to give back to her father the captive he had taken in war.

"I preferred this slave to my wife," says the king, "though Clytemnestra was a virgin spouse. Instructed as she was in the graceful labors of Minerva, this girl was not inferior in grace or intelligence to my queen. As I do not desire the destruction but the safety of my people, let this slave be free. You must, however, prepare me my recompense, for it is not just that I alone should go without reward."

"Your sordid avarice is equal to your exalted dignity," exclaims Achilles. "I am at a loss to know what recompense the magnanimous Acheans can give you. I am not aware that there is any booty in reserve. The plunder of the captured cities has been already shared among the soldiers. It cannot now be brought back, aggregated in a heap, and divided anew. Send back your prisoner, however; and when Jove allows the Greeks to swarm over Troy and rifle that lofty city, you shall have a reward three times, four times, as great as that which you relinquish."

"Do not attempt to delude me," says the king bitterly, "nor make a jest of this affair. You cannot persuade me to comply with your volition. Are *you* to keep *your* slave, while I am deprived of mine? The just Acheans, responsive to my desires, shall give me another captive, equal to her whom I part with. If they do not give her, I shall take her myself; I shall take the slave of Ajax, or of Ulysses, or perhaps even thine."

Exasperated by this threat, Achilles bursts into fury: "Shameless and rapacious vagabond," he exclaims, "there is not one among the Acheans base enough to obey your behest, or draw the sword at your command. For my part, I do not come here to wage war against the Trojans. This is not my purpose. With reference to me, the Trojans are innocent. They have plundered no

war-horse from my stables, swept no oxen from my pastures, ravaged no harvest in fruitful and populous Phthia, the country I command, which forests mantle and which surges wash. It is only for your private advantage, for the honor of Menelaus and your sordid gain, that the Acheans follow you to Troy, and now, you brute-faced dog, you trample on and despise them; and from myself you rend the only reward the Acheans have given me; you rob me of the fair fruit of my martial sweat, and heat, and labor in the war. I do not expect, when Troy comes down before the onslaught of the Greeks, to have an equal share with you in the division. In the rough work of war I shall have an equal share; but when the spoils are divided in the midst of the camp, the best will be yours, the least mine. Content with that paltry share, I shall be obliged to return to my galleys, exhausted with bloodshed and weary with toil. Not then, but now, shall I depart. This instant I return to Phthia. Better for me to turn the dark prows of my galleys at once to my native land, than to remain here winning honor and booty for a wretch who insults me."

"Begone!" says the king. "Away with you! I have not asked you to stay. Better men stand by my side. But of all mankind, I hate you most—you, whom quarrel, riot, broil, and tumult delight. If you are brave, your courage is a gift from heaven. Now begone; loose your galleys and begone. Call your myrmidons and depart. I deride your rage. I disdain your assistance. But hear me ere you go. Since Apollo desires my slave, her I shall return. She shall depart, accompanied by my people in my own galley. In turn, however, I shall seize your slave, the daughter of Briseus, in your tent. Then you will learn how far I transcend you in power, and others, thenceforth, shall avoid to rival my authority."

At these scornful words we are told the soul of Achilles took fire. In his maddened heart two impulses struggled in terrible conflict; one was to draw his shearing sword from his side, and, cutting his desperate way through the armed crowd, bury the shining blade in the royal breast of Agamemnon. The other was to suppress his fury and appease his hot and heaving heart. Fluctuating between wrath and reason, his unconscious hand was on his sword, when the goddess of reason, descending from heaven, seized the fierce warrior by his amber hair. She was invisible to all others, to him she was radiantly visible. Achilles turned round with awe, and recognized Minerva, from whose resplendent eyes shot flames of dreadful brilliancy. He knew her from the terrible splendor of her glances, etc.

Thus the narrative proceeds; and thus the most ancient quarrel described in profane literature originated in slavery, and thus, too, St. Augustine is illustrated by Homer.

The annals of Ireland afford an additional illustration. A manuscript history of the wars of the Irish and the Danes, which is preserved in Trinity College, assures us that, after the battle of Clontarf, every quern in Ireland was turned by the sad, fair hand of a Danish slave, and the flail was wielded by the sturdy arm of a Danish bondman on every thrashing-floor in Ireland. Such a war as that of the Crimea, had it taken place before the Church abolished slavery, would have doubtless furnished Russian slaves to all the opulent farmers of England.

Among the tributes which, according to the "Book of Rights," Irish princes were entitled to, slaves hold a conspicuous place. Thus, the chief of Bruree, on the river Maigue, is annually entitled to receive from Cashel, not only "seven swords" and "seven drinking-horns from which wine is drunk," but "seven serving youths and seven bondwomen." This lord of Bruree is bound in his turn to pay a tribute which, amongst other things, consists of "ten foreigners without Gaelic." That is, slaves imported from foreign lands, who were unacquainted with the Irish tongue, and who, like mutes in the household of eastern princes, were incapable of betraying the secrets of their owners. In the same way, the chief of Eile, a district in the King's county, is entitled to

> "Six shields, and six bright swords,
> Six bondmen, six bondwomen."

It is highly probable that these slaves were the result of foreign wars, which the Irish carried on in distant countries. Thus Milner tells us, in his "History of Winchester," "The Irish under their king, Nial of the Nine Hostages, landing in the west of England,

spread desolation to the shores opposite Gaul." We may rest assured that the "free-born Britons" whom Nial captured in England, were shipped for Ireland, to crowd the slave market of its principal cities. The example of St. Patrick affords an illustration of this process. St. Patrick was captured by the Irish, or, as they are commonly called, the Celtic invaders of Gaul—the country which is now termed France. From Gaul his military captors conveyed St. Patrick to Ireland, the metropolis of the Celts, where he was sold for the profit of his owners. His price was, doubtless, that of all slaves, four times the value of an ox. His name at that time was not Patrick; his original name was Sigh-Cath, which signifies "the genius of battle" —a proof, if any were wanted, that Irish was the language of Gaul. Patrick was purchased apparently by several persons: he was at once the property of four parties. From these he was purchased by Milcius, a druid, who employed him in herding cattle. Had this young slave been an artisan, he would have been employed in a town, and worked at his trade for the profit of his master within the precincts of some "bally" or villa. But as he was young and untrained to any handicraft, he was naturally and necessarily employed as a herdsman.

Slavery was attended with an unavoidable disadvantage in other employments. The agricultural slave, for instance, could not always work, but he could always eat. It was necessary to feed and clothe him when it was not always possible to find him employment. When his occupation was tending cattle, this was perhaps less the case, as cattle require continuous attention.

Next to the public war of nations, the maritime piracy of private individuals was the most prolific source of slavery. In the very dawn of Irish history, Ireland was infested and ravaged by pirates in the most horrible and cruel manner. These marauders are named Fomorians—a term, says Keating, which signifies "sea-robbers." The name is derived, according to the same authority, from *fo*, "powerful," and *muz*, "the sea." The inhabitants of Ireland were compelled by these armed freebooters to give them, annually, in addition to larger quantities of agricultural produce, two-thirds of their children. This mysterious people, who have left no trace behind them but the memory of their misdeeds, appear to be identical with the Pelasgians, who, like them, were rovers of the surges in the very dawn of human history. "As there are animals," says Niebuhr, "members of tribes that seem to belong to other forms, and to have been left behind as aliens to pine away in an altered world, so the Pelasgians, in the portion of history within the reach of our monuments and legends, appear only in a state of ruin and decay; and this is what renders them so mysterious. The old traditions spoke of them as a race pursued by the heavenly powers with never-ending calamities; and the traces of their abode, which were found in very widely distant regions, gave rise to the fancy that they roamed from land to land in the hope of escaping from these afflictions. And whereas the best inheritance which either a nation or an individual can leave is the memory of what it was, no people has ever been more hardly dealt with in this respect than the Pelasgians. Even Ephorus, early as he lived, seems to have refused them the character of a nation, and to have imagined that the name was merely one assumed by a band of marauders who had issued from Arcadia, and received accessions from a variety of tribes; whereas, if we view the fable of their wanderings in a different light, and search for the traces of their diffusion, we shall perceive that they are one of the greatest nations of ancient Europe, who, in the course of their migrations, spread almost as widely as the Celts."

All antiquity was unanimous in the belief that the Pelasgians were a people of whom it might be said literally,

> "*Their* march *was* on the mountain-wave,
> Their home was on the deep."

Niebuhr, in comparing them to the Celts, does not remove, he rather establishes the views of antiquity, for they, too, were wanderers. Be this as it may, one thing is quite certain: the word *Fomorian* is the Irish of *Pelasgian*, and, therefore, we may consider them as the same people.

Maritime piracy, the employment of this people, was highly respectable in ancient times. Indeed, power and courage are always respectable. Besides, piracy was invested with the dignity of danger—the

dexterity and daring, the skill and courage of the audacious pirate gave him dignity in pagan ages. On his deck, the rover of the surges was a king, and ruled not only the tempestuous elements, but the wildness of free minds with unbounded authority. There was something in his nature, it was felt, that could create, subvert and reform. Riding in his galley, the words of the poet were the pirate's motto:

"I ask not the pleasures which riches supply,
My sabre shall win what the feeble must buy—
Shall win the young bride with the long, flowing hair,
And many a maid from her mother shall tear."

To return. The arrival of a fleet is described in the seventh book of the Odyssey, with cargoes of wine for the use of the Grecian camp. When the wine is discharged, the fleet takes on board, amongst other articles, a considerable cargo of slaves. From the words of the prophet Joel, chapter 3, we may reasonably infer that the opulence of Tyre and Sidon (the Liverpool and Manchester of ancient times) originated in a trade of slaves. That beautiful land, fanned with majestic palm-trees, was crowded with the sooty children of Lybia and the flaxen-haired sons of northern Europe, jangling in fetters, branded with "stigmata," and exposed for sale. The language of the Bible with reference to this nefarious traffic is very pathetic: "What have you to do with me, O Tyre and Sidon? . . . The children of Juda and the children of Jerusalem you have sold to the children of the Greeks, that you might remove them far off from their own country. And the boy they have put in the stews, and the girl they have sold for wine, that they might drink." (*Joel*, iii.) Perhaps the horrors of slavery, the degradation to which a vanquished people were exposed, were never described more pathetically than in these few words from the prophet Joel.

This is not the only reference to slavery which we find in the sacred Scriptures. We read in *Exodus*, chapter 24: "He that shall steal a man and sell him, being convicted thereof, shall be put to death." We read in *Deuteronomy*: "If any man be found soliciting his brother of the children of Israel, and selling him for a price, he shall be put to death." In the exigencies, however, to which the Hebrews were reduced, these laws were often broken.

Among the many lamentable causes to which the origin of slavery may be ascribed, a prominent place must be given to social indigence. When iron-hearted hunger pulled them down, the unhappy people sold their children to allay the cravings of famine. The language of the prophet Nehemias on this subject must touch the heart of the most irreflective: "And there were some that said: our sons and our daughters are very many, let us take up corn for the price of them," etc.

Slavery in pagan times occasionally originated in indebtedness. In the 18th chapter of Matthew, a parable is spoken by our divine Redeemer, which proves this assertion. A monarch is described, "who would take an account with his servants. And when he had begun to take an account with them, one was brought to him who owed him a thousand talents, and as he had not wherewith to pay it, the lord commanded that he should be sold, and his wife and his children, and payment to be made."

Every one who possesses the most rudimentary knowledge of history must be aware that it was the Catholic Church which abolished slavery in Europe. In thus liberating the working classes, the Church laid the foundations of political freedom.

A TRANSLATION FROM THE CLASSICS.

By Dr. James Pech, of New College, Oxford.

Virgilius—Æ. ii. 692.

Vix ea fatus erat senior: subitoque fragore
Intonuit lævum, et de cœlo lapsa per umbras
Stella facem ducens multa cum luce cucurrit.
Illam, summa super labentem culmina tecti,
Cernimus Idæa claram se condere silva,
Signantemque vias: tum longo limite sulcus
Dat lucem, et late circum loca sulfure fumant.
Hic vero victus genitor se tollit ad auras,
Affaturque deos, et sanctum sidus adorat:
Jam, jam nulla mora est; sequor, et quo ducitis, adsum.
Di patrii, servate domum, servate nepotem:
Vestrum hoc augurium, vestroque in numine Troja est.
Cedo equidem: nec, nate, tibi comes ire recuso.
Dixerat ille; et jam per mœnia clarior ignis
Auditur, propiusque æstus incendia volvunt.
Ergo age, care pater, cervici imponere nostræ,
Ipse subito humeris, nec me labor iste gravabit:
Quo res cumque cadent, unum et commune periclum,
Una salus ambobus erit. Mihi parvus Iulus
Sit comes, et longe servet vestigia conjux.
Vos famuli, quæ dicam, animis advertite vestris.
Est urbe egressis tumulus templumque vetustum
Desertæ Cereris, juxtaque antiqua cupressus,
Religione patrum multos servata per annos:
Hanc, ex diverso, sedem veniemus in unam.
Tu, genitor, cape sacra manu patriosque Penates:
Me, bello e tanto digressum et cæde recenti,
Attrectare nefas, donec me flumine vivo
Abluero.
Hæc fatus, latos humeros, subjectaque colla
Veste super, fulvique insternor pelle leonis;
Succedoque oneri. Dextræ se parvus Iulus
Implicuit, sequiturque patrem non passibus æquis.
Pone subit conjux. Ferimur per opaca locorum;
Et me, quem dudum non ulla injecta movebant
Tela, neque adverso glomerati ex agmine Graii,
Nunc omnes terrent auræ, sonus excitat omnis
Suspensum, et pariter comitique onerique timentem.
Jamque propinquabam fortis, omnemque videbar
Evasisse viam; subito quum creber ad aures
Visus adesse pedum sonitus; genitorque per umbram
Prospiciens, Nate, exclamat, fuge, nate; propinquant;
Ardentes clipeos, atque æra micantia cerno.

Virgil—Æ. ii. 692.

Scarce had Anchises spoke, when thunder rolls
Loud on the left, and rends the rattling poles:
A meteor, shooting from th' ethereal height,
Streams through the shades, a blazing trail of light:
Just o'er our roof we see the radiance glide,
Then sink in foliage of unbrageous Ide:
Where swept the blaze, a lucid path we trace,
Distinct; and steams of sulphur fill the place.
My sire relents, to heav'n he darts his eye,
And greets the flaming signal of the sky:
"I yield," he cries: "in me is no delay:
I yield, and follow where ye point the way.
This star is yours: 'tis yours to save the boy,
To save our race, ye guardian powers of Troy!
No dark forebodings, son, this bosom knows:
With thee thy sire a willing exile goes."
He spoke: the crackling flames appall our souls:
Near, and more near, the conflagration rolls.
"Come then, dear father! come, my neck ascend:
Beneath that duteous weight with joy I bend.
Haste, and with me the race of danger run;
Sav'd by one fate, or by one fate undone.
The child Iulus by my side shall pace:
Creüsa! thou my steps, observant, trace.
Servants! your master's warning voice attend:
Where Troy's broad bulwarks to the plain descend,
Swells a low mound of earth; and, mouldering by,
The shrines of Ceres long-neglected lie:
A cypress, nurtur'd with religious care,
Waves, near, its reverend foliage high in air.
At this fix'd point let our converging feet,
By every path, from all directions, meet.
My sire! our tutelary Gods demand
The pure conveyance of thy spotless hand.
Profane my touch, till streams perennial lave
These blood-stain'd fingers in their cleansing wave."
Then o'er my shoulders broad, a vest below,
A tawny lion's shaggy spoils I throw,
And lift my burden; to my fingers clung
The child, and tripp'd with mincing steps along;
Creüsa follow'd close. In wild dismay,
Darkling, precipitate, we urge our way.
And me, whom late nor javelins showering round,
Nor charging shock of myriad Greeks confound,
Each murmur, now, and whispering breeze affright,
Maz'd for the dear companions of my flight.
Thus to the gates our eager steps we bore,
And every danger fondly deem'd no more;
When sudden sounds of trampling hosts invade
Our startled ears; and, glancing through the shade,
Exclaims Anchises: "Fly, my son! oh, fly!
Their sparkling spears and blazing shields I spy"

MR. MAURICE.

CHAP. VI—Continued.

He found his worst fears realized.

"I can't advise you in this matter," his friend had said, with a solemn countenance, "but of one thing you may be sure: Judge Lyon will pursue this to the bitter end."

It seems that the broker had called at Maurice's office, late the preceding day, and not finding Maurice in, had gone to his partner to make some inquiries about the mortgage. The latter was not long in observing what awakened his suspicion, and then began a hurried investigation, which revealed the terrible crime that had been committed.

"He is very bitter," continued the broker, "and I have sent for you to see if we cannot devise some means to avoid the consequences."

Maurice felt his blood mount indignantly to his face at this suggestion, for such he regarded it, that he should take refuge in flight, but he said nothing.

"If I were you," continued the other, coming directly to the point, "I should get out of the way for the present, until the matter can be fixed up."

"Let me ask you," interrupted Maurice, "whether you are my friend in this matter?"

"To be sure I am. If I were not, I should not have summoned you here."

"Then let me beg of you, if you wish me to regard you as a friend, never to breathe such a proposal to me again."

"Well, of course, you must do as you think best. But, in my judgment, self-preservation is the first law of nature."

Maurice seemed unnaturally calm in view of the position he occupied. But he was no coward, and had stood face to face with danger too often before, to be guilty of running away from this. Although his brain seemed burning with the heat and excitement of the moment, he said quietly, but with determination:

"No doubt your advice is given in the most friendly spirit. I believe that fully; but, notwithstanding all that you say, be the consequences what they may, I shall remain where I am and meet them. On that, I am determined. I never felt that I was a criminal in this matter, until you suggested my running away. Of course you do not know all the circumstances. *I do;* and it shall never be said of *me* that I sought in such a despicable manner to escape the consequences of my own acts. I have made myself amenable to the law, and the law shall have the uttermost farthing of the penalty!"

Of course it was vain to attempt to reason him out of this resolution.

"I shall go to the office, at once," he proceeded, "and meet my partners. After that I shall do what my conscience and best judgment shall determine."

Meanwhile, the matter had been told to but one living soul, but, by some strange concurrence of circumstances, that person was the very one of all who should not have known of it. For he it was who in hot haste had carried the news to Claremont.

CHAP. VII.

This was the true history of those remarkable events. But it was not thus that Maurice told it to the doctor. His first impulse had been to tell him all just as it had occurred. But how could he do that, without bringing disgrace on other innocent ones, still more innocent, some of them, than he? If he even had a momentary purpose so to do, the first thought of his brother and poor little Eugenia were sufficient to banish it peremptorily and forever.

Then again, to tell the doctor and the others plainly that he had committed a *forgery*, would be to, at once, drive him from the

house, and justly. That he could not contemplate with any patience whatever, so he was obliged, there being no other course, to prevaricate. He had to resort to suppression and explanation, as best he could, and in such a way as to ward off so terrible a judgment upon himself. He sought to make it appear that there had been no *crime* committed at all; that what he had done was but an error of judgment. He partially succeeded, but even then he felt that the relief was only temporary. Suspicion, once awakened, never slumbers until satisfied to the uttermost.

Josie, although she had heard all, said never a word, but the effect upon her was very severe, as it was natural to suppose. Twice now had her idol toppled. How could she trust or believe his words more?

The next day, Maurice returned to the city. His mind was utterly distracted with the terrible strain upon it. He was gloomy and despondent to the last degree, and could behold nothing before him or about him but blackest of darkness. It was only when he looked upward that he could see the light. Had it not been for the sustaining grace of Him whose baptism was almost yet damp upon his brow, he would have been strongly bent upon his own destruction.

More than once, in view of his own abject misery, but particularly by reason of the anguish he had brought upon those who had so loved and trusted him, he felt that it would be so much easier and better to be dead and buried, than to be compelled to live on under this load.

But think not to pass harsh judgment upon him, ye who were never born with the impulse to go wrong; who have had given to you a stolidness of temperament and coolness of judgment which forbid any tendency to err, without that overweening confidence in your fellows, which would lead you to trust them with implicit faith, even when your own honor were at stake. It is not for you, O immaculate ones! to sit in judgment on one whom the same God who constructed you, has, in his divine wisdom, seen fit to make less able to guide his feet aright.

The interview between the young man and his partners, on the day succeeding the disclosure, was long and painful. But one purpose had up to that moment animated them, in view of the apparent enormity of the offence, namely, the most condign punishment. It had never entered their thoughts that Maurice would come face to face with them, voluntarily. And as Judge Lyon, who by the way was one of nature's noblemen, and a man of the warmest heart, afterwards said: "The very fact of his coming frankly and boldly to meet the consequences of his crime, satisfied me that there was good material in him yet, and from that time I became his friend instead of his enemy."

But after this had been accomplished, and it had been arranged that the matter should proceed no further, it was still necessary that Maurice should take back these worthless securities, and pay the sum which they represented. This *must* be done, at all events. Meanwhile, the partnership must cease: Maurice himself suggested that; he felt that he could no longer hold a relationship with them, which involved the utmost mutual confidence.

And then followed weeks, weary, sickening weeks of endeavor to make good this money. He had strong hopes of success, and that once accomplished, Maurice felt that he could again, in time, resume his place in the firm, and then, too, and not until then, think of making Josie his wife.

At Claremont, notwithstanding they all believed him guilty of the crime with which he was charged, there was no word of censure, but on the contrary nothing but the greatest charity and consideration for him. Mrs. Duprey had been to New York, unknown to Maurice, and had a lengthy conversation with the partners.

As for Josie, the poor girl was almost distracted, yet bearing in his presence a quiet and unruffled exterior. She was in the most perplexing uncertainty, and questioned with herself as to her duty towards him under the circumstances. At times she was the prey of the most harassing thoughts. Her confidence had been sorely tried, and to Maurice this was the severest cross which he had to bear, namely, the thought that he had lost her respect.

For the weeks which followed, in all their intercourse both he and she were impressed with the conviction that it was hollow and unsatisfying. How earnestly he besought

her to wait patiently for the future, and how sincerely she struggled to discipline her heart into obedience!

The day appointed for the wedding had come and gone.

"It is right that it should be so," Maurice had said, when Mrs. Duprey had suggested a postponement. "I can wait months, years, if need be, for such a prize, and, by that time, she may be able to see everything in a different light."

It was now nearly the first of May. Maurice had been at Claremont, on the 21st of April, his birthday, and Josie had given him a pair of slippers, worked by her own hand. When they parted, she had made him promise to write to her soon, and she had agreed to answer promptly. It might have been his fancy that suggested it, but she seemed more reluctant than usual to part with him, and there was more than her wonted tenderness expressed in that last good-by.

A week passed, in which he had written twice, with no response. He had so long been tormented with this feeling of disappointment and apprehension, and had so schooled himself to be prepared for the worst, that he believed he was ready now to receive the crushing blow which he felt impended by a thread.

It did come, and was as follows.

"Dear Ed:

"It is of no use: I see plainly that I can never be your wife. I have often felt that it must not go on; that the longer I kept it up, the more guilty I would be in the end, by encouraging you. But I kept thinking all the time that I would get over my strange prejudices and suspicions of you, but I see that I do not feel towards you as a woman should towards the man she is going to marry. I have no *confidence* in you. I am constantly doubting your word: and can you blame me? When I renewed my engagement with you, I thought I had overcome my bitter feeling towards you, but I find that I have not. This may seem hard for me to tell you, but what could I do? I have fought against it for a long time, but I could never marry a man in whom I did not have implicit confidence. It is very hard for me to break my engagement with you. If I had no other consideration, what my pride will suffer? I will be thought fickle, a coquette, etc., and, of course, I cannot explain to my friends the reason for my action. You will blame me, I know, for encouraging you so long, but you know me well enough, I think, to believe me, when I say that I did my best to overcome this feeling. But it was impossible.

"Another thing—when you first became a Catholic, you were so zealous, and now you do not even speak of making your first communion, or having your children baptized, which I should have thought would have been your first consideration. All these things I have noticed, but you seemed always to dislike talking with *me* about your affairs. I was always treated as if I was not a party interested.

"I hope this will be a lesson to you, and if ever you make up your mind to marry a girl, be truthful with her from the beginning. With kind wishes, for your future, I remain as ever

"Josie Duprey."

And thus came an end to all his dreams. His hands shook as if smitten with palsy, while he read these dreadful lines. So intense was his agitation, that he became utterly oblivious to everything else. Shocked, wounded, almost blinded by the character of the words which burned into his brain, his first impulse, after reading it, was to almost curse the day he ever saw her. At once, she who had seemed hitherto all but angelic in character and disposition, appeared to be transformed into the cold, cynical, stony-hearted woman of the world, like all the rest of the sex, ready to smile when fortune wore a pleasing exterior, but equally quick to change the smile to a sneer or a taunt when clouds obscured the way. It seemed to him as if, now that there was no further amusement to be extracted from companionship with him, she was only too eager to laugh at his discomfiture, and trample in the dirt the heart which he had so freely and wholly laid at her feet.

Alas! how unjust even to himself were such mad imaginings! But his judgment, his every sense was so utterly warped, that he had no consideration or thought for any but himself. It never occurred to him, for a moment, that *she*, poor girl, might be carry-

ing a burden of sorrow equal with his own. He was so frantic in his despair, that he grew reckless. He who had been schooling himself to meet this blow, and fancying that, come as it might, it would find him prepared, was but a rudderless wreck of a man, in the presence of the real calamity.

Judge Carruthers entered at the very moment which found Maurice in the midst of his trouble, and his keen eyes at once detected that something had gone wrong. He knew the suffering which the young man had undergone in the preceding weeks, and out of his great heart had gone the warmest sympathy and compassion.

"What has happened to you, Maurice?" he asked kindly, advancing and laying his hand on the young man's shoulder.

For a moment, Maurice was unable to control himself sufficiently to speak. When he did, it was in almost broken accents.

"It is only another trouble, judge," he said, "added to those I already have. I had hoped, almost against hope, that this at least might be spared me. You know," he continued, after a pause, "how I have toiled and struggled to have this unfortunate business made right, and how eagerly, when I began to see the way clear, how eagerly I looked forward to the day when I could say it was accomplished. You know all this. You know that only yesterday the papers were executed and delivered which released me from all responsibility in the matter, but you do not know how light-hearted it made me, in view of"——

He did not finish the sentence, but his friend well understood to what he referred.

"Is there anything I can do or say," asked the judge, "to help you?"

"I don't know that you can do anything in this matter. You know of my relations with Miss Duprey. You know how this terrible disclosure has affected them, that it was the cause of postponing our marriage; and now, just as I was about to see myself reinstated in their esteem, comes the worst trouble that could happen to me. Perhaps it is no more than I ought to have expected, indeed I did half expect it; but of course, I always hoped matters would come right somehow. I want to ask you to read this letter," handing it to the judge: "of course it is in confidence. Perhaps you may be able to advise me what to do."

The latter took it, and carefully read it through.

"It is a pretty hard letter, Maurice," he said, returning it. "I scarcely know what to say about it. Why not talk with Judge Lyon? He has had more experience in such matters than I. At all events, do nothing rashly. My own judgment is, that this letter is not as severe as it seems."

Scarcely knowing what he did, but eager for sympathy, at least, he went to Judge Lyon, and fortunately found him alone.

It took but a moment to explain the situation, and the man before him was of all men the one to advise him. He took in the whole thing at a glance.

"Maurice," he said, "if I were you, I should not allow this to trouble me. You are young yet, and there is no need to hurry. I would not think of marrying at present. There are plenty of good women left in the world, although you can just now see but *one*. Your prospects are good, and you ought to have your choice of women."

This was so far from being encouragement to Maurice, that it sounded like sarcasm.

"As for this letter," said the judge proceeding, "if you are so deeply attached to this young lady, I don't think I should consider the matter ended at all. You must remember that she has passed through enough in this affair to make an old woman of her. I am at a loss to understand how she could have clung to you as she has, all through. Few women would have done so, and I am not surprised that you should think her a treasure. She has evidently now come to the conclusion that there is no hope, either for you or for her. What can she do, then, but withdraw from this engagement? You cannot blame her for so doing. Now if I can read this letter aright, it means just this, and no more. By the way—has she asked you to return her letters?"

Maurice answered that she had not.

"And does that circumstance mean nothing to you?" he asked. "Believe me, if this young girl could be assured that your future were all right, you would have no further trouble. Take my advice. Don't attempt to force matters. The moment you

attempt to *force* a woman, you awaken all her opposition. Shun her for a time. Or you might write her a short note, and, without pressing matters, request that before she makes a final determination, she would consider the thing for three months. By that time you will have assured her, I think, of the security of your position."

So Maurice returned to his desk and thought the matter all over again, and then wrote.

The trouble was, he wrote too much. He always did. It was utterly impossible for him to write coolly, without giving expression to his love and devotion in a dozen different ways. It closed by requesting that she should wear the ring he had given her, until he should see her again, at the end of the three months. He had little faith, indeed, that the letter would accomplish anything, but drowning men will catch at straws.

It was answered promptly—and this was the answer.

"Mr. Maurice.

"Dear Sir: I received your letter and hasten to answer it.

"You ask me to wear your ring. That would be simply absurd, to tell people that I had broken my engagement, and at the same time, let them see me wearing your ring. So I shall return it to you, when you come for your things.

"About your idea of coming to me, three months from now, I cannot encourage you, as I have made up my mind, *once for all*, that I can never be your wife. When I marry—if I ever do—my husband will be sure that he has, at least, my respect, for I must respect the man I marry. When a woman has not that feeling for a man, there is no use thinking she can love him. This may seem very hard, but I cannot encourage you to look forward to our reunion.

"With kind regards, I remain your sincere friend

"Josie Duprey."

It was plain enough now that nothing further could be done. But to relieve his mind a little, he replied to it.

"I have added," his letter went on to say, "one more to the list of those who have laid their happiness at the feet of a woman only to have it trodden upon. You say you cannot *respect* me? Very well, *that ends it.* I believe there are other inducements than even a woman's love, to make one desire to be respected. And do you think I could marry a woman who did *not* respect me? Do you think then, that I have no respect for *myself*? * * * For one thing I shall ever hold you in grateful remembrance. It was through your instrumentality that I became a Catholic. That fact is my all and in all. Without a strong faith in God's wisdom and goodness, I should have far different thoughts, to-day. I believe in the future which he shall send me. What have I to fear?"

Much more the letter contained, for he felt that it was the last word to her, and he knew not where to stop. It closed with a request that his letters and other things should be left for him at her house.

The following Thursday, he went up to get them. Mrs. Duprey met him at the door. He had intended to be there just a sufficient time to get his baggage together, but, as Mrs. Duprey seemed disposed to talk with him, he followed her into the parlor, and they remained in conversation for nearly two hours. From what was said in that interview, hope, which had been almost, if not quite, dead, began again to show symptoms of returning life. One thing was evident—namely, that Maurice had a warm and sympathizing ally in the mother. She certainly said everything to encourage him, but whether from a mere wish to lighten his disappointment or for other reasons, he could not say.

"I don't think," she remarked in the course of their conversation, "that Josie has fully made up her mind yet, that the matter is ended. At the same time, I do not speak by her authority."

By such casual remarks as these, intimating much more than they expressed, she seemed desirous to convey the idea that Josie was not yet quite lost to him.

When he was ready to go, he asked if Josie had left anything for him.

Mrs. Duprey handed him the ring.

"Is this all she gave you?" he asked.

"That is all."

Well, here was another glimmer of hope. At all events, he construed it so. Certainly, what other logic had it? She had his letters:

why did she not give them up? He had hers also, and her picture: why did she not ask for them? What could she want with *his*, now that all was ended between them? Could he find any reason but one? And was not that a most consoling one?

"This matter is in your own hands, Mr. Maurice," Mrs. Duprey whispered in his ear as she bade him good-by at the door. "Be of good courage, and do your duty, and you will have nothing to fear."

And so he returned,—returned with a lighter heart than he had had for many a day. For was not hope singing its sweetest notes in his breast? and where *hope* is, there cannot be absolute misery. Hope enough, at all events, to strengthen him for the weary weeks before him. How should he ever get through them, without one word from her to lighten his pathway? Even correspondence with the doctor seemed forbidden. The latter had evidently come to the conclusion, that further effort on his part was useless.

What miserable days and nights were those that followed, especially when he happened to be alone with his own thoughts! How sacredly he regarded every little article or token which served to remind him of her! He almost venerated the picture of her which hung in his room.

The warm summer days were at hand—those days to which he had, in the past winter, looked forward with so many bright anticipations. What happy hours he should pass with her in and about the dear old home at Claremont, the sails on the river, in the moonlight, the rambles in the woods; the delightful walks and drives; the suppers *al fresco*, in the gardens, under the tall chestnuts, with the music of the murmuring brook which circled through the grounds; the sweet, refreshing siestas in the cool parlors, of an afternoon. All these and like visions came and went, and danced before his brain during those memorable days. How utterly solitary his solitude! Alone, homeless, forsaken, as it seemed, by all, and for *what*? What terrible crime had he committed in the eyes of heaven, that he should thus be dealt with? Was he a murderer or a thief, or a libertine? What was the reason, the *motive*, in the nature of things, for all this keen suffering? Was it because he had, from pure unselfishness, from no thought of criminality, committed what was at the first an error of judgment *only*?

Only for a moment would such rebellious thoughts prevail.

"My future," he would say, "is in His hands, whom I have not, *do* not, and can *never* doubt. He knows better than I what is best."

It was the first of June at last. Maurice had meanwhile had no communication with Claremont. He was not even certain that his friends were there. True to the memory of her whom he had once promised to love for life, he had almost wholly avoided society, except such as he was obliged to meet at his own house. Nor could it be said that he looked with gloomy eyes upon the prospect before him. In his innermost heart he felt that all was ended between the young girl and himself. Young, fair, accomplished and in every way attractive as she was, he could not but expect that she would have plenty of admirers, some one of whom, at least, might lay siege to her heart, and carry off the prize which he had lost. Yet he battled against this conviction, as well as he could. He was fully resolved upon one thing, namely, so to conduct his life in the future, as to be, at least, worthy of her; and if, in the wise method of Providence, they should never meet again, he would have only the purest and holiest reflections in connection with her.

At times the way appeared dismal enough. The resolution which he had formed appeared difficult to adhere to. Maurice, the *natural* man, never could have endured with patient resignation a separation which gave no token of a reunion. But then, the thought came to him that, hard as it all appeared, he must believe that a good, merciful God was directing all his steps, and that he had but to trust in him, and discharge, without murmuring, the duties which presented themselves, and the skies would brighten in time, albeit the sun might shine forth at a point where he least expected it.

One other consolation he had, and that was to be found in a well-worn package of her letters, which he had read and re-read so often, as to have got them almost by heart. He derived almost inestimable happiness from this source.

He had been engaged, one Sunday afternoon, in this pleasant, but somewhat melancholy occupation, when the thought suddenly came to him,—Why should he not go to her once more, and do even now what he had purposed long ago to do, tell her the whole of his sad story? How could he expect her to feel towards him, as a wife should, even if she should consent now to be his, while she remained in ignorance of the true relation which he sustained to the matter which was as yet unexplained, and which was more than sufficient to drive any woman from his side, as it was represented?

Besides, even if after hearing all that he had to say, she should still adhere to her resolution, would there not be a sort of poetic justice in placing her in possession of all the facts? Nay—did he not owe it as a duty to her? Unquestionably, she had suffered, if from nothing more, from the mere fact of having had her confidence betrayed. She had trusted fully in Maurice, had believed that he was all that was good and noble. She had seen, by almost indubitable proof, that her trust had been misplaced. To that extent, at least, she had lost her faith in human nature, particularly in men.

If she were, after all, in error, was not the motive a praiseworthy one, which should apprise her that she was mistaken? Would it not be a source of comfort, if not of positive joy to her, to realize that she had misjudged him? Even though in the future their paths should lead in different directions, would she not be the better for this explanation?

Then, and often afterwards, soliloquizing thus, he at length formed the resolution to go to her, and trust to her good sense for the rest. But there were obstacles in the way of this proceeding. He could not think of going to Claremont without first obtaining permission. He therefore concluded to write to her, instead of going personally:—

It were only a useless detention of the reader to narrate all that subsequently transpired. Every history must end somewhere, and this might as well end here.

The hope that had thus appeared to live in the breast of Maurice, even when hope seemed almost despair, was at length destined to have its complete fruition. Surely, even in this life, suffering and trial are not forever. Even to us poor erring mortals, if we will but be content to wait God's own good time, there will come rich treasures of joy, "when the tide comes in."

* * * * * *

And here, this little story might as well end. Whatever of interest the succeeding events could possess for those who have followed me thus far, can be told in a word.

Josie had come at length to realize that the man to whom she had pledged her love in those earlier days, while far from being that perfect embodiment of wisdom and goodness which her maiden fancy had painted him, was nevertheless, by reason of the very mistakes which he had fallen into, and the consequent suffering which those mistakes had entailed upon him, still her heart's ideal, and with God's blessing, she trusted that in the future, surrounded by pure influences and companionship, guided and watched over by his holy spirit, then would be restored to him all that he had lost. That he had been most true to her through all, even in the darkest days, she could not question. His love and devotion had never weakened; and now, looking back over it all, she felt that she could gladly and with perfect trust and assurance, place her hand once again in his, and give to him the sweetest compensation for all his patient waiting and weary endeavor, in the promise of her future companionship and love.

And so, it came to pass, for the third time, that these two hearts were united. Once more Maurice found himself at the dear old place, and once more love's soft, sweet whispers were breathed from lips which could never more utter doubt or distrust. This time, it was under the spreading chestnuts, with the soft June zephyrs gently murmuring overhead a quiet benediction.

"You will never drive me from you again, my darling?"

And the answer came back low and sweet, but in tones which left no room for doubt.

"*Never.*"

FAMOUS MEMORIES OF THE MONTH.

THE DEATH OF MONTGOMERY—FATHER DE SMET, OR THE GREAT BLACK-GOWN—BONAPARTE'S RECEPTION IN PARIS AFTER HIS ITALIAN CAMPAIGNS, DECEMBER, 1797.

On the last day of this month will occur the centennial of the death of General Richard Montgomery, a gallant revolutionary officer, one of the original brigadiers of the American army, created by the Continental Congress for the assertion and maintenance of independence. He was an Irishman by birth, and having served with distinction in the British army in the French and Indian wars in America, threw up his commission and took up his residence in this country; first, on a farm near Kingsbridge, and subsequently in Dutchess county. He served in the Provincial Congress of New York, and was drawn from an intended life of ease and domestic happiness by the patriotic decision of the colonies. After his appointment to the army, he was sent with General Schuyler to invade Canada. On Schuyler's temporary retirement through illness, Montgomery became leader of the expedition; and, in the face of great difficulties, displayed eminent sagacity and skill as a military chief, and persevering, undaunted courage. In fact, he is one of *the* heroes of his age. As a subaltern under General Wolfe, he had had much useful campaigning experience in the very region of his operations as a general, and his movements were attended with a success that gave promise of most flattering and important results.

The capture of Montreal gave the liveliest satisfaction to Washington, and he looked anxiously forward to an expedition which he had sent from Cambridge, under Colonel Arnold, to act in concert with Montgomery against Quebec.

Arnold made one of the most difficult and harassing marches on record, through an unexplored region, up the Kennebec river, through the forests and over the mountains of Maine had descended the Chaudiere to Point Levi, opposite Quebec, where he arrived on the 9th November. On the day that Montreal surrendered, Arnold, crossing the St. Lawrence, took up a position on the Plains of Abraham, but retired to Point Aux Trembles, twenty miles above Quebec, to await Montgomery.

In conveying to the President of Congress the complaints of Montgomery touching the troubles he experienced in the character of his officers and men, and in his intention to retire, General Schuyler indorsed them with his own knowledge, and expressed his determination to retire, also. This brought forth more than one noble appeal from Washington. He admitted the complaints were well-founded. His own experiences were of a similar nature, but the righteousness of his cause helped to make him rise superior to every obstacle.

"I am sorry," wrote the great chief, "that you and General Montgomery incline to quit the service. Let me ask you, sir, when is the time for brave men to exert themselves in the cause of liberty and their country, if this is not? Should any difficulties they may have to encounter at this important crisis deter them? God knows there is not a difficulty that you both very justly complain of, that I have not, in an eminent degree, experienced, that I am not every day experiencing; but we must bear up against them, and make the best of mankind as they are, since we cannot have them as we wish. Let me, therefore, conjure yourself and Mr. Montgomery to lay aside such thoughts—as thoughts injurious to yourselves and extremely so to your country, which calls aloud for gentlemen of your ability."

General Schuyler reiterated the patriotism of his chief, and whether the glorious words of Washington were conveyed to the hero of Canada or not, we are not instructed; but in

the face of obstacles as great as he had overcome, greater if we take into consideration the future movements depending on them, we see Montgomery exhibiting a bright, hopeful nature, and looking straight forward to the accomplishment of his great work.

Much to his mortification, many of the soldiers claimed their discharge. He offered a suit of the clothes taken at Montreal to those who would promise to serve until the 15th April ensuing. As a general thing, they declined to reënlist. But "these untoward circumstances," adds Judge Marshall, "only stimulated their gallant leader to more vigorous exertions."

In a letter of the 17th November to General Schuyler, Montgomery says: "I have had great difficulties about the troops. I am afraid many of them will go home; however, depending on my good fortune, I hope to keep enough to give the final blow to ministerial politics in this province; and I hope effectual measures will be taken to prevent them laying hold of it again."

Hearing of Arnold's arrival, Montgomery was impatient to join him. Leaving small garrisons at Montreal, St. Johns, and Chambly, to keep communication open between Quebec and the United Colonies, preserve the dependence of the Canadians, overawe the Indians, and check the English garrisons at Detroit and Niagara—little more than three hundred remained of his available force to participate in his designs on Quebec.

Had Arnold been able to have immediately crossed the river on his first appearance, it is believed he might have entered the Capital without opposition. It was almost without a garrison. But high winds and the want of conveyance presented an insurmountable obstacle. An Indian messenger had either betrayed Arnold's presence, or was caught by the fortune of war; and Colonel McLean, a sturdy and energetic Scotsman, on duty at the mouth of the Sorel, immediately threw himself into the city. Carleton, also—who, as we have seen, escaped from Montreal—effected an entrance into Quebec; and the citizens, who probably would have yielded when there was nothing visible for organized defence, now became united to defend their property. The sailors were landed and placed at the batteries; and the garrison thus brought together, amounting to some fifteen hundred men, in an almost impregnable position, vastly outnumbered the force to be brought against it.

At the head of the remnant of his little army, Montgomery, with characteristic expedition, joined Arnold on 1st December, and then marched on Quebec. The united forces were stated by the general as amounting to less than nine hundred effective men. Truly "the situation of Montgomery was such as would have filled with despair a mind less vigorous, less brave, and less sanguine than his." The winter had set in; his troops, discarding discipline at best, were unaccustomed to such hardships as now threatened them; and the terms of service of those who accompanied Arnold were drawing to a close.

Relying, however, on their courage, on the fears of the garrison, on sympathy from citizens, on his past successes, and stimulated by the expectations of America, he determined to lay siege to the city. Carleton had fired on a flag covering a summons to surrender. This unsoldierlike outrage excited him to a reproachful and indignant mood. He wrote again to Carleton, magnifying the chances of his own position. This missive was rejected; but Montgomery managed to have it, with other communications addressed to the principal people, conveyed in by a woman, but to no effect. He still kept sending flags of truce; and Carleton kept firing upon them. He then shot arrows into the town with letters attached, advising the citizens to rise in a body and compel the governor to treat; still in vain. On Carleton's persistent refusal to listen to his demands, Montgomery at once undertook preparatory measures to attack.

After great labor he succeeded in raising a kind of frozen fort opposite the gate of St. Louis, and about four hundred yards from the walls that enclosed the longed-for prize. The fort was made of gabions, filled with snow, over which water was poured until the mass was frozen into a solid wall of ice. Here, as in the crater of some frost-bound Icelandic volcano, he established his battery. Here were mounted on blocks of ice his five field-pieces, and his more serviceable howitzer, placed in charge of Captain John Lamb.

For five days his frozen fort, or ice-battery, helped him to worry and harass the town. He kept up a rattling and well-directed fire, but his pieces were light and ineffective. With his howitzer, however, he was more successful, throwing shells into the town and setting it on fire in several places. On the evening of the fifth day, the heavy artillery from the walls dismounted some of his pieces, and sent up a volume of crystal sparks and splinters—a very fountain of diamonds amid which the fine form of Montgomery might be discovered, unmoved, like an enchanted prince in a fairy tale.

"This is warm work, sir," said Montgomery to Captain Lamb.

"It is, indeed, and certainly no place for you, sir."

"Why so, captain?"

"Because there are enough of us here to be killed, without the loss of you, which would be irreparable."

The ice-battery was now useless—the impromptu volcano was extinct; but Montgomery was still burning with a noble enthusiasm, though deeply feeling the inadequacy of the means at his disposal. He hoped against hope, and could not contemplate the idea of yielding the chance of crowning his victorious progress thus far, without flinging himself against those frowning walls.

He determined to assault the position, and his preparations awaited but a favorable night to test them, when disease and desertion drove some of his men to the garrison, and compelled him to change his plan, to meet the altered emergency.

In accordance with the new plan, Montgomery moved his little army in four divisions to the assault. Three companies of Arnold's division wavered. Their term was nearly up, and they threatened to leave at once if they were not transferred to another command. The position of the general was trying in the extreme, but he was equal to it, and produced such an effect that the dissatisfied companies retook their places.

It was between four and five of the clock, of a weird, wolfish December morning, opening the last day of the year. A thick and blinding snow-storm enveloped them, as the troops, moving through it like apparitions, took their appointed places. Two detachments proceeded against the upper town, feigned attacks to distract attention and create confusion amid the defenders, while Montgomery and Arnold with their divisions took the brunt of the adventure, and were to attack the lower town simultaneously, and at opposite sides.

Carleton testified to the ability of the plan, and admitted that from the side of the river St. Lawrence along the fortified front round to the basin, every part seemed equally threatened.

The snow noiselessly continued to envelop all around, and its effect added to the mystery of silence; and the dim, uncertain light was but too suggestive of the shadowy land to which many of the heroic band were breathlessly groping their way.

Montgomery, leading the first division down from the Plains of Abraham, reached the road to the lower town next the river, and running under the ragged pyramid of rock called Cape Diamond. The first obstacle was a formidable stockade across this road. It was approaching this barrier that among the foremost soldiers, who were slipping and stumbling along the overlapping ledges of ice that had been forced upon the road from the river, the general recognized some of the First New York regiment. Quickly seizing the opportunity for encouragement to those who doubtless witnessed the mutinous attempt among Arnold's men, he cried, "Forward, men of New York! You will not flinch where your general leads you on! Forward!"

Exciting confidence by his example, it is told that here Montgomery himself sawed across four posts of the stockade to admit some four men abreast, in order to attack a block-house fortification, which stood farther up on this road, and between the river line and the wall of rock.

The Canadians stationed at the stockade, having fired a few random shots, fled to the block-house. Having helped to make a highway for Freedom through it, Montgomery, sword in hand, passed the stockade, followed by his staff and some of those to whom he had spoken in the advance.

The block-house beyond was scarcely distinct in the falling snow; stillness reigned around it. Had the fleeing sentinels of the

stockade suggested flight from the block-house? Was that work vacated? These were suspicions, which naturally suggested themselves. Within fifty yards of the block-house, Montgomery halted to reconnoitre. The guards were still. The artillery men, match in hand, stood silent. In the dimness and the drifting snow, the movements or disposition of either party could be but indistinctly discerned. Filled with fervor at the progress made, and the tremor of those already encountered, Montgomery evidently deceived himself with the idea that probably the block-house would be as quickly deserted as the stockade.

For a moment, it would seem, he surprised himself with the hope, if not the belief, that he had completely surprised the enemy.

Springing to the breach, to reassure those who were not speedy enough for his yearning desires, which already beheld victory and its attendant glory, he cried, "Push on, my brave boys! Quebec is ours."

Again dashing forward with his staff, they had reached within forty paces of the block-house when a single discharge of grapeshot sweeps the vision of glory from those who, without pain or delay, roll over into their death-sheets of snow and ice.

Foremost among the dead—keeping his rank in death as in life—was Richard Montgomery.

The soldiers shrunk back at his fall, as though he were their very breath of life. As his example and personal bearing had inspired faith where courage was not wanting, so his having been proved mere mortal in death, only left them their mortality while living. The news of his death, as it spread to the other portions of the expedition, brought hopelessness with it. As Lamb had anticipated in the ice-fort, his chief's loss was irreparable. Desperate encounters took place. Arnold, Morgan, Lamb, Oswald, Dearborn, and others, did noble work; but, at the end, the remnant of the invading army were prisoners of war.

FATHER DE SMET—THE GREAT BLACK GOWN.

Our "famous memories" are almost invariably and for obvious reasons illustrative of the deeds of those who have passed into the immortality of history; or of recent characters, the prominence of whose genius or services has been such, as to command respect for their example, or special attention to their career. Among the noble dead of recent years is one who, though not as widely known at present as his great services and devotion would warrant, will be in the future one upon whose labors the historical student, not less than the Christian priest and religious, will dwell with delighted and astonished interest. In these practical days, it is difficult to imagine a character such as that of Peter John de Smet living in our midst; much less to realize the spirit of romance, devotion, energy, and disinterested zeal which centred in his soul, inspired his labors, and produced that reward of satisfaction of conscience—which was his only reward—and the ever-fervid spring to renewed apostolic labors among the Indians of the Far West. To those conversant with the subject, Father de Smet stands out as the greatest Indian missioner in the annals of our country; and it is but just that his memory shall take its place in ours, and lead us into realms of romance, and to the study of a branch of contemporaneous history, of which too little is in general circulation.

Peter John De Smet was born at Termonde, in Belgium, December 31st, 1801, of a pious and noble family, in the bosom of which he received his early instruction. Feeling the promptings of a sacred vocation, he entered the theological seminary at Mechlin, and, while here, his mind and heart received a direction towards that mission upon which he afterwards toiled for so many years. One day, an old Belgian priest, who had grown venerable and worn with labor and exposure on a difficult mission in Kentucky, appeared among the students. As he depicted the grand field for Christian labor across the Atlantic, the devoted fervor of the youths became aroused. They gathered around, and six pressed their services upon him; of these De Smet was the youngest. They had to elude the vigilance of government, which desired to prevent their leaving; and De Smet had a narrow escape from detention. The party met at Amsterdam, and sailed for America on the 31st of July, 1821. After a voyage of forty days, they reached Philadelphia, which greatly disappointed young De Smet;

who, instead of the splendid surroundings of civilization, expected to find wigwams and the primitive resources of the forest; for already the Indians were the objects of his hopes and zeal.

Rev. Mr. Nerincks took his young candidates to the Jesuit Novitiate at Whitemarsh, where they at once assumed the habit. Before the close of the two years' probation, the novitiate was broken up; and the young Belgian novices were on the point of returning to Europe, when Bishop Dubourg heard of it, and gladly bore them all to Missouri, and there, at Florissant, De Smet took his vows. He aided in founding that establishment and the university at St. Louis, not only by his talents and piety, but by his manual labor. The Council of Baltimore, in 1835, confided the Indian missions of the United States to the Society of Jesus, and Father De Smet, to his great joy, was sent in 1838 to found a mission among the Potawatamies on Sugar Creek. Two years after, a still wider field was opened. The Flatheads of the Rocky Mountains, gaining some knowledge of the faith from Christian Iroquois who had wandered to their land, sent three successive embassies to the Bishop of St. Louis, to beg for a Black-gown. In 1840, Father De Smet was sent to meet the wishes of this good people. His mission began the day of his arrival, and never was there a more willing people. After laying the foundation of the mission, he returned, visiting several other tribes, and began to establish that ascendency among them which, as "the great Black-gown," he retained through life. The fierce Blackfeet treated him with singular honors. Then Father De Smet planned a system of missions, which was approved by his superiors, and devoted his life to carrying it out. To effect it, he was continually in movement. One year he would set out to the Rocky Mountains, visit new tribes, prepare the way for a mission, and, when Fathers of the Society began permanent labors, he would pass to others already established. Then he would plod his way back to St. Louis, often amid hostile tribes, in great personal danger from wild beasts, or the lurking savage who did not recognize him. At St. Louis, there would be little rest. Resources were needed for the mission, and, unfortunately, the Catholics of the United States have shown little interest in the Indian missions, and done little to cheer and support them. Father De Smet looked to Europe, and especially to his native Belgium, for the necessary means. He was an acute observer, a naturalist, a scholar; he wrote a most pleasing and attractive style. His letters, published in the *Annals of the Propagation of the Faith*, and his *Indian Sketches, Oregon Missions, Western Missions and Missionaries, New Indian Sketches*, which appeared in French and English, published by Dunigan & Kirker, New York, and others published in French, alone, excited general attention; and, in truth, they are full of thrilling incident and picturesque power; as well as of authentic and accurate information of an earnest, grave, and pious character. These works, written mostly as letters under the pressure of peculiar exigencies, and in the midst of the scenes and occurrences they depict, enable us to follow Father de Smet's career of self-imposed toil as "the great organizer and procurator and treasurer of the Indian Missions." The adoption of his services by the United States government, when all other means failed, proves that the *Catholic Almanac* is justified in the statement that "it is no exaggeration to say that most of the actual missions would have been impossible except for his unremitting labors." His writings show, also, that the red race is not beyond the benign efforts of true Christian intervention outside of the philanthropy that seems confined to supplying the Indians with whiskey and ammunition, and depriving and cheating them of everything else. De Smet's writings contain numerous touching incidents of the zeal, piety, and even perfection, attained by many of the neophytes of the prairies and the mountains. Of one Louise Sighouin, an Indian woman of the Cœur d'Alene tribe, Father De Smet always spoke with veneration. The little cemetery where she was buried, was his favorite resort when at the mission. The government of the United States, which in its Indian policy has never favored Catholic missions, recognized the ability and influence of Father De Smet, and often called upon him, conscious that, where Indian agents had only made matters worse, the great Black gown could

inspire confidence and restore peace. Thus, he was used to put an end to the Sioux war, and in Oregon, to bring the Yakamas and other tribes under Kamiakim to cease hostilities. He was also chaplain in the expedition to Utah, thus opening a new field of missions among the tribes on that section. Much time and labor in connection with the Catholic missionaries was required from the devoted De Smet at Washington, where a jealous and unfriendly spirit constantly embarrassed the labors of those who were stationed among the various tribes.

We had the pleasure and privilege of meeting this devoted missionary, for the first time at Kenwood, near Albany, in the fall of 1862, on an occasion when, in company with the late General Michael Corcoran, Chief-justice C. P. Daly, of New York, and others, we visited that beautifully situated institution of the Sisters of the Sacred Heart. Father De Smet was of medium height, robust, and, in his look and manner, the embodiment of genial simplicity, devotional energy, and a natural humility emanating from a sense of duty and a love of it, which gave him no time to think of himself.

During his last voyage to Europe, he met with a severe accident, in which several of his ribs were broken, and he sustained severe internal injuries. Strong as his constitution had been, labor and exposure had shattered it: he slowly wasted away. He died among his brethren at St. Louis, at St. Xavier's Church, on Friday morning, May 23, 1872. After a solemn requiem in the University Church, at which Bishop Ryan delivered a funeral sermon, the body was borne to Florissant, and there, where he first began his religious career in Missouri, rests Father Peter John De Smet.

BONAPARTE'S RECEPTION IN PARIS AFTER HIS ITALIAN CAMPAIGNS, DECEMBER, 1797.

The treaty of Campo Formio which concluded General Bonaparte's great campaigns in Italy, and the return of the young conqueror to Paris. were the turning-points of Napoleon's career. His appearance and reception in Paris was the more immediate event which made him the tangible idol of the French, and led to the consulate and the empire, and also to Waterloo and St. Helena. The definitive treaty of Campo Formio was signed on the 17th October, 1797, and the reception at Paris took place on the 10th December. By the former, the emperor of Austria ceded to France the Netherlands and the left bank of the Rhine with the city of Metz; also the Ionian Islands and the Venetian possessions in Albania; he acknowledged the independence of the Milanese and Mantuan states, which were formed into the Cisalpine Republic. The French Republic, through Bonaparte, *consented* that the emperor should have the Venetian territory to the line of the Adige. After the signing of the treaty, the French Directory appointed Bonaparte minister plenipotentiary at the congress of Rastadt for the settlement of questions relating to the German empire. On the 17th November, the victorious general left Milan for Rastadt, but before departing he sent to the Directory "one of those monuments," says Bourrienne, "which might well pass for fabulous, though here simple truth only required to be related." This was, the colors of the army of Italy. One side bore the inscription, "A grateful country to the army of Italy;" the other presented a wonderful abridgment of the history of the Italian campaigns, to wit: "150,000 prisoners, 170 standards, 550 cannons, 600 field-pieces, 5 bridge-equipages, 9 sixty-fours, 12 frigates, thirty-twos, 12 corvettes, 18 galleys; armistice with Naples, with the Pope, with the Duke of Parma; convention of Montebello, treaty of Campo Formio; liberty given to the people of Bologna, and fifteen other states in Italy; Corcyra, with the isles of the Egean and of Ithaca; sent to Paris the masterpieces of Michael Angelo, Guercino, Titian, Paul Veronese, Correggio, Albano, the Carracci, Raphael, and Da Vinci." This standard was destined to form the decoration of the public hall of the Directory.

The greatest part of the cities of Italy had been accustomed to behold in their conqueror a liberator; and such magic is there in the word Liberty, which now resounded from the Alps to the Apennines, that Bonaparte was everywhere received with enthusiasm. At Mantua, the young republican general was lodged in the palace of the ancient dukes; and during a stay of two days, he traced the plan, and laid the foundation

of a canal on the Mincio; celebrated a military funeral in honor of Hoche; and superintended the erection of a monument to Virgil. At this period, one who had never before seen Bonaparte thus describes him:—"I beheld, with deep interest and extreme attention, that extraordinary man, who has performed so many great things, and who seems to announce that his career is not yet closed. I found him very like his portraits, small in stature, thin, pale, having the air of one over-wrought—not in ill-health, as reported. He appeared to me to listen with more abstraction than interest, as if occupied rather with his own thoughts, than with what was said to him. There is much of the intellectual in his physiognomy, and an expression of habitual meditation, which reveals nothing of what is passing within. In that thoughtful head, in that daring mind, it is impossible not to suppose some bold thoughts, which will influence the destinies of Europe." The journey through Switzerland was triumphant, and useful in some degree in its consequences. He applied himself to restore confidence, and was hailed by the title of "Pacificator!"

At Rastadt, he found a letter from the Directory calling him to Paris. Although it was thought to be the design of the Directory to keep General Bonaparte from the great interests agitated at Rastadt, it could not have better suited his inclination, which was for action rather than diplomacy.*

Bonaparte had despatched Berthier and Monge to Paris as bearers of the preliminaries of peace. The express orders of the Directory as to the terms of a pacification having been disobeyed by Bonaparte, his messengers feared the occasion would be used to embarrass the progress of the general. But the first intimations of peace rumored among the people, produced such demonstrations of delight, as warned the Directory of the impolicy of checking the "Pacificator." On the contrary, it took the opportunity of the presence of messengers to make political capital. Talleyrand introduced them to the Directory, at a public sitting, in a speech of compliment to the officers, and of special laudation of the general who had sent them.

This was but the preface to the reception of Bonaparte himself, preparations for which were made on a magnificent scale. It took the form of a triumphal festival, and is thus described by Thiers: "It was not held in the grand audience chamber of the Directory, but in the great court of the Luxembourg. Every arrangement was made for rendering this solemnity one of the most imposing of the Revolution. The Directors were seated on a raised platform at the end of the court, at the foot of the altar of the country, and habited in the Roman costume. Around them, the ministers, the ambassadors, the members of the two councils, the magistrates, the chiefs of the administration, were placed on seats, arranged amphitheatrically. Magnificent trophies, composed of numberless colors taken from the enemy, rose, at a little distance from one another, all around the court; beautiful tri-colored hangings adorned the walls. The galleries were filled with the best company of the capital; bands of musicians were placed in the area, and a numerous artillery was drawn up around the palace to add its thunders to the sound of the din of acclamations. Chénier composed one of his finest hymns for this occasion. It was the 20th of Frimaire, year VI (December 10th, 1797). The Directory, the public functionaries, and the spectators having their places, waited with impatience for the illustrious man, whom few of them had ever seen. He appeared, accompanied by M. de Talleyrand, who was commissioned to introduce him, for it was the negotiator who was congratulated at the moment. All who were present, struck by that slender figure, that placid Roman visage, that piercing eye, still talk to this day of the effect which he produced, and of the indescribable impression of genius and authority which he left on the imagination. The sensation was extreme. Unanimous acclamations burst forth at the sight of so simple a person surrounded by such renown; shouts of 'the Republic for ever!' 'Bonaparte forever!' arose on all sides."

Bourrienne is less enthusiastic, or, at least, would convey an impression of less enthusiasm on the part of the audience. "When Bonaparte entered," he says, "every one stood up and uncovered. Notwithstanding

* See Bourrienne's Memoirs of Napoleon Bonaparte, Vol. 1, Chaps. viii, ix.

this splendor, the ceremony was one of freezing heartlessness. All wore an air of restraint, with more of curiosity than of gratitude in their expression; each seemingly an inquisitor on his neighbor."

Talleyrand introduced the conqueror in a speech which was deemed insipid and unsuitable, and rather calculated to increase than to appease the impatience of the people, who were eager to hear the hero of the day. But it is difficult to meet the demands of the occasion and the impatience of the people at the same time. Talleyrand was sufficiently complimentary to Bonaparte and the "innumerable wonders which had brought about the event," individualizing his many qualifications for command, and taking occasion to speak of his personal tastes and habits, "his simplicity of taste, worthy of the ancients;" his "love of abstract science;" and of even the favorite author of the young general, "that sublime Ossian," who seemed "to detach him from earth." He also extolled his "profound contempt for pomp and show, that miserable ambition of vulgar minds," and expressed the belief that it might be necessary some day "to solicit him, in order to tear him from the sweets of studious retirement," and in the next sentence, points to the genius of Bonaparte as the fit instrument by which to chastise the insolence of England, the "fresh enemy and tyrant of the sea." *

Thiers, alluding to this speech, says: "Talleyrand seemed desirous to spare the modesty of Bonaparte, and, with his accustomed intelligence, to divine how the hero would like to be spoken of before his face." With modest demeanor and firm voice, Bonaparte made his brief reply, and in it identified the Directory with the achievements which were being celebrated,

"The French people," said he, "in order to be free, had kings to beat down. To obtain a constitution founded on reason, eighteen centuries of prejudice were to be overcome. The Constitution of the year III and you have triumphed over all obstacles. Religion, feudalism, and royalty, have successively, for twenty centuries, governed Europe; but from the peace which you have just concluded, dates the era of representative governments. You have accomplished the organization of the great nation, whose territory is now bounded, only because Nature herself has fixed its limits. You have done more. The two most beautiful regions of Europe, once so famous in science, in art, and by the great men whose birthplace they were, behold, with the loftiest hopes, the genius of freedom arise from the tombs of their ancestors. These are the two pedestals on which the destinies will place two mighty nations. I have the honor to lay before you the Treaty signed at Campo Formio, and ratified by his majesty the emperor. When the happiness of the French people shall be secured on the best practical laws, Europe entire will become free."

The president of the Directory, Barras, then spoke at considerable length, and, having concluded, embraced the general, giving him what was termed "the fraternal accolade." This example was followed by the other Directors. The foreign relations of the French republic, at this peculiar point of European history, may be understood from the fact, that at this triumphal reception of Bonaparte and the treaty of Campo Formio, there were ambassadors from Spain, Naples, Sardinia, Prussia, Denmark, the Ottoman Porte; ministers from the Batavian, Cisalpine, Helvetian, Ligurian, and Genevese Republics; and representatives from Tuscany, Würtemberg, Baden, Frankfort and Hesse-Cassel.

The public authorities, generally, entertained Bonaparte, but the most brilliant fête was that given by Talleyrand, who, as the Duchess d'Alrantes (Madame Junot) said, "displayed admirable skill in the arrangements of the entertainment he gave." Bourrienne says that all these shows were actual punishments to Bonaparte, and gives several instances of the general's modesty and desire for retirement from the time of his arrival in Paris.

For example, the authorities of the Department of the Seine had sent a deputation requesting to know when he would receive them; he himself, accompanied by Berthier, carried his reply to the magistracy.

The general of the Division in which Bonaparte resided, having waited on him at his house on the evening of his arrival (Dec. 6th), the Pacificator of Italy returned the

* Life of Prince Talleyrand, with extracts from his speeches and writings. By Charles K. McHarg. New York. 1857.

visit next day. These attentions, apparently slight, were not without their effect on the Parisians. Though he lived very retired, he often went to the opera with his wife, but always kept out of sight. Several times, he was called for with loud acclamations; but he never presented himself. Once he sent Bourrienne, then his secretary, to request a certain performance with a special cast of characters, "if that were *possible*." "Nothing," said the manager, "is *impossible*, when the wishes of the conqueror of Italy are concerned. Your general has banished the word from the French dictionary." Bonaparte laughed immoderately at the brilliant politeness of the operatic artist.

While surrounded by all this interest and popularity, fears or jealousies were at work against him. He received notice from a woman that an attempt by poison would be made on his life. The general had the bearer of the message arrested, and accompanied by the magistrate, brought to the residence of the woman who had given the information. The party found the woman dead upon the floor, bathed in blood, her throat cut, and several wounds, from stabbing, on her body. The men, whose conversation she had overheard, having learned the fact, had taken this fearful vengeance on her.

Bonaparte's small residence was at No. 60 in the rue Chantereine; but, during the night of his reception by the Directory, its name was changed by municipal decree to that of "Victory." "This and other incense," says Bourrienne, "offered to his fame, the acclamations which everywhere followed his appearance, altered not his estimate of the position which he knew himself to occupy in public opinion. He used to say to me, 'In Paris they soon forget everything. If I remain long idle here, I am lost. In this great Babylon, one reputation supplants another. People will not have seen me above thrice at the theatre, when I shall be no longer an object of regard; therefore, I shall appear but seldom.' When he did go it was to a private box. 'Nevertheless,' observed I, 'it must be agreeable to be followed thus by the admiration of one's fellow-citizens.'—'Bah! the same crowd would run after me, with the same eagerness, were I marching to the gallows.'"

THE TOPER'S DILEMMA.

Just from the inn my departure I took:
"Street, thou hast surely a marvellous look.
Right side and left side are both out of place;
Street, thou art tipsy!—A very clear case.

"Moon, what a comical face dost thou make,
One of thine eyes asleep, t'other awake!
Thou, too, art tipsy, I plainly can see.
Shame, my old comrade, oh, shame upon thee!"

Look at the lamp-posts, too! Here is a sight,
Not one among them can now stand upright;
Flick'ring and flack'ring to right and to left,
Sure they all seem of their senses bereft.

All things around me are whirling about,
One sober man alone, dare I come out?
That seems too venturesome, almost a sin—
Think I had better go back to the inn!

O'CONNELL AT HOME.

In the autumn of 1840, I was engaged on a professional tour as a civil engineer in the south-west of Ireland, and one wet morning, accompanied by a friend, set out from O'Sullivan's Hotel, Kenmare, to explore the mountains of the Far West. The rain was falling in torrents, and our vehicle, a specimen of the Irish jaunting-car, afforded us little shelter; our driver might as well be in the costume of Adam, of so little protection was his scanty raiment against the pitiless pelting of the storm. On my friend sympathising with him on his defenceless state, he replied, "Och, your honor, if I was half as wet inside as I am outside, I would be dry as a bone." The hint was taken, and at the next shebeen-house, a copious draught of the *native* tended to render his position a little more endurable. The horse, too, afforded another instance of the posting accommodation of this part of the country. He was so galled on the shoulders, that it was painful to witness the torture of the poor animal. At every ascent in the road he frequently, instead of advancing, took a retrograde motion, so as to oblige us to dismount and perform a good part of the journey on foot. At length, at a pretty late hour, we reached the hospitable residence of——, at West Cove. On the following day my companion crossed the mountain in the direction of Lough Currane, and I proceeded to Derrynane.

The mansion is situated on the verge of the ocean, near the mouth of the river Kenmare. Its position is so low, and so near the water's edge, that sandbanks have been raised by means of hurdles, to protect it from the encroachment of the waves. It presents no appearance of unity of design, or regularity of outlines, but is rather a collection of buildings, parts having been added from time to time, as necessity, or the taste of the proprietors, suggested. The abbey, now in ruins, from which it takes its name, is situated on an island at a short distance. On my arrival I was ushered into the presence of the Liberator: he was then in his study, *en robe de chambre*. On the wall at his left was a portrait of himself; in front, an engraving of the Crucifixion; at his right was seated his secretary, Mr. O'Neill Daunt, and on the floor was a heap of books, as if recently taken from packing cases. As I entered, he arose and warmly took me by the hand. When I explained to him the object of my mission into that part of the country, he inquired for his sons, who were out, with the exception of Morgan, to whose care he committed me, and through whom I received a most hospitable invitation.

The day being a fast, dinner was announced at five o'clock, the usual hour being half-past six. On entering the dining-room from the drawing-room, we found the Liberator standing at the head of the table, wearing a black frock-coat and cap. He bowed to me and the other strangers, as we entered, and remained standing until all were seated. His manner during dinner was exceedingly pleasing and courteous. He seemed to take great pleasure in personally helping his guests and anticipating their wants. When complimented on his good looks, he jocularly remarked that "he was as well as a man could be after this little Lent." When his grandchildren were introduced into the room, he took much pleasure in showing his guests the precocity of young Dan, a fine child about three years old. He got him to recite, "Where is the slave so lowly," etc., and "Richard gave Robert a rap on the ribs," etc., the child's enunciation of the latter giving great amusement. About a quarter of an hour after the ladies withdrew, he retired to his study, his son Maurice taking his place until we joined the ladies in the drawing-room.

The following morning was ushered in by a cloudless sun, whose light in my bed-room was tinged with a roseate hue from the carnation curtains on the windows. This being Sunday, I had an opportunity of seeing the

mode of family worship. At about half-past ten o'clock the officiating clergyman was announced, when the household moved in order to an oratory in the rear of the house, where the solemn service of the Catholic Church was performed. It was edifying to observe the deep sense of devotion with which the audience seemed impressed, and in particular the Liberator, who recited in a clear tone, alternately with the priest, the verses of the *De profundis*.

There were field sports on three days in the week—usually on Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays. On the Thursday after my arrival, I was aroused at the break of day by the sound of the huntsman's horn, calling the slumberers to the chase. Our party was soon afoot: it consisted of the Liberator, his sons, his visitors, the huntsmen in red and green, and a number of the peasantry. The ground selected was Caherdaniel Mountain, which looks down on Derrynane, and from which the view is exceedingly picturesque and grand, with the blue peaks of Magillicuddy's reeks on the one hand, and the wide expanse of ocean on the other; and if it be true, as writers say, that to "love our country, our country must be lovely," no spot could be selected more favorable to the growth of the poet or the patriot. The game was soon started, and with light steps and lighter hearts we moved over the heather, cheered by the merry cry of the beagles, who were now awakening the echoes of the mountains. The Liberator appeared in high spirits, and heartily to enjoy the sport; he followed the dogs with as much ardor as the youngest amongst us, and whenever he wished the hare to double, he blew a whistle which was suspended from his neck, the shrill note of which invariably had the desired effect. When complimented upon his address and activity, he seemed much pleased, and remarked that "he believed that it was in some measure owing to the excitement, for he enjoyed the sport with all the rapture of a schoolboy." It was understood that, until two hares were caught, breakfast would not be served. When this was achieved, the party adjourned to a sheltered nook to discuss the morning meal; after which the sport was resumed with fresh ardor, uninterrupted, except by the arrival of the post-bag, when there was a short pause, while letters and newspapers were being hastily glanced over. As the shades of evening approached, with six hares as trophies, we turned our steps towards the abbey. On the way our chief distributed a considerable sum of money among the poor, one of the attendants supplying him with silver from a small bag, which was carried for that purpose. There were nine or ten new arrivals on this evening, amongst whom was his relative, Mr. Lyne, whom he greeted with three hurrahs and a blast of the huntsman's horn.

At seven o'clock the tinkling of a tiny bell announced that dinner was served: it consisted of the choicest viands, the richest wines, and all the delicacies of the season. As was the custom, the festivities were conducted *en ceremonie*, the guests being in full dress, the domestics in livery, etc. Amongst those that surrounded the hospitable board were the daughters and daughters-in-law of our host. At this social "reunion" our host was the cynosure that attracted attention. He told amusing anecdotes of some of the leading members of both Houses of Parliament; of the Bishop of Exeter, that, being a member of a committee on education, he asked a priest, who was under examination, "How many masses were said in the morning?" — and again, "How many were said in the evening?" Such a question from a prelate was, to say the least, unexpected. He seemed much pleased in telling the following of the then Bishop of Killaloe, Dr. Sandes: That when Provost of Trinity College, and canvassed by the late Lord Plunkett, he replied that he never could think of voting for the man that made the uncalled-for speech that he did against poor Emmet. He expressed the warmest affection for his "dear friend Wolfe," who, when attorney-general, and offered the chief baronship, withdrew his claim in favor of himself. Addressing Mr. Strickland, son of Sir G. Strickland, M.P., he was enthusiastic in his admiration of St. Thomas à Beckett, who, as the assertor of the people's rights, nobly withstood the tyranny of the second Henry. He detailed the particulars of his murder, and gave an account of a pilgrimage which he and his daughters made to the tomb of the saint at Canterbury. Two battle-axes that were dug

out from beneath the foundations of his father's house were laid on the table, which led to a very interesting discussion regarding the modes of Irish and Roman warfare. As an instance of the goodness of his memory, I may mention that two of the guests, one of whom was a student from Oxford, gave somewhat different descriptions of the number and constitution of the Roman legion. The words having reached his ear, he said that the Oxonian's account was correct, and referred to the time of the republic, when the legion was in its highest state of efficiency; and that the other account was derived from Gibbon, who was describing what remained of the legion at the time that the empire was tottering to its fall. He was of opinion that the Russian empire would not last, that its parts had not the properties of adhesion, and that it would ere long crumble. The conversation happening to turn on female beauty, he spoke of a lady whose hair grew so luxuriantly, that it trailed along the ground. Mr. Lyne humorously remarked that her tail resembled his (the Agitator's) own, when he retorted, "Ay, but there is this difference, that hers could be trodden upon, and mine could not." His ordinary beverage consisted of a glass of claret, diluted with water: this diluting, by the way, gave rise to a little risibility, for while champagne, hock, and claret were going the rounds of the table, a stone *carafe* stood before our host, from which he occasionally replenished his glass. Mr. Strickland was curious to know what *liqueur* it was, that was reserved with so much care. When presented with some, he was surprised to find it so tasteless and so very like water.

On entering the drawing-room, our ears were saluted with the joyous notes of the piano, and the still more joyous voices which it accompanied. The mothers were delighted in the smiles and gambols of their children, and some of the younger portion of the company were grouped apart, studying their *roles* in the comedy of "The Rivals," which was to be represented a few evenings after.

Among the amusements that took place at this time, I may mention horse and foot races on the Strand. I had not the pleasure of being present.

That the great Tribune was chieftain in his mountain home, was apparent from many of the feudal customs that were observable; from his dispensing justice to the peasantry in his hall; from his being addressed by his retainers in the Irish language as chief of the clan; from his welcoming his friends with the sound of the huntsman's horn; from the pleasure he took in showing his guests the weapons of his ancestors; and from his hospitalities, which were on a princely scale, and to which every stranger was welcome, no matter what his creed or politics were.

Few men possessed the qualities that constitute the charm of private life, in a more eminent degree than did our illustrious countryman: his stern virtues, his struggles for fatherland, were every day before the public, but it was only in the social circle that the kindness of his nature, and the gentle playfulness of his manners, could be fully seen and appreciated.

RECEIPT AGAINST WAR AT HOME.

Quarrels arise at home when the husband blames his wife for his own faults; and the wife, the husband for hers; and for other reasons which I need not mention.

The *chief error on both sides is obstinacy or self-will;* for an obstinate head and a sharp tongue render the heart bitter and sullen. There may also be a neighboring devil, who fans the coal into immense flames. These quarrels never occur without scandal and irreparable harm; therefore, there must be some way of preventing such outbursts. My old neighbor John recommends the following receipt:

"Avoid obstinacy, and lock your mouth to prevent it from uttering sharp and cruel words; and remember to practise charity, all the more if it is wanting on the other side. Lock your doors and windows in time, that Satan may not find entrance."

THE CHRISTIAN BROTHERS.*

BY JOHN FITZ GERALD.

Our happy school upon the hill,
Where first were taught the childish prayers,
That prove through scenes of strife and ill
The solace of our after years—
Thy loving lessons still have power,
When sorely tried by earthly leaven,
To save us in temptation's hour,
And point the narrow path to Heaven.

In every rank, in every grade,
Thy children play no common part—
The skilful hand at every trade,
The ornament of every art;
The chemist, with his mystic lore,
The clever scholar teaching others,
The trader to a distant shore,
Are pupils of the Christian Brothers.

The sailor on the stormy wave,
Who fears that every rolling billow
May sweep him to a watery grave,
The coral rocks to be his pillow,
Remembers there's a watchful eye
That looks on him as well as others,
As with a thankful, happy sigh,
He thinks upon the Christian Brothers.

The soldier on the battle-field,
With fighting squadrons round him rushing,
Although his spirit will not yield,
The hot tears to his eyes are gushing.
He thinks upon the peaceful word,
'Mid scenes at which our nature shudders,
And spares his conquered foe the sword,
Remembering the Christian Brothers.

The exile in a foreign land,
While others dwell in peaceful gladness,
Will linger long upon the strand,
And gaze across the sea in sadness.
His home is by the winding Lee,
Where long ago the best of mothers,
When death o'ertook her, pray'd he'd be
A credit to the Christian Brothers.

* From the "Harp of Erin, a Book of Ballad Poetry and of Native Song." Dublin, 1869. Edited by Ralph Varian. We learn that the author of this sweet tribute is a wood-carver by trade, and author of a little volume of ballads published in Cork, Ireland.

THE CARDINALATE.

CARDINAL CUSTOMS—THE ENGLISH CARDINALS—THE COLLEGE OF CARDINALS.

The centennial of the inception of the war for American freedom was most happily signalized by the creation of an American Cardinalate: and what could more beautifully and suggestively indicate the progress and civilization which had resulted from Bunker Hill, than the installation of one of the highest dignitaries of Religion and Peace on the centennial of the year and the occasion when the colonies drew the sword for civil liberty? As we before had occasion to remark, the American Cardinalate marks an epoch in American history; and "'75" will go down into the future among the dates which synonyme the great deeds by which they are signalized, as "the year of the Cardinal." The centennial anniversary of a most auspicious victory of arms is irradiated by a most auspicious event of peace; and the fact induces us to close the year of the cardinal with some historical data which may be found not only interesting, but useful, in connection with the event. With the ceremonies attending the inauguration of Archbishop McCloskey into the cardinalate, we are already familiar; but the formulas adopted in Europe, which we reproduce from a Florentine authority, may doubtless be regarded as a fitting introduction to a list of the cardinals of the English-speaking people, as well as a list of those composing the Sacred College at present.

When the Sovereign Pontiff desires to name any cardinals to the vacant titles, he convokes the Sacred Council in consistory, and after an allocution, announces the names of those he wishes to elevate. He then interrogates the assembly according to the formula: "Quid vobis videtur?" The cardinals then rise and signify their adhesion by bowing their heads. The Pope then speaks these words:—"Auctoritate Omnipotentis Dei, Sanctorum Apostolorum Petri et Pauli ac nostra, creamus Sanctæ Ecclesiæ Romanæ Cardinales presbyteros N.N.; diaconos vero N.N., cum dispensationibus, derogationibus et clausulis necessariis et opportunis." If he creates cardinals reserved *in petto*, he adds the consecrated formula, inserting in it the number of future cardinals: "Alios autem * * * in pettore reservamus, arbitrio nostro quandocumque declarandos," after which he makes the sign of the cross three times to invoke the Holy Trinity.

The custom of reserving cardinals *in petto* is very old in the Church, and it is said to have been instituted by Martin V, who, having fourteen promotions to make in the Sacred College, announced only ten, and withheld the other four, or at least did not announce them officially. The successors of Martin V have followed his example whenever they have thought proper to do so. Gregory XVI, for instance, at the first promotion he made, reserved *in petto* ten cardinals.

It may not be out of place just here to give some indication of the action guiding the Popes in their selection of cardinals. St. Gregory VII, examining this grave matter, said that the Church looks with the eye of indifference upon the skin, the country or the blood of her ministers; and he beheld, in this, one of the chief causes of the greatness of the Church. This rule has been observed by the Popes in regard to the highest dignity in the world after the Sovereign Pontificate. Instead of circumscribing the cardinals to the clergy of the Roman Church, the Popes have in all times bestowed the purple on eminent men selected from all the dioceses, all the provinces, and all the kingdoms of the Christian world: thus it is that the most remote provinces and the most diversified nations furnish cardinals for the Roman Church. Those who wish to see the picture of the true cardinal, have only to refer to St.

Bernard in his *Traite de la Consideration*. It is drawn by a master-hand.

If the cardinal created does not reside in Rome, the secretary of state announces the nomination to him, and sends him the scarlet skull-cap by one of the Pope's Noble Guard. It rarely happens, and is in altogether exceptional cases, that the Pope sends the *hat*. He confers it himself, after the elect have taken the oath. The scarlet berretta is taken to the new cardinal by a sub-legate furnished with a brief and letters of creation, like an ambassador.

Arrived at his destination, the sub-legate is received with the honors due to his position and mission, and, according to the place and circumstances, the giving (or imposing) of the berretta is performed a few days later in the diocesan cathedral, if it is to be conferred by the local ordinary; in the sovereign's chapel, if the latter desires to give the new prince of the Church this mark of his consideration, or in any other church. Before the ceremony, the sub-legate causes his secretary to read the brief of which he is the bearer, receives the oath of the cardinal signed by his own hand, and on a silver salver presents to the dignitary the berretta he is to confer on him. On his return to Rome, the envoy of the Pope deposits in the archives of the master of ceremonies a detailed report of his mission.

When the newly-elected cardinals reside in Rome, the secretary of state notifies them of their election immediately after the consistory. At the same time a master of ceremonies from the pontifical chapel sets out in a purple soutane to make the announcement by word of mouth, while the cardinal vice-chancellor of the Church forwards them the authentic act of their creation. Having received his notification, the elect, vested in a purple soutane and black berretta, receives at the door of his apartment the visits of the prelates, nobility, officers of the army, etc., without uncovering to any. This in Italian is known as the *ricevimento*. Religious who are appointed cardinals, are not released from this form, but they receive their visitors in soutanes of the same color as the habits of their order. The dwellings of the new cardinals are splendidly illuminated during three consecutive nights, as are, also, the palaces of their colleagues and of the ambassador. The city observes a *fête*, and the poor receive abundant alms.

In August, 1873, in order to remedy certain abuses, a new rule was established, regulating the principal conditions of the *ricevimento*, and how these visits were to be made "with the intention of doing homage to those men, whom the Pope, in recognition of their great merits or important services rendered to the Holy See, had elevated to the honors of the purple and admitted into the ranks of the Sacred College, as councillors of the Vicar of Jesus Christ, and his coöperators in the government of the Church." The cardinals and prelates attended the *ricevimento* in court costume; ecclesiastics in black soutane and mantle; laymen were required to appear in the uniform of their rank, or in dress coat and sword; ladies wore full dress, but not *décolletée*.

The reception of the hat was to be very private, the new cardinals not being permitted to invite their colleagues or ladies: none were permitted to be present except such persons as were in the most intimate relations with the new cardinals. The latter, on the evening of their creation, proceeded with solemnity to the secretary of state, by whom they were presented to the Pope. It is then, having thanked the Pontiff for the high distinction conferred, that they received the *mozetta* and the *berretta* from the hands of an officer of the Noble Guard; after which they paid a second visit to the secretary of state. They then visited the tombs of the Apostles; and if there were in Rome any relatives of the Pope or of the sovereigns, the new cardinals visited them on leaving the Vatican. Henceforth, the elect wore the insignia of the cardinalate in order to continue the *ricevimento* in their palaces.

On the fourth day of their creation, they repair to the public consistory to receive the ring and investiture of their title. These ceremonies are very old in the Church; that of opening and closing the mouth is among the most significant. Before opening the public consistory, the Pope closes the lips of the new cardinals with this solemn adjuration: "We close your mouth, so that neither in the consistories nor in the other functions of the cardinalate shall you be able to

speak your mind." The cardinals then leave the consistory, and the Pope proceeds to fill up vacant sees; after which his Holiness asks of the Sacred College the *parere*, that is, whether he shall open the mouths of the new cardinals; and on their eminences having been again introduced to the consistory, the Holy Father proceeds to unclose their mouths, saying to them: "We open your mouth, so that in the consistories and in the congregations, and in other ecclesiastic functions, you may be able to speak your mind. In the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost. Amen."

This symbolic ceremony confers upon the cardinals active and passive voices in the deliberation of the Sacred College. In the time of Boniface VIII, it was already regarded as very ancient. After the opening of the mouth, the ring and title are conferred. The new cardinal kneels before the Pope, who says to him:—"Ad honorem Dei omnipotentis, Sanctorum Apostolorum Petri et Pauli et Sancti N. (*name of title*) committimus tibi ecclesiam S. N. cum clero et populo et cappelis suis (*these last words are omitted if the cardinal-elect is of the order of deacons*) secundum formam, quam comiti Cardinalibus consuerit, qui eandem ecclesiam suam institutam pro tempore habuerunt."—At these words, the cardinal presents his finger to receive the gold ring in which is set a sapphire. On the evening of this fourth day, a private chamberlain belonging to the Holy Father carries the hat to the newly-elect residing in Rome. The cardinal's hat, which is red, with hanging tassels, is known to have been given to the cardinals of his creation by Innocent IV, who was made Pope in 1243, as a sign that the cardinals "ought to be ever ready to shed their blood in defence of the faith, and for the liberty of the Christian people." On this day the cardinals are assigned to the different congregations to which they are attached as judges.

For the following list of all the English cardinals who have ever existed, we are indebted to the *Dublin Review*.

1. Robert Pullus, de Poule, or Pulleyn, Archdeacon of Rochester, was made cardinal and chancellor by Lucius II, in 1144. He was the author of *Sententiarum Libri*, and died in 1150.

2. Nicholas Breakspeare, Benedictine, Abbot of St. Alban's, named cardinal-bishop of Albano by Eugenius III, in 1146. In 1148 he was legate in Sweden, Norway, and Denmark, and was elected Pope under the name of Adrian IV, in November, 1154. He died in September, 1159, and his tomb is still visible in the crypt of St. Peter's.

3. Boso Breakspeare was created cardinal-deacon in 1153 by Anastasius IV, and afterwards cardinal-priest of the title of St. Prudentiana.

4. Herbert of Bosham (or Bosanham) was created cardinal in 1178 by Alexander III, and was archbishop of Benevento. He was the friend and biographer of St. Thomas of Canterbury. (Bosham, anciently Bosanham, was a monastery four miles from Chichester.)

5. John Cumming was created cardinal-priest by Lucius III, in 1183, and was archbishop of Dublin.

6. Stephen Langton, of famous memory, was elected archbishop of Canterbury in 1206, and was created cardinal-priest of St. Chrysogonus by Pope Innocent III, in 1206 or 1212. He died in 1228.

7. Robert Curzon was created cardinal-priest of St. Stephen on the Cœlian (Santo Stefano Rotondo) by Innocent III, in 1212, and was sent as legate *a latere* to France by Honorius III, in 1216.

8. Robert Somercote was created cardinal-deacon of St. Adrian by Gregory IX, in 1234, and afterwards of St. Eustachius. He died in 1241.

9. John of Toledo (so named from his monastery), a Cistercian monk, was created cardinal-priest of St. Laurence *in Lucina* by Innocent IV, in 1244. He died in 1274.

10. Robert Kilwardby, Dominican, made archbishop of Canterbury in 1273, and was created cardinal-bishop of Porto by Nicholas III, in 1278.

11. William Bray, archdeacon of Rheims, was created cardinal by Urban IV, in 1262.

12. Hugh of Evesham was created cardinal priest of St. Laurence *in Lucina* by Martin IV, in 1281.

13. Thomas Joyce, Dominican, who had studied with St. Thomas Aquinas, and was confessor to Edward II, was created cardinal-priest of St. Sabina by Clement V, in 1305. He died in 1310.

14. Simon Langham, Benedictine, of St. Peter's Abbey, Westminster, was abbot of Westminster in 1349, bishop of Ely in 1362, archbishop of Canterbury in 1367, and was made cardinal-priest of St. Sixtus by Urban V, in 1368. He died in 1376.

15. Adam Eston, Benedictine, bishop of London, was created cardinal-priest of St. Cecilia by Urban VI, in 1378. He died in 1398.

16. Philip Repingdon, abbot of Leicester, chancellor of the University of Oxford in 1400, bishop of Lincoln in 1408, was created cardinal-priest of SS. Nereus and Achilleus by Gregory XII, in 1408. He was founder of Lincoln College, Oxford.

17. Edward Hallam, chancellor of the University of Oxford in 1403, and bishop of Salisbury in 1407, was created cardinal-priest by Pope John XXII, in 1411. He died in 1417 at the Council of Constance.

18. Henry Beaufort, second son of John of Gaunt, Duke of Lancaster, by his third wife; bishop of Lincoln in 1397, of Winchester in 1405, and lord high chancellor was created cardinal-priest of St. Eusebius in 1418 by Pope Martin V, and legate *a latere*. He died in 1447, and is buried in Winchester Cathedral.

19. John Kempe, born in 1380, of an ancient Kentish family, fellow of Merton College, rector of Southwick, Sussex, successively bishop of Rochester, Chichester, and London (1422), keeper of the Privy Seal and grand justiciary of Normandy; ambassador to France and Scotland; archbishop of York, 1423, and twice lord chancellor, was created cardinal-priest of St. Balbina by Eugenius IV, in 1439, and cardinal bishop of St. Rufina and legate *a latere* in 1442. In the same year he was translated from York to Canterbury. He died in 1454, and is buried in Canterbury cathedral, on the epistle side of the choir.

20. Thomas Bourchier, bishop of Worcester in 1436, of Ely in 1443, and archbishop of Canterbury in 1455, was created, in 1464, cardinal-priest of St. Cyriacus in Thermis. He died in 1486.

21. John Morton, born in 1410, bishop of Ely in 1478, and archbishop of Canterbury in 1486, created cardinal-priest of St. Anastasia in 1493, by Pope Alexander IV. He died in 1500.

22. Christopher Bainbridge, bishop of Durham in 1507, archbishop of York in 1508, and ambassador of Henry VIII to Rome, was created cardinal-priest of St. Praxedes by Julius II, in 1511. He died, poisoned by an assassin, in 1514. His tomb is in the English College.

23. Thomas Wolsey, bishop of Tournia in 1513, of Lincoln in 1514, archbishop of York in 1514, and lord high chancellor, was created cardinal-priest of St. Cecilia by Leo X, in 1516, and legate *a latere*. He died in 1530.

24. John Fisher, born in 1459; professor of theology at Cambridge in 1502; bishop of Rochester in 1504; attainted and imprisoned in 1534; created cardinal-priest by Clement VII, in 1534; suffered for the faith twenty-second of June, 1535, and is buried in the chapel of the Tower.

25. Reginald Pole, dean of Exeter, 1527; created cardinal-deacon of SS. Nereus and Achilleus by Paul III, in 1536 (afterwards of Sta. Maria in Cosmedin, and subsequently cardinal-priest of St. Prisca); legate to England in 1554; ordained priest and consecrated archbishop of Canterbury in 1556. He died in 1558, and is buried in "Becket's Crown," in Canterbury Cathedral.

26. William (or Peter) Peto, Peyto, or Peyton, Franciscan; bishop of Salisbury, created cardinal-priest and legate *a latere* by Paul IV, in 1557, but never received the insignia or reached Rome, dying in 1558.

27. William Allen, Alan, or Alleyn, educated at Oriel college; canon of York in 1556; created cardinal-priest of St. Martin in Mentibus by Sixtus V, in 1587; founder of the college at Douai, and counsellor of Gregory XIII in the foundation of the English College at Rome; appointed, in 1589, archbishop of Mechlin; died in 1594. Buried in the English College. A jewelled crozier, presented to him by Sixtus V, is preserved in the archiepiscopal residence at Westminster.

28. Philip Howard, third son of Henry Mowbray, by Elizabeth, daughter of Esme Stuart, duke of Lenox; born 1629 in Arundel House, London; professed as a Dominican at Cremona; appointed one of the chaplains to Queen Catharine of Braganza; left England at the outbreak of persecution; founded a

community of his Order at Bornheim in Flanders; created cardinal-priest of Sta. Maria supra Minervam in 1675, by Clement X. He was generally styled cardinal of Norfolk, or cardinal of England, "protector" of England. Died 1680. His tomb is in his titular church.

29. Henry Benedict Mary Clement Stuart, cardinal of York, born 1725, created cardinal-deacon of Sta. Maria *in Portica* by Benedict XIV, in 1747; subsequently cardinal-priest (1) of the Sts. XII. Apostoli, and (I) of Sta. Maria in Trastevere, consecrated archbishop of Corinth by Clement XIII; cardinal-bishop of Frascati (1760) and dean of the Sacred College. Died 1807.

30. Thomas Weld, born 1773, took holy orders in 1821, and consecrated bishop of Amycla *in partibus* the same year; created cardinal-priest of St. Marcellus by Pius VIII, in 1830. Died 1838.

31. Charles Januarius Acton, born 1803; proclaimed cardinal-priest of Sta. Maria della Pace by Gregory XVI, in 1842 (created and reserved *in petto* in 1839). Died in 1847.

32. Nicholas Wiseman, born 1802; bishop of Melipotamus *in partibus* 1840; archbishop of Westminster 1850; created cardinal-priest of St. Prudentiana 1850. Died in 1865.

33. Henry Edward Manning, born in 1808; archbishop of Westminster, 1865; created cardinal-priest of Sts. Andrew and Gregory on the Cœlian, 1875.

The following list of prelates composing the Sacred College of Cardinals is mainly supplied from the *Hierarchia Catolica*, the official gazette of the Vatican. That authority furnished the names of all, save those who were preconized at the recent consistories held on the 17th August and 3d of September; which we have added from the correspondence which has reached us from the Eternal City.

His Holiness Pope Pius IX, born May 13, 1792.

CARDINAL-BISHOPS.	*Age.*	*Years in Sacred College.*
1. Patrizi, Deacon of the Sacred College, Bishop of Ostia and Venetri	77	41
2. Di San Fillippo a Sorso, Bishop of Porto and Santa Runna	79	38
3. Di Pietro, Bishop of Albano	69	22
4. Sacconi, Bishop of Palestrina	67	14
5. Guidi (Dominican, Bishop of Frascati, 1872)	60	12
6. Billio, Bishop of Sabina	49	9
CARDINAL-PRIESTS.		
1. De Angelis, Archbishop of Fermo	83	37
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[Amongst the names reserved *in petto* on the creation of cardinals on 15th of March last, was that of Monsignore Ninna, assessor of the Holy Office; but we have no mention of it in the late creations.]

MEMBERS OF THE SACRED COLLEGE.

Cardinal-bishops	6
Cardinal-priests	46
Cardinal-deacons	10
Total.	26

At the consistory of the 17th of August our illustrious American cardinal went through the final ceremonies pertaining to the solemn dignity of his office. Soon after the assembling of the consistory, his mouth was closed by the Pope; after announcing the names of those previously reserved *in petto*, and others for the Sacred College, and providing thirty-one bishops for vacant sees,* the formality of opening the mouth was gone through. His Holiness then placed the cardinalitial ring on Cardinal McCloskey, and at the same time assigned to him the title of cardinal-priest of St. Maria sopra Minerva. The connection of the American clergy with the Church of St. Marcello had somehow given rise to the opinion or belief that the title of Cardinal McCloskey would be associated with it. During the sittings of the Vatican Council, many of the bishops from the United States preached in St. Marcello, and during the Lent of last year Monsignor Chatard, the Rector of the American College delivered a series of sermons in English there. Santa Minerva is one of the handsomest churches in Rome, and furnished the first Catholic bishop to New York, as it now gives a title to the first American cardinal. The Rev. Luke Concanen of the Order of St. Dominic, who had previously declined a see in Ireland, was named the first bishop of New York and was consecrated at Rome on the 24th of April, 1808, by Cardinal Antonelli, who at that time was prefect of the Sacred Congregation of Propaganda. Bishop Concanen had been distinguished for years in his Order for great learning and capacity for business, and had filled several distinguished stations in it, having been professor of theology and Prior of the convent at Lisbon, Prior of St. Clement's at Rome, and librarian of the Minerva. He was also secretary of the Dominican province of Great Britain, and agent in Rome for the Irish bishops. Soon after his consecration, Bishop

* Those of special interest on the American continent are the bishop of Panama, Giuseppe Telesforo Paul, professed priest of the Society of Jesus, formerly Rector of the College of Guatemala, missionary in Panama and Doctor in Sacred Theology; and the Rev. John Prendergast, deputy coadjutor of Mgr. Eugene O'Donnell, bishop of Grass Valley, California, appointed to the church of Lirba *in partibus*.

Concanen left Rome on his way to his new diocese, and was intrusted with the pallium for Archbishop Carroll. He went to Naples in the hope of finding a ship for the United States; but the French authorities, who at the time had possession of the city, detained him on the charge of being a British subject. He died in prison on the 19th of June, 1810, not without a suspicion of having been poisoned, to obtain possession of such effects as he had with him.* On his return to Rome in 1814, Pius VII appointed Rev. John Connelly the second bishop of New York, and by him the see was filled until his death in 1825. The third bishop was Rev. John Dubois, a French priest, who had fled to the States during the French Revolution. He settled in Maryland, and founded Mount St. Mary's College, where Cardinal McCloskey was educated. He was succeeded by Dr. John Hughes at the beginning of 1843. In 1844 Dr. McCloskey was consecrated coadjutor to the bishop of New York; but in 1846 the see was divided into three parts, that of New York proper and those of Buffalo and Albany, to the latter of which Dr. McCloskey was appointed. In 1850 the bishopric of New York was erected into an archbishopric, and on the death of Dr. Hughes, in 1864, Dr. McCloskey succeeded as the second archbishop; hence he is fourth bishop, after the professor and librarian of the Minerva, from which church he now takes his title as cardinal-priest.

The convent of the Minerva, one of the most extensive in Rome, is the residence of the General of the Dominican Order. Its schools of theology have long been famous. The library, which, for its extent and its variety of authors, is one of the best in Rome, perhaps the most complete after that of the Vatican, is the great object of interest. It was founded in 1655 by Castellani, the physician of Gregory XV, who left his books to the convent. It was afterwards increased by Cardinal Casanata, and possesses a valuable collection of manuscripts, among which is one showing how musical notes were written before the invention of the cleff.†

* See Brief Sketch of the History of the Catholic Church on the Island of New York. By Rev. J. R. Bayley [now Archbishop of Baltimore]. 1853.

† An interesting description of the Minerva Church, Convent, etc., may be found in *Rome: Its Churches, Charities Schools*, by Rev. Wm. H. Neligan, LL. D.

THE MISSION OF THE REPUBLIC.

BY HON. FREDERICK A. CONKLING.*

What is the mission of our country? Built up by the blood and labor of all races of men, belonging to none and to all, owning no exclusive race but that of man, the mission of the Republic is to teach the world the great lesson, that all men are brothers, suffering the same ills, cheered by the same hopes, saddened by the same sorrows, rewarded by the same joys.

We live in the New World, and should never forget that we are not in the Old. On the tomb of Columbus are carved the words, "Columbus has given a new world to Castile and Leon." Castile and Leon! Where are they? Was it not rather recorded in the councils of the Almighty that Columbus had given a new world to the Universe of God?

In the valley stretching from Behring's strait to Panama we find vestiges of a forgotten population, more numerous than that which now inhabits it. But they were not Americans. When the first Europeans came here, they found the half-civilized Mexicans living in large cities, and the fierce savages roaming through the wildernesses of the North. They were not Americans. There are still between Patagonia and the Arctic Circle the Brazilians, the Central Americans, the Mexicans, the Canadians, and the Esquimaux—all natives of the New World; but they are not Americans. The whole world, themselves included, deny to them the title.

This word American has a larger signifi-

* Abstract of an unpublished address delivered during the Visitation to the N. Y. Catholic Protectory.

cance than that of birth on American soil. It means American institutions, American policy, the spirit of our law and history. He is an American who, from his heart, believes in the great fundamental truths of our system, and gives them an active, practical, and vital power; and he is not an American, no matter where he was born, who seeks to deny to any the rights which spring from the law of fraternity. The Roman Catholic colony of Maryland was the first to enact religious freedom in the New World:—"No person within this province, professing to believe in Jesus Christ, shall be in any ways troubled, molested, or discountenanced for his or her religion, or in the free exercise thereof," are the words of a law passed in that colony in 1634. American principles are principles not of toleration, but of equality; not of indulgence and favor, but of right and freedom; not of kindness, and condescension, and personal authority, but of fraternity.

Two great modern inventions, by putting both physical and moral power into the hands of the masses of the people, cleared the way for liberty to become the common property of mankind. The invention of gunpowder broke the predominance of mail-clad knighthood, and consequently of the aristocracy, and put the power of battles, and with it the power to become and to remain free, into the hands of the masses; and printing has destroyed the privilege of knowledge, and made it the common heritage of the people. But it was reserved for our own country to assert and establish the grand fundamental truths that all men are created equal, that they are endowed by their Creator with the inalienable rights of life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness, and that all governments derive their just powers from the consent of the governed.

The first effort ever made to found a republican form of government, properly so called, was made by the little band of emigrants on Plymouth Rock, who, before they disembarked on the wintry shores of the New World, unanimously signed a compact providing for equal social rights, and promising obedience to such laws as might be enacted by themselves. This was the foundation of American liberty, "the stupendous fabric of freedom and empire on the broad basis of independency, protecting the rights of human nature, and establishing an asylum for the poor and oppressed of all nations and religions."

We have just commemorated the early battles of the Revolution, that baptism of blood on the brow of the embryo nation which marked the birthday of freedom, and closed the period of the world's tutelage. One hundred years ago, the thirteen original colonies had a population of not more than two and a half millions. Now the Republic comprises thirty-eight sovereign States with a population of forty-five millions of freemen, the sun rising upon no master and setting upon no slave throughout the length and breadth of the land. This unparalleled growth and prosperity is due chiefly to the recognition of the dignity of labor, and of the vital economic truth, that labor is the one source of wealth. In the earlier period of our history, these were not regarded as abstract, theoretical propositions, but as vital, practical truths. Unhappily it has been reserved for our own time to disregard them. Properly viewed, he who plunders the community is the worst enemy of those who labor for a livelihood, and he their best friend who labors, in whatever position, to detect, defeat, and bring to condign punishment dishonest officials and public robbers.

Another, and hardly less potent cause of progress, has been the development into a practical national policy of the law of fraternity, and the belief that, as the happiness of the individual can be secured only by the happiness of the community to which he belongs, so the welfare of individual nations can be secured only by the general welfare of the world.

In the fervor of this centennial season all the animosities of the past are rapidly passing away. Occasionally some discordant croaking, like that of Gen. Preston, at the recent celebration of the University of Virginia, may mar the glad anthem of peace and reconciliation; but, thank God, these malignant outbursts only swell still higher the general chorus of the national jubilee, and to the credit of the South be it said that the strongest condemnation of these treasonable utterances has been from the Southern press and the Southern people.

It is encouraging to see that the spirit of

peace and good-will that prevailed in Boston during the Bunker-Hill celebration, is spreading throughout all the States. Judging from the speeches of Gen. FitzHugh Lee at Boston and Gen. Forrest in Memphis, it would happily appear that sectional jealousies and hatreds are nearly at an end; that the principles of the universal liberty and fraternity of mankind, proclaimed by our fathers and defended with their blood, are soon to become triumphant; and that the destiny of America, as "the asylum for the poor and oppressed of all nations and religions," is soon to be achieved.

A REMINISCENCE OF THE OLD PARK THEATRE.

"Billy Villiams of the Vells," as he was familiarly termed, was an excellent actor of vulgar cockneys, and was popular off as well as on the stage. He could speak the language of his author tolerably well, but his own diction smacked terribly of Bow Bells. Mr. Abbott, the comedian, used to relate the following dialogue between Billy Burton and Billy Villiams with great gusto.

Burton was playing a "star" engagement at the Park, and the green room was crowded with the principal members of the company: Mrs. Wheatly, Harry Placide, J. Browne, Fisher, Abbott and his wife, and Billy Villiams himself. The conversation was general and lively. Burton, who delighted in quizzing the other Billy, made some inquiries relative to a horse belonging to Tom Hamblin long known as manager of the Bowery Theatre, which seemed to arouse Billy, and he said:—

"Now, Burton, I'll tell you all about that 'orse. You see when I first arrived, I said to 'Amblin, 'Tom, I want an 'orse; I 'ave always been used to 'ave an 'orse, and I would like to 'ave one.' 'Billy,' says he, 'you know Mazeppa; he has earned me a great deal of money, and I will not permit him to be misused; but if you want to ride him, you may, and my stage manager, Tom Flynn, will go with you to the stable.'

"So down I goes to the stable with Tom Flynn, and told the man to put the saddle on 'im."

"On Tom Flynn?" says Burton.

"No, on the 'orse. So, after talking with Tom Flynn awhile, I mounted 'im."

"What, mounted Tom Flynn?"

"No, the 'orse; and then I shook hands with him, and rode off."

"Shook hands with the horse, Billy?"

"No, hang it, with Tom Flynn; and then I rode off, up the Bowery, and who should I meet in front of the Bowery Theatre but Tom 'Amblin, so I got off, and told the boy to 'old him by the 'ead."

"What! hold Hamblin by the head?"

"No, the 'orse; and then we went and 'ad a drink together."

"What! you and the horse?"

"No, me and 'Amblin, and after that I mounted 'im again, and went out of town."

"What! mounted Hamblin again?"

"No, the 'orse; and when I got to Burnham's," (a noted hostelry on the Bloomingdale road in those days) "who should be there but Tom Flynn—he'd taken another 'orse and rode out a 'ead of me, so I told the 'ostler to tie 'im up."

"Tie Tom Flynn up?"

"No, hang it, the 'orse, and we had a drink there."

"What! you and the horse?"

"No, me and Tom Flynn."

At this point, the whole company burst out into a loud guffaw—a *horse* laugh, and Billy Villiams finding himself in stable *parlance* "trotted out," wound up the dialogue by saying:

"Now, look here, Burton,—every time I say 'orse, you say 'Amblin, and every time I say 'Amblin, you say 'orse. Now I'll be hanged if I tell you any more about it."

MIDNIGHT MASS IN IRELAND

A CHRISTMAS MEMORY OF THE PENAL DAYS.

The candles are lit in the lonely glen;
The priest is vested, the clerk is there;
A stone for an altar, and women and men
Are gathering around in the midnight air;
Gathering up from the spreading vale—
Gathering down from the mountain pass:
This Christmas eve, there are none who'll fail
To tell their beads at the Midnight Mass.

Silently falls the drifting snow—
Falls at the feet of angels' light;
Still through the thickening gloom they go—
Go like spectres across the night.
Stealthily, watchfully over the moor,
Wary of tarn and deep morass,
Till they stand by the *Soggarths'* side secure
In the Glen of the Gorse, at Midnight Mass.

Grouped together the young and the old,
Maiden and matron, sire and son;
Grouped together the brave and the bold,
Banned in the valleys their fathers won—
Kneel they there on the muffled sod,
Sighful and tearful, alas! alas!
Bending low in their prayer to God
For succor and help at the Midnight Mass.

Slowly, solemnly tinkles the bell,
Raises the priest the Host on high—
Rises upward with surging swell
A sorrowful people's prayerful cry.
"Save us, O God, from the bloodhound's tooth,
The bigot's wrath and the scaffold's doom;
Keep us, O God, in the paths of truth,
In our woful journey towards the tomb.

"Ruined altar and rifled fane,
Scattered homestead and blighted hearth,
Brethren banished and kindred slain,—
These are our trials, Lord, on earth.
Oh, let our wail in thy sight ascend,
Poor and forlorn we turn to thee;
Turn to thee as the sufferer's friend
For pity, Lord, in our misery."

The rite is over, the Mass is said
The blessing is given, the chant is sung,
The Litany told for the living and dead,
And scattered again the old and the young,
Timid and sad on their homeward way,
Down by the vale and up by the pass,
Praying to God for a better day
For themselves and their faith in the Midnight Mass.

Ceases the white snow's ceaseless fall,
The sickly moon through a pile of cloud
Shines on the Glen where the fleecy pall
Clasps the cold earth in a frozen shroud.
Was that a shriek on the wintry wind?
And that the glint of a steel cuirass?
O God, the wolf's again in the fold,
And the lamb is slain at the Midnight Mass!

Down in the Glen of the Golden Gorse
His altar-stone for a rigid bier,
A saintly *Soggarth* lies a corse,
His bosom pierced with a trooper's spear.
The angel who bears his soul away,
And sees his heart's blood drop on the grass,
Will witness bear at the Judgment Day
For the priest and his flock at the Midnight Mass.

A RIDE WITH LADY BETTY.

Before I begin my story, I must tell you that I am a commercial traveller, born and bred, so to speak, to the business.

I have my wits about me, and, as I often happen to have a good many valuable articles also, I have need of them.

I am an Englishman—English to the backbone—and live on roast beef, bottled ale, and old port wine.

If you could feel my arms, and look at my cheeks, and measure me across the shoulders, you would have no doubt that I am one of the men who don't dream and don't fancy.

When I see a thing, I see it.

When I hear a thing, I hear it.

And what I saw and what I heard on one particular occasion, I mean to tell you.

You will not offend me if you doubt it.

I should doubt it myself if any one told it to me.

I cannot expect of any one the credence that I would not give myself.

Nevertheless, I shall, as I said, tell the story.

It was in the year 18—, and the month was May, and the place was England.

I left London five days before, and now I was miles and miles away from it, in the very heart of the country, travelling toward a little town where I had business.

It was an old-fashioned place, and the people were kind and obliging.

You do not look for such qualities on the road nowadays, if you are a traveller of experience; but there they came upon me at the inn I stopped at, in a way to make me think better of human nature.

Travellers did not stop often at that inn, I suspect, for they were as particular about my meals as though I had been a prodigal son come home for the holidays.

They killed the fatted chicken for me, and made much of me altogether; and, to crown all, as the train did not stop in time to take

me on as I wanted to go, and as it was only a matter of five miles or so, what did the landlord do but hunt up a fusty old coach that was tucked away in the coach-house, and order his man to drive me over that evening?

It wasn't an extra, mind you. It was sheer good-will.

So I shook hands all round, and I remembered the chambermaid and waiter with half-a-crown each, and off I rode—the old coach creaking, and the old horse wheezing, and the old driver coughing up on the box, and it was like a bit out of an old story, with an adventure in the middle of it.

It was getting dark fast, and the road wound away among the hills in a very romantic sort of way.

I do not know much about art myself, but I think if that painter, with the white umbrella that used to sit about in the mud making pictures, could have seen some of these points, he would have touched them off with pleasure.

When the sun went down and the moon came up, white and bright, and up against it on the rocks, you could see all the delicate, trembling little weeds and grasses, and there were big, black shadows under the trees, and glimpses of you did not know what under the bushes.

Why, it made you think of ghosts, if you were a commercial traveller.

"Here's the place," says I to myself, "where the gentlemen of the road would have liked to meet me and my black bag fifty years ago!"

A pretty joke it would have been to have handed my valuables over and danced a jig for their amusement besides, fifty years ago.

A hundred years ago, anyhow, I shouldn't have felt so safe as I do now.

Just then the coach came to a sudden pause.

"Hallo!" cried I, out of the window, "what's the matter?"

"It's more than I can tell, sir," said the man. "Black Jane has turned sulky. She won't move a step."

With that he began to shout and crack his whip, I, with my head out of the window, watching him; and suddenly the beast started off like mad, and I drew in my face and saw I had company.

While the coach was at a stand-still, a lady and gentleman had slipped in.

They sat on the seat opposite me; and though it was an intrusion, I hadn't the heart to find fault, for a prettier pair I never saw in my life.

If he was twenty-one, it was as much as he could be, and she was not seventeen.

I have seen a pair of china lovers on the mantle-piece, the perfect image of what they were, and they were as pretty and dressed much the same.

His hair was powdered, and hers, too.

She had on a yellow silk, lower in the neck than I would like a daughter of mine to wear it, and her arms would have been bare only for her long kid gloves.

She had pearls in her ears and on her throat, and she had just the most innocent little face my two eyes ever rested on.

As for the boy, he had a chocolate velvet coat and white silk stockings, and lace ruffles at his wrists.

And they had one large cloak—his, I fancy—cast about the two of them, though it had dropped back a bit as they sat down.

"Two young folks going to a fancy ball, perhaps," says I, "and just took a lift on the way."

And I touched my cap to them, and says I:

"Fine evening, sir."

He did not answer me, but she looked at me, and stretched out her little white hand.

"Oh, sir," she said, "look out at the back of the coach, I pray you, and tell me if he is gaining on us."

I looked out of the window.

"There's a man on horseback riding up the road," said I, for I saw one.

"O Heaven!" said she.

"Courage, Betty," said the young fellow. "They shall never part us."

Then I knew that it was a runaway match.

"I see how it is," said I. "Keep up your heart, young man. If the young lady likes you, she'll stick to you through thick and thin. I'll do my best to help you."

"O Heaven!" she cried again. "Oh, my darling, I hear the horses' feet! There are more of them. Oh, sir, look; tell me!"

I looked through the little back-window.

The road seemed full of men.

I hadn't the heart to tell her.

"Closer to my heart, Betty," cried the young man. "My beloved, they come."

He drew his sword.

Among other odd things, he wore a sword.

I pulled my pistol from my pocket.

We all stretched our heads forward, and at that moment the coach turned a rocky point of the road, and I saw we were on the margin of a precipice.

All this time Black Jane had kept up her furious speed, and I saw we were in danger.

"Have a care!" I cried.

"Faster!" screamed the young man.

Suddenly there came a jolt, and a scream from the lady.

I heard him say:

"At least we die together."

And the coach lay flat on its side—not over the precipice, but on the edge of it.

A man is a little stunned by a thing like that.

When I'd climbed out at the window, and helped old Anthony up with the coach, and coaxed Black Jane to quietness, I remembered that no one else had got out of the vehicle, and I looked about in vain for my pretty lovers.

They were not there, nor were there any signs of the troop of horsemen I had seen dashing up the hill.

They could not have passed us in that narrow path by any possibility.

"We ran a chance for our lives, master," said Anthony. "Yet I'm called a good driver, and Black Jane is the kindest thing I ever saw in harness, generally. Thank God for all his mercies. It's a strange thing we're not over the cliff."

"But where did they go?" I asked.

"Who?" said Anthony.

"The two lovers—the pretty creatures in fancy dress. The people who were after them, where are they?"

"Where are——" began old Anthony.

Then he turned as pale as death.

"All good angels over us!" he cried. "We've ridden with Lady Betty. It's the tenth of May. I might have known better than to try the road to-night. Protect us all! Yes, yes, we've ridden with Lady Betty."

"Who is Lady Betty?" said I. "As pretty a creature as ever I saw, at all events. Who is she?"

Old Anthony stood looking at me, and shaking his head.

"It's an old story," he said. "Book-larned folk tell it better than I. But a hundred years ago and more, on this blessed night, my Lady Betty Hope, the prettiest lady of her day, ran off from a country ball with her father's young secretary.

"They put one cloak over their heads, and an old servant drove them, knowing it was worth his life.

"But before they had gone far, behind them came her kinsfolk, armed and ready for vengeance. And when they reached this point, they saw that all was over.

"'Better die together than live apart,' he said, holding her close. Then he called out to the servant, 'How goes it?'

"'All lost, sir,' says the man. 'The horses can't hold out five minutes longer.'

"'Then drive over,' says he. And the man obeyed orders.

"The angry kinsfolk could only stand on the hill and look over at the dreadfull sight that lay below, when they reached the spot.

"But ever since that night, sir, as sure as the tenth of May comes around, there's plenty here will tell you that whoever drives a coach past this bit of road after nightfall, won't ride alone.

"There's nobody that remembered the night would do it for a kingdom, but I forgot. I'm getting old, and I forget things whiles; and so we've ridden with Lady Betty."

That's the story old Anthony told me, and what went before is what I saw and heard. I'm a solid, sensible man, but facts are facts, and here you have 'em.

THE EDUCATION OF CHILDREN.*

From the French of Bishop Dupanloup.

BY KATE ANDERSON.

In the laborious functions of public education, I have never found anything more sorrowful to see, more painful to bring up, than spoiled children; and I should acknowledge that all my cares, all my efforts, for them, nearly always failed. I say it especially of children spoiled by effeminacy—these I have always found almost incurable. Children spoiled by pride sometimes gave us, during long years, the hardest labor; but, thanks to the spirit of emulation, to the devotion, the enlightenment of the masters, thanks to the skilled education which we imparted, we have often accomplished the end with time. Children spoiled by pride offer, without doubt, a sad spectacle, but at all times a spectacle less hideous than that of children spoiled by effeminacy. Thanks to the simplicity of his youth, the pride of a child can never deeply deprave all his fine and noble qualities. There are in these proud natures great resources for education; while in children spoiled by effeminacy there remains nothing but corruption, vice, a savage and a sensual egotism. In truth, it is intellectual, moral, and physical annihilation; nothing is sound in them but a depth of cowardly effeminacy, where every evil, every ignominy, every moral misery, springs naturally from the soil. In my compassion for them, I often compared them to young shrubs which a treacherous soil has nourished with poisoned juices; to tender flowers withered by mischievous winds, and whose natural perfume has become an odor of putrescence and death. To make the education of such a child, a new creation is necessary; it is necessary not only to correct but to re-make nature. Prodigious undertaking!—there must be time, persistency, patience, firmness, an intelligence which is rarely to be met with in the required degree, and which would be even insufficient without extraordinary grace from God. The most merciful and the most powerful supernatural action only can accomplish the miracle of such a renovation. I would also have hope of it before the first communion; after it, never. Certainly it was by an entirely divine inspiration that the sage formerly pronounced these grave maxims, which I am happy to bring under the notice of parents: "He who loves his children never wearies of correcting them, hoping thence to find his happiness in them at the end of his days, and that he will never see them begging at the gate." (Ecclesiasticus, xxx, 1.) "You have children; give them a good education, and accustom them to the yoke of obedience from their tenderest years." (Id. vii, 25.) "It is not loving one's son to spare him chastisement: when one loves him truly, he applies himself to correct him." (Proverbs, viii, 24.) "Chastise your son without losing courage, lest he reduce you to the necessity of wishing him dead." (Id. xix, 18.) "The horse never accustomed to the bit, becomes unmanageable, and the child abandoned to his caprices no longer knows the rein." (Ecclesiasticus, xxx, 8.) "Flatter your son, and he will cause you to tremble; play with him, and he will grieve you." (Id. xxx, 9.) "Be not too familiar with him, lest you soon have cause to repent of it, and that he at last reduce you to despair." (Id.

* See "The Child," a work of consummate power, knowledge of human nature, and usefulness to teachers and parents, written by the distinguished and eloquent Bishop of Orleans. The English Translation is published in handsome style by Donahoe, of Boston.

xxx, 10.) "Render him not master of his actions during his youth; watch him even to his thoughts." (Id. xxx, ii.) "Bow down his head and curb him in his youth: chastise him severely while still a child, lest he harden himself and wish no longer to obey you, and then he become the sorrow of your soul." (Id. xxx, 12.) "Instruct your son then; labor to form him, lest he dishonor you by a shameful life." (Id. xxx, 13.) "Permit not your son to live without discipline and rule." (Prov. xxiii, 13.) "If you bring him up with firmness, you deliver his soul from death." (Id. xxiii, 14.) "Folly is, as it were, bound and tied up in the heart of a child; it is the rod of discipline that will drive it away." "Bring up your son well, and he will refresh your heart and delight your soul." (Id. xxix, 17.) To these admirable maxims I will add only one observation, which justice claims in favor of one particular species of spoiled children—they are worthy of great compassion; and at all times how necessary to be guarded with respect to them! I speak of children spoiled on account of, or under pretext of, illness, weakness, or physical delicacy. The cares given to sickly children, lavished on them, and with which they are constantly surrounded, sometimes spoil these children in a deplorable manner. Nothing is more fatal to a child than to be during many years the tender and only object, constantly the object, of all the cares, of all the kind attentions, of all the pre-occupation, of a father, of a mother, and all the servants of the house. They know not how to deny him anything; the thoughts of all, the eyes of all, are unceasingly turned towards him; he is the centre of every tenderness. I repeat it, nothing is more worthy of compassion, because it is an evil almost unavoidable, and, nevertheless, a great evil; for many long years of good health and good education will be necessary to repair such a misfortune. It is well at least to be warned of the danger, and to avoid all that can be avoided. We should try not to give this dear little invalid useless attendance; to grant nothing but to a real want, with a wise kindness, a true solicitude. I have no hesitation in saying, that no education requires from a father or mother more wisdom, more foresight, more cleverness, more perspicacity, than the education of these poor children. I must now speak of children spoiled by pride. They have very often fine and gifted natures; but what dangers their education encounters! It is impossible to tell where their indocility, their impertinence, their vanity, their ostentation, their hardness, their naughtiness, their insolence, ever leads them. If education, instead of correcting in time these vicious dispositions, maintains and strengthens them, they will one day make their parents feel the weight of this pride, nourished with fatal complaisance. Alas! it must be acknowledged that it is most frequently the pride of the parents which excites, which develops, which gives birth to, the pride of the children. Fenelon formerly remarked this, and he thus traced the portrait of a child spoiled by pride: "His mother had nourished in him a naughtiness, a pride, which tarnished all that was most amiable in him. His disposition was good and sincere, but not winning; the thought of pleasing others scarcely entered his mind; he knew not how to grant with a noble and generous spirit; he appeared neither obliging, nor sensible to friendship; neither liberal, nor grateful for the cares bestowed upon him, nor attentive to distinguish merit; he followed his fancy without reflection. The happiness of serving him was, in his opinion, sufficient recompense for those who waited on him. When there was question of pleasing him, nothing should be found impossible, and the least delay irritated his ardent temper. He had been flattered by his mother from his cradle, and he was a great example of the misfortune of those born in high station. The rigors of fortune, which he felt in his early youth, had not been able to restrain this impetuosity and naughtiness. His pride always rose again like the supple twig which re-elevates itself in spite of the efforts made to lower it."—I cannot, then, too frequently repeat, whether it be to parents or to teachers: Take care; the more noble and more gifted the nature of the child you bring up, the more you should avoid depraving it by pride. If this noble nature has the determined disposition of this child, who might be a distinguished, and perhaps a superior man, you will make a tyrant, an odious being; he will look upon himself as

different from the rest of men; it will seem to him that all others were placed on earth but to please and serve him, to anticipate all his wishes, to adore all his caprices, and address everything to him as to a divinity: like that Duke of Burgundy, of whom the Duke de Saint Simon tells us: "From the age of seven years he was so hard-hearted, passionate, almost furiously so, towards inanimate things; frightfully impetuous; incapable of enduring the least resistance, even from time or the elements, without rushing into a rage which caused one to fear all in his body would burst; stubborn to excess; passionately attached to every pleasure and good cheer; madly to the chase; to music with a species of ravishment; again to play, in which he could not endure being vanquished, and where the danger with him was extreme:—in fine, given up to every passion, and transported by every pleasure; often sullen, barbarous in raillery; striking the ridiculous with an accuracy which overpowered; regarding men, from the heights of his heaven, but as atoms, with whom he had no resemblance whatsoever."—Behold what a bad early education had done for this child; of whom the education of the Archbishop of Cambrai afterwards made that admirable prince, whom even Voltaire praises, saying, "Under his reign France had been too happy." If this gifted nature, notwithstanding its talents, be vain and weak, your educating his pride will make of him a fool; a silly, vile, false being, speaking of everything at random, incapable of serious study, of eminent success; at most what is called a nice young man, that is to say, a coxcomb; useless to himself and every one else, and who often, if circumstances conduce to it, finishes at the age of twenty-five by dishonoring himself and his family. Fénelon, that great master in education, wished that this misfortune should be guarded against from the tenderest infancy, and, in order that children should not become what at present are called superb lions, instructs us not to make silly fools of them in the beginning. My readers will, I trust, judge kindly of me for bringing under their notice these observations, so delicate and so profound. "The amusement," said he, "which people wish to draw out of these pretty children, often spoils them; they accustom them to hazard saying everything that comes into their minds, and to speak of things of which they have not yet a distinct knowledge; thus they acquire for life the habit of judging rashly, and speaking on subjects of which they have no clear ideas, which is a very evil disposition of mind. This amusement drawn from these children produces a still more pernicious effect—they perceive that they are regarded with complaisance, that everything they do is remarked, and that they are listened to with pleasure. Hence they accustom themselves to expect that every one will be always occupied with them. During this age, when they are applauded, and have not yet experienced contradiction, they conceive chimerical hopes, which lead to great disappointments during their lives. I have seen children who thought that every time people spoke in private they were speaking of them, because they observed it had been frequently done. They imagined there was nothing in themselves but what was extraordinary and admirable. It is necessary, then, to take care of children without letting them see that we think much of them. Point out to them that it is through friendship and the necessity of setting them right that you are attentive to their conduct, and not through admiration of their wit. Again, Fénelon said: "Whatever wit one finds in them surprises, because it is not expected at that age. All faults of judgment are permitted to them, and have the grace of ingenuity; people mistake a certain vivacity of body, which is never wanting in children, for that of mind. Hence it comes that the childhood which seemed to promise so much, gives so little. Such a one was celebrated for his wit at five years of age, and sank into obscurity, and, in a measure, contempt, as he grew up." —There is another species of little prodigies, of whom it is necessary to be distrustful. Excuse what I am going to say, and be not surprised at it. Theirs is a case so delicate and so important, that I cannot be silent on what I know and think of them. I speak of those little prodigies of wisdom and virtue, those children naturally correct and reserved, who always appear to have no faults, and grow up irreproachable. At the Petit Seminaire in Paris, I felt a hidden fear, as it were

an involuntary terror, every time a father or a mother brought their son to me, saying, "We have never had to reprimand him; he is truly a little perfection." I did not contradict them—it was hardly possible to do it then— but I said to myself, there is rugged work before me. I must have patience with the child and his parents. Perhaps I surprise you; but this surprise will cease when I add what remains to be said on this grave subject. Of all the observations which twenty-five years' experience in education has caused me to make, this is the most serious, the most profound, even the most sorrowful. I was frightened not only when parents led their son to me, saying, "We have never had to reprimand him;" but I was still more frightened, when, after many years of education at the Petit Seminaire, in spite of our care and our vigilance, we ourselves have never had to address a reprimand to a child; when we also said, "He is perfection;" and when charmed with such a work and such a success, we treated this child, this young man, as perfection. And what came to pass? Self-love grew in him, silently strengthened itself, and sometimes became gigantic and monstrous. The child was neither effeminate, nor vain, nor frivolous, nor weak. He had a serious mind, steady courage, and a sensible character. Frequently he possessed not only the taste, but the passion for labor. This distinguished nature, watchful over itself, through conscientiousness and also the desire for praise, mixed with a subtle pride, had never to reproach himself; never was reprimanded by his masters; and avoided all faults, the greatest as well as the lightest; and, nevertheless, evil struck in him its deepest roots. The following observation accounts for one of the most grievous secrets of human nature:—The homage which this habit of virtue attracts, even the peace which it gives, has its danger—it spoils the heart by too great a satisfaction with itself, which renders it most sensitive to everthing that disturbs the interior peace, and, when mistakes occur, revolts, exasperates, and suddenly transforms mildness into passion, if the virtue be not solid, and has not been frequently tried by contradiction. Let us add, there is, perhaps, no virtue that does not cover some fault, which increases and strengthens under its shade and unknown to it, like those wild plants which shoot from the foot of a fine tree, and only appear dangerously bristling with thorns if the tree falls. I was many years before I understood the danger of these premature perfections; but when experience at length enlightened me, when I discovered the depths, and many times the abysses, of pride concealed in these gifted natures, it may be imagined that there were no children to whom I gave more care and attention. It was the ruin of our work in its most eminent success, the ruin of education in its noblest subjects, the overturning of the most beautiful edifice. I have no hesitation in saying there is something wanting in education when neither fault nor reproach is met with. How many times have I not said, in looking at and observing these children, When can I make him a just reprimand, and pierce the wound which is forming in his soul,—the wound which gnaws it, and which at the end of a certain number of years will have devoured all its good parts? But this operation must be performed at once with strength and tenderness; with strength, otherwise an invincible resistance is met with. Sheltered in an apparent respect, the child repulses all your warnings and all your lessons. His resistance is painted in his surprise, in the play of his countenance, in the colors which succeed each other on it, in a certain cold and wounded air, and even in his silence—the token of his offended dignity. It is then that rebellious pride mounts and roars in his heart like a wave, and you obtain from him but an insolent disdain, an unmanageable revolt; it is then you must use strength to break it, or all is lost. But why have I also said, "with tenderness"? Because, after you have broken this pride, if the child does not feel that you are inspired by the tenderest, the most devoted, a paternal, I will even say a supernatural and divine, affection, he will retire broken, but he will soon rise up again and hate you; frequently both hate and despise you: then again all is lost. On this point there remain some particular remarks important to be made. Those children usually revealed themselves, and their pretended perfection burst forth in some great fault, about seventeen or eighteen years of age, sometimes even before, and it was most

frequently on the following occasions:—If their habitual success suddenly failed them when they went into a higher class, if, in changing the professor, they met one less favorable to them, it was usually then that the wound of their heart, *plaga cordis*, say the Scriptures, discovered itself to their masters and themselves. Sometimes they suddenly showed a strange aversion to their new class, a profound indignation against the new professor; they avoided him, and tried not to meet him in recreation; they turned aside their looks, or regarded him from afar with eyes full of anxiety and resentment. At other times this change was owing to the awakening of a sentiment which had been dormant in their hearts, and of which they themselves were ignorant during the innocuous days of childhood, and on account of the active occupations of the young scholar. This sentiment of which I speak relates to the social condition. The appearance of fellow-scholars, whose families were of higher position, richer than theirs, gave birth to bitter comparisons and impotent desires; in the dark vexation of their rebellious pride and guilty jealousy, they felt an embarrassment with their parents, and were less happy to see them. Their temper, their language, their mien, was altered; and we know not to what should be attributed this strange and evil transformation. It was caused by the vilest of all pride having taken possession of them.

This phenomenon of perversion manifests itself sometimes from fifteen to eighteen years of age, and, as I have already said, in young people who have never had a single reproach made to them until then. Oh, what profound and skilful tenderness is necessary to win back these poor souls—to triumph over this crisis! It is the finest exercise of the gift of bringing up youth, and also the most worthy of that holy mission; every means is, then, good, when inspired by the heart and devotion. One of the mildest, and perhaps the most efficacious, that I, at least, have tried, is to go straight to the fact, straight to the heart of the child. I have called him to me; said to him, tenderly, paternally, You are sad, my child; this goes badly, placing my hand on his heart; you appear to me less happy—let us see, have you not become a little less good?—that often happens without one being aware of it himself; as for me, I have no reproach to make you; but you, are you satisfied with yourself and others? Are you not hurt by somebody or something? Let us honestly seek out the guilty one: is he around you, or within yourself? Is it not pride that troubles you? In this ill-humor which you cannot define, is there not somewhat of a grudge against God, his Providence, and all the world? It seems to me that nothing around you has changed—your parents, your masters, are still the same to you. May it not be you who are a little changed to them? Put your hand on your heart; let your conscience, your reason, your religion, your good-nature, speak coolly before God, before your best friend. Let us discover.—I have often seen these poor children melt into tears, look at me with confusion and emotion, cast themselves into my arms, and all was saved. We had no other explanation; there is a grief and shame in the soul which must be spared—it is sufficient to arouse them. What reflections may be made here, not only on the sad infirmities of our nature, but also on the resources which she offers when religion, coming to her aid, touches and enlightens her! There is one observation, alas! too universal, too incontestable, and with it I shall conclude this chapter. Original sin has impaired the most natural feelings, and also the noblest functions of the human heart. I have spoken of spoiled children, and of the parents who spoil them: are not these children frequently an example of the former of those alterations, and the parents an example of the latter? How many children do we see without gratitude to their parents, without affection, without respect for those from whom they received life, nourishment, every care, and alas, too assiduously, an education full of vanity and effeminacy! But, we must repeat in conclusion, if the children be frequently so guilty, are not the parents sometimes more so? Does not every subject we discoursed on, sadly demonstrate it? In order to be convinced, is it not sufficient to see the trouble a father and mother have not to spoil their children, and the struggles they must make against themselves to avoid this

misfortune? Is it not sufficient to see the point where their good-sense and uprightness become lost, and go wandering in a profound and grievous blindness? Again, the giddiness and thoughtlessness of young parents have a fatal influence. In a word, they should reflect in proper time on the principles to be followed in the education of their children. Nevertheless, how many alliances are contracted, how many children grow up without the duties of their education ever for a moment presenting themselves to the minds of their fathers and mothers; how many families, whose faults and imprudences point out to us every day that there are but too many parents who have not the least idea of the task to be performed! What deplorable mistakes, vicious management, and dangerous errors! How can we expect from such teachers a regular rule, a system of education based on just principles, modified according to the wants that present themselves? What can become of the child given up to himself, false in his early development, and deprived of healthy moral culture? This is what Fénelon asks himself in pointing out the dreadful consequences of this negligence and this blindness: "What," said he, "will become of children, who, in the end, make up the human species, if their mothers spoil them from their earliest years? The disorders of men are frequently caused by the bad education they receive from their mothers."

MISCELLANY.

The Highland Costume.

A belief obtains that the kilt was the ancient dress of the Highlanders of Scotland. But a recent writer states that this masquerade costume of tartan petticoats and tinsel ornaments was never the habitual dress of any race in all the habitable globe. The lower orders of the Highland clansmen, for the excellent reason that they had nothing else to wear, partially covered their nakedness with one long tartan clout, which they wound round their loins, and left an end spare for covering their shoulders. This was called the *breachan feile*, a great belted plaid, and to this day the women of Bengal wear their cotton *saiga* much after the same fashion. But the *breachan feile* bears no resemblance to the modern "Highland dress." Highland gentlemen never wore the kilt, but put their legs inside the trews of civilization. If it be, indeed, the costume of the Highlands, the Prince of Wales is more of a Highlandman than was Charles Edward Stuart; for the latter followed the example of Asher, and "abode in his breeches." Inverness is the capital of the Highlands, and the original members of the Northern Meeting Association, whose headquarters were in that city, were Highlanders to a man; but the uniform of the association, formed about 1788, was not the modern "Highland dress," but a "grass-green coat with a buff edging, buff or fancy-colored waistcoat, and buff or black silk breeches." In none of the Highland regiments was the dress the kilt, until after the commencement of the present century. In short, the Highland dress of the present day is, perhaps, the most purely fancy costume in the world. Most other fancy dresses can date back to some era or other when they were not fancy, but were habitually worn; the Highland dress, as we see it now, was never the costume of any community under the sun.

Valuable Irish MSS.

A collection of valuable Irish manuscripts has lately been discovered at Milan. They belong to the century of St. Columba, and originally to the Monastery of Bobbio. They afterward fell into the hands of St. Charles Borromeo, who placed them for safe-keeping in the Ambrosian Library. It is announced that translations will soon be published.

Death of Dr. Herman Ebel.

We learn from the London *Tablet* of Oct. 2d, that Herman Ebel—rumors of whose decease had been in circulation—had died at Misdroy on the 19th of August. We find in one of our best informed German contemporaries, the *Literarisches Centralblatt*, that Dr. Ebel was a professor of the Celtic languages in Berlin. The fact is that there is no such professorship in Berlin, or anywhere else in Germany, as far as we know; his chair was that of Bopp, the founder of the science of comparative philology. Such, however, was Dr. Ebel's name as a Celtist, that we in this country may readily be pardoned for knowing him only as such, when his own countrymen are apt to forget that he was an

authority on Slavonic and Zend philology. The many-sidedness of his learning must be evident to any one who is acquainted with Kuhn's *Beitrage*, the high standing of which may be said to have been to a great extent due to Ebel's brilliant series of Celtic studies published in it. It is curious to observe that the *Beitrage* itself is to expire when it has chronicled Ebel's death. Of late he was again beginning to contribute to the *Beitrage* on Celtic or Armenian; one of his last works was, perhaps, a very detailed and elaborate article in the number of the *Revue Celtique*, which has just been published, on O'Donovan's *Irish Glossary*. He was lately understood to be engaged on a work on Celtic accentuation, to which philologists were impatiently looking forward. His learning had been formally acknowledged by the Berlin Academy and the Royal Irish Academy.

Snake Poison.

A man in Georgia has observed that human spittle is as deadly to poisonous snakes as their bites are deadly to man. He says, while picking up a bundle of straw and trash under his arm, while cleaning a field, a ground rattlesnake, four feet long, crawled out from it and fell to the ground at his feet. He at once placed his heel upon the head of the snake and spit in its mouth. Shortly afterward the snake showed symptoms of inactivity and sickness, and he picked it up by its tail and carried it to the house and showed it to his wife, telling her he had spit in its mouth and that it was poisoned. At the expiration of fifteen minutes the snake was dead. To further experiment, he came across a blowing adder (snake), which ejected from its mouth a yellowish liquid. He caught it and spit in its mouth, and it died. He caught another blowing adder, and it refused to open its mouth. He spit upon a stick and rubbed the spittle upon the adder's nose, and it died. Afterward, he came across a black snake, regarded as not poisonous, and he caught it and spit in its mouth. Instead of the spit killing the black snake, as it did the poisonous reptiles, it only made it stupidly sick, from which it recovered. This conclusively shows that poisonous snakes have as much to fear from the spittle of man, as man have to fear from their bites.

Presidential Expenses.

The Hon. J. R. Doolittle, formerly a United States senator, in an address not long since delivered, gave some facts in reference to the cost of living in the executive mansion at Washington, and to the savings of some of its distinguished occupants, from which we glean the following particulars, which will be new to many and interesting to all readers. The President's house, gardens, conservatories and stables are all furnished and kept in perfect order in all their details at the public expense; stewards, doorkeepers and a band of music for all public receptions are furnished without one dollar's expense to the President. All the furniture, carpets, beds, tables, to the minutest thing which convenience or luxury can desire, are furnished by the government. The whole establishment is also warmed and lighted throughout; all this, at an expense to the public treasury of $60,000 or $70,000. What, then, does the President pay out of his salary? He pays his cooks, the waiters upon his table, and the driver of his carriage, and the servants who wait upon his family and his guests; he pays for what is eaten and drunk at his table. By custom, it is expected of the President to give several state-dinners; and in the course of the year to entertain each member of Congress, the Judges of the Courts, the Foreign Ministers, his Cabinet, and, occasionally, distinguished strangers —in all, probably five hundred persons. If such dinners should cost $10 for each person, $5,000 would cover that expense. Of the $20,000 remaining, $10,000 ought to pay his other family expenses. That would leave him $10,000 per annum clear. Now, what does experience show? Mr. Polk, of Tennessee—and while Mrs. Polk, that accomplished lady, was in the White House, it was never more popular—saved about $40,000 out of four years' salary—about $10,000 a year. Mr. Pierce did the same. Mr. Buchanan did nearly the same. Mr. Lincoln, when elected President, was worth about $30,000; and his estate, upon his death, was about $75,000. It must be borne in mind, too, that Mr. Lincoln received his salary in greenbacks, when they were not worth over sixty cents in gold, and when prices were highest. Mr. Johnson saved from his salary, in three years and a half, $20,000 or $30,000; and that, too, when greenbacks were still at a discount of twenty-five per cent. And, it must not be forgotten, none of these Presidents ever accepted presents. Mr. Johnson refused the present of a carriage. Whatever may be said in criticism of Mr. Johnson's public course, all parties agree that the White House was never more gracefully kept and presided over than by his daughter, Mrs. Patterson, a perfect lady, and a model of a republican mistress of the White House. Just as she was about to leave, at the end of Mr. Johnson's administration, the steward of the house took an inventory, and found that not one article of furniture was missing or broken; not a sheet, towel, or napkin was lost; and the house was in perfect order from top to bottom. She told me another fact, which I know the wives and daughters of the farmers will be glad to hear. When she went into the White House, she purchased two excellent cows. From the milk of these cows, she made all

the butter, used all the cream, and made all the ice-cream, used in the President's family during the term. When she went home, she shipped these cows to Tennessee. Is it any wonder that Mrs. Patterson received the first premium on butter at their late fair, last fall?

Food and Cooking.

Potatoes, which are a dearer food than meat for the supply of flesh, are far cheaper as a source of heat to the body, so with this view we associate them in our meals. Cheese gives us cheap flesh but dear fuel, so we take it with bread, which supplies the latter economically. Potatoes lay on flesh at an extravagant rate, so with potato-soup we mix peas, which add to its nutritive value and to their economy. The making of palatable mixtures of various kinds of food, forms the art of cookery. It is a maxim as old as Hippocrates, that "whatever pleases the palate nourishes," and it is only when taste becomes depraved by indulgence, that the pleasure of eating becomes contemptible. Many dishes of the cook are full of scientific significance. As an illustration, let us ask, why are small square pieces of bread, fried in lard, sent up with vegetable soup? Because starch requires to be mixed with saliva before it is converted into sugar in the act of digestion; and as the soup would pass to the stomach without mastication, fried or hard bread protected from the water by fat, so as to prevent its softening, is taken along with the soup, and compels mastication and a flow of saliva. But if cooks exhibit important scientific applications, they often err from ignorance of science. All the sapid, or tasting ingredients of flesh reside in its juices, and not in the solid substance. If the flesh of a deer, an ox, a pig, a cat, or a fox, be well squeezed, so as to express its juices, what remains has the same taste for all of them. For this reason, roast or stewed meat is generally better flavored than boiled, and the cook protects the juices by pouring melted fat over the joint during its roasting. In boiling meat for soup, cold water should be used at first, so as to extract as much of the nutritive juices as possible, and the heat be raised gradually. But if the meat be wanted in a boiled state for itself, and not for its soup, then it should be plunged at once into boiling water, and kept boiling for a few minutes, so that all the outer albumen may be coagulated, in order to imprison the sapid and nutritive juices; then cold water should be added till the temperature is reduced to 160 degrees, at which it should be kept till the cooking is completed, because that heat is necessary for the coagulation of the coloring matter of the blood. In all cases, no more heat than is sufficient should be employed in cooking. Thus, in making soup, all the fire in the world will not make the water hotter than its boiling temperature, at which point it can be retained by a very moderate expenditure of fuel. Violent ebullition, such as cooks often practise, while it does no good, does much harm, not only by wasting coal, but also by carrying off in the steam much of the aromatic and volatile ingredients of the food.

A great Panorama for the Centennial.

Lucy Hooper, writing from the French capital, says she recently inspected the "Siege of Paris," an immense work of art which was being painted in the vast building originally occupied by *Les Pompes Funebres*, the work destined for exhibition at our American Centennial. The great success, she writes, of the similar work exhibited on the Champs Elysees evidently fired the American soul with the desire of possession, for negotiations of all kinds were opened, not only for the existing picture, but for another on the same subject by the same artist—M. Philippoteaux. The first was found impracticable with *Le Compagnie General des Panoramas* except at an enormous advance upon its cost, for the reason that its powers of attraction remained as great as ever, after two years of continuous exhibition. M. Philippoteaux was appealed to, to duplicate it, but he could not conceive the practicability of painting such a picture anywhere except in the building wherein it was to be exhibited, and he positively declined a journey to America for that purpose.

The enterprise was not abandoned, but Col. Lienard, the most competent person, perhaps, in Paris for the work, was induced to become its director. Under his intelligent management, the picture has been in progress for about a year, and was to be completed by the middle of October. The mechanical difficulties of the work have been marvellously overcome.

The great canvas was stretched flat upon the floor of the great building. As soon as a portion of the painting—which was worked up from miniature sketches in sections—of sufficient dimensions was finished, the surface was covered with paper and the completed part was rolled up.

The finished picture will be over fifteen *metres* wide, and about 380 feet long. It will be even finer than its prototype in the Champs Elysees, being taken from a far more advantageous point of view—namely, the position of the Prussian batteries on the heights of Chatillon, which overlooked all Paris and its environs, and from which a superb view of the whole city was obtained. A peculiar and attractive feature in this exhibition will be the introduction of superb life-sized figures, in *papier mache*, of men and horses occupying the

foreground of earth in front of the canvas, by means of which the eye will insensibly be carried from reality to the painting—a perfect illusion. These figures are modelled with painstaking accuracy and ability, and are even startlingly lifelike. Special messengers were despatched to Metz for the necessary Prussian uniforms, helmets, weapons, battle-paraphernalia, etc.

The artistic portions of the work were confided to a corps of illustrious painters, among whom are some of the leading exhibitors at the *salon* of this year, and notably M. Betsellier, whose fine equestrian portrait of Marshal McMahon was so eagerly admired. Over four hundred sketches were painted to serve as models for the work.

Col. Lienard, who expects to accompany the painting, and produce it under his personal supervision, says that it will first be exhibited in New York, and finally transferred to Philadelphia for the Centennial.

CURRENT PUBLICATIONS.

Emergencies, and How to Treat Them. The Etiology, Pathology, and Treatment of the Accidents, Diseases, and Cases of Poisoning, which demand prompt Action. Designed for Students and Practitioners of Medicine. By Joseph W. Howe, M. D. Second Edition. New York, Appleton & Co., 1875.

This work, which we believe is the only one of the kind published, is sure to meet with a cordial reception wherever it is introduced. Its necessity is so palpable, and its ability is so positive, that there can be no reasonable doubt of its eminent success. The author, Dr. Howe, is admirably qualified for the preparation of such a volume, and brings to the subject the experience and suggestiveness of his position as clinical professor of surgery in the medical department of the University of New York, and visiting surgeon to the Charity Hospital. Intended, as the title intimates, for students, it will be welcomed by the more mature practitioner, for its clearness and practical value. We are not surprised to notice that it has received the positive approval of professional writers, who variously speak of its wealth of material; on the one hand, bearing evidence of the author's thorough and practical acquaintance with the different branches of the profession, and of its perspicuous and definite style; on the other, showing a remarkable aptitude for imparting instruction, as well as for simplifying details. "He has not," says the *New York Medical Journal*, "confined himself to a mere collection of symptoms or varieties of treatment, but has given space to etiology and pathology, besides illustrating the effects of remedial agents in different morbid conditions and cases from his own hospital experience." A Boston medical contemporary hails the work as "a practical illustration of the positive side of the physician's life, a constant reminder of what he is to do in the sudden emergencies which frequently occur in practice." These views, and the candid expression of them, prove that the popular inference is not always correct, and that doctors do *not* always disagree. Looking at Dr. Howe's work not from a professional point of view, we are not the less interested in the important variety of its contents, and must admit that its scope, simplicity and intelligent force would seem to us to commend it to a handy place in every family library. The general reader can readily understand it and profit by it. In a comparatively small space are embraced all the cases of emergency usually occurring in medical, surgical, and obstetrical practice. In its construction, the author has given special prominence to points of practical import, rather than to theoretical considerations, and with the results of his own personal observation has combined the latest views of European and American authorities. Indeed, Dr. Howe's work is an admirable idea admirably carried out.

The Young Ladies' Illustrated Reader. New York: The Catholic Publication Society.

This bright and interesting volume is the latest of the excellent series, issued by the Catholic Publication Society, to which we have had occasion previously to refer in terms of decided commendation. This Reader has been compiled with a special view to the wants of the young girl who is soon to quit the schoolroom to enter upon her life-work. To animate her to the right performance of this task, the compiler has sought to enliven her sense of duty by the examples of good and brave women who have shown to the world that its best work is not done by men alone. The extracts presented will afford opportunity for every variety of vocal expression in the cultivation of home reading in the family circle. The selections embrace many beautiful and well-known pieces (some, perhaps, too frequently reproduced: such as "Bingen on the Rhine," "The Maid of the Inn," "Evangeline,"

and others which are to be found in every compilation)—from more than fifty eminent writers in prose and verse. It is to be remarked, also, that the book contains much original matter, with a frontispiece of portraits of the foundresses of the famous communities of women, and biographical notices in the text.

Sadlier's Excelsior Series of Excelsior Geographies. Parts I, II, and III. New York: William H. Sadlier, Publisher.

Here is a work well calculated to arrest the attention, even on the most casual acquaintance. The clearness of the maps, the excellence of the illustrations, and the appropriate novelty of a great many of the latter, promptly appeal to our sympathy and intelligence. We say *appropriate novelty;* for, however appropriate the illustrations of scenes connected with Catholic countries, civilization, and history, may be, it is most assuredly a novelty to find them in works of this class. In this Excelsior Series, however, the novelty at once arrested our attention, and appealed to our spirit of curiosity. On a further examination, we found that in other respects the series well merited the title of "Excelsior." The general care and excellence apparent on every page would seem to warrant the statement of the publisher, that no labor or expense has been spared in its preparation; and might also excuse, if not sustain, the eagerness with which he challenges a comparison between his series of school geographies and those previously issued.

The system adopted is that of teaching by the object; and Part I for beginners is brief, clear, simple, and sufficiently suggestive to impress the youthful memory in an interested manner. All unnecessary matter is excluded. Part II progressively develops the system, and embraces a considerable amount of instructive matter, put in an easily attainable and retainable manner. In this connection the *relief maps* are specially attractive, as presenting to the student's glance a comprehensive view of the physical geography of countries and continents; explaining, as by experience, the course of rivers, the relations of mountain systems, the reasons for agricultural resources, and the causes and varieties of climates. Part III is intended for the most advanced classes of academies and colleges, and teaches the leading facts of history in connection with geography. There can be no question about the utility of teaching general history in connection with geography; as the action and the scene derive a superior interest and capability for making an impression when presented together and illustrating each other. There are some new features introduced in the historical department, which, though more suggestive than exhaustive, are sufficiently instructive, as well as intrinsically just, to win general indorsement of all thinkers and teachers who love study for the truth it imparts, and teaching for the truth which may be imparted by its means.

To say that these Excelsior Geographies are without defect, would be to flatter those who are engaged in a good work, into a delusive and dangerous sense of self-approval. Works of this class, while they may be ahead of anything else, may still be wanting in many details, which only ever-watchful care, most sensitive and sensible appreciation of the means of conveying instruction, and almost endless experience, can place in the plane approaching perfection. For instance, general views of cities in geographies are a waste of space. They are confused, indefinite, convey no idea, and leave no lasting, beneficial impression on the minds of students; while special scenes leave a positive knowledge of the characteristics, public works, or history of the places and people referred to. What can a student learn from a distant view of London, Paris, Dublin, or New York?—positively nothing; while he receives direct instruction and retainable facts from such special illustrations as the Nobleman's house and garden in China, the gathering of tea, the Fairmount Waterworks at Philadelphia, St. Peter's at Rome, Marquette going down the Mississippi, the National Capitol at Washington, the imposing of the berretta on the first American cardinal in New York, and others of a similar nature. Then, again, in matters of history, however general, errors of omission are sometimes as unjust as errors of commission, when sectionality or partisan feeling is at fault. The Act for the Disestablishment of the Anglican Church in Ireland was introduced and passed in the British Parliament in 1869, and not in 1868. If necessary to mention the power that influenced the Emancipation Act of 1829, it might be proper to name the influence which, by the admission of the Premier, compelled the greater act of 1869.

We will not make further reference to defects which are more or less inseparable from works in which elaboration of the best and latest knowledge must be compressed into truthful lucidity; but we can and will say that the publisher deserves very great credit, indeed, and commensurate encouragement for these excellent geographies, which are the most luminous and least sectional, the most Catholic, in a general and educational, as well as in a religious and intellectual, sense, and the most thoroughly American, in a just and national sense, that we have seen.

NEW MUSIC.

Must we then meet as Strangers? Ballad. Words by George Cooper. Music by J. R. Thomas. New York: C. H. Ditson & Co.

The Willow by the Stream. Words by Dr. John Savage. Music by F. Salmson. New York: Charles W. Harris, 13 East 14th St.

Annual Report of the Grand Conservatory of Music of the City of New York. 1874-75. Edited by Daniel E. Hervey. New York: Crichton & Co.

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